

PRINCIPLES OF THE WORLD BEYOND DEATH

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org



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

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In the end, ALL returns to LIGHT

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CHAPTER ONE

If you Know the Truth but Choose not to Practice it,
You Risk Losing Yourself and God

My Lord, to see it! Fear and trembling overtook my soul as I entered this mysterious haunted mansion. At first, I was not given to know the inner secrets of what lay beneath the haunting in this old but magnificent house. And in truth, my soul longed to leave it long before such secrets could be made known to me because I was in such fear.

In an upper room were three beds, one of which seemed to contain the darkest and vilest of the energies of the haunting in this home. I fled in terror to the lower stairs, but the wards of my journey - the angels of light - would not allow me to abandon my seeking.

Going back upstairs, I went to the bed which held such fear for my soul. As I stared at it, an old picture frame began to materialize upon its surface showing the face of an old Native American man, probably from the time of the 1800's or so. As I looked upon his face, his lost soul began to appear in front of me.

"Why have you haunted this house for so long?" I asked him quizzically. "So many came and went," he said, "but they would not help me." He paused. "Or any of us . . . " Suddenly, many other spirits began to slowly materialize in front of me all over the room. By the time they had all become visible to me, there were at least 100 lost souls, almost all of them Native American. Their faces were filled with a sorrowful longing for something which they

knew they could have but did not know how to attain to it.

All fear left me at this moment, and I knew I was looking upon the faces of about a hundred people just like me who had crossed over at least 100-150 years prior and had become stuck. They'd all gathered into this home. It started with one, then another joined someone he had known, and another and another . . . Before anyone could discern all that had been coming to pass, the house appeared to be extremely haunted when it was merely filled with the longing of tens of lost souls who were all grown men and women. There were no children.

One woman told me how she had lost her baby who had already gone to the light and she longed to be rejoined to her beloved child. Another man shared with me that he, in his fear of leaving the rest of his family who were lost, declined when the opportunity had been given for him to cross over in the other worlds.

Turning to all of them, I asked, "Why are you all lost here?" A gentle man walked forward and spoke for them all. "For we practiced our Navajo Religion more than our Christian one." Although he didn't speak it, I inherently understood that they had known better. "Wow," I said, "that tells us a lot!" I couldn't help but think of my own path and the paths of so many of us who may not realize that such a thing could put us in such a status. It shocked me and it silenced me for several minutes.

"Well," I finally said, "I will help you." They all looked at me with a longing hopefulness that perhaps I held the sacred trust that they needed to make this

crossing which had been hidden from them for so long.

"I am the Way and the Truth and the Life," I shouted with great fervor the words of Jesus. "No one comes to the Father, BUT BY ME!" As I said this, all the women metamorphosized and their garments became bridal gowns as white as snow and white veils covered their faces. The men were changed in a different way. Their garments didn't necessarily change, but light began to shine from within them. "Our Father," I said, "Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name." Some of the women began to float gently in the skies. "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us." Men and women were now ascending into the heavens and disappearing into the light. It was so beautiful I could not describe it adequately. I continued. "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Almost all of them were now released, but a few remained and they looked at me expectantly. It was the final words of the Lord's Prayer which they required. "For the kingdom and the power and the glory are Yours . . . now and forever." As soon as they were spoken, they were all gone but one. The original man who had appeared to me on behalf of them all had a final word to speak as he was floating upwards towards the light and the heavenly host awaiting him. "Tell them now." He said. "They must know of the secrets . . . The Mysteries of Our Lord."

Immediately, I recalled the amazingly holy text I was given to hold in the Palace of Ancient

Knowledge within the galactic heavens, the City of the New Jerusalem. Its holiness swept through me as I simply touched it. In a later experience, the angelic host had made me to know that they wished that I bring the words from ancient sacred texts in the galactic heavens into the earth. As I recalled all of this, I remembered the name of the book I had held in the Palace for which I had felt so unworthy. It was entitled "The Mysteries of Our Lord." I nodded to him that it would be done as he smiled and ascended into heaven.

"The victor shall go clothed in white. I will never erase his name from the book of the living, but will acknowledge him in the presence of my Father and His angels.

The New American Bible, New Testament, Book of Revelation, Chapter 5:3 (Christianity, Words of John) Catholic Book Publishing Co., New York, USA, 1970, Bishops Committee of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine

"Considering his love and mercy, we ought not to be so bitter, nor cruel, nor inhuman in cherishing the brethren, but to mourn with those that mourn, and to weep with them that weep, and to raise them up as much as we can by the help and comfort of our love; neither being too ungentle and pertinacious in repelling their repentance; nor, again, being too lax and easy in rashly yielding communion. Lo! A wounded brother lies stricken by the enemy in the field of battle. There the devil is striving to slay him whom he has wounded; here Christ is exhorting that he whom He has redeemed may not wholly perish. Whether of the two do we assist? On whose side do we stand? Whether do we favour the devil, that he

may destroy, and pass by our prostrate lifeless brother, as in the Gospel did the priest and Levite; or rather, as priests of God and Christ, do we imitate what Christ both taught and did, and snatch wounded man from the jaws of the enemy, that we may preserve him cured for God the judge?"

Writings of the Early Church Fathers, Anti-Nicene Fathers, Volume 5, The Epistles of Cyprian, Epistle LI, # 19 (Christianity, Words of St. Cyprian), Hendrickson Publishers, 1994, USA, Edited by Alexander Roberts, D.D. and James Donaldson, LL.D., Revised by A. Cleveland Coxe, D.D.

CHAPTER TWO

Good is Always More Powerful than
Evil in the End Even when it Appears to Win

Andy (my husband) was obsessed with buying a home which had been placed on the market well under what normal market value should be. It had been built in the 1930's and was in fairly good shape. It had a huge amount of square footage and several floors. All in all, probably around 5,000 square feet for which they were asking a paltry \$124,000.

Standing in a rear entry, Andy was taking some of my holy objects, things that had come from my wedding ring and several gold coins with the image of Jesus upon them, and tried to glue them to an old bathtub as if he'd already made the decision to purchase the home. Another man was already looking through the home, and we'd find within moments later that several others were inside.

"What are you doing?" I told Andy. "You're acting as though we're going to buy a house I haven't even seen?" So he and the owner, a rich Arab businessman who claimed persecution because he looked Muslim, insisted I go through the house immediately and see it. I agreed that I would, but before I would, I took all my holy items off of the bathtub and washed off the glue. Placing them back in my possession, I moved forward to look at this home that Andy had become very interested in.

As I walked through, I asked many questions because there was something very sinister about the place but I couldn't immediately place it.

In the downstairs, there was the cutest schoolroom apparently being used by his and his wife's children who were being home schooled. A large open garage, probably made for at least three cars was nearby. I looked through the drawers in the schoolroom and made a comment on how nice that was.

Walking through the lower floor, the owner took me to a lookout point which was perfectly situated on the top of a hilly slope so as to give the owner the ability to look down upon a variety of religious sites. You could see a monastery down below and what he referred to as a temple mount. Perhaps we were in Jerusalem, it seemed, but that made little sense to me at the time. Indeed, however, there were several visible shrines, temples and churches within view and smiled in some delight, although I still felt something was very wrong here.

Passing through the first two floors, the lady of the house indicated that although the colors were all outdated, for that price somebody could completely change all of that. I made note to Andy that neither him nor I were very much in the shape to do that.

On the third floor, I looked out the back window and noticed that there was barely anything protecting the inhabitants of this floor from the elements. It appeared almost like an old cafe had once been there and had gradually gone from the inside cafe to an outdoor deck cafe. As I walked forward, I noticed the building was surrounded by a mote. And I immediately asked for what purpose would someone need a mote in a residential district. Looking behind me, I saw something apparently invisible to

the other guests. It was a pile of bags, it looked like some kind of smuggling operation. Whatever was in the bags was an energy of great evil.

Speaking to the very tall Arab man of the house, I suddenly picked up an old newspaper which no one else could see either which had a heading about his illegal operations. It seemed he might be into organized crime or something similar. He told me a story of his persecution because he looks like an Arab or a Muslim, but none of what he said coincided with what I was being shown around him.

Then I came upon a corner of the room on the third floor. The wife and the husband were not even nervous. But I noticed the presence of a group of people now, who were obviously not of this era. They were sitting at cafe tables, some reading papers, others eating breakfast.

Looking intensely into what appeared to be an old bed frame standing against the wall, I turned to the woman of the house and said, "Somebody died here . . . WHO WAS IT?" She didn't immediately respond, and I began singing as I stared into the corner of the room. "Ave Maria, gratiaplena, Dominus tecum, benedicta tu in mulieribus," In my mind, I was wondering how and why I was receiving the Latin Version of the Ave Maria (Hail Mary) which I didn't myself know, when suddenly I saw him.

"Oh, my God!" I shouted as I turned to the owners of the house, ignoring Andy as he was watching in grave concern. "He was a priest!" He looked to be of small frame, medium height, and grayish black hair, probably in his mid fifties. Immediately, I began singing as if not under my own

control, "Hail Mary Full of Grace the Lord is With Thee, Blessed Art Thou Among Women . . ." As I sang, I saw this priest. He was sitting in bed in this corner of a room which had once been part of a small hotel. He was holding something he had woven in his hands, as it was his hobby, and he had come here for retreat. He was speaking about how he wouldn't have time to finish it before he returned to his service at his parish, of the location I did not know.

Both owners were becoming very agitated and concerned. I looked towards them and shouted, "How did he die?" Remember, they had not yet even acknowledged a death had occurred. The woman walked forward and right in the spot I had pointed out, she said, "You're right, somebody died right here." "I KNEW IT!" I shouted. "HOW did he die!?" I said as they both became very silent.

As I looked towards the priest, I saw it. Something had gone wrong, the priest had seen the illegal merchandise and although he hadn't figured anything out, he needed to be taken care of. The current man of the house was apparently there in the 1930's, so my immediate assumption was that this lady and man of the house were also dead. Looking at him, the man of the house, I said, "You did it, didn't you?" Immediately, he denied, but I pointed to him again and said, "YOU DID IT, DIDN'T YOU!?" Then I saw it. He had set it up during the night that debris would fall upon the priest from the ceiling; rocks and cement, and it would look like an accident, that the building had partially collapsed. I saw the priest die a lonely, unexpected and undeserved death at the hands of a pretender, who was in reality a leader in

organized crime and the cause of this holy priest's demise.

As I said this, I began again to sing outside of my control. And to stop this, one of the ghostly bystanders sitting in a chair having breakfast for the 60th year in a row in his own purgatorial realm, began to play a guitar in a key which was not fitting to what I was singing. I sang anyway, and drowned him out until he stopped. "Our Father . . . " I sang, "Who Art in Heaven. Hallowed be Thy Name." Beginning the most powerful exorcism song on the face of the earth, the man and woman of the house began to turn into their true forms, as did their guests. The others who were looking at the home for purchase had all suddenly ran away. Their true forms were those of little demonic trolls, and the winds of God immediately came upon the building and everyone in it.

"Thy Kingdom Come!!!!!! Thy Will be Done!!!!!!!!!" I sang with all my heart and soul to the great glee and smiles of this holy and humble priest who had been held captive here for sixty seven years because of something of which he had no knowledge, even to this day. In his humility, he just looked into my eyes and listened to me sing. He paid no attention to all the infernal spirits which were being raised from the ground beneath this unhallowed building. Nor did he pay attention to the infernal spirit that his previous hosts had become, nor to the fact that the winds of God were blowing them in the opposite direction of the heavenly temples which I'd been shown just moments before. In a holy rage, I continued to sing for this holy priest as I would gaze

upon the various countenance's of those demonic souls who had been so bold as to take the life of a man consecrated to the Lord God and the infernal spirits who had been hiding in the walls to continue to energize this long-time situation.

"On Earth . . . as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us." The Holy Priest bid me adieu with a smile, a nod and a wave as the Holy Angels came to take him to the kingdom of heaven of which he was a rightful heir. The light shone in him, and all the infernal spirits and the spirits who had been living in the home - including the man and woman of the house - were gone. It was evident that they didn't even realize that somehow they had also been killed at the same time, probably through an error in the accident they staged for the priest. And somehow, he also had not noticed the transition into death because so many of them had come with him, they had transferred from one realm to another as if it hadn't happened. So the owners of the building continued to seek a buyer, and the guests remained seated for breakfast for Sixty Seven years. "And lead us not into temptation, but DELIVER US FROM EVIL!!!!!!!" I paused as I noticed that my soul was beginning to move from this realm to another.

"For thine is the Kingdom . . . and the Power . . . and the Glory, FOREVER " I was now waking into my current home still singing the 'Our Father' to the Lord. "A men."

"It is over," I said out loud, as I pondered upon the plight of this holy man so unjustly treated. And I thanked God for the opportunity to free him from his

fetters, as so many of my own priests had freed me from mine in the confessional and in private counsel.

"If there is a natural body, be sure there is also a spiritual body. Scripture has it that Adam, the first man, became a living soul; the last Adam has become a life-giving spirit. Take note, the spiritual was not the first; first came the natural and after that the spiritual. The first man was of earth, formed from dust, the second is from heaven. Earthly men are like the man of earth, heavenly men are like the man of heaven. Just as we resemble the man from earth, so shall we bear the likeness of the man from heaven."

The New American Bible, New Testament, 1 Corinthians, Chapter 15:44-49 (Christianity, Words of Paul)) Catholic Book Publishing Co., New York, USA, 1970, Bishops Committee of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine

CHAPTER THREE

One Soul Filled with Charity and Faith can Fill Thousands of Empty Souls

Awaking in the middle of a graveyard in the middle of the night, I immediately became aware of a very stately woman probably in her sixties or so who had a strong Christian background. She was wearing a long navy blue skirt with a white shirt and a matching navy sweater. Her grayish black hair was pulled back in a bun, and she wore a sheepish smile.

Five other souls were present, none of whom held the light of this woman. One man was wearing what appeared to be prison garb, a striped white and orange shirt with orange pants. His hair was brown and long to his shoulders. He had an almost wild look, but I have to say almost, because there was something emanating from this woman that took that wild look out of his eyes. So you knew it had been there, but you could also see that her presence completely transformed him.

The others were all a mismatch of souls from the last 100 years or so and I'd been called in for a reason yet unknown.

The Christian lady very quietly stepped forward and said to me, "I felt it unseemly for me to go to my heavenly reward, knowing that these beloved souls of God should remain behind here lost." "How kind of you," I said, "to make it your concern." "Oh, no," she replied, "not my kindness, but my reliance upon the words of my own Savior have made it my concern." I said nothing, but smiled and listened. "He said that if I were to ask anything in His

name, that it should be granted. And it seems that I would wish to ask that these souls beloved of God could come and escort me to my heavenly homeland and join me there among the beloved of God." Silence ensued. I was amazed at her faith, and at her willingness to remain behind to bring these lost souls with her. "Well," I said, "You have trusted rightly in the words of Our Lord. Anything you shall ask in His name shall be answered."

Turning around, I gazed upon the interiors of these souls, and could see that although these souls were lost, it was not because they were not worthy of the kingdom or able to partake of its redemption, it was because they didn't know how. They weren't Christians during their lives, hadn't practiced any spiritual paths, and had led somewhat notoriously sinful lives, though in a state of ignorant reprieve.

They all looked at me with expectancy as I simply replied, "Of course, this is the will of the Lord. Your faith has set you free . . . but it has also set all of them free. I am honored to be in your presence, for your faith is great indeed." And she smiled sheepishly as she and the others turned towards the light and she motioned them to follow her. No more words were needed as I watched them all leave this dark graveyard which had for a time been filled with the special spirit of a Christian woman who had stayed behind for her kinsmen. Bowing to the heavens, I felt the eternal thrust as my soul was catapulted back to my body.

"If this inner man himself, through that reason to which the administering of things temporal has been delegated, slips on too far by over-much progress into

outward things . . . that vision of eternal things is withdrawn also . . . so that the light of his eyes is gone from him."

Writings of the Early Church Fathers, Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers, Volume 3, The Works of St. Augustine, On the Trinity, Chapter 8 (Christianity, Words of St. Augustine), Hendrickson Publishers, 1994, USA, Translated by Rev. Arthur West Haddan, B.D. Revised by Willaim G. T. Shedd, D.D.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Greatest Among you is Subject to Temptation,
ALL are Subject and Must be Diligent

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

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

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

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

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

this top secret Galactic Federation tonight with full consciousness and memory about to take place.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Use the outbreath!" I shouted to them as we all began to move about the room carrying within us the holy breath from the Virgin Mother of God, and

sending it outward until its effects were clearly seen in the transformation of the colors of these various men and creatures from all over the Universal Spheres of God's kingdoms into the holy color of light blue, the color of the Blessed Mother, the Holy Virgin of God.

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

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

This procedure continued throughout the room as I was shown various vices that had taken down members of the Galactic Council who were like blistering bellies of sin covered in a red inflammation that was infectious to all around them. It was frightening to see, because the demons multiplied around us as quickly as they could be breathed upon

by another. Fortunately, so the in and outbreath of the Madonna that I and the scientists carried was equally powerful and those who turned light blue from our intervention also began to also multiply and breathe upon one another the outbreath of the great and holy Madonna spreading the truth among our brothers and sisters mired and lost in sin. He who had aborted his mission I would not again see this night, my work was intense and extremely exhausting. I knew I must leave no creature this eve left in the mire of the inflammatory sinful state.

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

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

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

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

But I had not time to contemplate it. For some reason, I carried within me her outbreath. I couldn't explain it, understand it or even ask of it; but

somehow I knew that I was connected with her in a profound way, and my duty was great! With this duty came great responsibility, and no one under my care could abort a mission of such magnitude. It was unacceptable.

I understood.

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

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

...

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

It literally took us many hours, and I saw so many different creatures from so many worlds. But we fought the good fight, and in the end, the beast was taken captive. I breathed him in, as his

manifestation had lost all power of deception and his beastly creatures and the she-demon had all transformed into one body of himself.

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

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

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

Lord, consecrated and consumed entirely in the Lord's service!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"From what Abba Serapion said, we can learn that we shall be granted the gift of true discrimination when we trust, no longer in the judgments of our own

*mind, but in the teaching and rule of our fathers . . .
 How can it be anything but foolish to think that the
 spiritual art, the most difficult of all arts, has no
 need of a teacher? It is an invisible, hidden art which
 is understood only through purity of heart, and
 failure in it brings, not temporary loss, but the soul's
 destruction and eternal death."*

*The Philokalia, Volume One, St. John Cassian, On the
 Holy Fathers of Sketis (Christianity, Orthodox) Faber
 and Faber, London and Boston, USA, 1979,
 Translators G.E.H. Palmer, Philip Sherrard, Kallistos
 Ware*

CHAPTER FIVE

Our Sins are Similar to One Another, Let us be
Helpful rather than Judge

The Lord bade my soul to go into several realms containing the energetic reality of various other families that we knew. Within several of these families, lay the same demons which our own family had been trying to purgate from our reality.

One family in particular, the father was almost a cloned image of the exact same issue which lay within my own husband, Andy. The Holy Spirit came upon me in a powerful way, as He spoke words through me which were not my own. They contained transformative energy, and it was directed at this father who was domineering, controlling, verbally abusive and completely comfortable with that. As I did so, he seemed to be receiving blows from the spiritual ether.

Anger began to seethe within him, but the Lord insisted I continue for hour after hour battering him with the opposite goodness to the vices of which he embraced and saw not the evil within them.

But even had I wished to stop, it was not possible. The Holy Spirit completely took me over and did the Lord's bidding throughout my spiritual vessel in a sub-conscious way directly into the heart of this man.

And when it was finished, I interiorly knew that it was going to affect him in some way consciously, that I should be alert that his attitude towards me might change because of some level of remembrance. It would be most likely that he would

remember nothing, but suddenly feel ill at ease in my presence.

As the final blast of the Holy Spirit came through my voice, I uttered the final words which were intended to counter his words rooted in anger, pride, and power. Each of the Holy Spirit's responses were the direct opposite of whatever the ill-informed purpose of his initial words might be. Because it went on for hours, and because the issue was so deeply ingrained, he became very agitated that for every syllable out of his mouth of a destructive nature, the Holy Spirit would respond out of mine in the opposite construct.

When finished, it seemed that both of us were exhausted and I fell into a peaceful sleep.

"I tell you truly, great and many are your sins. Many years have you yielded to the enticings of Satan. You have been gluttonous, winebibbers and gone a-whoring, and your past debts have multiplied. And now you must repay them, and payment is difficult and hard. Be not, therefore, already impatient after the third day, like the prodigal son, but wait patiently for the seventh day which is sanctified by God, and then go with humble and obedient heart before the face of your Heavenly Father, that he may forgive you your sins and all your past debts. I tell you truly, your Heavenly Father loves you without end, for he also allows you to pay in seven days the debts of seven years. Those that owe the sins and diseases of seven years, but pay honestly and persevere till the seventh day, to them shall our Heavenly Father forgive the debts of all these seven

years."

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Book One, Page 28
(Christianity, Gnostic) International Biogenic
Society, MCMLXXXI, Translated by Edmond
Bordeaux Szekely*

CHAPTER SIX

Good Works Rebound and Multiply, so let your
Simple Deeds be Done with that Knowledge

What joy could become mine I could not fathom as I entered into what appeared to be a dark cave. Inside these caverns, were the souls of many men and a few women. At first, they were very busy at work, and I was given only a moment to watch them in their toil. But moments later, a wisp of wind seemed to come into the cave as we were now surrounded by the heavenly hosts.

I began to sing praise to the Lord, and the men and women in the cave joined me in my hymns of thanksgiving. It seemed to go on for hours, and I was wrapt in ecstasy with my Lord despite this dark place to which I had been taken with an entire host of angels. It seemed so odd, and yet, it seemed perfectly natural at the same time.

Taken from the scene, I was then given to re-enter the very same cave at a later juncture in time. The angels were singing all the louder, and they now took me to meet several of the wards of this place who loved me so deeply, I could not understand why.

The first man was Dominic, a very tall man with curly brownish hair. Immediately, the angels asked me to look at what he was working on. Noticing that his hands were enmeshed in sculpture for the Lord, I praised Him all the more. But the angels bid me to continue to look around the room. All of these people were sculpting things in the image of God, their souls were undergoing a profound transformation.

An angel led me to a man who embraced me with such holy love, I felt overwhelmed. He showed me what he had been working on and I was stunned by its beauty and uniqueness. He had been crafting a book out of rock. Each of the pages of this book was a scene from the Last Supper of Our Lord. He held me tight for many minutes, and I could feel such profound joy, gratitude and love from him, I couldn't understand why. It was not a lust thing at all. These people who were mostly men were expressing eternal love towards me for something that I could not yet ascertain.

Looking towards the heavenly host, they began yet again in their praises of the Lord and I joined them. As they did so, they explained to me what I had been given to see.

These people had been in darkness, but had seen a great light. "You are witnessing the captives being set free," an angel said to me, "and you have seen from whence they began and to where they have been led through the works done of God through your hands." I began to weep.

These people were taking these holy works of art which represented transformations in their lives, understandings and souls which had come about directly from their exposure to my writings and my work. It was overwhelming, yet I felt so honored and I felt so much love coming towards me from these people. I'd had no idea. The angels had allowed me to see them before and after - and now they were all lining up to leave the darkness of the caves. They had graduated onto higher things. But the bond between our souls was profoundly deep beyond any of my

imaginings. It was truly a profound gift that the Lord had allowed me to be a vessel for them in this way. I was not worthy of it, I could only praise God with them and the angels as they quietly exited the cave and disintegrated into the ether. My heart knew where they were going next, and I was in awe of His ability to use such a simple instrument to bring this about.

As they all disappeared, the angels surrounded me in praise and worship. I was wrapt in ecstasy for hours with the angels. They were filling me with something more as we praised Our Lord. It was not just the understanding, which was profound, of how He was working through me. It was something energetic, and it was taking me to a higher place of ecstatic bliss where I felt completely at One with the Lord as if I were wrapt in prayer right at his side.

I held onto the divine pleasure until it was slipped out of my fingers, and I was led back to my earthly vessel.

"The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord has anointed me; He has sent me to bring glad tidings to the lowly, to heal the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives and release to the prisoners, to announce a year of favor from the Lord and a day of vindication by our God."

The New American Bible, New Testament, Book of Isaiah, Chapter 61: 1 - 2 (Christianity, Words of Isaiah) Catholic Book Publishing Co., New York, USA, 1970, Bishops Committee of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Stairway to Heaven Exists for us All

As my health had been deteriorating again, my doctor had made it clear I must get more rest. 'This could be the end,' I thought, but then paused. 'But it's more likely the beginning . . . ' I thought to myself, remembering how the Lord often brings me into much deeper levels of illness in order to make it possible for my soul to travel to ever deeper mysteries and realms of knowledge. Perhaps, the Lord again needed me to be on the edge of life and death, so He might be able to communicate with me all the better.

When you stand in the borderlands, on the wing of an angel leading to heaven but holding tight to the material realm for the sake of your children, something profound happens. You become a part of both worlds at the same time and knowledge can travel from heaven to earth through you.

Slipping off into a deep sleepy night, I awoke to notice that the huge Sacred Heart of Jesus banner on my bedroom wall was alit in golden yellow energy emanating from within and to the without. A staircase was inside the center where the picture of Christ is so carefully embroidered. It was so beautiful, I just looked at it awestruck. It was like being in an ecstasy.

I'd seen this once or twice before and I enjoyed the vision of beauty as long as God would allow, and then I slipped back into sleep.

To my surprise, I was awoken again and saw the same thing. Again, I slipped back into sleep. And

again, I was awoken about eight times that night to see this beautiful gateway in my bedroom.

First, I thought that certainly these were the stairs I would take at the moment my earthly sojourn was over to go meet my beloved Lord.

But secondly, I thought something else. Perhaps I was right. My illness had brought me back into greater seclusion and I required much more sleep. I was standing at the borderland, and the Lord was showing me gateway to 'The Mysteries of Our Lord.'

Excitement filled me at the thought of being allowed to traverse those steps at some point and learn of those mysteries.

The golden glowing yellowish light continued as I slipped off into my final veil of sleep for the night.

"Jacob departed from Beersheba and proceeded toward Haran. When he came upon a certain shrine, as the sun had already set, he stopped there for the night. Taking one of the stones at the shrine he put it under his head and lay down to sleep at that spot.

Then he had a dream: a stairway rested on the ground, with its top reaching to the heavens: and God's messengers were going up and down on it."
The New American Bible, New Testament, Book of Exodus, Chapter 28:10-13 (Christianity) Catholic Book Publishing Co., New York, USA, 1970, Bishops Committee of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine

CHAPTER EIGHT

It is Better to Be Honest With Ourselves Regarding
Our Faults in this Life then Wait for the Next Only to
Find we Must do it all Over Just to Have Saved Face
in the World.

Many people were watching on from a distance our family with a very judgmental stance. Because of the difficulties we'd had in our marriage, people were suspicious and uncomfortable even though the Lord had been making it clear to me that many of those very same people harbored similar issues and/or demons, but were unable to see it in themselves yet.

I had already accepted our fate to be judged and was busy painting spiritual symphonies all over our small little town in the mystical realms. Suddenly, our former priest who had been watching judgmentally himself, turned and saw the spiritual symphonies I was painting all over town. I expected nothing, his gaze was stern, judgmental.

But suddenly, a small smile began to come from his lips as eternal understanding overtook him and he finally saw that the honest evaluation of our failings was a beautiful thing, and not something of which to be ashamed. And it bore much more fruit than hiding behind a veil of false perfection.

I smiled back knowing that our friendship was being restored. But this restoration was coming about in a wholly different way, one which was without sin and full of virtue and possibilities because of the infinite eternal fruits which could be borne of a

friendship grown from eternal understanding and love.

*"Let the man among you who has no sin be the first
to cast a stone at her."*

*The New American Bible, New Testament, Book of
John, Chapter 8:7 (Christianity, Words of Jesus)
Catholic Book Publishing Co., New York, USA, 1970,
Bishops Committee of the Confraternity of Christian
Doctrine*

CHAPTER NINE

The Wheel of Karmic Retribution Requires that we all
must be Clean to Free Ourselves of this World

The skies were alit with a holy wonder this night as I followed the eternal beckon to a place I would not have expected.

Inside the offices of two men who had betrayed my husband not just once, but twice; I observed that the first partner - who was the prime instigator of evil - was standing around the room with his hands on his chin pacing the room. The second partner - who was more of a follower, perhaps could be described as a man with no backbone who did the bidding of the first partner - was quiet for only a moment until he noticed my presence. Then he became hysterical, but we both ignored him as my work was with the first partner this evening.

Ironically, the two of them had betrayed my husband by demoting him from a position that he had fulfilled with great devotion and skill. Before a local election had occurred, they had promised that they would come in and help with a large court docket. Coming from another jurisdiction, they knew that Andy, my husband, could've run against them and minced them mercilessly. But he chose not to, because he had felt that the combination of the three of them would be better for the community than he alone could provide. We lived in small town, one which could not offer the types of salaries offered in larger jurisdictions. It was difficult to get other attorney's to be willing to come to this poor community and serve.

So he'd made a decision based on their word not to run against them.

But after they were elected, they both came in and had my husband do the work of three men for several years while they politicked around and took time off days, weeks and months at a time. My husband worked seven days a week, sometimes until 11:00 at night, but at least 60 - 80 hours every single week.

Time had come, however, when his use was becoming more of a political threat to them than a help. So they used a falsehood to demote him from his position and force him out.

A judicial position had come open a few months later which the first partner had already known was coming. And this was the reason for my husband's departure. They wanted him out of the position he was in, bearing the title which would give him a political edge over them.

That time came and they were certain of their success - until the local nominating committee ousted the first partner and didn't even allow him to interview for the position at the State Capitol. Because the first partner had been close friends with the Governor, it was already assured him that if he were sent up, he would receive the position.

Anger had swelled within him. He claimed that two of the attorney's on the nominating committee had conspired against him. Although this was not true, he felt it was true. My husband and another good man were nominated to go up.

Because of the first and second partners' friendship with the governor, they didn't hesitate to

betray my husband yet again by spending hours on the phone with the governor spreading falsehoods and lies.

So my husband went up and interviewed. His interview went well, over all, but he knew that the slander had been passed. Although the decision had not yet been made as to who would attain the position, the spirit of the eternal had led me here to the office of these two partners that night.

Other angels surrounded me as I approached the first partner who appeared pensive and thoughtful. On some interior level, he understood that he had been the recipient of karmic payback, swift and sure. Even though he truly had not been conspired against, he honestly felt as though he had been. And he was SO angry about it, that on a subconscious level, he was having a thoughtful moment about the betrayal he had inflicted not once, but twice upon my husband: pensive and thoughtful, yes, but emotional or caring, absolutely not.

The angels were swift and sure in bringing me up to him, as their words came out of my mouth in a holy confrontation. "You TOOK that which was not yours," I shouted, "and it was not enough." Pausing, he looked directly into my eyes. He knew that he had put our family in a desperate situation. Not only had he lost his job, but we'd lost our health insurance and the ability to be insured because of my heart failure. Because I'd saved money, we had made it through. But I had to resort to treating myself for many things, because the doctors don't return calls from uninsured patients as quickly as they do those who have coverage.

In God's infinite mercy, He had led Andy (my husband) to a job which seemed to be the place we'd been searching for since Chief Joseph began appearing to my over fifteen years prior insisting that we go to 'Ute Mountain,' our true home and help to 'restore that which had been lost.' Just two weeks before Andy became the Special U.S. Attorney for the Ute Mountain Ute Reservation in Towaoc, I had begun work publishing a book written by a social worker who'd been on the reservation for about thirteen years working with families in the restoration of alcohol and abuse situations. Her book was brilliant, inspired and before I even read it, I was slammed by the energy of the Thunder Beings. I had said to her, "I haven't read this yet, but I KNOW I will publish it." It became available just weeks after he'd begun his new work.

I tell you this information for one reason. Because it is important to know that to those who serve the Lord, He gives them their due. Sometimes, it's not in this life and sometimes it is. Out of a betrayal of the finest proportions, God provided Andy with his true vocation. He brought him to the Reservation which we had been trying to get to for fifteen years. Ironically, he was also given a job which allowed for him to work 32 hours a week and make more money than he'd ever made. This was a huge gift because he'd been working literally day and night for years. But we didn't have insurance, we had to find ways to take care of that separately and were actively involved in doing so. That would take time.

"You took that which was not yours," I shouted again, "and it was still yet not enough! You had to try

to take this, too, which you KNEW did not belong to you!" In regards to this judicial position, we were not yet aware of whether or not this position belonged to Andy or the other candidate, but it belonged to someone who had served and lived in this community for a long time. We'd been here for fifteen years as had the other.

He didn't say anything yet. So I again repeated, not of my own accord, but by the power of the angels who spoke through me. "You took that which was not yours," I shouted again, "and it was still yet not enough! You had to try to take this, too, which you KNEW did not belong to you!" Taking something which is not yours is a serious crime against the eternal. But taking something which is not yours for self-serving motivations; money, power and greed, is all the more serious, especially when you take it from someone who is a servant of God, who IS doing the will of God in that position. He hadn't taken this from us, alone, but from the community which deserved a justice system with integrity.

I remembered for a moment the day I saw the Blessed Virgin climb upon a cross and begin to weep for Andy because of the lies those two had perpetrated against him. And my husband had been doing the work in order to serve, while they wanted the money and power.

The angels around me began to speak through their own mouths of another time and place. Surprised, this was apparently not between my husband and the two of them, but myself! I was shocked. It was between myself and the first partner to the greatest degree. As they began, they spoke of

another time when he had been a dear, dear friend of mine, nothing romantic, but a very close friend - and he had betrayed me then. They said, "You have learned nothing! We placed her right back in the same place in your life, but this time we made her terminally ill with three children and a husband who was completely loyal to you! And you BETRAYED HER AGAIN!" I said nothing, I was surprised that this was about me and him, rather my husband and him in a previous lifetime. "TWICE!!!!" They shouted.

Suddenly and without any warning, he ran towards me and took a hold of my body in a powerful embrace. Tears began streaming down his face as he began to wail in memory of this lost time. In his eyes, he was devastated by the memory of the previous betrayal, and realizing he had just done it again, twice, to someone he dearly loved in the world of spirit - it was too much for him.

I allowed him to embrace me, and I embraced him back. But I again said, "You took that which was not yours, and it was still yet not enough! You had to try to take this, too, which you KNEW did not belong to you! When will it be enough!?!?!?" "I'm so sorry," he said, "let me make it up to you." Everybody in the office that had worked there at the time of my husband's departure had already left and they had open positions. "I can give you a secretarial job. Please, please, let me do this for you." I looked up at him and said, "You've forgotten. I'm really, really sick. I am not able to work full time. I so wish I could, but I'm not able. You KNEW this before you tried to destroy my family, and you did it anyway." Weeping and wailing went on as he continued to hold onto me

for dear life in the hopes of some kind of redemption. My forgiveness had already been offered on the days that he betrayed us. He already had that, but he was suffering on a subconscious level because it appeared that he was starting to realize he may not be able to repair the damage he'd done. The sin would remain upon him, and all the sufferings that were to come to our family and the community because of his selfishness were about to come down upon him.

But he was very, very sincere. His tears, for what seemed like the first time, were not for himself. They were for me as the angels continued to refresh his memory of our deep friendship and the betrayal which had followed in another life. He was truly contrite . . . he was ripe for God's picking. But it was not my fruit to pick.

The second partner was hysterically running around the office telling me to leave. "It's not appropriate that you're here!" He kept saying. "You need to go now." But we all ignored him for the most part. "God will decide what's appropriate and what's not!" An angel said, as she then immediately turned to the true work at hand.

As the first partner held me and wailed, I cried with him for the loss of a friendship that could've been powerful, meaningful, deep AND eternal. But he'd thrown it away like so many do.

And then the bugs began to emerge . . .

From every crevice of the building, through every sideboard, floor, roof, ceiling and wall - the creatures of the dark began swarming the room. Ants, Roaches, Water Bugs, Black Beatles, Spiders; vermin of every kind were now swarming at his feet. What he

had done in taking that which did not belong to him by eternal right - and in trying to take that which did not belong to him by eternal right - had allowed the infestation to completely encompass the room.

An angel put her hand upon my shoulder and pulled me away from him. "Oh, my God!" He shouted. "Please help me to clean this up! I can't do it myself!" The angels were stern. "It shall not be so." They said. "For this mess is yours to clean. The Lord will not be sending help at this time."

Wailing harder, the angels continued. "What you do now with the mess you have made will determine whether or not the Lord will EVER come to your aid! If you so desire such help, we suggest with all earnestness that you bring this true contrition from a subconscious level to your conscious world and stop wreaking havoc with God's will all around you." He was hyperventilating between tears. "And then, you must not only stop such wreaking, but you will have to repair - as much as is possible - the damage you have already done! Do you understand?" He nodded, "Yes."

He tried to hand me a broom to start sweeping up these bugs which were coming in from everywhere, hoping I might still help him because of my deep and true caring for his soul. But the angels would not allow me to take it. "The Lord has specifically bidden that you shall ask no more sacrifice of her for your own gain. She will not be allowed to assist you. May I suggest you take the broom yourself and get to work before this place is so infested that there remains no hope."

I cried at this, too. But I understood. He had to clean up his own mess in order to prove his contrition. And that contrition was only manifesting on a subconscious level right now. In the conscious world, there was NO SIGN OF ANY CHANGE, as of yet.

Taking my hand, the angels threw the second partner another broom and said, "We leave you now with this. Clean it up!"

In a moment, we were gone.

"When we appreciate the gains to be reaped from the proper use of our faculty of speech, we can reflect on the opposite as well - the great loss suffered when we use our speech to sin. Working as fast as lightning, our speech can create countless thousands of prosecuting angels in a brief time. This is why the Torah specified that we be particularly careful in guarding our speech."

*Echoes in the Heavenly Court, Chofetz Chaim,
Chapter Eleven (Judaism) Feldheim Publishers, 1994,
Compiled by the Dean of Machon 'Bais Yechiel'
Jerusalem*

CHAPTER TEN

Love is Eternal and Lives from Life to Life

For a fortnight, a green healing energy overcame my energy field every time I would close my eyes and open them again to the spirit world. All was bathed in green, and my spirit and body took in the warm healing energies from above.

An unexpected journey was about to come upon my soul as I was riding an old riverboat with my three children from my current life. Familiar, but from another time, I remembered the lifetime when I had lost my life overboard one of these things - a karmic moment engraved upon my memory as one of several sudden yet final partings from life in this world from a person and soul I'd loved deeply; he who was known only as 'the priest' in 'Touched by the Nails.'

The journey represented by that book in this life had ended with uncertainty, an uncertainty which was demonstrated as possibly the simple truth we must all embrace about love in this world.

My youngest son, Jake, had darted off and I was looking for him on the boat. There were many pretty women on the boat, I noticed this. But my focus was on finding my son, and on the journey I must now take with my munchkins. Very worried, he seemed to be nowhere to be found and I was getting scared.

Suddenly, I turned around and the priest was standing behind me with an expectant glaze in his eyes. I read within them that he truly wanted to help

me find Jake, and there was something bothering him that he wanted to share with me.

Turning again to notice all the pretty women aboard the boat, I was a bit confused as his normal behavior in such a subconscious state would be to go pay attention to them all. In the conscious state, this could sometimes also be the case. But he was staring at me and boring a hole through my soul. He had a mission tonight.

"Please," he said, "let me help you find him." Pausing for only a millisecond in my search, I said, 'Okay,' and continued my search. He found my son quickly and brought him to me as he placed the same eye-piercing gaze was upon me.

Again, I noticed that there were scores of very pretty women on the boat, but he acted like I was the only one there.

"I love ALL of you!," he said about me and my kids. We kind of stared at each other quietly for a while, because I was very confused by this seemingly sudden visit in the night from someone who to my mind had done everything possible to make it clear that I meant absolutely nothing to him, not even as an acquaintance, much less as a friend or even less as anything more.

Suddenly, he took my two hands and continued looking deep in my eyes. By this time, we were alone, as the kids and the surrounding environment had faded off into the distance and it was just us two. "I LOVE you." He said. "I really need you to know that I truly do love you." Still confused and finding anything he might say hard to believe, I just kind of stared at him.

Repeating himself a few times, he said, "I need you to know that I TRULY love you." And as he said it a few times, an energy came into me which made me to know that this was *profoundly* true, as hard as it seemed for me to believe I knew inwardly that it was absolutely true. His eyes continued to pierce into mine as he explained that this love he had for me was unique to me, and although it had been necessary for him to go through some growth experiences regarding his attraction to all pretty women, he had come to realize the unique nature of what truly was between us.

All I could do was stare at him as he continued to hold my hands and look at me with such profound intensity that I felt myself filled with the truth of this moment. And for that time, it seemed that God and he wished for me to know.

My soul was floored, relieved, grateful . . . for this moment. But I also knew that this momentary union of souls would end and, therefore, cause me great pain later.

By this time in this journey, however, I also understood that this was the price I would have to pay for truly loving someone with that kind of power who could never again be a part of my life. It had now been several years and I knew this was not something that I was likely going to pass through. These would be the thorns that I must walk alongside . . . because I had learned that in regards to this person, it was not in my power to change what the core of my soul understood and felt for him. It was not a fleeting thing, it would probably walk with me for the remainder of my days.

So I accepted this gift with that knowledge. Awaking the next morning, I bathed in the momentary glow of the revelation, allowing it to penetrate and remain within my heart, but then I had to enter my waking world and integrate the experience back into my 'real' life on the ground by letting it go and preparing for my day as a mom.

"I am a flower of Sharon, a lily of the valley. As a lily among thorns, so is my beloved among women. As an apple tree among the trees of the woods, so is my lover among men. I delight to rest in his shadow, and his fruit is sweet to my mouth. He brings me into the banquet hall and his emblem over me is love.

Strengthen me with raisin cakes, refresh me with apples, for I am faint with love. His left hand is under my head and his right arm embraces me. I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles and hinds of the field, do not arouse, do not stir up love before its own time."

The New American Bible, New Testament, Song of Songs, Chapter 2:1-7 (Christianity, Judaism), Catholic Book Publishing Co., New York, USA, 1970, Bishops Committee of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Love Bears Responsibility

On the eve of the morrow, my soul was swept into a typhoon of eternal energies depicting questions my soul had bade to the Lord in prayer.

As I was hurled to the etheric floor on my knees, a light came from the highest heaven which immediately shone upon two rings I wore on my hands.

My wedding ring on my left hand was a golden band with a small diamond cross in the center. On the other hand, I wore a diamond which had been given to me by my husband's (Andy) grandmother. The ring had been worn by her husband's mother and grandmother and I was the 5th generational line to wear it. The ring truly represented the ancestral line of our family.

The two diamond rings began to shine throughout the heavens before me, and I was given to know that by this sign, the Lord had given me to know that I had gotten two answers right.

Although these answers were never enunciated, it appeared that my husband and I staying together AND focusing on the ancestral line, i.e. my children, were possibly the two answers the Lord wished me to understand.

In a subsequent experience the same night, a similar incident occurred wherein as I lie prostrate on the etheric floor, my two wedding rings became manifest in the sky above me again representing the answers that I was seeking.

This was a difficult answer to receive, but I did receive it. I obeyed. Although it was difficult, we did continue to work on our marriage both together and apart - however necessary - and focused on the well-being of our children.

"Some Pharisees came up to him and said, to test him, 'May a man divorce his wife for any reason whatever?' He replied, 'Have you not read that at the beginning the Creator made them male and female and declared, "For this reason a man shall leave his father and mother and cling to his wife, and the two shall become as one?" Thus they are no longer two but one flesh. Therefore, let no man separate what God has joined.' They said to him, 'Then why did Moses command divorce and the promulgation of a divorce decree?' 'Because of your stubbornness Moses let you divorce your wives,' He replied; 'but at the beginning it was not that way.'"

The New American Bible, New Testament, Book of Matthew, Chapter 19:3-9 (Christianity, Words of Jesus) Catholic Book Publishing Co., New York, USA, 1970, Bishops Committee of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine

CHAPTER TWELVE

But Love Remains Eternal and Lives from Life to Life

And the third night brought with it another powerful but painful consolation. During this period I began to learn that sometimes in order to discover God's will and learn to follow it, you have to simply accept things as they are and as they come. Because if you do not, you will fight the progression because you still don't know whence it leads.

My home was represented as a three story structure. On the bottom floor were the parish members of our local church, in the middle was my husband, Andy - and at the top were my private quarters, my private prayer launch pad, so to speak.

Although Andy and I were 'together,' we had certain agreements which allowed me to continue to live a consecrated life within my home.

Sitting outside by myself, a large number of people were standing at the sides of the road as if we were waiting for a parade to come. And within moments, I saw off in the distance a procession headed by our bishop. Bundled up with a quilt, I watched quietly as he came with probably a train of about 20-30 priests.

But I was surprised when I noticed that at the tail end of the procession of 'robed' priests, my priest was walking without his robes but in his 'collar.' When I saw him, I quietly walked inside my 'house' to my private quarters because I didn't want him to notice me.

But it quickly became clear that he was actually seeking me out again, and he *knew* I was there.

Interestingly, he was again portrayed as a 'man on a mission.' Coming towards my home, I thought for a moment. It seemed that avoiding this was a bad idea, that we needed to face one another and deal with what was going on between us. So I quietly slipped back out.

But before I could close the door behind me, I realized he was standing right before me giving me that same kind of intense gaze that he had done before, but with more determination.

Taking my hand with force and determination, it didn't seem to matter to him anymore what people thought about him as he took me through the first floor of our house where the parishioners were and somehow completely bypassed level two. In seconds, we were alone in my private quarters on the third level of the house.

His eyes were very clear as he came to me in embrace. Again, I knew he wanted me to know that he truly loved me. It was not lust, it was not something else . . . it was simply a powerful love that apparently he nor I could explain, understand, come to terms with nor deny.

It was so vivid, it was as if it were really happening. He stayed with me for a long time, and when it was time for him to go, he engaged my eyes again as if to reinforce that his departure affected nothing of what he had shared with me.

But then I began to awake and realize it was happening only in energy, and it was a painful realization. But I again gave many thanks to the Lord for this moment, even though the knowledge and experience of it caused me pain, it relieved more just

to know that it was mutual . . . even though to all appearances it could and would never be.

Again, I allowed the experience to penetrate my heart, but integrated it properly so that I could get up and be a mom.

"There is an appointed time for everything, and a time for every affair under the heavens. A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to uproot the plant. A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to tear down, and a time to build. A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance. A time to scatter stones, and a time to gather them; a time to embrace, and time to be far from embraces. A time to seek, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away. A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to be silent, and a time to speak. A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and time of peace . . . and I saw that there is nothing better for a man than to rejoice in his work; for this is his lot."

The New American Bible, New Testament, Book of Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3:1-8, 22 (Christianity, Words of Jesus) Catholic Book Publishing Co., New York, USA, 1970, Bishops Committee of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

To Everything There is a Season

And so it came to pass that I began to wander back into the realms of spirit, experiencing things of wonder and awe - like traveling through the starry realms all night; the moon, the sun, the star tunnel - and things of concern.

As my health was going up and down, I entered into a deterioration cycle. My spirit was taken to a jailhouse wherein a man was being held. Satan spoke through him, and St. Michael spoke through me. But my strength waned unexpectedly, and for the first time, I lost a battle with the demonic realm. I couldn't extricate the demonic force from the man, and I felt saddened by this defeat.

In prayer, however, I simply asked for God's will to be done; that I be used for however long I might be of service to the Lord, but that at such a time as my bodily vessel became too weak to follow that warrior path, that I be replaced by younger, healthier trainees to do the work that I may no longer be able to do.

In a subsequent experience, my prayer was answered me in that I was shown that this weakness was not due to a moral flaw, but only to aging and weakness of the body. I was not to concern myself with it, as God would ordain and send me as He so wished. Perhaps he wished for me to visually experience this waning in spiritual thrust, so I could know and understand that it was a natural part of the path. As none of us can do everything at each stage of

our journey, we allow God to determine our portion as we go.

“God, who reads the hearts of men, showed his approval by granting the Holy Spirit to them just as he did to us. He made no distinction between them and us, but purified their hearts by means of faith also. Why, then, do you put God to the test by trying to place on the shoulders of these converts a yoke which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear? Our belief is rather that we are saved by the favor of the Lord Jesus and so are they. At that the whole assembly fell silent.”

*The New American Bible, New Testament, Book of Acts, Chapter 15:8-12 (Christianity, Words of Peter)
Catholic Book Publishing Co., New York, USA, 1970,
Bishops Committee of the Confraternity of Christian
Doctrine*

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

And All Things Serve a Purpose Under God's Heaven

Furiously writing, I was being totally honest in what I was sharing and it was that total honesty with the experience that made the work powerful. I KNEW I needed to write from a place of absolute disclosure.

In a departure from the previous experiences with my priest, I had come upon his mother in an energetic realm and things were not going well. As soon as she saw me, she projected an energy towards me which I didn't immediately understand.

She was very upset with me, which was entirely out of character for her, and she was treating me as if I was a slut or a trollop. She had taken a spray bottle of bleach and dyed a derogatory term for me on the back on my head on my long hair.

My family and I were at some kind of priestly function, but she very clearly did NOT want us there.

It occurred to me at this point that perhaps the experiences I'd had recently had occurred in part because of some struggle that the priest had himself with his own vocation. Perhaps she blamed me, if he had told her anything about it, despite the fact that we had no contact in the physical world and had not for many months.

In anger, she came towards me. "You will have a tough time this Sunday," she said, "because of your conscience!" I listened but said nothing. "But you'll get through it." She turned and left as I sat concerned trying to figure out what could be coming. But I did not know. I'd taken everything to confession months ago and continued to do so. I'd made no contact with

him. I was deeply concerned and knew I'd simply have to wait for this Sunday to come in order to find out whether this was a true warning of something I must face that day, or an angry outburst of a concerned mother. I did not yet know.

Floating into yet another reality, a special Mass was being held in the spiritual realm at our local church that the bishop and my former priest were attending. Because I couldn't find anything to wear that I felt would be appropriate (despite the fact that my wardrobe is very conservative), I didn't go.

Moments later, the priest was serving at a 'Funeral' Mass for a very old man who was lying in an open coffin. He looked a lot like St. John Vianney, but I was never given the impression that it was him. In this reality, my spiritual gifts were given me to utilize to assist, and I was able to float over to the priest items he'd forgotten to get ready before the Mass and other similar needs. But when the funeral was over and everybody had left but he and I, I went to him and said, "You don't realize this, but this man is not dead." He laughed, while the 'man' in the coffin slowly sat up and began to stand. "He also is not a man," I said, "If you look closely, you'll see he's a woman." And suddenly, we could both see that it was indeed a woman, but neither of us were given to understand what this meant.

The priest looked at me with kind of a sad, pained expression. He expressed that he wanted to be close to me, and I put my arm around his shoulder. And with tears in his eyes, he turned to me and said, "I *do* want you to be close to me . . . but I want you to leave me alone, I want to continue being a priest."

"Okay," I said, "Okay." Very quietly, I backed up away from him. "I've always known and supported that." Putting my arms up almost like a man who is trying to let the other know he is unarmed, I said again very quietly, "Okay, it's okay. It's always been okay . . ."

Despite the previous experiences and my own feelings which I'd made clear in 'Touched by the Nails,' I'd never allowed myself to even really consider the possibility that either of us would do otherwise. And so I'd accepted this long ago, although it seemed in the experience as if he did not realize that I had, as if I was watching probably something very private that I had as yet been unaware had been even happening; his struggle with his vocation to the priesthood. And although I *had* been leaving him alone, and I had no idea that this had been the case, he had apparently been facing an internal struggle, as well.

"Christian love is love that is supernaturalized as to its principal, its motive and its object. It is supernaturalized in its principle through the infused virtue of charity that resides in the will. This virtue, set into action by actual grace, transforms naturally good love and raises it to a higher level. Then faith furnishes us with a supernatural motive to sanctify our affections: it directions these, first, towards God, by showing to us the Supreme, Infinite Good, which alone can correspond to our rightful aspirations; then, towards God's creatures, which it presents to us as reflections of the divine perfections, so much so, that in loving them we love God Himself."

The Spiritual Life, Father Adolphe Tanqueray, S.S. D.D., The Theological Virtues, # 1209 (Christianity,

*Catholic) Tan Books and Publishers, Illinois, USA,
2000, Translated by Rev. Herman Branderis, S.S.,
A.M.*

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

We are all Weak in One Way or Another and Capable of Misperception

The medieval monk came to me in the night and introduced himself as someone who had been sent to help me at this juncture in my path, "St. Utivians," he said, "but you won't find me in the popular history of the saints, I'm fairly unknown."

And he was right. I was unable to find mention of him anywhere which goes to show the rest of us that there may be famous saints in heaven, but there are also saints of the common man who are unknown, undocumented, but remain saints in the life after this nevertheless. What we choose to do in this life counts, even if it remains unseen to the eyes of mortal man. God always sees . . .

What a night! My spirit was enveloped with the Most Blessed Virgin as she directed my steps and guided my path. She said that I would continue to have severe ups and downs with illness for the remainder of my life and that unexpected weird things would continue to happen to my body, but I was not to concern myself with the 'why' of it all. "You must proceed like Pope John Paul II," she said, "have no shame about being ill, continue to walk forward within whatever illness which may overtake you - refuse to step out of life, to stop doing anything that you are still able to do, to cease serving God, to quit anything because of the discomfort of others, and never stop until the battle is won when the end of your life will come."

I basked in her presence and energy for hours praying for a friend of mine who had undergone brain surgery. Shortly before waking, she smiled at me, lifted up her veil and showed me what lay beneath. It was my friend. "She is under my constant protection and care," the Blessed Virgin said, as she disappeared.

That morning, I found out that my friend had gotten out of the ICU and become stable for the first time since the surgery had been performed late that previous night.

A few nights later, my spirit was taken on a night journey to visit about five different planetary worlds. Given a couple of weeks in each world, I found myself very bonded to many of the 'people' and their unique life struggles, challenges and victories by the time my lengthy night would end. And it was intriguing to realize so many different types of existence and how vast God's power and creativity spread. It made our little corner of the universe, and even more so our little corner of the world and its problems seem very small.

The Blessed Virgin returned weeks later with a message of different import. In her grace and glory, she took me into my own thinking. Showing me how I was perceiving things with my husband, she then showed me how they really were. Very kindly, she explained that the many medications, the level of pain, the amount of doctor visits and procedures, etc., were all serving to make it difficult for me to see things as they truly were.

Most difficult to see was the pain this was causing my children, but I had to see and feel it profoundly in order to understand.

Grateful but ashamed, I thanked the Blessed Virgin for her lengthy visit to show me these things in such a profound way and began the work to amend my life with my husband and stop my part in inciting conflict with him.

"The verse, 'One must not abuse one's fellow man' (Vayikra 25:17),' refers to verbal abuse, and as Chazal noted, one must be careful even regarding one's own wife . . . Shaming someone is forbidden, even when rebuking him for wrongdoing. 'You must admonish your neighbor, and not bear sin because of him.'"

*Echoes in the Heavenly Court, Chofetz Chaim,
Chapter One (Judaism) Feldheim Publishers, 1994,
Compiled by the Dean of Machon 'Bais Yechiel'
Jerusalem*

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Suffering is a Gift Given to Conform us to Christ

She returned the following day as I was sleeping deeply due to a great amount of chest pain through which I could no longer remain conscious. She said, "He wants you to be all His." I knew that she was speaking of my Saviour, Jesus Christ. I was quiet for a few moments, but then I replied, "Well, I'll stop complaining then because I want to be all His, too." "He makes you all His," she said, "by uniting you completely to His suffering." I nodded and took this moment in. Frankly, I was fairly overwhelmed with His love.

"And the apostle answered him, saying: If thou depart from these things whereof thou hast received knowledge, as thou hast said, and if thou know who it is that hath wrought this in thee, and learn and become a hearer of him whom now in thy fervent love thou seekest; thou shalt both see him and be with him for ever, and in his rest shalt thou rest, and shalt be in his joy. But if thou be slackly disposed toward him and turn again unto thy former deeds, and leave that beauty and that bright countenance which now was showed thee, and forget the shining of his light which now thou desirest, not only wilt thou be bereaved of this life but also of that which is to come and thou wilt depart unto him whom thou saidst thou hadst lost, and will no more behold him whom thou saidst thou hadst found."

*The Apocryphal New Testament, Acts of Thomas, #
35 (Christianity) Oxford at the Clarendon Press,
Cambridge, USA, 1924, Translated by Montague
Rhodes James Litt.D., F.B.A., F.S.A.*

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Eternal Love is a Beauty, but to Sacrifice it for a
Greater Good Makes it Brilliant

Taken into a space wherein I was shown people throughout time and the ages who loved each other deeply but could not be together because of a greater good, an angel walked up beside me. "It's sad that two people who love each other so much," she said, "cannot be together." I knew inherently she was speaking of myself and the priest. I looked at her very peacefully and with calm. She repeated herself. "It's sad that two people who love each other so much cannot be together," she said, "in order to fulfill a higher good for others." Looking directly into her eyes, I nodded again. I KNEW in my heart a sense of peace about this decision. We had honored his call to the priesthood and my call to motherhood. We were doing this for the greater good of others.

But it was sad that we could not be together, and for that moment, I felt how truly real that love between us remained. But I also knew we'd done the right thing.

"Thus shalt thou be brought to understand really and fundamentally, what is the virtue and power of love, and what the height and greatness thereof is; how that it is indeed the 'virtue of all virtues,' though it be invisible, and as a nothing in appearance, inasmuch as it is the worker of all things, and a powerful vital energy passing through all virtues and powers natural and supernatural; and the power of all powers, nothing being able to let or obstruct the omnipotence of love, or to resist its invincible

penetrating might, which passes through the whole creation of God, inspecting and governing all things."

*Of the Supersensual Life, Jacob Boehme,
(Christianity, Mystery Religions) Kessinger
Publishing*

"Christ's charity is generous. Through love of us, He consented to labor, and suffer, and die: 'He hath loved us and hath delivered Himself for us.' Hence, we must be ever ready to render service to our brethren at the cost of real self-sacrifice . . . Perfect souls love the neighbor unto the immolation of self: 'In this we have known the charity of God, because he hath laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.'"

*The Spiritual Life, Father Adolphe Tanqueray, S.S.
D.D., The Theological Virtues, # 1249-1250
(Christianity, Catholic) Tan Books and Publishers,
Illinois, USA, 2000, Translated by Rev. Herman
Branderis, S.S., A.M.*

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

One Vice Does not Excuse Another and Restoration is the Goal of all Life

In the distance, I saw her. She was a woman who was in the process of a divorce because she had been involved in an abusive relationship for many years. But I was shocked at what I was being shown.

Although her situation with her husband was very real, and they had serious issues to overcome, she was using this as an excuse to actually indulge a gull demon that was lurking within her.

His unacceptable behavior had become an excuse to engage her own demonic force within which was seeking after lust.

This was very surprising to me because in our day it is so politically incorrect for women to try to work through issues that involve any type of abuse; whether it be verbal or physical. But I was clearly being shown that her situation could be worked out, but she was using the indulgence her husband had given to his demon of rage as an excuse to indulge her own demon of lust.

It would most likely be something never seen on the surface, because she had a genuine problem in her marriage that she would be perfectly justified by the political thinking of the day to dissolve. But in God's eyes, that wasn't what was happening at all.

“Upon this the devil drew near to the soul, and brought it on from one vice to another, for he had taken it captive in his essence, and set joy and pleasure before it therein, saying thus to it: Behold, now thou art powerful, mighty, and noble, endeavour to be greater, richer, and more powerful still. Display

*thy knowledge, wit, and subtilty, that every one may
fear thee, and stand in awe of thee, and that thou
mayest be respected and get a great name in the
world."*

*A Discourse between a Soul Hungry and Thirsty After
the Fountain of Life, the Sweet Love of Jesus Christ,
and a Soul Enlightened, Jacob Boehme, (Christianity,
Mystery Religions) Kessinger Publishing*

Having struggled a lot physically and receiving the word from my doctor that my death could come quickly and suddenly at this point, I drifted off into a peaceful sleep.

Praying that God would keep me around for my kids if it were His will, I noticed up to my right that the light had appeared before me. Interiorly, I could feel the light calling to me, and God calling to me, as well. Knowing that the Lord was revealing to me that my time could be coming and that it would indeed be God's will, I simply looked up and nodded, saying, "Oh . . . okay." I was at peace with my death whenever it might come.

Taken into the home of another friend and couple who had recently reconciled after one of them had an affair, I was taken through every nook and cranny of the house to clean it of the energies and entities that no longer belonged since the partner had repented of his misdeeds.

He had to be present for this because of his own participation in what had come to pass, the contamination; but he was kept in a safe room while I did the work with spiritual guardians, angels and the power of God.

There was difficulty as I went through the house, because some of the darkness wished to cling

to the place and continue to cause discord. However, by the time I was finished, everything was clean.

It was made clear to me that this couple had passed through some type of 'allowed' trial, and this cleanup job was a gift in exchange for having survived the temptation and tribulation they had undergone.

In the end, when everything was now clear, I was taken to the river which flowed nearby the house. I had to say the rosary while walking through and across the river, and when I had completed this, the river began to flow through their home.

It was clear that the channels of energy coming from above had been restored, despite this fall from grace, because this couple had survived a huge trial.

"Thou shalt do nothing at all but forsake thy own will, viz. that which thou callest I, or thyself. By which means all thy evil properties will grow weak, faint and ready to die; and then thou wilt sink down again into that one thing, from which thou art originally sprung."

A Discourse between a Soul Hungry and Thirsty After the Fountain of Life, the Sweet Love of Jesus Christ, and a Soul Enlightened, Jacob Boehme, (Christianity, Mystery Religions) Kessinger Publishing

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Misunderstanding is to be Expected, Humility is the Remedy

A misunderstanding had developed between myself and my current priests. Frankly, I wasn't even sure what it was but I had been shown that they had grabbed a hold of some kind of gossip or misperception and were holding it as true. I was shown their anger about it, but not given to know what the misperception or gossip had actually been.

The Blessed Virgin had appeared and told me to simply act as if this were not the case, to go on as if I was completely oblivious to this trial that they were now under. "Even priests," she said, "must be tried and held accountable for what they choose to listen to and believe."

So I had resolved to ignore it, and completely let it go. Because I worked at the church, it was a little more tricky, but I had been able to pretty much do it for this period of time.

Just as I was feeling that perhaps I had offended God in their rejection of me and my family, my deceased priest came to me in the night in a state of jubilation.

He was surrounded in light so brilliant and his smile could have lit up the night sky. His hands were raised above his head, and he came with a crowd following him; what I immediately understood to be his new parish in heaven.

Looking at me with great love and embrace, he said, "I've come back from a long illness to help your priests." Immediately, I understood that he had come

to help me to know that the world beyond was embracing me as I was possibly preparing to cross over, and that he had come to see me himself in particular because he knew that I would see the rejection from any priest as a rejection from God.

Embracing him, I thanked him for showing me that I had not offended God and that I would be welcome in heaven when my time to cross over had arrived.

Just as quickly as my former priest had come, my current bishop appeared in the mystical realms. I was afraid because of my concern that whatever gossip or misperceptions were being held by my local priests would most certainly also be held by my bishop.

But he approached me very respectfully. He pointed to a man sitting in a chair in the distance who I immediately recognized. He was a person of note in the worldwide media and spiritual community and he was waiting for someone. The Bishop said, "The Lord has asked me to request that you consider allowing this man to interview you about your work." He said this with such respect for my work, I was basically dumbfounded.

Shocked, I agreed, but realized that the Lord had allowed me to experience this so that I would know that my work remained on the proper path, and that irregardless of any persecutions which may come, I had not displeased Him and in fact, He was honoring my service. It was very humbling.

"It is good for us sometimes to suffer contradictions, and to allow people to think ill of us . . . These are often helps to humility, and rid us of vainglory." (The

Imitation) It is in adversity that we can learn what we really are and what great need we have of God's help: 'What doth he know, that hath not been tried?' (Eccles.)"

The Three Ages of the Interior Life, Father Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange, Volume I, Chapter XXVIII, The Healing of Pride (Christianity, Catholic) Tan Books and Publishers, USA, 1947

CHAPTER TWENTY

Don't Die Angry

The lights around the departed only seemed to get brighter and brighter as I came across the spirit of my deceased step-dad.

So excited to see him, I immediately ran up to him and embraced him saying, "I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry. I didn't appreciate you enough when you were here. All those houses and cars you helped us to rebuild . . . I'm so sorry." Laughing, he replied, "Oh, don't worry about it. It's okay. It's like that for everyone who crosses over." Immediately, I understood that it was a very common phenomenon for people to not have full appreciation of their loved ones while still living.

Knowing that my husband and I were in the process of working through a lot of things, a lot of anger over past abuse, etc., he said, "Don't die angry . . ." As he said this, he transferred an energy to me which immediately drained all the anger out of me which I had towards my husband.

He seemed so happy to see me, it was as if I were not a step-daughter, but a biological daughter. He shared with me several messages for my mother. He said that he was aware of what my step-siblings did to her after his death and that it disgusted him. They had tried to take everything from her, including her home, despite the 20+ years of marriage. It was a legal mess filled with a lot of betrayal.

But he saw it, and I somehow sensed from him that part of the reason he felt so close to me was because he'd known that I never cared about his

money on any level. I just wanted him to be taken care of in his final days, and for his end to be peaceful.

After talking a little bit about how he liked to hang out with my mom when she went out to eat at different places, he mentioned a hat she wears and a certain suit that he really liked. But what surprised me the most, and it did so because my step-dad was very jealous of my mother during his life, was that he told me he was aware of her new male friend and that he was so very happy that they had each other and were so close. The love just poured out from him about this, and I so wanted to tell my mom as he'd wished, but she was not open to hearing it. She's not a believer in life after death.

So I share my special moment with you and the great advice that my step-dad shared which is, "Don't die angry . . . " Very few things are really worth holding onto and not forgiving, especially when we realize that our end is always upon us, whether we know it or not.

"However, to enter this spiritual edifice there must be a door . . . The four hinges of this two-leafed door symbolize the four cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance. Their name 'cardinal' comes from the Latin cardines, meaning hinges. This meaning is preserved in the current expression, 'That man is unhinged,' when irritation makes a man fail in these four virtues. Without them man is outside the spiritual temple in the uncultivated region ravaged by the evil weeds of egoism and inordinate inclinations."

The Three Ages of the Interior Life, Father Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange, Volume II, Chapter VII, The

*Spiritual Edifice in Proficients (Christianity,
Catholic) Tan Books and Publishers, USA, 1947*

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

Suffering May be the Path, but Spiritual Resurrection
is the Goal

Following the Stations of the Cross through a narrow, narrow hallway, it was like a hallway which was a building in and of itself. Very long and narrow and there were separate rooms for each station. But this narrowness was confining. I didn't know what this was, but felt that it might have had something to do with this extremely narrow hallway following the Stations of the Cross - perhaps some kind of misunderstanding, misperception I might have about suffering.

In the end, I reached the final station, the fourteenth station which was the crucifixion. This seemed to be somehow symbolic of something I was moving through; perhaps learning, understanding, grasping, etc. But the focus was on the fifteenth station which I was not yet able to reach - resurrection. But it was the *goal*. And somehow I had to get away from the confining narrow hallway and some kind of limited understanding of the stations of the cross (suffering) that was holding me back in order to get there.

I was reaching for it, it was just that there was some type of invisible barrier - I wasn't yet ready to grab a hold of that resurrection. But I knew the GOAL was that I needed to reach out now for the *resurrection!*

*"Mary [Magdalene] once said, 'Deeply my body
mourned for the Lord, but deeper still my soul within
me rejoiced. Do not cling to the image on the cross,*

but cleave to the image of the Risen Savior.'"

St. Mary Magdalene: The Gnostic Tradition of the Holy

Bride, Tau Malachi, Cycle Six, # 39, Page 134

*(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene) Llewellyn Worldwide, USA,
2006*

***"Mary [Magdalen] said, 'Do not think the cross is
wood, for it is light. Do not think the Anointed is a
man, for he is an emanation. Do not become bound by
appearances, for the Spirit of Truth is invisible.'"***

St. Mary Magdalene: The Gnostic Tradition of the Holy

Bride, Tau Malachi, Cycle Six, # 57, Page 137

*(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene) Llewellyn Worldwide, USA,
2006*

CHAPTER TWENTY TWO

Our Image of God Always Brings us Back to Conscience

He had come in the night to tempt me as he had recently come back into my life from long ago. The man I'd known as a current incarnation of Red Jacket (a significant personality from many of my past lives) had contacted me in the physical world and was now standing at my door in the mystical realms.

His interest in me was purely due to my work, and he had not accomplished anything of note regarding his karmic issues. Thus, his presence was potentially destructive for me.

As he had done this several times before, and all my usual attempts to try to talk with him had failed, this time I took an entirely different approach. He had been a follower of a Hindu movement many years prior, although he no longer practiced this path.

Morphing myself into a manifestation of Krishna, the divine manifestation to the Hindu's, I danced around the room as he became very respectful and mesmerized. I continued until he quietly and honorably left.

*"Just fix your mind upon Me, the Supreme
Personality of Godhead, and engage all your
intelligence in Me. Thus you will live in Me always,
without a doubt."*

*The Bhagavad Gita As It Is, A.C. Bhaktivedanta
Swami Prabhupada, Chapter Twelve, Text 8
(Hinduism, Words of Krishna) Bhaktivedanta Book
Trust, USA*

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

When Other Means of Liberation are Unsuccessful, a
Soul Must Have Recourse to Prayer

The priest for whom I cared from 'Touched by the Nails' came again in the spirit shortly after we'd sent him a birthday card telling him the things we'd appreciated about his ministry here. It included within it his willingness to help the poor in many ways, including money for gas, medicine for sick children, hotel rooms for the night, etc. This is something which not all priests supported.

The kids and I were gathered at a chapel in the mystical realms participating in Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament for a young deceased girl who had practiced witchcraft before her death.

He came quietly and said, "It was easier for me to do those things when you were around. It was easier to maintain because I knew you'd kick my butt if I didn't do the right thing." Although this could have very well been perceived as kind of funny, he was very serious. I nodded and shared that it was good to see him as he turned to quietly walk away.

"Sometimes an evil spirit is able to take root in a person's life as firmly as a tree secures itself to the earth in a tangle of roots. At times like these it is almost impossible to use a simple word of command to expel him. Rather, those ministering deliverance need to dig around and loosen up the areas around the evil spirit . . . In these cases, deliverance depends upon a high degree of discernment and patient determination."

*Deliverance from Evil Spirits, Fr. Michael
Scanlan, T.O.R., Michael Cirner, Chapter Eight*

*Discernment (Christianity, Catholic) Servant
Publications, MUSA, 1980*

CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR

The Crucifixion Bears Real Power Against the Demoniac

A powerful fight was underway, one which would last throughout the night for the final victory over my husband, Andy's, soul.

Participating in an exorcism, a priest was present who was giving me direction as to the particular effects of the demon of pride within my husband which we were going to expel this eve.

I was somewhat surprised that it was a demon of pride, rather than of anger or rage; but found this very interesting.

"Crucifixion!" I shouted over and over. "Crucifixion, Crucifixion, Crucifixion, Crucifixion, Crucifixion, Crucifixion, Crucifixion, Crucifixion, Crucifixion . . . " This word completely overwhelmed the demonic legion within him, as it caused their skin to burn. "You no longer have dominion here!" I shouted. "YOU NO LONGER HAVE DOMINION HERE!" I shouted again.

This went on for an entire night, but as the dawn began to emerge, they were expelled. The priest instructed me to have Andy get to confession as soon as possible and confess the sin of 'pride' in particular to remove all remnants and potentials for them to re-enter. He went that day, and was completely transformed from that day forward.

"Great Beelzebub finishing here, and his motion being universally approved of, all the legions of reprobate angels, a few excepted, who were left to look after the affairs of the damned, took wing for earth, to assist

at so very amazing an execution. Arrived at Calvary, they formed themselves into an invisible ring around the elevated cross, where to their unspeakable astonishment and wonder, hung Immanuel the maker of the world; and you may be assured they did not fail, as far as it was in the power of the fallen spirits, to torment his oppressed soul. Aye, aye, so successful were we devils, priests and soldiers that day, that no less was hoped for than a decisive victory over the Son of God. But how shall I speak it? To the everlasting mortification of the infernal peers just as Immanuel was to all appearance ready to expire, on a sudden he exerted his mighty power, seized old Beelzebub and dashed him against the cross, then casting him to the earth, he so bruised the head of the serpent with his heel, that there is great reason to believe he will never recover as long as he lives."

Dialogues of Devils, Rev. John Macgowan, V.D.M., Dialogue X (Christianity) Kessinger Publishers, USA, Iialifax, 1863

CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE

You Can Judge the Quality of Your Good Works by How Much They Upset the Infernal One

Lying in bed, I had fallen asleep. I'd been working very hard to get the work done to finalize having my books republished through a reputable publishing firm, a major coup for my work. I was shocked to hear screeching, howling, clawing, scratching and hissing coming from outside my windows.

Looking in that direction, I noticed hundreds of demons were outside my windows absolutely enraged because of the impact this new publishing company would have on my work, and thus, on many, many souls. It made me happy to know I'd angered the infernal one.

"Brothers, do not be childish in your outlook. Be like children as far as evil is concerned, but in mind be mature."

*The New American Bible, New Testament, 1
Corinthians, Chapter 14:20 (Christianity, Words of
Paul) Catholic Book Publishing Co., New York,
USA, 1970, Bishops Committee of the Confraternity
of Christian Doctrine*

CHAPTER TWENTY SIX

We are Nothing of Ourselves and if We Neglect this
Understanding we can Perform Good Works but
Interiorly Remain Full of Vice

Taken into the past, I was shown that the planet Mars had undergone a three year nuclear war which had resulted in the desolation that we currently see on that planet.

I began having a unique experience wherein if a person who had come into my life; whether it be a friend, a doctor, or anyone who was coming into my life ordained by the Lord, that I would be shown that person with a shower of Eucharistic Hosts coming down around them.

A famous musician who had written and performed music which was obviously brought in by the eternal all of his life, had crossed over. Because of this work, I was surprised when I found his spirit in a purgatorial realm which was not unlike a bad part of town on the earth.

Hounded by three hoodlums, three thug types kept chasing him around and were driving him over the edge.

However, he had another problem in that many of his dead fans had sought him out after he died and he was feeling overwhelmed by the intrusion into his private space.

Interestingly, although he was pushing them away, I could sense the interior vanity and ego that he was indulging in that was allowing them to bug him. It was also the reason he was in this realm, it seemed. Although it was entirely possible there was more to

the story.

When I approached, he immediately knew that I had been a fan of his music during life. But he was unable to sense anything more, and he kept asking me to leave him alone. He was unable to realize that although it was true that I was a fan of his music during his life, I was here for a different purpose. This made it very difficult to help him. He kept swatting at me, almost like a fly to get away. But at the same time, he was obviously enjoying the attention that he thought he was getting from me and others around him.

When I pointed out to him that I was here to assist him in this purgatorial realm, he said I was much too young to help him; although there was only 13 earthly years between us in the physical realm.

Moving further away from him because of his obvious desire for me to do so, I began watching and assessing the energy of this persecution he was experiencing in this unusual purgatorial realm. One of the thugs was bald, young and very muscular and the three together were quite an energetic barrier to any progress for this man's soul. Why they were taunting him so, I still did not know.

Moments into the experience, however, I realized that they had mistaken this soul for another because they looked a great deal alike. Interestingly, he was suffering from the same persecution initially rested upon myself through his hands, in that those in this realm had no ability to energetically discern the true identity, higher purpose or reason for being in this realm.

Approaching the three men who were

persecuting him, I pointed my finger at them as light permeated and they turned their attentions towards the soul they had originally been given permission to persecute. He was here for a different reason than this musician. As I did so, they immediately turned away from the musician and were off in a totally different tangent with this other soul.

Turning to the musician, he had seen what I'd done and now realized I had come to assist him with this strange scenario and was very grateful. Grabbing me and hugging me, he thanked me profusely as I prepared to leave.

Now that he was not under the bombardment of these thugs, he might be able to focus on his presence in this realm and what he must do to take a further step towards the light.

As I prepared to leave, I was saddened by his condition, a little confused by it, but was not given to know more of the circumstances of how he had ended up here. It was only shown to me that ego and vanity had played a part, but I also wondered if there were things in his personal life yet unresolved which had resulted in this strange placement after death.

Even those who obviously bring in things to the earth of a great eternal nature have to be transforming their lives on a personal level in order to be truly purified and ready for higher realms at death. It was possible that he had not done this.

But if his personal life was not at issue, it was my feeling that he would be able to transcend this realm which he had entered due to ego and vanity about his work rather easily. In life, he was quiet and reclusive, although married several times. It was

obvious from his behavior that this ego and vanity that was surrounding him would not please him. It wouldn't take long for him to call for assistance to get out.

We must always remember that the purpose of purgatorial realms is not punishment, but purgation, purification. By placing him in a realm wherein he couldn't escape the adoration of his deceased fans, this residue of ego and vanity would be expunged rather quickly. By nature, he was much too quiet and reclusive to require this (or stand it) for very long.

Perhaps the Lord would call me in for the next step, or perhaps he would not need help for that one.

It seemed that his energetic discretion was also being put to the test as he had to experience the persecution of these three thugs due to their own lack of discernment in part because he, himself, was unable to discern the energetic truth of those around him. He was unable to discern those who had come to help him in this realm and probably had manifested this lack of energetic discernment in other things during his life.

But seeing the energetic truth in action and immediately benefiting from its purpose, he at the same time was realizing his own incorrect judgments. And this may have been all that was necessary to open that particular light of energetic discernment within him.

Sometimes, a simple event can be charged to open a particular chakric center. Thus, making it possible for the soul to then have his spiritual eyes opened and be ready to go further.

Bidding him adieu, I was instantly gone.

There is an easy remedy for ego/vanity generated by what we do, whether it be eternal or otherwise. Those who believe they are attracted to us are not really attracted to us, but our gift. Our gift comes from God and thus does not even belong to us. Thus, it is God that they are attracted to that they see manifested in the gift that we have been freely given. It is not us they are attracted to.

Equally, if you are doing something perhaps that is not eternal and others are attracted to you for it. It is the vice or the source of that gift for which their attraction also lies. If you make alot of money, and others are attracted to you because of your 'success,' it is not you they are drawn to but their own greed. Does this make sense?

Everything that draws others to us, whether negative or positive, is not about us, but rather about what it is they see in us that they wish to have. Whether it be God or the other. Nothing we have is our own, and therefore, any vanity about who we are is false.

"What we have said shows that pride is a bandage over the eyes of the spirit, which hinders us from seeing the truth, especially that relative to the majesty of God an the excellence of those who surpass us. It prevents us from wishing to be instructed by them, or it prompts us not to accept direction without argument."

The Three Ages of the Interior Life, Father Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange, Volume I, Chapter XXVIII, The Healing of Pride (Christianity, Catholic) Tan Books and Publishers, USA, 1947

CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN

There are Innumerable Ways to Perceive What is True

As my spirit was being imbued with a full-flowing energy of beauty, I was hearing the names of St. Rose of Lima, St. Monica and St. Clare being repeated to me in the context of another unknown Saint - 'St. Consumed With Knowing the Truth.'

I awoke in a blissful stupor apparently having been saying "Sanctus, Sanctus . . ." over and over again in my sleep. My son and husband had been listening to me speak in my slumber.

"The reason why I came into the world is to testify to the truth. Anyone committed to the truth hears my voice."

*The New American Bible, New Testament, Book of John, Chapter 18:37 (Christianity, Words of Jesus)
Catholic Book Publishing Co., New York, USA, 1970,
Bishops Committee of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine*

My soul was transported into the energies of the series of books I'd written called 'The Voice of the Prophets: Wisdom of the Ages,' which is a twelve-volume collection of ancient sacred texts.

As I was taken into the series of books itself, it was presented to me as a pathway to new reflections with each individual volume and each religion representing encompassing different reflections of the same reality, but at the same time a totally transformative view.

This was shown to me as we went into different realities of varying lost souls and pulled them out of their misunderstandings with various volumes of the series. Each volume had a different

reflective quality.

This was shown to me as I would enter into these different realities and a completely new light would reflect onto it as the volume was presented. Mystery Religions was presented as a piano wherein the keys and everything around completely altered its energy to its opposite reflection wherein the black keys became white and the white keys became black, almost like a film negative of the event.

But each volume had a very different reflection, and therein lay the power of the entire twelve volumes. Each religion presented the spiritual seeker with a profoundly different reflection on reality which completely altered the seekers thinking towards the Lord, but yet, each one was entirely different.

Together, the twelve volumes represented a larger pathway which led to enlightenment and awareness.

My spirit was pretty surprised to see the importance of those books, yet in another sense, it was just a smaller more compact version of the pathway of books I'd been shown for years that I had followed in reading the ancient sacred texts and writings of the prophets, saints, mystics and sages from throughout time and the world. It presented the combined knowledge of the greatest masters who had transcended this realm and moved onto the next level, and left behind a written record for those of us willing to find them and take their depth charges into our consciousness in order to follow them in their transcendence rather than recycle again and again - lost in the mire of the same consequences to the same

acts corresponded from the same lack of effort to reach towards those who held the key and so considerably left clues to the path behind in their words written on rocks, parchment and paper.

Let us not disabuse ourselves of this obligation to find the keys to our existence in this realm and open the door to the ever increasing knowledge of self-transcendence.

"There's a thread of unity which merges and molds these traditions together, and that unity comes from the One True God who has spoken through each and every one of them during their sojourn and time on this Earth. It is our duty to preserve the line of wisdom which travels throughout the ages through the Voice of the Prophets."

*The Voice of the Prophets, Marilyn Hughes,
Introduction (World Religions) The Out-of-Body
Travel Foundation, 2005*

CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHT

Forgiveness Must Come from the Heart to be Valid

Taken into the church, a priest was standing aside narrating a story. As I listened along, I soon found out he was speaking about me and how I was 'acting out' towards some people. But it was more than 'acting out' and I quickly saw myself behaving from some sort of dark energy which was moving through me. Perhaps it was 'vengeance,' I wasn't sure exactly which demonic force had a hold of me or how it had gained entry, but it was most definitely present.

Watching myself move towards the two my energies were fixated upon, a woman and a man, I was staring them down as a galewind of dark energies was coming through me in a profound way.

Deeply ashamed, I was shocked by what I was seeing, but yet, had known I was struggling with a darkness that had come over me recently.

Interestingly, there were several possible sources for this infestation that I had allowed.

Firstly, I had been undergoing quite a bit of persecution from a certain priest who was under the influence of the same pride demon that I had exorcised from Andy. I'd been volunteering many hours for him on a website and he repeatedly sent me arrogant, demeaning and condescending responses. But he wasn't aware of it at all, and his behavior was very venomous, nasty and destructive. It was a very unique scenario, one for which I had not felt equipped.

When I had reached out to him for reconciliation of our differences, he had refused it in a

very confrontational and bizarre manner. It was one of the few instances in my life wherein somebody had refused resolution, and in this instance, he was responsible for the rift in the first place as I'd never said an unkind word to him. But he had taken a disliking to me almost immediately when he had come, and it was nonsensical as I'd worked many volunteer hours to help him with his tasks.

Much later, I would find that he had a sordid past which explained his instant dislike to myself, and I would be placed in a position of having to deal with an inappropriate priestly transfer to our diocese and all the ramifications which that would entail.

Perhaps when this incident had occurred, I had allowed an opening. I was very angry at his behavior, and although I had forgiven him intellectually, I wasn't sure I'd forgiven him from the heart. In fact, I was pretty sure I had not.

As I've said before, it is harder to forgive somebody who doesn't acknowledge the harm they've done. But we must seek this level of forgiveness anyway. Although he'd never sought my forgiveness and didn't feel that his behavior even warranted needing it; I still needed to find a way to forgive him not just intellectually, but from my heart.

In fact, it wouldn't have surprised me if his demons had set about to do this. People can develop a dislike for you because their demons tell them to, and I *had* tried to exorcise them at the same time I had exorcised them from Andy. That would make them mad and wish to cause me harm. What better way than to fill him with an indescribable hatred for me and have him lash out at me in a way which would

not allow for reconciliation. This would literally hurl his demons in my direction, and if I allowed myself to be easy bait by being unable to come to terms with this and truly forgive from the heart, my soul would become open to being filled with the same demons of pride which filled him and can easily become vengeance in personal arrogance because of my own anger at being treated harshly and unfairly.

Upon reflection, this seemed the most likely source of this infestation within me. But there were a few other possibilities.

Recently, I had spent a lot of time receiving messages for my children and others about demonic infestations within themselves. One of my daughters was struggling with a profound demon of vanity, while another that of sloth.

I had received messages for a friend who had been affected by this priest, but she was unwilling to hear them. This unwillingness further empowered her demons to pull her further away from the path and into naive destruction. But it also made them more powerful against me in their attacks.

Her unwillingness to deal with the profound messages revealed had led her astray without her knowing it, and she was falling into a path of exterior works and interior emptiness. It was a definitive threat which had to be watched carefully.

In contrast, another was shown to my daughter who was under a similar demonic intrusion who chose another path. But let's start with the message. It was shown to her that a particularly chosen soul had committed suicide and was lying in a grave. His suicide was a spiritual one because he was now

falling for exterior spirituality and had lost the interior way. Ironically, his soul was under the influence of the same priest. And she was taken to his church wherein a sign was placed above the door stating 'Priest of Satan.' This explained a lot. (But wasn't fully understood until much later when his past and inappropriate transfer was revealed). Standing over the misled young man's grave was a horde of demons who were drooling, snitching, laughing and enjoying their prize.

A huge guardian angel in white appeared and said, (referring to the young man in the grave under the influence of the dark priest) "Be careful with him, because he can be dangerous now." He had chosen the wrong path, and unbeknownst to him, he had totally lost his way. Lying in despair in his grave, I was apparently standing above it crying. "I worked SO hard," I said, "to lead him to the Way. I worked SO hard." But he had chosen the wrong path.

However, when told of the message, he chose to listen. And by listening, he chose to re-engage in the interior life and begin nurturing that part of him again. And as a result, within a couple of weeks he was out of the hands of the demons. But he would have to hold his path sure and swiftly, otherwise he might be led back into the pit of deception. He would have to work hard to stay on the right path and out of the hands of the demons who exploited exterior spirituality to elude those with high spiritual aims to believe that they have already attained that which is to be sought, and thus, cease their seeking and lose the way all the while believing they are on the path and living a deeply spiritual life. How tricky are the

ploys of the evil one.

One of the simplest lures of Satan and his minions is to take the legitimate spiritual aspirations of a seeker and convince them they are doing great things by being very busy and doing many exterior acts. Many a deep desire for destiny has been cascaded into a pond of meaningless possibilities acted out in the form of exterior busyness.

The true depths can only be attained by a true interior life, and if the dark side can derail that interior life, the original destiny can easily be quelched and a new pseudo-spiritual exterior manifestation of a legitimate aspiration can be put in its place and often the seeker is none the wiser. In other words, totally duped by the appearance of busy-ness.

You must always look for the true fruits . . .

So my own infestation could have come about by many means. Just working to release other souls from the clutches of demonic forces would place me at risk for taking on their infestations myself. In order to continue my work, I would have to undergo a great deal of purification in order to make sure I was presenting with a level of awareness and virtue of my own which would be equal to the deception of the dark side. I began to pray the 'Our Father,' 'The Jesus Prayer,' and saying 'Crucifixion' over and over in my head. I asked the Lord to remove me from the service of others in need of demonic retrieval until I was clean myself, and that if I was not able to perform this function anymore because of my own weaknesses, that I wished to cease.

Knowing the dangers of this type of work, I

also understood that you don't choose this sort of thing, God chooses it for you. But at this moment, I couldn't help but feel like a total fraud, hypocrite and idiot in that I had allowed myself to become vulnerable to such an intrusion. It was disgusting and it made me feel a great deal of self-hatred. I'd been struggling with the sufferings of the body which had been increasing manifoldly and these newer persecutions. And it was probably that persecution which had allowed the demonic forces to enter through my own unforgiveness of this priest.

"When a man who feareth God is afflicted or tried or oppressed with evil thoughts, then he seeth that God is the more necessary unto him, since without God he can do no good thing. Then he is heavy of heart, he groaneth, he crieth out for the very disquietness of his heart. Then he groweth weary of life, and would fain depart and be with Christ. By all this he is taught that in the world there can be no perfect security or fullness of peace."

The Imitation of Christ, Thomas Kempis, Chapter III, Of the Good, Book I, Chapter XII (Christianity, Catholic) Barbour and Company, USA, 1984

After more sincere reflection, I realized that my anger towards this person who had done something hurtful had been projected by myself onto my husband and eldest daughter, for whom I owed a sincere apology which I delivered that day. Rather than acknowledging and allowing myself to feel hurt by this person's unwarranted actions, I'd indulged myself in a rage demonstrated to innocent others which rather opened the doorway to a demonic intrusion. Shame on me . . .

As I began to allow myself to just feel hurt, the

anger began to recede and forgiveness from the heart became not only possible, but almost automatic and the dark forces lifted in due course.

The other very good priest in our parish who had shown me my infestation in the church was now sitting inside a hermitage praying. My family and I were praying alongside and we were witnessing a time in the past when we did in fact pray with the group.

Seeing myself turn, my face showed the signs of the illness that had overtaken my body. "I want you to recognize the prayers I pray in secret." I said to him, making reference to the fact that although I was no longer physically present at many church functions due to the continuing deterioration of my health, I was still following the Lord's admonition to 'pray in secret.' A great deal of focus was put on the exterior acts of devotion in the church, sometimes to the exclusion of that which was interior and much more necessary.

"What must I say about myself? My physical sufferings are becoming more and more excruciating. My spiritual desolation is unbearable, becoming more and more relentless. Authority alone sustains me in the midst of great darkness. My heart is restless, seeking a place of rest without knowing where. The void which I feel within me terrifies me. My memory hardly retains anything; my intellect seeks the primary truth and when it seems to have found it and to understand something of it suddenly it is plunged into deepest darkness. The past seems an utter illusion to me and I have absolutely no desire to speak with people on this earth about my affairs, for fear of deceiving others. But I can't keep silence with

the one who takes care of my soul, because the need for comfort is becoming more urgent. What is to become of me? When will I be allowed to leave this body of death?"

Padre Pio of Pietrelcina, Letters I, Correspondence with His Spiritual Directors, Letter 364 (Christianity: Catholic, Words of Padre Pio), San Giovanni Rotondo Publishers, Italy, 1984, Edited by Melchiorre of Pobladura and Alessandro of Ripabottoni, English Version Father Gerardo Di Flumeri, O.F.M., Capuchin

CHAPTER TWENTY NINE

Evil Can Disguise Itself as Great Good

The next day, a woman in my church came to me upset that I wished no contact with this priest. She had been deluded into thinking that in order to prove my virtue, I must actively seek him out at church events in order to seek some type of resolution with him despite his clear messages to me that I should stay away from him at my own peril. Everything within me told me to stay away – danger. But although she required nothing of him, she felt that reconciliation with him was my responsibility despite the fact that he'd told me he would never speak to me at any time or anywhere in order to reach it. It was the typical 'blame the victim,' require nothing of the perpetrator approach.

She had been working with him, and enjoyed his favor. But she had worked with me, too. So when he publicly assaulted me with his energetically charged words, she was standing at a crossroads between good and evil. What happened had bothered her, but she didn't want to choose. She wanted to have both relationships. Because I would not cooperate and seek him out, she felt I was being unforgiving. But forgiveness would not require me to become his friend or start going to church events to prove something simply because he was there. In her mind, I needed to prove I was 'bigger than him,' by showing up at church functions and acting like nothing had happened. Indeed, if I did see him, I would act like nothing happened. But because everything in my mind, soul and heart were telling

me to stay away and that he was dangerous, I knew that I needed to stay away from anywhere he might be.

This was different than many circumstances, because this person was evil. This was not a situation where he had just done something stupid and felt badly about it later. That's easy to forgive, forget and move on and in such circumstances it might very well be appropriate to continue forward and act as if nothing had happened because no harm was intended. But those who intend harm are an entirely different story because they remain dangerous to you.

He had repeatedly verbally assaulted me and felt that I deserved it. In his mind, he was not in the wrong at all. He enjoyed it, and I was not the only one to whom this abuse was hurled. If given the chance, he would do it again, and it would continue to escalate as it had already done over the past several months. He represented a clear and present danger to anybody who did not share his favor, and I did not share his favor. (And at the time, I had no idea how deep the evil really went.)

Even Hitler had those who shared his favor for whom he wined and dined and treated well. This did not change the fact that there were those – the Jews in particular – who would legitimately be in danger if in his company at anytime. Those who shared his favor and many of the German people obviously perceived him as a great man until his downfall and true alliances were revealed. But those who did not share his favor knew that they risked annihilation at his hands in secret at any moment irregardless of the fact that there was a great multitude who were blind to

this evil and who even went so far as to believe he was trying to do good.

There is a huge difference between ignorance and evil; the ignorance that causes us to hurt those we love, but yet allows for forgiveness and reconciliation between us because we know no harm was intended, and the evil which chooses to hurt others and enjoys it.

The response must be entirely different, as well. Even on such smaller scales wherein the evil may not entail a dictator who kills. Small victories lead to larger ones in the realm of spiritual warfare and turning an entire congregation towards the tempter may seem a more subtle victory, but it remains huge in the eyes of Satan in terms of its potential to spread, escalate and move outward from its original source. Such crossroads enter all of our lives, small ways presented to us wherein we must choose between good and evil. We may castigate that which is good to defend the evil, in order to be nice. Or we may stand for the good, and allow the evil to face exposure of its secret agenda by recognizing its obvious fruits and thereby denying Satan his victory and the expansion of his kingdom on earth.

That night, my spirit was awakened while lying on the ground. All around me were fellow parishioners who were also lying on the ground asleep. I was only pretending to be asleep. Darkness was all around this cavernous space which held an eerie feeling of impending doom.

It was made known to me that there was an event at the 'church' and all these people had come. But we were not in the church, but rather a dark

abyss. Some of the people were scattered along the floors of dilapidated old buildings in the dark canyon.

The event was to be presided over by the nefarious priest, and he kept looking my way because he knew on some level that I was the only one present who really knew who he was and for whom he worked. Wrath was in his eyes towards me, as I waited for my opportunity to slip out unnoticed when he might not be looking.

Indeed, he eventually left the area wherein I was lying, and I quietly gathered myself and got up to go. Nobody else around me was aware of my departure, nor were they aware of how bizarre this event had become in that they were all under the submission of an unseen but brutally sinister force.

Walking away, the priest turned to see me going. For a moment, I felt great fear. But he seemed pleased that I was leaving for the moment, and so he victoriously gazed upon me with an evil grin. Then he turned to his dazed subjects who remained unconscious.

A voice spoke to me from the horizon and said, "He rules the night." Immediately, I knew and understood the ramifications of this realization. But I also knew that for now I would be unable to intervene because the people themselves were such easy prey.

Although I could see his interior darkness, it would be up to the others to choose to recognize what would become increasingly obvious to them as he revealed his inner demons through his sudden and unexpected outbursts of rage at others.

But they would have to decide that knowing and defending the truth was more important than

protecting the disguise of his collar. There's only so much an eternal warrior can do in the face of mass laziness on the part of the people to choose between good and evil.

Discerning can be hard work because it's never fun to recognize that which is evil among us. But it remains our individual duty to do so, and if we remain recognizant of the obvious alliances of others because of their position in this world, we are doomed to repeat over and over again the mistakes of the past wherein we give power to those with evil intentions under the guise of wishing to be kind and forgiving. When in fact, our true deed is allowing evil to reign, a sin which oftentimes is placed before us as a crossroads from which we must choose.

Evil is often placed before us in a position of power, as good is often placed in the humblest of vehicles. It's so easy to fall . . . all you have to do is refuse to acknowledge that which lies before you under the guise of kindness and non-judgmentalism. It's so easy to fall . . . all you have to do is sit and do nothing.

Having left the area, I was whisked to a place of refuge by some heavenly hosts and comforted from the battle. It was clear that it would not be possible at this time to conquer this force. Necessity dictated that I must sit back and wait. In this particular situation, it would be vital for the harbinger of this dark force to reveal himself over time and patience would be required to rule the day. Because darkness always reveals itself if given enough time.

It would be my duty at this time to watch and wait in seclusion until the Lord may dictate my next

move. And it may never come, because free will is a gift and to override it to such a degree might very well NOT be the will of God.

"There are those who keep themselves in peace and keep peace also with others, and there are those who neither have peace nor suffer others to have peace; they are troublesome to others, but always more troublesome to themselves."

The Imitation of Christ, Thomas Kempis, Chapter III, Of the Good, Peacable Man, # 3 (Christianity, Catholic) Barbour and Company, USA, 1984

"If I speak with human tongues and angelic as well, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong, a clanging cymbal."

The New American Bible, New Testament, 1 Corinthians, Chapter 13:1 (Christianity, Words of Paul) Catholic Book Publishing Co., New York, USA, 1970, Bishops Committee of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine

CHAPTER THIRTY

The Infinite Love of the Father Extends to Those Lost Even to the Point of Evil

In grand contrast to the previous experience, my spirit was taken to a gathering place. Ahead of me was a woman I had been shown years ago. At that time, she had been in her home which was literally bordering on a demonic realm. I'd been told at that time that the nature of her thinking created 'incantations to Beelzebub.'

Over the years, although her soul had made some small progresses, it remained about the same spiritually and she held almost a contempt for anything related to God. She didn't believe in life after death and was hard pressed to not be angry at anyone who did.

But standing over her small 76 year old frame was a very tall and handsome man wearing the uniform of a German soldier. I could feel his profound love for her emanating from him like a typhoon of energy despite her inability to sense his presence. It was profoundly moving to feel his love when I commenced to realize that he was her father.

And it was at that moment that I understood that he felt the same profound adoration for his child as I did for my children, despite her soul's status. And it is in this balance that we must all approach this battle between good and evil in our world and in our lives.

In that moment, I was able to think of the nefarious priest from the eyes of a mother's love and how sad this was that he had followed such a path.

However, God works in mysterious ways and no soul is beyond the saving grace of His wondrous works.

Therefore, I would continue to pray for him, because at this time prayer was the weapon of choice in the desire of the eternal to extricate him from his self-contained delusion and bring him back into the loving throes of the eternal Father whose love for each one of us far surpasses that of the father I had just seen for his own beloved daughter.

And in this love lies the entire mystery . . .

“There are in the end three things last: faith, hope, and love, and the greatest of these is love.”

The New American Bible, New Testament, 1 Corinthians, Chapter 13:13 (Christianity, Words of John) Catholic Book Publishing Co., New York, USA, 1970, Bishops Committee of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine

CHAPTER THIRTY ONE

No Matter What Life May Bring, There is a Plan In It
Given by God

In the etheric realms, my spirit was taken for a relaxing journey to hang out with Lewis, Clark and Sacajawea. Standing outside amidst the wilderness, all was calm and serene as Lewis, Clark and Sacajawea sat on the ground with me and drew in the dirt pictures and maps of the path which now lay before me. Nodding, I accepted this journey ahead.

*“He instructed them to take nothing on the journey
but walking stick . . . ”*

*The New American Bible, New Testament, Book of
Mark, Chapter 6:8 (Christianity) Catholic Book
Publishing Co., New York, USA, 1970, Bishops
Committee of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine

CHAPTER THIRTY TWO

**God Gives Protection to Those Who Accept What
Belongs to Them and Reject that Which Does Not**

Flurrying about me, the mystical realms were amiss with the sounds of infernal spirits hovering but hidden in the rafters.

My middle daughter was undergoing a temptation into greed, and she was wishing that we lived in a larger home in a nicer neighborhood. Our home was perfect for us, had been shown to me by the Lord before we moved in and had served us well. But it was a doublewide home, and she had friends who had more money and lived what she apparently considered better than we.

In the experience, we had moved to the country into a large home, but the resonating echoes of the infernal were getting louder and louder as time went on. My daughter had a large room at the back of the house, but was quickly realizing she didn't like all this seclusion because she was under major demonic attack, literally getting thrown around the room and battered and abused by the demons of greed who had tempted her in the first place.

Finding her in the large hallway, I said, "Are you happy now? We no longer have God's protection. We had God's protection at our former home which God had prepared for us, but when we gave it up to have something which didn't belong to us, we lost His protection." She wasn't happy, but didn't say much.

Outside, I noticed strewn in the yard dead bodies heralding the hundreds more which were

buried underground. Rather than being a burial ground or something of that sort, this was a sign of something very sinister, very evil upon the lands.

In my mind's eye, I kept seeing our old and humble home, wishing we'd never left it to indulge my daughter in her thoughts of greed. By doing so, we'd shown no gratitude for the gifts given us by God and that which was rightfully ours.

Sitting in a room upstairs, my other daughter and I were on a chair while my daughter in question was sitting on the bed. In my mind's eye, I saw the instigator of these horrid demonic attacks against her. He was hovering above her, and he had an old typewriter. Every time he began to type, she would be viciously assaulted and hurled against walls and all about the room. We tried to help her, but were unable to because these demonic attacks were a result of her own free will indulgence in greed.

As she experienced yet another violent attack, I said to her again, "Are you satisfied now? We had God's protection when we lived at our former home which was prepared for us. But when we left it because we wanted more than was ours, we lost it."

As I began to return slowly to the material world, I found myself in a state of ecstasy to realize that I had awoken in our home prepared for us at our former home and thanked God.

Taking the daughter in question (and the whole family) to Mass, she went to confession to reveal the sin of greed. By so doing, she would remove the dominion given to these horrific demonic forces to assail her through the power of the sacrament. She'd been struggling for a few weeks

with various manifestations of this sin, and it was vital that she take this step to purify herself of the forces behind her struggle. After doing so, she was renewed and able to begin again.

"Years ago, before all my sufferings, I went to confession and received Communion. Since I was not suffering, I did not realize that these practices were a form of immunization from evil. Now I know it, and I invite everyone, but above all the lukewarm, to believe that God is truly present at the door of the confessional and in that Host we so often take so casually."

An Exorcist Tells His Story, Gabriele Amorth, A Victim's Witness, Page 108 (Christianity, Catholic) Ignatius Press, San Francisco, USA, 1999. Translated by Nicolette V. MacKenzie

CHAPTER THIRTY THREE

Forgiving Others is the First Requirement to Receiving Forgiveness Ourselves From God

After a surgical procedure with a few complications, I found myself in a precarious situation. Standing before the throne of God, I engaged in a three hour confession of my sins which was to encompass my whole life. As I looked at every moment of my life and confessed all the dumb things I had done, other moments would recur to my memory and I would confess those.

In this moment, I truly felt I would not make it this time. My heart was bouncing like a ping pong ball around my rib cage and it truly did not appear I would make it to the next day. From the corner of my eye, I saw my youngest son walk by my bedside and I was in a state of devastated terror. I knew he and my middle daughter were not ready for me to go, but I had no control over what was happening to my body which seemed to be rapidly fading into oblivion.

In that moment, I felt profoundly how meaningless and stupid most of the things we do in this world truly are in the eyes of God. I knew in my heart that 99.9% of everything we worry about or do is totally unimportant. Even in a life like my own where a lot of people would accuse me of being obsessed with God, there was so much wasted time caught up in vanity, lust, pride and ego fulfillment or satisfaction.

When you lie within a body which is slowly fading into death, it is very easy to realize you own meaninglessness and how profoundly unimportant

your own self-seeking or need for importance truly remains in the cosmic wheel of life. There is absolutely nothing remaining but the profound humble realization of your nothingness before God and the fact that the world will go on quite nicely without you, thank you very much. In fact, the vast majority of the planet will not even notice your passing. How self-important we are as human beings!

But I was also filled with this great and grand sorrow over all the dumb and stupid little things I had done which required confession. Although I had a newfound strength in that I had no pride about confessing the most vile and ridiculous sins before the Lord, I was amazed at such close examination how profoundly wasteful and disordered so much of my life had been.

In my heart, I knew without doubt that the Lord had already forgiven me, but I also realized this vast importance of me recognizing every little sinful thing I had done. Because without realizing it, I could not cross in peace.

Perhaps the most important thing I profoundly realized and grasped for with ferocity was the desire to make sure I had truly forgiven everyone in my life for any real or perceived harm done . . . not because they really needed my forgiveness, but because I had a sudden and profound realization of how much I needed God's forgiveness. I knew that forgiving others was the essential and first requirement of receiving it from the Lord. I'll never forget the profundity of that moment and that realization.

But when I awoke the next morning and realized that I was going to survive this yet again, I

also realized that without that profound moment before the throne of God where my entire life was within me, around me, above me, below me – without the confession of the meaninglessness, sinfulness and stupidity of these things, I could not walk further into what was to be my next life which although I could not yet define what it was to be, I knew what it would be. I did not want to waste time anymore, I didn't want to get caught up in the stupid squabbles of the world or the people around me. I wanted to figure out what it was that God wished for me to focus on, and to get fully caught up in only His will for me and those around me.

I realized in that moment that we have many missions in life, sometimes a different one each day; the friend who needs our help to survive a tragedy, the child who needs our ear to get through his latest crisis, the parent or friend who needs just a little boost to get through the next day, or the stranger who crosses our path and needs our ear. Tragedy walks with all of us in varying degrees, our world is filled with needless and meaningless violence, death, suffering and unbearable sorrows. Each of us carries a portion of it, but we all carry a portion of that which we are aware around us in this world. How do we step up and live in such a dysfunctional world where vast populations can be living in absolute ridiculous opulence, while others are living in squalor? How do we live in such a dysfunctional world where some of us are allowed to live in some semblance of peace yet find stupid things to squabble with each other about when others are living in countries that are being blown up whose children and young people are

dying in wars for which there is no end? How do we live in such a dysfunctional world where the seeking of sexual pleasure can be such an animalistic and disgusting distortion of the laws of God while those who truly love one another lose one another through tragedies of war, sickness, pestilence, poverty or circumstance?

Does it seem that for those faced with true tragedy there is no end in sight to their pain? But to those given over to blessing upon blessing, there is no end in sight to their ability to cause unnecessary pain to themselves or others? With the exceptions of those who come into this world who are uniquely endowed with the light, how many of us fall into the pit of meaningless sin or pointless diversions?

In my new life, I vowed that I would become a kinder, gentler human being. And it would be my new goal in life to stay outside of human affairs which were pointless, unnecessary or self-seeking. I would become a hermit yet again in order to find only those things which the Lord wished for me to give my energy to. And it would be difficult to do this, because so much of our earthly existence is truly caught up with survival. And we must survive first, before we can then wander into the next room where God may show us how our newly found strength may be utilized to fulfill His will for us and those He loves around us. It is so difficult to discern such things, because in order to do so, we have to let go of all that is meaningless. If we are to reclaim meaning, we have to let go all that has no point.

“Great saints don't waste their time. Most people spend their time on useless things. Try each day to do

something worthwhile, so that you feel you have made a contribution, that your life has some meaning. Great magnetism is developed by accomplishing something every day that you thought you couldn't do. Watch your thoughts. All your experience comes percolating through your thoughts.

It is the company of your thoughts that uplifts or degrades you. You see, your body is a carriage drawn by five horses, the senses. You, the soul, are the owner and driver of this carriage. Unless you use the reins of the mind to control these horses, the carriage will go out of control . . . If you want the carriage to carry you successfully through life, and to take you to God's kingdom – which is your true destination – you must control these five sense horses. Through such control you will attain self- mastery, and thus real happiness . . . Why waste time? Use your time to meditate and study . . . Cultivate within yourself that spiritual magnetism which is in Christ and Krishna and the masters. In order to do this, you have to become unselfish; you must express selfless love for all. Try always to be helpful. Develop your usefulness to your family, to your community, to your friends. Be willing to help wherever you are. That makes you a magnetic person."

The Divine Romance, Paramahansa Yogananda, Magnetism: The Inherent Power of the Soul, Page 134-135 (Hinduism, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda) Self Realization Fellowship, 1992, Los Angeles, CA, USA

CHAPTER THIRTY FOUR

God Created the World Religions, they are Different
from One Another because it is Necessary that they be
so

Spinning the cosmic energies, I was adorned in a white and luminescent gown. Hovering above a time in the 1800's, I had just crossed over after falling off of a large cliff into a canyon below. Immediately, my spirit was swept into an ecstatic dance of light around those who had been left behind, in an attempt to assist them through this incident and to let my spirit go.

Whisked to another place and time - present day - two Indian guides from India were with me, one male and one female. Ahead on the path lay a huge precipice, and in order to cross the precipice, there was a very intimidating and foggy trail crossing which hovered in the air several hundred feet above a raging river.

We stood in line as I observed up ahead that there was some type of tube that we would be traveling through and we were going to be meeting somebody of great importance, but I did not yet know who.

Before we were to go, however, my stepfather appeared to me and we spent a good hour talking, catching up, taking astral pictures of us together and reminiscing. It was really great to feel his fatherly love towards me in a way that I hadn't really grasped while he was alive. Although I believe he treated me very fatherly, I was too caught up in the fact that he wasn't my biological father to really appreciate it.

He'd come into my life when I was almost fully grown, but my real father had never been a part of my life. So when he stepped in, especially considering how messed up me and my siblings were, and really wanted to stand in as a real step-father, it was really a courageous, loving and brutally bold act. We all loved him, but I don't think any of us really appreciated him as well as we might have if we had allowed ourselves to really accept what he had been offering.

So I was feeling very blessed that he was reaching out to me from beyond, despite this character flaw that had prevented me from reaching back as I should have when he was still with us. And I wanted to take a current picture of the two of us together in the heavenlies, so I could prove to my mom that he was coming to see me.

When we were finished, my two Indian guides returned and we headed towards the tube. I felt very close to these two guides, it was almost familial. The three of us leapt into the foggy tube and I was immediately swept away on a current of light of such incandescent beauty it is hard to describe.

The raging waters foraged below, as the clouds overtook the horizon. But inside the tube, there were swirling diamonds that began in the center as white and proceeded outwards in a swirling circle in the colors of pink, fuschia, purple and then blue. This swirling cascade of gems immediately filled me with knowledge. I knew who I was about to go see.

Looking at my companions, I smiled at them as they smiled back in knowing that I had just realized I was about to meet a very profoundly important being.

Soaring through this unbelievably brilliant tube for many minutes, we came out in an equally fantastic place which was also covered in jewels, gold, and all the finery you would expect for such a celestial homeland. In the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of Krishna as he sat on a gilded throne of gold and gemstones. His long black hair was very ornately quaffed against his head and he never looked up or in my direction. For a moment, a profound energy hit and penetrated me. Krishna was real, he had been a real person and in this moment, I felt his reality as clearly as I'd already known the reality of Jesus Christ.

Awestruck, I'm not sure why it didn't occur to me before this experience that Krishna was not a mythological character but a real incarnation upon the earth. I think, perhaps, because he had always been depicted as blue and the many myths around his existence made me just assume he was a celestial being who had been mythologized upon the earth.

But I had been mistaken. He was truly and without doubt a real human being who had incarnated upon the earth. In this celestial sphere, his skin was not blue, but the normal tone of an Indian's skin. Turning to my guides, I gazed in awe all around me at the bejeweled realm which he inhabited. The air was golden and serene, and everything was capped with precious gemstones or pearls. There were children playing and other adults quietly and serenely walking by in the traditional garb of the Hindu people. It was astoundingly beautiful and I reveled in its beauty for as long as my soul was allowed. And then I disappeared . . .

*"Even as rivers spring from different sources, yet
mingle in the ocean, so all the Vedas, all Scriptures,
all Truth, though of diverse origin, come home to
thee!"*

*Srimad Bhagavatam, Book Eight, Chapter 1
Hindu)Capricorn Books, New York, USA, 1943 G.P.
Putnam and Sons, Translated by Swami
Prabhavananda*

CHAPTER THIRTY FIVE

Love Truly is Eternal, but we Must Always be
Prepared to Proceed Forward Letting Pasts Go if we
are to Progress

In the darkness of the night, I received a very odd visitor of whom I had no previous knowledge. A Chinese man by the name of 'Han' came to me very passionately, speaking to me of how much he loved me. But he was not just speaking, he was very physical with me and his spirit was very strong and although the experience was not occurring entirely against my will, he was levitating my body on the bed, moving me around the room and even to the floor and back again. I had mixed feelings about this because I'd never seen him before in any experience but there was no question that what he was expressing towards me was love rather than lust.

He called me 'Kik' and referred to me as his wife. Several times, in the corner of the room, I saw a horse which seemed to be an indication of the time frame in which we had lived together. I felt very comfortable with him as though I had known him and loved him, but I was still rather shocked by the blatant nature in which he had just 'appeared' before me and so very powerfully overcome my spiritual strength. Because of this, I had some concerns that this was some kind of attack from the dark side. But the fact that I just felt so joyful to be with Han, and I really remembered loving him made me think it was possible that it was as it seemed.

"But people today distinguish between knowledge and action and pursue them separately, believing that

one must know before he can act. They will discuss and learn the business of knowledge first, they say, and wait till they truly know before they put their knowledge into practice. Consequently, to the last day of life, they will never act and also will never know."

*A Sourcebook in Chinese Philosophy,
Translated/Compiled Wing tsit Chan, # 35, Dynamic
Idealist in Wang Yang-Ming (Chinese Confucianism,
Words of Wang Yang-Ming) Princeton University
Press, NJ, USA, 1963*

I noticed that he had some kind pockmarks or other kind of markings on his skin, either an acne problem as a youth or a skin disease of some sort when older. In his presence, my spirit vibrated at very high levels, it was absolutely overwhelming but yet felt very wonderful because I knew I was being taken into a higher vibration of sorts.

I must have levitated over 15 times, completely under his spiritual discipline, not my own. And with each levitation the vibration in my entire body resonated and accelerated and I became very hot. It was a good heat in the body and spirit, rather than a bad one.

In a final embrace, Han and I smiled at one another as he addressed me as 'wife' one more time and then turned to get on his horse and part with me for the night. Although I still had mixed feelings about the experience, I was sad to see him go. And it was difficult because I had some kind of 'memory' of him which manifested in these powerful emotions, but I had no knowledge of what kind of life we had led except that I seemed to have an innate sense that it was in China. Sad to see him go, I rolled over and

returned to the other spheres.

"Love is like death - it kills the self-willed Me, it breaks its stranglehold and sets the Spirit free . . . You are not real, Death, for I die every minute and am reborn in the next into life infinite."

The Book of Angelus Silesius, Of Life and Death, Translated by Frederick Franck (Chinese Zen, Words of Angelus Silesius) Bear & Co., 1976, NM, USA

Strangely, I entered into what appeared to be several other lifetimes. It started with a lifetime where my current son was my boy in a previous lifetime, but he was a black child. The cutest thing, we were spending time together when he was about 9 years of age, and I was very patiently guiding and teaching him about things in the world and those of a spiritual nature. He was such a sweet boy, I loved him so much, just as I do now.

But then I was taken into a lifetime where things did not seem to go as well. I somehow was a nun, he had been my son but he'd not survived. Dying quite young, it appeared he must've been about 3 or 4 years old. In the experience, I was working in some kind of home for orphans, but the trauma of losing my child was still very new. I found myself outright balling much of the time, and I had to be removed from the presence of the other kids to go through my lamentations. My heart was absolutely ripped into pieces, and it seemed that although there was some compassion for my loss, none of the other sisters really understood the depth of my pain. It was very clear from these two experiences that my son and I have been very close for many lifetimes. It explained a lot, because he and I are quite inseparable now.

Finally, I was taken to a very strange scenario wherein many former black slaves who had all died were somehow being 'resurrected' in the spiritual world in the bodies of their former lives to play out some kind of astral depiction of all that they had gone through. There was a large ship, perhaps a slave ship, wherein all of this revolved. Hundreds of souls were around the ship, certainly much more than could've fit. Perhaps many of these slaves had died on different voyages.

Resurrecting into their previous lives, the hundreds of previous slaves performed almost like an outdoor live play of their sufferings on this ship and some island. But I wasn't able to discern which island they had been taken to in their previous existence. It seemed as though they were almost set up like a museum to show astral travelers something of their former experience, and perhaps this was important for me to see since both my son and my middle daughter had apparently lived many lives as black folk, my middle daughter especially living several lifetimes during the black slave trade wherein she had been raped and murdered in various ways and for various reasons. My own karmic thrusts were very much attached to the Native American people, and therefore, this was helpful for me to understand their own karmic backgrounds and configurations to perhaps help them in their journey this time around.

But there was a strange energy to the experience because of the constant awareness that all of these people were dead and they were being portrayed from the standpoint of being dead. It was not like many experiences in the spirit world where

you see where others have gone since a certain earthly existence, but more like I held concern that perhaps some of these people were 'trapped' in this past, although it was also equally clear that some of these people really needed to be here performing for their own soul's good, but I can't say I understood why. In a sense, I think some of them were genuinely trapped in the past and perhaps the Lord would pull me in at a further time to assist them in ascending beyond those lifetimes. But others also seemed to need the experience and it was very clear that I was not to intervene or interfere at this time.

"Until One-ness has absorbed all Otherness no man can find his Suchness. Love's power to restore the broken shards into one whole is the supreme attainment of the human soul."

The Book of Angelus Silesius, Of the One and the Many, Translated by Frederick Franck (Chinese Zen, Words of Angelus Silesius) Bear & Co., 1976, NM, USA

CHAPTER THIRTY SIX

No Matter How Independent we May Think we are,
ALL are Interdependent on Multitudinous Others in
Order to Exist

Having being whisked into a reality wherein I was being shown my own abhorrence for my dependence on others because of my illness, I was given to witness something surprising.

Interdependence was presented to me as a drop-down list, much like those multiple choice lists we often see used on computers these days wherein you may choose from fifty or more options.

The spirit aside me, a male angelic guardian, allowed me to play with the drop-down menu and repeatedly make new selections of circumstances to see what level of interdependence it required.

Quite surprised, I began to realize in a very profoundly energetic way, that although illness seems to be one of the more obvious forms wherein interdependence of humans upon one another takes form, there was not a single situation in which one could live which did not fully require interdependence on others and other forms of life. Everybody was interdependent, they only had an exterior illusion of seeming independence.

This was profound to me, because it was so energetically made clear. It was not a concept, but something I knew and felt at the deepest core of my being. Ironically, I also felt the energies of some very 'independent' seeming individuals in my own life who actually bore a strong interdependence upon me. This was not a bad thing at all, just something they

did not consciously acknowledge to themselves or others.

Profound! We are all interdependent, no matter what we may do. There's no way around it.

"A single day's life of one who clearly sees the origin and cessation (of all composite things), is better than a hundred years of life of him who does not perceive the origin and cessation of things."

Dhammapada, Wisdom of the Buddha, # VIII, The Thousands, # 113 (Buddhism: Mahayana, Words of the Buddha, Translation by Harischandra Kaviratna, Theosophical University Press, 1989

CHAPTER THIRTY SEVEN

No Matter How Good Our Intentions, Outcomes are
Generated by the Intricate Workings of Our Own
Will, the Will of Others and the Will of God.

Taken into a prophetic and potential future, I was hanging out with one of the candidates for an upcoming presidential election. Up until this time, I had not liked him, because I thought him bold, arrogant and frankly, full of crap about himself. In truth, I felt he was inexperienced and must be arrogant as you know what to run for such an office of importance with his lack of experience.

Interestingly, however, I was allowed to quietly follow him around on his daily duties. In this prophetic future, he had indeed become president and therefore it was made clear that this was an actual possibility that could come true. But I found that I liked him very much, he was a good man of fine character and noble values. He had a good relationship with his family, and he wanted to do the right things and promote peace and good will in the world.

Unfortunately, his good intentions weren't enough. Experience *was* important.

In the distance, we could all hear a profoundly irritating sound, like a moaning rumble in the distance. But nobody knew what it was. As we were gathered back into the building for safety reasons, we all tried to cover our ears as the noise got louder and louder, and seemed ever closer with each second that passed.

Running towards a window, I noticed a fighter

jet in the skies above Washington D.C., and within seconds I saw, heard, felt, smelled, and was moved by a huge nuclear mushroom cloud which had been detonated somewhere close enough for us to see this, but not right where we were.

Devastated, I began running around the building trying to find out anything that I could about why this happened, when it happened, where it happened . . . but no one in the physical realm in this potential future knew. I couldn't get any information which might give me a clue as to how to prevent it.

A male spiritual guardian came towards me and began communicating telepathically. If this man were elected, it was highly probably that such an attack would take place because it wasn't just the American people who knew he wasn't ready, the terrorists did, too. It had happened because he had gotten into office and they knew they could get away with it with him because he had no clue how to prevent or respond such an action. Having him in office put everyone in our country in great danger because he wasn't ready.

Without any further adieu, I was lifted from the scene and returned to the present day. I vowed to pray that such an outcome be prevented irregardless of who might win the election.

"It is just the same with the intelligence of the true mysterious Mind of Intuition. The Mind of Intuition has universal intelligence and because of it conception of space is embraced within it but undifferentiated and thus the manifestation of emptiness responds to the perception of your sight. Because the Four Great Elements are present within the pure universal intelligence of the Intuitive Mind,

*the manifestation of them responds to the perception
of your sight."*

*A Buddhist Bible, Surangama Sutra (Buddhism)
Edited by Dwight Goddard, Beacon Press, Boston,
1938*

CHAPTER THIRTY EIGHT

No Matter What Your Relationships and Differences
are on Earth, Your Experience with Those you Love
May be Profoundly Different in the World Beyond

Flying through the heavens, I was soaring with my sister and brother by the power of a crystal dangling on the edge of a stick which was powered by the light of the saints.

Soaring high above the earth, we saw ahead of us beautiful displays of the heavens: dolphins were leaping into the Galactic heavens surrounded by whirlwinds of universal beauty and heavenly bodies which emanated purples, pinks and blues. Below us was the earth and the chaos which accompanies it: Accidents, shootings, violence, degradation, etc. It was shocking how much chaos we saw from above, how much humanity against man. But for this moment, we were soaring above it and watching the heavenly raiment above.

My sister and I discussed our childhood and some of the remaining areas of misunderstanding between us. It was nice to get those things out of the way of our friendship. We had often been at odds during this life because of my devout faith and her more agnostic belief. Over the years, however, we had learned to be more respectful of one another's very different beliefs. And we had tried to be tolerant of each other's different understandings of things that had happened in our lives, and also just the way we viewed life and its potentialities quite differently because of our difference regarding the existence of God.

In the distance, we could hear celestial music, and I found that some of my own music was being played in the celestial heavens. Even my sister noticed, and she smiled when she realized I'd been writing such celestial music all these years without her knowledge of it. "Boy, we should do this more often," she said, "I'd forgotten how beautiful the celestial heavens are to travel." Up ahead, we both looked at a beautiful display of heavenly delight as the stars danced around several celestial birds and dolphins who were engaged in some kind of heavenly communion. For that moment, I looked at my sister because I couldn't believe that she and I were looking at this *together*. It was so awesome to share this moment with her especially because on a conscious level I assumed she'd never remember it. If she did remember such things, she most likely couldn't have remained agnostic. But such was the mysterious workings of God . . .

We had traveled many miles and it was so invigorating and beautiful, but we noticed our crystal was getting low on light. "We need to soar down to the Catholic Church down there," I said, "if we put it next to the statues of the saints, it will give us a little more power for the night's journey." We came upon a statue of St. Christopher at the Catholic Church on the ground and I showed my siblings that we could get some more power by placing it in front of the statue, reinvigorating it with the light of the saints . . .

My sister showed me that you had to be careful how you held the crystal of the saints when there was something that was 'oncoming' from the world of chaos below. "Did you know that if you

place this power head on with them, it can cause them to blow up?" She was referring to some trucks that were driving along the highway and it was very important to never have the crystallized power source looking anyone or anything directly head on in the eyes. They would never know what hit 'em, but it would hit them hard.

But it was not to last much longer because our crystal was only invigorated long enough to get us back home to reminisce about our heavenly journey in the beyond. We awoke in a nirvanic state of absolute peace.

"Tolerance is an important part of charity, without it, it is difficult for two persons to get on together. Moreover, tolerance is the bond of all friendship, and unites people in heart and opinion and action, not only with each other, but in unity with our Lord, so that they may really be at peace."

The Voice of the Saints, Chapter 5, Charity in Action, St. Vincent de Paul (Christianity: Catholic, Words of St. Vincent de Paul) Tan Books and Publishers, Rockford, IL, USA, 1965

"The body dies when the soul departs; but the soul dies when God departs."

The Voice of the Saints, Chapter 10, Contrition, St. Augustine (Christianity: Catholic, Words of St. Augustine), Tan Books and Publishers, Rockford, IL, USA, 1965

CHAPTER THIRTY NINE

Examining Your Conscience and Confessing Your Faults to God Regularly is a Fruitful Habit on Earth

Andy and I were traveling through a small pioneer town dressed in the garb of the day walking towards a confessional demonstration at the end of the dirt roadway.

In a quaint little building about twenty people were present to participate in a re-enactment of the act of reconciliation in the church. As a result, throughout the day, each of us would go up to confession over and over again demonstration how it's done as different crowds came in to see.

By the end of the day, it seemed that this repetition was somehow energizing something within us, perhaps a recognition of our need to be going to confession frequently at this time in our lives. We'd been fighting and arguing a lot, and it seemed that perhaps the graces received in the confessional could very well be the remedy for our latest lapse into discord.

"After receiving God's pardon and peace in this sacrament, the penitent should not forget to do the satisfaction or act of penance imposed on him by the priest, to thank God for His mercy, to beg the help of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary for fidelity to his resolutions, and then to strive to live a new life in the direction of his repentance and conversion."

*Family Consecration Prayer and Meditation Book,
Divine Mercy Edition, Compiled by Jerome F.
Coniker, Chapter V, 'After Receiving the Sacrament'
(Christianity: Catholic) Apostolate for Family
Consecration, 1998, Bloomington, OH, USA*

CHAPTER FORTY

Pure Evil Can Disguise Itself as Great Good

Lying in bed, frustrated at the physical illness and emotional sufferings that had been put upon my soul by the Lord, I was thinking that He wants something from me that I must give to Him. He asks it, and I want to give it to him. But then, I become overwhelmed by it all. "It's too much, Lord! It's too much!" I think.

But then I think of what God asked of Jesus and I feel ashamed.

"It's not enough, Lord," I think. "Take more. Take more . . . as much as you need."

Drifting away into the netherworld, I noticed in the distance a familiar car. Inside, was my former priest who had died years ago. However, for a moment, I was not realizing he had died. I waved to him and said hello. My son was walking with me across the street.

Suddenly, it hit me. Speaking to my son, I said, "Hey, wait a minute, he's dead. That's Father." My son looked at me expectantly. "If he's dead, that means he's come to show us something. We need to go follow him."

So we took off to follow him as he went into a storefront. It looked like a dollar store, but the name of the store was 'The Cure.' I'd been very depressed lately, not just due to my illness but due to other serious issues in my marriage. So I knew this name referred to the cure to my depression and I followed him in.

Within moments, he had gathered a few books

and was waiting in line. He never said hello, but I walked right up to him and got on the floor to read the titles of the books in his hands at his sides. The first read, 'Contemplation,' and the second was a set of books written by a priest on people who had been totally devastated by life and how they had handled it. Nodding at him, I looked up and he smiled at me as we quietly walked out of the store.

What was to follow was frightening and came quickly.

As I've previously mentioned, we had a new third priest who was quite different from our other very humble order priests. This was to warn me again that it was not safe to dabble with this Priest of Satan under any circumstances.

One of my fellow office workers at the church and I were working in what appeared to be a nuclear facility. This represented the church, because it had become very volatile since the arrival of this new priest. He was definitely a troublemaker, but very skillful in his disguise.

Our job was to keep the nuclear plant from melting down, but it was difficult because there would be a potential meltdown every day due to a bug in the system - our new priest.

But my fellow office worker told me that there was a different way to handle this potential meltdown. She was very sincere, so I believed her and when I was on duty determined I would try her method because she was my superior. This new method was represented by a series of incense sticks that were lit all around the control room and simply needed to be put out and relit when the power failure

occurred in order to restore peace and order.

When the power failed, I attempted this method, which in any other church setting would make sense and definitively work. However, because of the invasion of this new priest (of Satan), this had no effect whatsoever. By the time I realized that the process was not working, I believed I could stop the meltdown, but I was wrong.

Very quickly, the place began going into a Level One alert and within minutes I'd been exposed to a deadly amount of radiation and was experiencing hallucinations and seizures. Everybody in the building, of which there were hundreds who represented all the members of the parish, had already jumped into the escape hatch and there was nobody left behind to give me aid.

However, I was able to drag myself across the room to the escape hatch and jump in. On my way down, I was exposed to a radiation cleansing shower which was intended to clear away some of the damage already done even though it was way past the point of no return. But the most concerning element was yet to occur.

Arriving at the bottom of the escape hatch, I found myself with a group of parishioners. We were standing at the landing gate, so to speak, surrounded by armed guards. These guards were almost caricatures of large men with big muscles and armed to the letter. There was no way out and down here at the bottom was a large kingdom ruled by the priest (of Satan) which consisted of everyone in our parishes.

Everything in this kingdom was dark, decrepit

and ugly – like any hell realm would be. And he had taken total control. Anybody who would attempt to regain their freedom was either killed, annihilated or something else heinous. This was total domination and he was absolute evil and total darkness. There appeared to be no way out.

There was almost an appearance of a disaster zone to the place, as if a hurricane had come through and then a darkness had spread its wings over the horizon. Shattered glass, wood, plastics were everywhere, nothing was intact. It was absolute chaos, disorder, ugliness and darkness. It was a very depressing place to be and despite his obvious and unacceptable evil, one could not help but walk quietly through this horrendous place and feel sorrow for anybody who would actually choose it for themselves.

For the moment, I followed directions in order to escape execution. Hopefully, over time I would be able to ascertain what had occurred. Scores of people were being herded to various places, some clothed, others not, to do the bidding of this evil man. To call him a priest would be blasphemous, because he definitively did not work for God. But in the world, he *was* a priest and that's what made him so dangerous and tricky. Many, including myself, were walking along the glass and other hazard covered streets and thorn and thistle paths with bare feet. Everything had been stripped from us, some people were entirely naked.

We were taken to various stations where we were instructed in various levels of backbreaking work. If we didn't do everything exactly as we were

told, we would be executed. Many of the things we were instructed to do served no purpose whatsoever, but the goal of this exercise was to keep us in servitude, nothing else. It was truly as simple as that.

He had such domination over this realm, that there appeared no way out.

I'd gone through several stations and was finally taken to another one where I recognized a few of my parish members. Ironically, one of them who had become the favorite of this man because she would do his bidding in the real world without question, was wearing a deep blue and very beautiful dress. Although in the real world, she was an older woman, she looked absolutely stunning in this dress. Another friend of mine, a former nun and current contender for the number two position with this man, told me that the priest had given it to her because she was so subservient in doing his will. I felt sadness that my friend, the former nun, was vying for the number two position and was blinded to his true alliances. But I knew I couldn't focus on that. She had given me a clue to the secret of liberation from his grasp and I had to follow up on it.

Walking towards the woman in the number one position, also an acquaintance of mine, I sat down next to her as she began talking about more orders that she had been instructed to give before I had a chance to ask her anything.

What she was about to say did not come as a total shock, because I'd seen this priest at work in the real world. And believe it or not, he had a very pronounced goal of breaking up families and was very skillful and good at doing this without denoting

suspicion. His skills were so exquisite, I truly believe that had I not been shown his Satanic alliances, I, too, would have been confused by his many personalities and behavior.

In the church, although he was filled with pride and arrogance, he had genuine gifts of diction, liturgical singing and eloquence as a homilist. No one would guess the heinous words he had sent to me privately meant to shoot me down and remove me as an obstacle in his insidious path. No one would guess the things he might say in the confessional and demand from his penitents in order to ensure that they do things which served the self and caused more strife in families, and if they happened to be a victim of such words and commands, they dared not disobey. Why? Because he told them so, he was their priest, a servant of God – his words. What he told them to do was “an order.” Who, without seeing the demonic forces lurking beneath his skin as I had, would have the strength of spirit and depth of understanding of true Christian teaching to recognize the deceptions in his confessional advice or the lies hidden in his eloquent words during Mass? If they did, they would question their own understanding because of profundity of the way in which the words were delivered. Of course, he had to be serving God, right?

But this was not the case at all. And it was so skillful, I found it hard to believe. But God wished for me to see it in order to know.

“He has ordered that although everybody will be able to leave once a day to go home, he is taking everybody’s children away from them. No one will

have the right to their children anymore, they will belong to him." She said to my shocked expression.

"It has been my experience that demons seem to make a very specific effort to gain contact in every child's life at an early age. Nearly everyone I talk to, both Christian and non-Christian, can tell me about a specific 'strange' event occurring in their early years which is very clearly demonic."

*Prepare for War, Rebecca Brown, MD, Chapter 10,
Doorways (Christianity: Protestant) Whitaker
House, 1987*

It was at this moment that my freedom became evident and clear. This situation was not one of forced submission by violence. In this realm, it appeared so. But it was forced submission through public humiliations. If you didn't do his bidding exactly to the letter, he would publicly humiliate as he had done several times to me.

Public humiliation is not fatal. Therefore, there was a means of escape.

Looking at her, I shouted, "How dare you! This will not be tolerated, he has no right!" My anger was evident, and even though she looked at me directly in the eyes believing full well that I could be intimidated into submission, I looked right back at her. Because she was in the number one position, she was one of the oppressors. She was one of those involved in the execution of those who would not abide. But I held no more fear for her, she had gone too far. My children are sacred, how dare she – and how dare he. In that moment, they had made their fatal mistake, they had taken on a mother bear with her cubs.

And in that moment, before I could annihilate his little kingdom with my own righteous wrath of

God, I was removed from the space. It was not in my dominion to destroy his fiefdom, it was only in my dominion to find the solution to his oppression.

It was so much easier than it appeared. Because of his intimidation techniques of public humiliation and rejection, many of us tried to appease his wrath by going along. But the only way to defeat him and remain outside of his grasp was to completely ignore him and refuse to enter his kingdom. Because he had been given a level of earthly authority over me, it was my duty to behave with respect and a certain amount of deference to him and that which he asked of me within the confines of moral law. Because of his alliances, it would be necessary that I distance myself from engaging in more than my relegated duties in order to avoid being placed in a position of required obedience to a questioned authority. By doing this, I would be able to observe obedience within the reason of the situation, only as moral law prescribed and allowed. So, I would go to church and observe obedience to his authority within it. But I would not openly volunteer for extra activities for which he was involved beyond that which my job required. I would keep my distance. If he spoke, I would be polite, but never engage in further conversation unless directed to do so by God. I would choose other priests in which to go to confession, and I would keep his alliances constantly before my vision. If he chose to engage in another public humiliation, I would remain calm, let him finish, say nothing and then quietly walk away. In other words, in every circumstance, no matter what he might choose to do, I would refuse to 'engage'

with him in any way shape or form. That was the only way to remain outside of his influence and to remain in a position of empowerment wherein God could remain with me and work through me if He so chose while also retaining a sense of obedience to his position of authority.

This was a case where I expected to be able to do nothing more for the parish members or for him because his evil was so complete. It did not appear that doing any more than this would be in my power. His evil would have to expiate itself before something might change. Time would be required for the others to recognize the contamination in their midst and make similar discoveries. In the meantime, I must watch and wait very quietly – in the background.

And as I'd been shown in the earlier portion of the experience, I would not heed the advice or words of this person who worked with me regarding the containment of this nuclear disaster. Instead, I would choose not to work in the plant and allow him to take full responsibility for controlling his own meltdown processes.

This did not mean I was going to quit my job, but I was only going to engage in the duties prescribed to me. I would not participate in appeasing behavior to keep him calm and soothe his agitation. If he were unreasonable, I would look at him quietly and walk away again refusing to 'engage.' Since this other person was very actively engaged in appeasement, it would be natural that she would continue to try to get me to join the bandwagon as she'd done before. But I would not do so.

Let it be done according to Thy will . . . I had

freed myself. Now I had to remain free and outside of the mind mesmerization of the evil one, in order to remain open to whatever the Lord would have me do to free the souls of the captives in my parish and, if it were possible, to retake the soul of the priest for God after the time of expiation had repudiated itself. But it was very important to realize his absolute evil and the danger associated with it. Such a seizure could only be possible from equal strength meeting equal strength. Such a person is highly uncomfortable with equal strength.

This equal strength would be shown in silence.

In this show of silent strength, I would also remember that free will was a huge part of what was happening here, along with the divine timing of God. There was absolutely no reason to believe at this juncture that I could do anything more for him or the people of my parish at this time. All I could do was free myself and remain in the equal strength of that of his opposite.

Because of this, retaining this free state showed itself as being even more important because I would need to do so as a show of the presence and power of God amidst the presence of evil amongst those who had been taken in by this skillful guise. Maintaining such a posture among those who have fallen would be more difficult because of the dominant energies around me.

The Lord had spoken, however, and so it would be – equal strength would meet equal strength – through obedient silence. So be it . . .

“Our spiritual bodies are the link between us and the spirit world because the spirit world cannot be seen

or measured with anything physical. These concepts are very difficult to understand because 'spirit' is very different than anything 'physical,' and we are used to experiencing only the see-touch-and-feel physical world . . . Why the difference made between bodies and souls of men? Because there is a phenomenal amount of power and intelligence in the spirits of humans, especially when those spirit bodies are under the control of their souls. Satan has been working steadily down through the ages since the fall of Adam to gain the use of these spiritual bodies for his own evil schemes. Men's physical bodies are weak and really are of little use to Satan, but their spiritual bodies, under the conscious control of their souls, are very different."

*Prepare for War, Rebecca Brown, MD, Chapter 16,
The Spirit and the Spirit World (Christianity:
Protestant) Whitaker House, 1987*

"Authority is not Lording over but humbly serving . . . How serious will be the judgment upon those who grab God's authority with their carnal hands. May we fear authority as we fear the fire of hell. To represent God is not an easy thing; it is too great and too marvelous for us to touch. We need to walk strictly in the way of obedience. The path for us is obedience, not authority; it is to be servants, not to be heads; to be slaves, not to be rulers."

*Spiritual Authority, Watchman Nee, Chapter 18
(Christianity: Protestant) Christian Fellowship
Publishers, NY, USA, 1972*

CHAPTER FORTY ONE

To Deny the Existence of Any Aspect of Creation be it
Good or Bad is an Evil

Many months had passed, and in that time energies had seemed to be altering on a conscious level, but I was still leery because of all that I'd experienced previously. In a conscious state, however, it seemed that my efforts to remain silent and allow time to repair had been working. But it is always also a likely proponent that when a soul, no matter how deeply entrenched in darkness, is open to receiving influxes from the Holy Spirit - and this priest was genuinely very gifted so he must've been open to such influxes - he can see such things and then choice is presented to change them. Could such a thing happen in what appeared to be such an extreme case? It might have appeared so at the time, but time would reveal that as with many souls, these things were happening only sub-consciously. What appeared in the external world was falsehood.

Soaring into the vibrational state, my spirit was transported without seeming to ever go anywhere into a Utopian World of High Vibration. In this world, all was a vibrating particle, your whole being was contained in a high resonance flow of light which continually emanated. Your soul felt blissful and at peace, as did those of the many who resided here. But this world was an extension of the earthly plane, it was not a higher place, but rather, a state of being held by those who inhabited it.

Noticing that this particular priest was present, I tried to avoid his notice. A few others who worked

with me in the Church Office were also present, but busy going about their affairs.

The vibrations were peaceful, powerful and soothing, but there was something amiss in this Utopian World of High Vibration. All was not as it seemed.

Beginning to go in search of a hidden darkness that I could sense but not see, I followed two other souls who had joined me in the quest. This realm was very watery, but not in a liquid sense. Watery waves seemed to permeate the aqua blue and transparent walls, ceilings, floors and staircases. All the staircases were moving. The ceilings were so high they seemed to go on without end.

We wandered off to a highly uninhabited region in the realm wherein the vibration of something dark loomed with great fervor. My soul was feeling a concerned excitedness, fear, nervousness. It didn't seem to make any sense, how could some form of darkness linger in a Utopian World of High Vibration.

Something within me felt a sense of what it could be. Those who inhabited this place were very focused on remaining in a high vibration at all times, being positive – but the darkness felt like it might be coming from the fact that in so doing they wished to ignore the harsh realities of earthly existence, and thus, ignore the suffering of their brethren in order to somehow fulfill their own perceived view of perfection, which nullified evil, darkness, suffering, sickness, disaster, death. But these things are a genuine and irrefutable part of earthly life, and trying to render them non-existent was destructive to

themselves and others despite their wish to retain the opposite view.

In the distance, we had spotted a closed door and we knew that somehow the darkness we'd been sensing lay beyond it. Walking slowly towards it, I turned around to make sure the others had come with me. But I was surprised to see the face of the priest as he had joined us. He, too, had sensed the darkness and had joined us in our quest to find its source. For just a second, I had a moment of panic. But then I saw in his eyes that everything was fine, we had a synergy in spiritual purpose and there were no remaining hard feelings.

"Oh," I thought. "Wow, that's amazing." I had followed the heavenly injunction to be silent and do nothing and so much more had happened on subconscious levels because I had done nothing.

"Act through nonaction, handle affairs through noninterference, taste what has no taste, regard the small as great, the few as many, repay resentment with integrity, undertake difficult tasks by approaching what is easy in them, do great deeds by focusing on their minute aspects."

Tao Te Ching, Lao Tzu, Translation by Victor Mair, # 26 (Taoism) Bantam New Age Books, New York, 1990

Up ahead, we slowly began to open the door. Beyond it was total blackness and a staircase which went up towards a black doorway at the top. Looking up, we wondered what lurked beyond this dark portal, and if what we had sensed had given it dominion in this Utopian World of High Vibration.

Would time reveal such an answer? I surely hoped so, because my soul was immediately lifted and returned through the vibratory mechanism to my

body and I was left with a cliffhanger of sorts in that the answer was not forthcoming.

How could such a world exist? And why would it be wrong? It seemed to me that it wasn't the desire to retain a high vibration which was incorrect, but rather, the desire to negate an absolute portion of life in the name of truth. To negate any aspect of the truth is to deny it.

It seemed to me that perhaps it would be possible for those in the Utopian World of High Vibration to retain the light in this beautiful world they'd created by refuting their own denial and accepting other aspects of earthly existence beyond it. By so doing, they'd allow this aspect to flourish in its effervescence and also allow more mysterious earthly experiences of suffering a realm of expression. Because suffering serves a high purpose in the mysterious understanding of God, and to deny its worth is to deny its author.

God's ways are mysterious, but they are always sure and true. Every emotion, experience or feeling has its opposite expression and is not complete without it. Happiness cannot be fully understood without sadness; joy without despair, hope without hopelessness, health without sickness, peace without war, life without death. If we deny the opposite expression of every 'positive' emotion, the octave of its fullest resonance is never completed.

So we don't wish for the negativities to enter our lives, but when they do, we embrace them rather than denying them. By embracing them, their mystery is opened up to us as if by a sweltering explosion of light. And the darkness hidden within such

experiences is then transformed into a greater light than can be held by those 'higher emotions.' There is beauty in the octave and the dynamic of the opposite polar fields of expression. And we embrace them both with equal fervor.

By so doing, the octave becomes one, neither is negative or positive anymore and the Utopian World of High Vibration becomes open to allowing every soul to enter, no matter the state of its earthly life. The only requirement then being that they have attained to the Octave of High Vibration which accompanies both the 'positive' and 'negative' emotions and experiences and they remain within it whether they are experiencing joy or great sorrow.

That is transcendence. That is the Tao.

But rather than attend to that transcendence, I was shown the spirit of a once true mystic who was following this path. In her desire to please those around her, she had become somewhat of a 'pocket mystic' responding to their daily whims. A mystic may do this for a short time, but eventually, the signal is lost and they begin to make things up. She was wandering around in a state of confusion trying to say profound things about everything within her realm of consciousness, but it was to no avail. For now, she was speaking nonsense to appease the small mind of others who became her friend to use this woman's gift in an inappropriate way, to serve their own daily needs. By so doing, she had drained the gift and made it impossible for the young mystic to progress.

This is the dark portal of refusing to allow all sides of existence to twain in thy understanding, and

to allow only the will of God to determine the purpose and function of any gift that we receive from Him.

"If the soul in this life is to attain to union with God, and commune directly with Him, it must unite itself with the darkness . . . that it may have in its hands the light, which is the union of love, though it be in the darkness of faith - so that when the pitchers of this life are broken, which alone have kept from it the light of faith, it may see God face to face in glory."

The Ascent of Mount Carmel, St. John of the Cross, Book II, ix; Peers, I, 98 (Christianity: Catholic)

"Darkness being the revealing sign of the divine Reality, the contemplative, in his contemplation, will have to prefer that darkness to all distinct lights - whether those lights come from the formulas of dogma or even from God Himself - in order that, through it, he may remain in contact with the Divine."

I Want to See God, P. Marie-Eugene, O.C.D., Chapter X, Faith and Supernatural Contemplation (Christianity: Catholic) Christian Classics, Inc. Maryland, 1953

"Reversal is the movement of the Way; weakness is the usage of the Way. Contentment that derives from knowing when to be content is eternal contentment.

Should one desire to gain all under heaven, one should remain ever free of involvements. For just as surely as one becomes involved, one is unfit for gaining all under heaven."

Tao Te Ching, Lao Tzu, Translation by Victor Mair, # 4-10-11 (Taoism) Bantam New Age Books, New York, 1990

"Great perfection appears defective, but its usefulness

is not diminished. Great fullness appears empty, but its usefulness is not impaired. Great straightness seems crooked, great cleverness seems clumsy, great triumph seems awkward. Bustling about vanquishes cold, standing still vanquishes heat. Pure and still, one can put things right everywhere under heaven. The bright Way seems dim. The forward Way seems backward. The level Way seems bumpy. Superior integrity seems like a valley. The greatest whiteness seems grimy. Ample integrity seems insufficient. Robust integrity seems apathetic. Plain truth seems sullied. The great square has no corners. The great vessel is never completed. The great note sounds muted. The great image has no form. The Way is concealed and has no name.

Tao Te Ching, Lao Tzu, Translation by Victor Mair, # 3 & 8 (Taoism) Bantam New Age Books, New York, 1990

"The sage is always skilled at saving others and does not abandon them, nor does he abandon resources. This is called 'inner intelligence.' Therefore, good men are teachers for the good man, bad men are foils for the good man. He who values not his teacher and loves not his foil, though he be knowledgeable, is greatly deluded. This is called 'the wondrous essential.' . . . The highest good is like water; water is good at benefiting the myriad creatures but also struggles to occupy the place loathed by the masses. Therefore, it is near to the Way. The quality of an abode is in its location. The quality of the heart is in its depths . . . Sincere words are not beautiful, beautiful words are not sincere. He who knows is not learned, he who is learned does not know. He who is good does not have much, he who has much is not

good. The sage does not hoard. The more he does for others, the more he has himself; the more he gives to others, the more his own bounty increases. Therefore, the Way of heaven benefits but does not harm, the Way of man acts but does not contend . . . The sage never has a mind of his own; He considers the minds of the common people to be his mind. Treat well those who are good, also treat well those who are not good; thus is goodness attained. Be sincere to those who are sincere, also be sincere to those who are insincere, thus is sincerity attained. The sage is self-effacing in his dealings with all under heaven, and bemuddles his mind for the sake of all under heaven. The common people all rivet their eyes and ears upon him, and the sage makes them all chuckle like children"

Tao Te Ching, Lao Tzu, Translation by Victor Mair, # 71, 52, 31, 12 (Taoism) Bantam New Age Books, New York, 1990

"To realize that you do not understand is a virtue. Not to realize that you do not understand is a defect. When the people do not fear the majestic, great majesty will soon visit them."

Tao Te Ching, Lao Tzu, Translation by Victor Mair, # 36 & 37 (Taoism) Bantam New Age Books, New York, 1990

CHAPTER FORTY TWO

Our Anger Can Skew Our Vision and Disallow Others to Become Something Better Because of Our Disbelief in them

From a far distant place, he came, to bid me adieu and give words of wisdom for a soul in my care. Recently, my eldest daughter had graduated from nursing school, and had become a little bit one-dimensional in her view because of her need to feel self-important. There was arrogance and a lack of acknowledgement of the importance of other paths.

He began by reaching over to me as I was sleeping, "Oh, your heart is really doing bad," he said as he reached over and took me in his arms and held me in my pain. At that moment, it was doing quite badly and I appreciated his acknowledgement of that fact.

Holographic images of my husband could be seen in the background as I felt annoyance because of the many issues in our relationship. Looking at me very seriously, he said, "It's been really hard dealing with your marriage hasn't it?" Cautiously, I looked up and said, "Yes . . ." Pausing, I then added, "But I'm sure the next thing you're going to say is that it's all my fault." "No," he said rather quickly, "I'm not. It is his fault." But he continued to hold me like a father as there were no words that would fix it or make things better. "It's been hard, hasn't it?" I knew that he understood the pain I had experienced. In his long and silent embrace, I felt healing through my spirit. He especially conveyed to me silently his understanding of the pain I had lived with because of

the circumstances of my life which had, in essence, forced me to marry him when I was very young. It was that or homelessness. For the first time, I felt that someone really understood the deep pain of this; the echoing, resonant depths of having choice taken from you and trying to live with that even in the absence of much effort from the other party. He never spoke another word about it, but he held me for a long time. He looked upon me like father would his daughter, and by this alone, much of the anger and rage that I held about it began to dissipate.

By allowing it to dissipate, it was making it possible for me to see my husband in a different light. Though flawed and difficult at times, he was loveable and had many really great qualities. But because of the circumstances of how we had come together, there had always been this issue between us. Acknowledging and releasing that pain might actually bring about an opportunity to start anew with one another, to let go of how we came to be, and to be a better manifestation of what we had come to be, irregardless.

Other issues appeared in holographic images around us, indicating various manners in which my husband would generally just do what he wanted to do irregardless of whether or not it was good for others or the right thing to do. He wasn't immoral, but very blind to his own destruction.

Because the pain my husband couldn't see within my heart as a result of all of this was profoundly visible to this man who had come, I felt understood for at least this moment. In that understanding, I was able to release some of it.

Sure it would raise its head again, I felt that at least for this millisecond it had gone from fore to background in my spirit and given me a moment of freedom.

"What's your name?" I asked him as I looked into his eyes. He was manifesting an older, gray-haired gentleman, obviously from the 1800's. "Mr. Nickel," he said, "my name is Mr. Nickel. I died in the late 1800's and I was a physicist." Nodding, I said no more as I noticed my eldest daughter had now appeared in the room and was sitting at the foot of my bed giving me odd looks because I was hugging this man 'in the spirit' and she couldn't see him. Because she couldn't understand, she was behaving as if it was crazy behavior.

"I have something I want you to tell her," he said, as he continued to embrace me. "Tell her that her attachment to needing to feel important is limiting her ability to learn. There is great importance in the many different fields of study and work that others do in this world, but if she needs to feel important, it will prevent her from being educated." With this, he released me and somehow placed my spiritual body into a state of suspended animation. Turning me sideways, I was now floating at the side of the bed, hovering in midair in a way that - by the laws of physics - is completely impossible.

Looking at my daughter now, he said, "See, there is so much that you don't understand yet. There is so much more for you to learn." She looked in wonder at how he was maneuvering my horizontal flight around the room and nodded 'yes.'

In a hologram behind me, I could see my new

computer before me. He brought my mind back to the time I had begun writing years ago on a manual typewriter. In a flash, the technological advances that had occurred within just a short twenty years of my life were unveiled to me and I felt within me a deeper appreciation of all that God had done through science and made possible in my own work and that of many others.

Bringing my spirit back upright, he waved to my daughter and said good-bye to us both and turned to go back to the netherworld from whence he had come. In a flash, I was waking to the physical world.

Moments later, after I shared the message with my daughter, she happily announced that she had once dreamt of a man named Mr. Nickel. At the time, she had thought it was weird. Now she understood that there were guides around her of various scientific disciplines and that this was a good thing.

"It has often been argued that if naked singularities arise then this situation would be disastrous for physics. I do not share such feelings. True we have, as yet, no theory which can cope with space-time singularities. But I am an optimist. I believe that eventually such a theory will be found."

The World Treasury of Physics, Astronomy, and Mathematics, Edited by Timothy Ferris, Time and Space, Roger Penrose, Black Holes (Science: Physics) Little Brown and Company, New York, 1989

"In order to understand the law of the equivalence of mass and energy, we must go back to two conservation or 'balance' principles which, independent of each other, held a high place in pre-relativity physics. These were the principle of the

*conservation of energy and the principle of the
conservation of mass."*

*The World Treasury of Physics, Astronomy, and
Mathematics, Edited by Timothy Ferris, Atoms and
Quarks, Albert Einstein, $E=mc^2$ (Science: Physics)
Little Brown and Company, New York, 1989*

CHAPTER FORTY THREE

No Matter How Deep the Pit, there IS a Way Out Prepared by God

My spirit had been flown to one of our parish churches wherein I'd begun painting the interior of the building, but couldn't have had more than one tenth of the building painted. Panicking, because I was worried that in my state of ill health I would be unable to finish the job, I turned the other direction a few minutes before again facing the wall. To my surprise, other parishioners had come in and helped and the building was almost fully painted.

This came true over the next weeks and months as I saw projects that I'd initially begun myself become completed by others who had taken the torch and continued where I left off. Feeling happy, I understood that I didn't have to do it all anymore and that others were being energized to jump in and help, too. Many others . . .

A subsequent night, I found myself suffocating in my sleep. Dreaming that I was deep below the ocean's surface, I gasped for air, but knew breath was not forthcoming. Because I'd known this could happen due to my autonomic failure, my first reaction was to think. 'How long would it take for me to suffocate to death?' I didn't know. But as it continued going on and becoming less and less comfortable due to my total conscious awareness of what was happening, I realized that if I could fight myself awake, I would start breathing.

Because my experience was demonstrated by being below the ocean, I began swimming furiously

to the surface of the water. It took what seemed like forever, but the moment I burst the surface of the water, I breathed out a sigh of relief. Unfortunately, my head was pounding from the oxygen deprivation so I gathered ice packs and some of my other physical issues had worsened so I took proper steps to take care of those.

Weeks before, I had been taken into the grave of a young man who had committed suicide of the spirit and was surrounded by little demons who were taunting him. He wasn't really dead, had not physically committed suicide – but rather, had made choices which had left him easy prey for the dark side. It seemed as if all were lost at that moment.

But this moment, I walked into his family home which had been renewed and made vibrant. It seemed like a totally new and massive home had been placed in the spot their older one had been. Everything was bright, cheerful, renewed, as if made new.

In the backyard, mom had just cleaned through a row of burgundy flowers, but it was the young man who showed me a tree which had grown from that flower bed high up, thousands of feet, into the sky – into the heavens. On its branches, you could see the burgundy flowers hanging down towards us from above. We laid in the grass and took in the heavenly vibrations and view.

Despite his previous bad choices, it's amazing how much God loves us and gives us alternative routes. All had been made new and he was again on the right path.

Finally, my spirit was taken with a group of

'students' from my web-site to go meet the current Eck Master, Harold Klemp. In their astral place, we came upon much psychedelic images which were intended to help people to achieve soul travel.

When the Eck Master came upon me he stopped and looked directly into my eyes. Instinctively, I knew he was going to tell me something important so I looked right back into his with no words. "We have a strong one here," he said, "She's traveled much. Do you take the wheel all the time?" He asked. Laughing, I nodded that I did. In my mind's eye, I was revisiting how much this seemed necessary because others would refuse to move forward if I did not take that wheel and push them on their way - mostly my children and family. "You get lied to a lot, don't you?" Nodding again, he added, "Because of other's financial fears. That's why they lie to you so much." Again, there was moment of recognition of this fact. I knew this was the case, with my employer, in my work, with my family, with my husband, etc.

Hoping he would say more, the fade out had begun as my spirit was ripped away back to the physical realm.

It is an axiom of ECK that whosoever tries to serve humanity will be a failure, but he who is willing and serves God is always a success in life."

The Shariyat-Ki-Sugmad, Paul Twitchell, Book One, Chapter Two (Eckankar) Eckankar, Minneapolis, MN 1970

"As quickly as man learns that his powers are puny, the sooner will he put his feet upon the path to God by the way of Eckankar. As soon as this is done, he will find himself being led by the Living ECK Master,

*who has taken over to assist him in reaching his true
home again."*

*The Shariyat-Ki-Sugmad, Paul Twitchell, Book One,
Chapter One (Eckankar) Eckankar, Minneapolis, MN
1970*

CHAPTER FORTY FOUR

If you seek to Follow the Way, be Prepared to Fight
for it for there are Many Who would Thwart your
Higher Vision Unawares

Wandering in an ancient mansion, I followed the inner call to head towards the staircase as an eerie and ominous feeling was set before me. I had been sleeping in a bedroom on the third floor which was decorated in the signature manner portrayed in my own home, but this was not my earthly home. Rather, it was a place I went to sometimes at night to be alone in the spirit and pray.

But this eerie sense only grew worse as I walked outside the door and noticed something ominous lurking on the staircase. There was a certain kind of green bug, large, beetle-like with six legs, and there were many of them scurrying about the steps like flippant mutants ready to engage in warfare.

The quiet overwhelmed me as I knew I had been left here alone in this place. A certain mystic owned the mansion and had allowed me to stay while she was to be gone for an astral fortnight so there was no one here to aid me if there were a greater battle ahead.

Walking carefully through the maze of creatures, I found myself entering a lower stairwell which was filled with slithering snakes, spiders and webs.

These things were new in this residence; they had not been here before as this was a place I attended to regularly. It was immaculate, and it was clear and obvious that some sort of demonic intrusion

was at hand. What level remained yet unknown.

Continuing down the stairs, I felt the presence of a grim prospect but could not yet ascertain its cause. But not to worry, as within moments its personage would pay me a frightening visit.

'Leprosy' came to me in the form of a very deranged male figure covered in sores. Immediately, he grabbed me and took me to join him on a journey with a host of other souls that he had kidnapped from various other locations, other unwilling victims of his plague.

But he had no pity or compassion for them, and I knew this situation was to become quite difficult rather quickly. Leprosy was a demon associated with a person I knew, and in order to battle for this soul, I would be pitted against him and his compadres of destruction. I prepared myself for what would be a difficult ruse.

Leprosy was angry, he'd felt slighted because of his plight in the world. Didn't feel appreciated, was very self-pitying and morose. Violent and unpredictable, Leprosy felt that any means was justified in attaining to his end. Although Leprosy was known and called by this name, and he manifested the signs of the physical disease upon his person, it was a spiritual disease not a physical one and had no relation or bearing on those who bore this physical disease. It was an interior disease, an interior demon – but its power within a soul was so strong that it manifested exteriorly, as well. It was not well hidden, in fact, it was not hidden at all.

Leprosy had taken many captives including a group of very young children, some of whom were

already dead or dying from their sores on the dirt below. It was a horrid scene, and one of foul remembrance.

For the moment, however, we were doomed to journey with him until we could seek help and refuge. There was a great deal of sadness associated with this knowledge.

Further ahead, the conjunctions of different pathways became visible to my eyes but not his own. Leprosy and his captives were wearing an orange veil around the midsection to indicate that we were captive with him. But up ahead was a group of interior warriors, monks, who wore a different sign. They had turbans on their heads and scarlet veils around their midsection and interiorly I knew that if I could make them aware of us, they would liberate us from this madman demon. They were not Catholic monks, but rather, a combination of Buddhist/Baha'i monks. Rather odd to explain, but it was a combination of the energies of these two paths which would annihilate Leprosy and his self proclaimed victimhood.

Leprosy was unaware of them, however, which made it easier to approach. I took the orange veil of one of the dying children and approached the monks. I said nothing but flashed the veil in the wind before their eyes. Once they nodded, I knew they understood, and I turned to rejoin my comrades under deep cover.

Within moments, the interior prayers of these monks had liberated us from the clutches of Leprosy and we walked forward as freemen again.

Unfortunately, the battles had only begun for

the night as I entered into our actual home. Another person was moving my books around mercilessly, trying to create chaos and disorder. "Stop it!" I shouted, but everytime I turned, they'd moved them to yet another more inappropriate location. Finally, pushing the person out with a beam of light, I straightened them back out to where they had begun.

Again I saw the person who harbored the demon of Leprosy now standing in my kitchen pushing the wall which led to the master bedroom and the work space where my library lingered. Several feet had been broken open in the floor as she tried to forcefully push the boundary of the wall and still continued. "Stop that!" I shouted at her, "This is a mobile home, stop pushing the boundaries! You are breaking it!" Shocked that I would confront, this person immediately stopped and looked at me as if in shock that I would expect anything of her. But before I had a chance to even deal with that issue, I was immediately thrust into my bedroom where I was half in the spirit and half in the physical.

Two tremendous demonic forces attached to this person were now standing before a bookcase and a chest of drawers. The larger of the two was about ten feet tall, wore the black robes of a sorcerer and was very powerful. The other, about eight feet tall, appeared more reptilian but with almost equal might and they both tore through my spirit with piercing red eyes.

Interiorly, they conveyed that "this person is ours! And because this person is ours, you, too, are now ours!" Great sinister violence penetrated from their deeply dark crevices of evil. Without even

asking, I knew who they were: vanity, pride and greed. I began shouting Christian prayers at them, but found they had robbed me of my voice.

Their power was holding me silent and I struggled to shout out the words that would banish them from my presence and the interior of the soul in question. It went on for a long time, and I felt severely oppressed. "Help me, Lord Jesus!" I finally was able to feebly shout, "You cannot remain here. This home belongs to Christ." But it did nothing to defeat their presence as they were too powerful.

Peering around the room, tarantulas and bugs began to come out of the crevices and towards me as webs were being made evident in the room.

"The Lord will not allow you to do this!" I again feebly shouted. "Christ Jesus, help me!"

My bed was no longer confined to my bedroom, but sitting outside in a beautiful outdoor vista. The two powerful demons were still present but their power seemed to be fading, but the bugs were coming towards me. In the distance, I saw something black, an animal of some kind. But before I could discern its nature, it had pounced upon my body.

A black mountain lion, often looked upon in mystical symbolism as a sign of power, guardianship, courage and valor, had leapt upon my body as it was devouring the bugs who attempted to come near to me. As soon as the black mountain lion was on my back, the two demons vanished. But I, too, knowing the respect to be given to such a being, was very still and quiet almost afraid it would hurt me. In mystical symbolism, the black mountain lion or panther is known to have a deep understanding of things

spiritual and it seeks to rid people of the shadow of darkness and the misuse of their own personal power. So I didn't move as it battled right atop my back; this huge, powerful, swift creature which was as black as the night. I didn't feel a fear of it, but a reverent respect of its obvious skill and power as a spiritual warrior. Within moments, all the creatures of the dark were gone and the black panther leapt off of my back, smiled towards me, and smoothly walked away with its tail riding in the wind behind him.

It had been made known to me through this experience that this person plagued by these various demonic forces, despite the soul's previous deep relationship with God, had gotten so caught up in its desires, that it had lost sight of any meaning. Thus, it had begun to manipulate and move according to its own will rather than the will of God.

All was clear now as I quietly sat up in the bed in the trees which morphed into my own bedroom as I awoke, relieved the battle was over but scarred by the energetic attack which had been perpetrated upon me.

"So he who hath the whole authority o'er [all] the mortals in the cosmos and o'er its lives irrational, bent his face downwards through the Harmony, breaking right through it's strength, and showed to downward Nature God's fair form."

Corpus Hermeticum, The Voice of the Prophets, Mystery Religions 1 of 2, (Egyptian Religion) The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, CO, USA, 2005

"Thou shalt at once understand thyself, not yet begotten in the Womb, young, old, to be dead, the things after death, and all these together, as also times, places, deeds, qualities, quantities, or else thou

canst not yet understand God. But if thou shut up thy Soul in the Body, and abuse it, and say, I understand nothing, I can do nothing, I am afraid of the Sea, I cannot climb up to Heaven, I know not who I am, I cannot tell what I shall be: What hast thou to do with God? For thou canst understand none of those Fair and Good things, and be a lover of the body and Evil. For it is the greatest Evil not to know God. But to be able to know, and to will, and to hope, is the straight way, and Divine way, proper to the Good, and it will everywhere meet thee, and everywhere be seen of thee, plain and easy, when thou dost not expect or look for it; it will meet thee waking, sleeping, sailing, traveling, by night, by day, when thou speakest, when thou keepest silence."

Divine Pymander of Hermes, 10th Book of the Common Mind, 130-133, The Voice of the Prophets, Mystery Religions 1 of 2, (Egyptian Religion) The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, CO, USA, 2005
"For the Soul being in the body, is straightway made Evil by Sorrow, and Grief, and Pleasure, or Delight.

For Grief and Pleasure, flow like juices from the compound Body, whereinto when the Soul entereth or descendeth, she is moistened and tintured with them. As many Souls, therefore as the Mind governeth, or overruleth, to them it shows its own Light, resisting their prepossessions or presumptions. As a good Physician grieveth the Body, prepossessed of a disease, by burning or lancing it for health's sake; After the same manner also the Mind grieveth the Soul, by drawing it out of Pleasure, from whence every disease of the Soul proceedeth."

Divine Pymander of Hermes, 11th Book of the Common Mind, 12-15, The Voice of the Prophets,

*Mystery Religions 1 of 2, (Egyptian Religion) The
Out-of-Body Travel Foundation, CO, USA, 2005*

CHAPTER FORTY FIVE

Exterior Attractions are Many, but Internal Alliances are Rare and Precious

My husband and I were outside swimming in a pond which doesn't really exist in our physical realm backyard. In a few moments, my daughter came out and was trying to put on an outfit for swimming that I'd never seen before. As she put it on, she was trying to be overtly sexy and it bothered me. But before I had a chance to tell her to cut it out, a young, handsome Chinese man ran by – right through our backyard – and I suddenly realized that he and several others had moved in next door and we hadn't even noticed.

I mentioned that we needed to welcome them to the neighborhood that we'd been rude in not even noticing that they'd moved in. At first, I thought it was a large new family from China, but quickly realized it was a group of young male suitors for my eldest daughter.

The group came over to our yard, there were about thirty of them. Along with them came a guide, a young man in his mid-thirties with short black hair, skinny and about 5'6" tall who was there to guide the process of helping Melissa find a suitable companion. Interestingly, it was profoundly clear how important we as her parents were in helping her to find the right person, but she had not yet realized this until just that very moment.

Melissa got out of the pool wearing this strange outfit and as I looked at her, the young male guide looked over at me with a knowing expression

as her outfit immediately transformed into something more appropriate. She was definitely trying too hard and sometimes sending out the wrong message.

As the guys filed in, all thirty of them, they were all young, handsome and very eager to have a chance to get to know my daughter better. And I was very excited that the guide had brought them over for this process, although Andy was quite uncomfortable.

Because of Andy's discomfort, the young male guide said, "Alright guys, we're going to start out with Melissa's Mom because you know . . . well, her Dad . . . well, you know!" They all laughed, knowing he was a difficult man. He was unreasonable, unaware of it, and had no clue. Not a one of them had a chance with him, so we would begin with my selection process.

The young male guide brought about 5 or 6 six of them over to me as I asked each of them about their vocation in life. Interestingly, the guide had to push Melissa over to where we were all talking. And as I asked each of them about what they did for a living and what interested them, I showed a great deal of interest. But I had to coax Melissa to show the same. She was much too interested in herself right now, and she was having a hard time realizing how important each of these young men's vocation in life was to them individually, and to God and our society as a whole.

Trying to guide her with my hand to listen and to show genuine interest in what they were doing, she had a tendency to focus on her sexuality too much, on the fact that they were physically attracted to her, instead of looking them in the eye and getting to

know who they were inside irregardless of the exterior attraction. And every one of them was very exteriorly attracted to her.

In fact, that seemed to be the point of bringing us as parents into this whole process, to teach her how to make discernments based on inner qualities rather than outer. As I said earlier, they were ALL handsome and very attracted to her physically. So how was she to determine who was right for her?

Their interests were as varied as a young carpenter to an oceanographer and with each one I listened as they spoke about what brought them to their vocation in life and kept an eye out for a real love for what they were doing.

Every one of them had so far impressed me with their interests in life, their passions and their genuine interest in talking to me about them. Melissa, although making progress, was not yet interested enough in really knowing them yet, however, and she acted coy and shy while emitting sexual energy in the background. She was definitively relying too much on her sexuality and good looks, rather than an interior quality – a genuine interest in who these people were inside.

We returned outside to join the rest of the group and the young male guide said that he was going to allow several of the young men to dance with Melissa and I was going to be given immediate veto power to remove any one of them for behavior unbefitting a young suitor.

They began to dance and the first one was very respectful, but a young man who was waiting for his turn to dance with her reached out from the side and

began to feel her buttocks. I pointed to him and said, "You're out, bye." Looking embarrassed, he quietly disappeared. The one she was dancing with never wavered, he had his hands on her back as he was dancing and he looked into her eyes. He passed.

The next one who danced with her almost immediately tried to grab her butt while dancing. "You're out," I said as I waved good-bye to the disappointed young man's face.

But there were no second chances in this place, who you were would be immediately evident and it could get you thrown off. Respect was not optional, but rather required.

These actions didn't bother my eldest daughter that much, which was also an important observation. She was almost behaving as though she were much younger than she her actual age (20), and pretending she didn't like it when they did that. A part of her really enjoyed specifically 'sexual' attention, and this was getting her into trouble. She was not interested enough in who these young men were and she was utilizing her sexuality far too much in her dating experiences. She needed to understand that a relationship is built upon mutual care for the entire other person, and most importantly, their interior. Just luring young men into being interested in her because of her physical attractiveness was not only pointless, potentially dangerous – but totally fruitless and self-defeating. Because love is borne of genuine mutual interest, anybody with any level of attractiveness can generate lust – but it takes a soul to generate love.

The young male guide approached and said it

was now time for them to go through the next phase of the process with her father. They all made a sigh or moan of despair and fear. I was laughing my butt off in the corner as the male guide looked at me with a knowing grin. He conveyed without saying that he knew how unreasonable, out-of-control, and ridiculous my husband could sometimes behave. And that this would really be funny.

My husband was completely clueless, however, to this level of dysfunction and so he walked forward completely unaware that every single person in that room knew that he would be unreasonable, unruly, combative and difficult. Without exception, everybody knew.

An older woman, a grandmotherly figure from the south with slightly longer than shoulder lengthy brown hair curled downwards, a white dress with daisies on it just below her knee and definitive southern appearance, approached me to talk about all that was happening. She had a profound southern accent and it appeared to me that she might be related to the North Carolinian side of my ancestry who came from a plantation.

In her cute little accent, she said, "When it comes to looking for a man you need to tell your daughter that she needs to look for good home values, that's what we always did and it's really that simple." Looking at her, I smiled and said, "How do you tell if someone has good home values?" "Well," she replied, "you look to see if he's living a good life and if he wants to live a good life with you. Some men want to live a good life but they don't want their woman to live a good life. You want to be with

someone who wants to live a good life WITH you. You look for someone who wants to live a *good life* together.”

Her focus was clearly on a good life and good home values. Thanking her, she stayed with me and watched what was going on.

As disrespectful as it may sound, the young male guide was trying not to laugh as my husband was now addressing the group of suitors. But it wasn't disrespect, it was simply funny. Now actively engaged in lecturing them, he was telling them long, boring, detailed stories of 'wisdom' he had gained throughout his life and how and why he wouldn't let anybody mess with his daughter.

But what he was missing was that he was showing no genuine interest in who these men were or what they were about. He wasted his time telling them about himself and at no point did he learn anything about a single one of them.

Both guides, male and female, were laughing about this because they had expected it. And my husband was completely oblivious to the fact that he was doing it. But by showing no interest in them, he had lost a valuable opportunity to find out who these young men were, who was the most sincere, and which among them shared the 'good home values' we were hoping for our daughter to find. It was all about him, and the opportunity was lost on him.

But this was the same problem that my daughter faced. She, too, was missing opportunities because she wasn't getting to know them. She didn't show real, genuine interest in who they were, what they had been called by God to do with their lives,

and what made them tick from inside either. She was focusing on attracting them sexually and putting on an appearance of being very sexy, focused on her own field of work, but also having an air of feeling *above* them.

Because I had already spent some time getting to know several of them, I already knew that she wasn't above many of them. In fact, some of them were very interesting, most of them had true passion for what they were doing whether it was professional or blue collar, and the majority of them had little boys inside of them that just wanted to be loved just like that little girl inside of her. But she was so focused on wanting to be loved, that she was missing the whole point.

She enjoyed the sexual attention way too much, and didn't realize immediately that it didn't convey respect and honor and was an automatic disqualifier. Her father was much too obsessed with sharing what he thought, did and felt than in really knowing any of the young men so he had been no help, either. Rather, his gruffness had scared many of them – who again were all filled with little boys just looking to be loved, just like our own son who, too, someday would grow up and wish to be loved and not looked upon only as a predator.

"What do I do with them?" I said to the older lady guide who I highly suspected was probably a great or great, great grandmother from my ancestry. "You tell her to look for good home values and to find someone who wants to live a *good* life." When she spoke of the good life, I understood that she wanted her to have a good man who would respect, honor

and care for her. But she must be that for him, too. It had to be mutual. When she spoke of a good life, I understood her to mean that life was to be lived, not spent in fear of the future. She was most definitively making reference to my husband who had never wanted *me* to live a good life. He had done the things he'd wanted to do, but he – in the name of saving money – had denied me the same. He didn't have good home values, she conveyed, because he had never lived by a code of ethics regarding the way you treat your wife and a family. He had never up until this time allowed me to live a *good life*, but rather, a life of servitude to him.

"I'll tell her," I said. "And most of all," she added in conveyance, "she might need to know how much she really needs the help of her parents in making the right decision." This surprised me, because I had taken a different approach feeling that this was one of those areas where you just stay out of it and let them figure it out themselves, let them choose. But it was so very clear here that she needed our help.

The young male guide was still being entertained by my husband as he was trying to teach him to change his focus, but it was not yet successful. He was too focused on himself to have room within to truly care about and want to *know* these young men at this point in his development. It wasn't that he didn't care about how this turned out for his daughter, but he was completely ill-equipped to help her because of his own self-interests and focus on his own world view. He was not naturally interested in the world views of others that might be very valid

and interesting, if they didn't coincide with his own.

Thanking the older woman, and looking her in the eye I took her hand and thanked her for helping us.

"Your hearts know in silence the secrets of the days and the nights. But your ears thirst for the sound of your heart's knowledge. You would know in words that which you have always known in thought. You would touch with your fingers the naked body of your dreams. And it is well you should. The hidden well-spring of your soul must needs rise and run murmuring to the sea; and the treasure of your infinite depths would be revealed to your eyes. But let there be no scales to weigh your unknown treasure; And seek not the depths of your knowledge with staff or sounding line. For self is a sea boundless and measureless. Say not, 'I have found the truth,' but rather, 'I have found a truth.' Say not, 'I have found the path of the soul.' Say rather, 'I have met the soul walking upon my path.' For the soul walks on all paths. The soul walks not upon a line, neither does it grow like a reed. The soul unfolds itself, like a lotus of countless petals."

*The Prophet, Kahlil Gibran, On Self-Knowledge,
Alfred A. Knopf Publishers, 1996*

CHAPTER FORTY SIX

It is Our Duty to Follow the Progression of Other
Souls who have Helped or Harmed us in Various
Lives and Assist them in their Understanding Along
the Way throughout Many Aeons

Traversing into a realm of ancient beauty, an old woman who I knew to be an angel handed me a book, 'The Holy Mass,' by St. Alphonsus Liguori, telling me that it would help me to deal with some of my recent Catholic anger and to restore the holy respect I'd had before being taken into the worldly manifestation of the religion and seeing the many forms of abuses and corruption, many of them related to this certain evil priest.

After she'd given this to me, a man who appeared to be in his early thirties approached me dressed in the garb of the civil war. He was a large man, about 250 pounds, and very friendly. He said, "I knew your husband in a past life." He said. "Would you like to know what I know about him?" "Yes," I said, as he took me up a hill to a clearing in the brush.

"Well," he began, "he got really mad at me and wanted to have a gunfight to settle our dispute. Actually, it was about something pretty stupid, so I tried to talk him out of it, but he wouldn't budge and wanted to have the gunfight anyway." "Oh," I interrupted, "So he shot you, then?" "Oh, no," he replied, "I was very distraught about the idea of shooting another person so I just shot myself to get it over with." I looked at him in horror, while he just casually laughed about it. "Help him to remember this," he said, "he needs to know. It might help him

now." Andy was the type to get in arguments over really stupid things and really allow them to escalate and never achieve resolution. This was the main reason we had so many problems in our marriage.

The children and I had been considering moving to another home, a couple of which we had found which were far into the mountains from where we currently resided. My husband and I were separated again for the same reasons.

My children had dreams of these places. In their dreams, everything had been cleaned up and we were all much more content and peaceful. In some of the experiences, they saw themselves engaging in spiritual practices such as chanting the 'Aum,' but the whole point was that with the removal of the discord, there was room for spiritual endeavor.

In the night, I saw myself in one of the two homes we'd found, and I was cascading our wall rosary across the living room as we were moving in.

For a time, it appeared we might be moving to this new area which ironically was also the current parish of the priest from my past who I'd cared about deeply. Because he knew about the upcoming possibility of us coming because we had spoken about a possible job for me in the church, he came to me in the spirit. "If I hire you, I'll get transferred immediately." He said. "Everybody knows about us." He said, as I questioned him and said, "Come on . . . how can that be?" Suddenly, I realized that he has to go to confession, too.

Several people from his parish suddenly showed up. They knew about us and wanted to know how I was doing. I was touched and surprised.

But instead, he took me aside into a private room. "I want you to touch me." He said, as he placed my hands on his chest. Undeterred in wanting to know how people knew about this, I asked him again, "How do people know about you and I?" (Remember again that nothing ever happened between us in the physical realm. This was all in the spirit. Nothing inappropriate, physical or otherwise ever happened on the ground beyond feelings.) Shooing off my questions, he took a hold of my body and began kissing me. My questions were never answered, but I awoke with a profound understanding that if we were to move to that area, I needed to be aware that it could affect him adversely if not handled with cautious respect.

In another sense, I was realizing that we were saying good-bye to one another because of this.

Over time, it seemed that God was leading us to bring the qualities of these other places, these dreams into our current home. My husband and I were separated again, and this time the kids and I needed to create that environment of peaceful content.

CHAPTER FORTY SEVEN

It is Our Duty to Follow the Progression of Other
Souls whom we have Never Known and Assist them
in their Understanding Along the Way throughout
Many Aeons

Suddenly, I was standing in the skies just below the great heavens. There was a horizon of clouds a beautiful, lighted gate. Our Lord Jesus came through the door and stood to the left of the door (his life, my right), and He smiled at me. He was wearing all pure white and He said nothing. Within moments, he zipped out of my view as I was desperately trying to see him again.

But suddenly my spirit was standing in the night before the doors of one the churches in our diocese but not my parish. My priest was waiting there for me to arrive, but I did not know why. As he gently led me in, I noticed about 100 lost souls sitting in the pews who immediately turned to notice my presence with looks of longing in their eyes.

"Oh, CRAP!" I said, "What are all of you doing here?" Feeling overwhelmed, I was so tired and sick I wasn't prepared to deal with such a huge load that night. But, of course, God knows us more than we do so I looked at my priest who gave me a simple glance which indicated his wishes, "Do your thing with them, would you?"

Looking at them, I said, "Okay, everyone. Why are you all here?" They kindof shrugged their shoulders to indicate they didn't know why. "Okay," I responded, "then this might be easier than it seems. You all just need to know about the resurrection.

You're wasting time here, you're no longer alive. There's nothing here for you anymore. In order to find Christ, you must again become alive because He is living. But you remain dead here, because you don't understand this. I'm going to spread a wave of light throughout this sanctuary, and I want each of you to take it in and allow it to lead you to your own resurrection. At the moment that you do, you will disappear from this realm and wake in the realm for which you are now intended, the next step upon your way."

They all looked very confused and unsure, but I raised my hands and sent light throughout the room. Each of them began disappearing at different moments and it truly did not take long for them to all be released.

Thanking the Lord for His help, I was very relieved that it wasn't nearly as difficult a case as it had originally appeared to be. I'd been tired and sick. Although I love my work, and was thrilled to be able to help with these souls, it was harder for me to do in my present condition. "Thank you, Lord," I said out loud. The priest gathered his things and quietly walked away as I did the same.

The substantive and essential Good is that which has no origin, no consummation, no cause of being and no motion whatsoever, so far as its being is concerned, towards any final cause. The goodness to which such terms apply is not substantive since it has an origin, a consummation, a cause of being, and motion, so far as its being is concerned, towards some final cause. Even if what is not being in the substantive sense is said to be, it exists and is said to be by participation, through the will of the substantive being."

*The Philokalia, Volume II, St. .Maximos the
Confessor, Various Texts on Theology, the Divine
Economy, and Virtue and Vice (Christian: Russian
Orthodox, Early Church Fathers) Faber and Faber,
London, Boston, 1981*

CHAPTER FORTY EIGHT

In the end, ALL returns to LIGHT

On a screen in front of me, the star system Pleiades was visibly rotating in front of me. Staring at it in awe, I was shown it from several views and directions in the heavens. Each view seemed to place me in some type of eternal ecstatic state.

*"The Pleiades are enveloped by wisps of tenuous
nebulae that can be seen clearly in photographs taken
with long exposure times. These nebulae are dust
clouds that reflect the light of the stars constituting
the Pleiades."*

*Stars and Planets: A Companion Guide for Amateur
Astronomers, A Barron's Nature Guide, Joachim
Ekrutt, (Astronomy) Barron's Publishing*

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