

Michael Jackson:

The Afterlife Experiences II

Michael Jackson's American Dream to Heal the World

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

<http://outofbodytravel.org>



Michael Jackson in Live Appearance
(Photograph by MJJ Productions)

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Having worked primarily in radio broadcasting, Marilyn 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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EXCERPT FROM 'PETER PAN'

By James M. Barrie

"While she slept she had a dream. She dreamt that the Neverland had come too near and that a strange boy had broken through from it.

He did not alarm her, for she thought she had seen him before in the faces of many women who have no children. Perhaps he is to be found in the faces of some mothers also.

But in her dream he had rent the film that obscures the Neverland, and she saw Wendy and John and Michael peeping through the gap."

From 'Peter Pan,' By James M. Barrie

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Michael Jackson's American Dream to Heal the World

INTRODUCTION

It had begun weeks earlier and culminated in a vision I'd had a few days ago. My home was portrayed as adjacent to the rectory of a holy priest. However, 'my home' was actually the home of my youth, my childhood.

A young woman had entered from the other side as the priest's assistant. The priest had awoken from a deep sleep in the night, and he walked quietly from the adjacent rectory into my home where the young woman was already in the process of retrieving something which had been hidden skillfully.

Reaching under a table, she had broken the Seal of the Bishop's in order to retrieve a sacred holy relic of which I'd never before heard of or known as the 'Key of the Bishops.' Handing it to the priest, he began praying with it and sealing my entire home as my soul was lifted up by the Holy Spirit in a frenzy of God's power.

Although I'd never before seen or heard of the 'Key of the Bishops' or the 'Bishop's Seal,' I understood it to be a symbol of the apostolic line of bishops and the power given them by their Ordination. To be blessed by the Key of the Bishops

would seem to be a protection against something very powerful to come; a spiritual warfare, a battle, a temptation . . . but something requiring the 'big guns' so to speak.

When he finished, he quietly took my hand and led me to a private room in the back of the house. There were two doors leading to the room, both of which he closed. He then sealed both of the doors with a silver, oval medal about seven inches high which I knew to be the Seal of Our Lady of Fatima.

Our Lady of Fatima was meaningful to me. In the visions of her had by the three children in Fatima, Portugal in 1917; she had spoken of the importance of the family and asked everyone to pray the Holy Rosary for the conversion of sinners. But there were also three secrets revealed to the children of Fatima about the warfare for souls which would face us in the future and a potential fate that none of us really wishes to see; the secrets of hell. Our Lady told the children that they should pray and do penance for poor sinners, because so many souls were willingly throwing themselves into hell.

First Secret of Fatima:

“Our Lady showed us a great sea of fire which seemed to be under the earth. Plunged in this fire were demons and souls in human form, like transparent burning embers, all blackened or burnished bronze, floating about in the conflagration, now raised into the air by the flames that issued from within themselves together with great clouds of smoke, now falling back on every side like sparks in a

huge fire, without weight or equilibrium, and amid shrieks and groans of pain and despair, which horrified us and made us tremble with fear. The demons could be distinguished by their terrifying and repulsive likeness to frightful and unknown animals, all black and transparent. This vision lasted but an instant. How can we ever be grateful enough to our kind heavenly Mother, who had already prepared us by promising, in the first Apparition, to take us to heaven. Otherwise, I think we would have died of fear and terror."

Sister Lucia, The First Secret of Our Lady of Fatima

Second Secret of Fatima:

"You have seen hell where the souls of poor sinners go. To save them, God wishes to establish in the world devotion to my Immaculate Heart. If what I say to you is done, many souls will be saved and there will be peace. The war is going to end; but if people do not cease offending God, a worse one will break out during the Pontificate of Pius XI. When you see a night illumined by an unknown light, know that this is the great sign given you by God that he is about to punish the world for its crimes, by means of war, famine, and persecutions of the Church and of the Holy Father. To prevent this, I shall come to ask for the consecration of Russia to my Immaculate Heart, and the Communion of reparation on the First Saturdays. If my requests are heeded, Russia will be converted, and there will be peace; if not, she will spread her errors throughout the world, causing wars and persecutions of the Church. The good will be

martyred; the Holy Father will have much to suffer; various nations will be annihilated. In the end, my Immaculate Heart will triumph. The Holy Father will consecrate Russia to me, and she shall be converted, and a period of peace will be granted to the world."

Sister Lucia, The Second Secret of Our Lady of Fatima

Third Secret of Fatima:

"After the two parts which I have already explained, at the left of Our Lady and a little above, we saw an Angel with a flaming sword in his left hand; flashing, it gave out flames that looked as though they would set the world on fire; but they died out in contact with the splendour that Our Lady radiated towards him from her right hand: pointing to the earth with his right hand, the Angel cried out in a loud voice: 'Penance, Penance, Penance!'. And we saw in an immense light that is God: 'something similar to how people appear in a mirror when they pass in front of it' a Bishop dressed in White 'we had the impression that it was the Holy Father'. Other Bishops, Priests, men and women Religious going up a steep mountain, at the top of which there was a big Cross of rough-hewn trunks as of a cork-tree with the bark; before reaching there the Holy Father passed through a big city half in ruins and half trembling with halting step, afflicted with pain and sorrow, he prayed for the souls of the corpses he met on his way; having reached the top of the mountain, on his knees at the foot of the big Cross he was killed by a group of soldiers who fired bullets and arrows at him, and in the same way there died one after another the other

Bishops, Priests, men and women Religious, and various lay people of different ranks and positions. Beneath the two arms of the Cross there were two Angels each with a crystal aspersorium in his hand, in which they gathered up the blood of the Martyrs and with it sprinkled the souls that were making their way to God."

Sister Lucia, The Third Secret of Our Lady of Fatima

I'm going to make no attempt to interpret these secrets, just present them.

So the priest had sat me down next to him and he began to look into my eyes very intensely. He said words that would pierce my soul and would not be clear until later. "The war is going to come out very different." He said. Pausing, he again stood to place again the holy Seal of Our Lady of Fatima on the two doors before he finished. "It will be faced by two very different trials which will come through *you*." He pointed at me.

He'd made no mention of whether these were necessary trials or trials which were to come from my own bad judgment. I shouted towards him as I felt the astral wind begin to pull me away. "Father, tell me what these trials are so that I may avoid them! Father, please don't leave me hanging like this." But these were the only words I would be given to hear.

Indeed, a war had been going on for several souls. But one in particular, someone very close to me, was about to come out very different, and it would come about through two trials which required my unwavering commitment to God in the face of a very lost and troubled soul of whom I loved very

much.

Coming into the ethereal realms from the aftermath of a profoundly dark night, my soul was overwhelmed with despair at the loss of a dearly beloved soul I had fought hard and fast to win for God. But I had lost this battle. This soul was gone. My heart was shattered.

“I take it, no fool ever made a bargain for his soul with the devil: the fool is too much of a fool, or the devil too much of a devil – I don’t know which.”

Joseph Conrad, J.M. Dent & Sons, [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

First, I was taken to a heavenly space where I was admitted for treatment. The aftermath of this had taken its toll on my heart. A very holy woman had come to address my medical condition and was quite concerned about my heart. In life, she had been a doctor to the poor. She was a saint. I gazed at her in awe, honored to be visited by such a one as she.

“We have to get these people to be easier on you,” she said, “they seem to have no regard for the fact that your heart cannot take this.” She sighed in frustration as she focused on trying to get me to rest and laid out a plan for me to help my heart to stabilize.

As she tended to my health, a priest walked by slowly observing to see how I had fared through this battle. Silently, and without words he imbued his blessing as he passed.

And I noticed that in this heavenly realm, it was as if this soul had never existed, she was outside

the radar of God – not because God didn't care but because it was her free will decision that it be so. I was being encouraged to detach from her perilous decision and to move forward.

Although I could feel this detachment entering, it remained a profoundly dark night. My soul remained overwhelmed with despair at the loss of a dearly beloved soul I had fought hard and fast to win for God.

And the war *had* come out different, I had lost it. And I was tormented with the knowledge that these trials had come about *through* me. Had they been necessary and inevitable? Or were they the result of my bad judgment? I did not yet know. My heart remained shattered.

“Everything here, but the soul of man, is a passing shadow. The only enduring substance is within. When shall we awake to the sublime greatness, the perils, the accountableness, and the glorious destinies of the immortal soul? Sensuality is the grave of the soul.”

William Ellery Channing [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

Standing in a room which seemed to float in the heavens, there were large windows which opened to a sunny oasis behind me. In front of me was a small pedestal and upon it three children stood. Behind them was an older gentleman, dressed almost as if he were a butler. He wore a black suit with a white shirt and he leaned over the three children in front of him with his hands on their shoulders. They were looking at me expectantly and each of them was exhibiting a different facial defect than the others

which I knew they did not carry in real life.

These were symbolic wounds of a trauma, a severe loss in their lives.

Instantly, I recognized them. It was Prince, Paris and Blanket – Michael Jackson's three children, all sub-conscious astral. This means that they were seeing me in a dream of their own which they would likely not remember. Although to me, I was experiencing them completely consciously out-of-body, consciously astral. The vision would be vivid for me.

Smiling at them, I was sitting on the floor in front of them trying to hide my despair. But the three of them came over to me with two pets, of which I was unable to remember clearly when I returned. Beginning to play, they were smiling and made me smile amidst my sorrow. They immediately seemed to like me.

The butler, who appeared to be looking over the children like a guardian angel or something similar, stepped forward. Noticing that they appeared to be quite comfortable with me, he said, "They don't usually catch onto somebody like that." "Really?" I said with surprise.

Prince stepped forward as Paris and Blanket looked at me expectantly. "We have been told that you knew our Dad. How did you know him?" "Oh," I said, surprised at the question. "Well, actually . . . we wrote a book together." They became more curious. "Your Dad came to me after his death and we wrote a book called 'Michael Jackson: The Afterlife Experiences' together. We became really close friends.

He was a good man."

"Really?!?!?!?" They shouted ecstatically in union. "We want to read that. We want to know what happened to our Dad after he died!" They said excitedly. "Tell us more about it, please . . ."

I smiled. "Maybe someday you'll find it," I said, "but that will be up to your Dad and God." I patted them all on the shoulders and gave them a hug. "I would love that for you, but it's not up to me."

The butler stepped forward, looked directly into my eyes and announced, "Michael Jackson will be arriving shortly to see you." Very calmly he described how Michael Jackson would be coming. "He will be arriving in a red RV," he said, "and he will be driving you and the kids while you watch a movie in the back." The butler was hiding a chuckle and this met with my chuckles, as well as, those of his children. Michael driving a red RV would be an unusual sight. We all knew he rarely if ever drove himself. Instantly, my youngest two children appeared to join us.

The red RV arrived and I could hear Michael talking under his breath about the movie. He was mumbling about how much fun it would be, but . . . he was driving the whole caravan and he was a bit worried about that. He was afraid his driving might distract us from seeing the movie he wanted us to watch together, 'American Dream.'

Stepping away from the children I was standing alone looking towards this funny looking almost ridiculously loud red RV which had pulled up

when suddenly a hand tapped my shoulder.

Turning, Michael's face was right next to mine and he reached out to hug me very tightly. I hugged him back and the tears began to flow. "You came," I said holding back the tears, "you really came."

"I wanted to cheer you up," he said, "I know how you feel." In that moment, as he held me close in my grief, I knew that he really did know how I felt and I just cried in joy that he had really come. I remembered the words to his song 'Will you be There' (Written by Michael Jackson), and I knew he meant them:

In Our Darkest Hour
 In My Deepest Despair
 Will You Still Care?
 Will You Be There?
 In My Trials
 And My Tribulations
 Through Our Doubts
 And Frustrations
 In My Violence
 In My Turbulence
 Through My Fear
 And My Confessions
 In My Anguish And My Pain
 Through My Joy And My Sorrow
 In The Promise Of Another Tomorrow
 I'll Never Let You Part
 For You're Always In My Heart

We were both joyfully tearful in seeing each

other again and I was just so relieved to have a true friend arrive in this darkness which had come upon me.

Although we remained separated, my husband, Andy appeared suddenly in the room. "Andy!" I shouted. "I have someone I'd like you to meet!" He was a bit oblivious to all that was going on in the room, when I said, "This is my dear friend, Michael Jackson." Michael stepped forward and shook his hand. Both were really happy to finally meet the other.

"Okay, you and the kids are going to get in the RV and watch 'American Dream,'" Michael said, and with a wry grin he finished, "And I'm going to drive." The kids and I held our laughter for only a second, and then we all burst out laughing.

The humor was all about Michael Jackson doing the driving, and it was funny because he was actually concerned about hauling that big red RV around and not disturbing our viewing of this movie he had chosen for us to see. It was important to him that we see it, and see it together.

Michael released his arm from around my shoulder and I assumed my time with him was almost over. "Michael!" I shouted as he turned to look at me very seriously and await my question. "How am I going to remember all this, all these things you are showing me. I don't want to ever forget how this moment felt." Very seriously, he replied, "Remember all of this . . . and all that is to come . . . through your *emotions*." His gaze was steadfast.

Looking at me intensely at about the age of

forty five or so, he had chosen to appear to me at an older age than he had before. It seemed this was important for me, because in this moment, he was acting in the place of a big brother to me and his maturity showed. His long black hair was curly as it had been when he was younger and tied back behind his head. But his face showed the signs of a later time, a wiser time in his life. He wore a white hat and a suit gilded entirely in gold. The shirt beneath it was white.

I heard his words again in my mind. "Remember all of this . . . and all that is to come . . . through your emotions." "All that is to come," I thought. I instantly knew.

It was time to write about the next phases of Michael's afterlife journey. And although he was doing this for the world, for me and for himself - he was doing it in a special way for his children; Prince, Paris and Blanket.

Placing his arm around my shoulder, he pulled me face close as if in a football huddle. What he was about to do was going to rock my world in a way I could not have anticipated. Quietly, he whispered, "I have a secret to tell you." he said. There was a dramatic pause as I waited in anticipation to hear it. "I'm not the only one who's coming to see you. Guess who's coming to see you?" Confused and dumbfounded, I asked, "Who?" He smiled.

That smile and all that it contained will remain forever emblazoned on my memory because it was filled with emotion. "Jesus," he said. "Really!?!?!?" I shouted in disbelief. My shock was a reaction in part to my presumed failure with the aforementioned lost

soul, I couldn't imagine being in the Father's favor at this moment in time.

"Yes, He's coming to see you, too. He'll be here soon." Without lifting his arm from my shoulder, he pulled out of the huddle and Jesus Christ was standing about ten feet behind him emblazoned in light. His arms were outstretched, his gown was white and I stood in awe at what lay before me.

I couldn't say anything because I felt I'd failed before the Lord because of the beloved soul who'd been lost despite intensive warfare on her behalf. But he telepathically conveyed several things to me.

"I am so happy with you. You fought a hard battle for me. You fought well. You did everything as best you could, and it was correct despite the outcome. Thank you for engaging in warfare for her soul. She IS gone. The battle for her soul IS lost . . . but you fought the good fight." I could feel the absence of this soul's presence in the Lord's radar, she was just no longer there . . . truly gone, as if she'd never even existed. It was surreal.

"But I AM with you. I love you. And we have much left to do. And I will be with you always, even until the end of time . . ." Michael's smile widened as I just broke down in tears of relief and joy, staring at my Lord in awe that He came. "You came," I said quietly in my tear-filled depths, "You really do still love me."

"Thought is deeper than all speech, feeling deeper than all thought. Souls to souls can never teach what unto themselves was taught."

William Cowper (Christian Theologian) [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

***“The wealth of a soul is measured by how much it
can feel; its poverty by how little.”***

William Rounseville Alger [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

***“Sorrow is divine. Sorrow is reigning on all the
thrones of the universe, and the crown of all crowns
has been one of thorns. There have been many books
that treat of the sympathy of sorrow, but only one
that bids us glory in tribulation, and count it all joy
when we fall into diverse afflictions, that so we may
be associated with that great fellowship of suffering
of which the incarnate Son of God is the head, and
through which He is carrying a redemptive conflict to
a glorious victory over evil. If we suffer with Him, we
shall also reign with Him.”***

Harriet Beecher Stowe [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

PART ONE:

THE AFTERLIFE

EXPERIENCES

FOUR MONTHS INTO THE AFTERLIFE

"No coward soul is mine, no trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere: I see Heaven's glories shine, and faith shines equal, arming me from fear."

Emily Bronte [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"Heaven-born, the soul a heavenward course must hold; beyond the world she soars; the wise man, I affirm, can find no rest in that which perishes, nor will he lend his heart to aught that doth on time depend."

Michelangelo [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

CHAPTER ONE

Michael Jackson Encourages me to Feel the Emotion 'Righteous Anger'

"Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

Old Testament: Psalms 85:10 [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"Obedience insures greatness, whilst disobedience leads to repulse. Whosoever possesseth the qualities of righteousness placeth his head on the threshold of obedience."

Saadi [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

In my bedroom lies the launch pad from which I take off every night into the galactic heavens. And in this same room, are pictures of Christ including a wall size banner of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Covering most of my walls are floor to ceiling bookcases of ancient sacred texts from every world religion around the world.

Awaking in the astral realms, I was sitting in a circle in my bedroom with a group of 'seminar attendees' who had been brought over by my publisher to learn from me about Out-of-Body Travel.

As they were sitting, however, I noticed a certain and distinct air in the room of arrogance. And as I attempted to speak to them about the ancient sacred texts and their importance, many of them were snickering and rolling their eyes.

"We know that you have out-of-body experiences regularly." One said. "Why don't you stop telling us all this irrelevant crap and teach us

how to do it." An older woman said. I looked at her befuddled as I was trying to teach them through kindness.

Gathering a few more ancient sacred texts to show them, I was explaining the particular purpose of each in the development of the virtues and a well-formed conscience.

Several of them spoke under their breath and stood up to wander outside. "This is not like the seminars we go to. This is a bunch of crap." One said. Another one got up and said, "And we're supposed to get through thirty more sessions of this?" My ears were stunned, 'Thirty sessions?' I thought, 'How did I get hog-tailed into that?'

Then they started complaining about the gathering room which was my bedroom. "Other seminars have large gathering halls and fancy presentations." One said. "And we're supposed to put up with this? Stop wasting our time, and just teach us how to have out-of-body experiences."

Now several had gotten up and the rest were now following them all to my backyard. Quietly, I pointed out that I could take them down to my meditation cave made in the tradition of St. Anthony. But they all began behaving in such a disrespectful manner, that they were almost shooing me off as they began walking towards some New Age teacher's home which in this astral realm was not far distant (although in waking life, I know nothing of someone of this nature living nearby.).

Noticing that one of the men was struggling a bit, I came closer to him and noticed that he was

completely blind. "Sir," I said kindly, "They are about to walk through a canyon. Why don't you let me help you get through it? It's hard enough to manage if you can see. I'm a bit concerned about you navigating safely with your blindness." But he was adamant, "Leave me alone, I want to go to the other teacher. They have a *real* seminar planned."

Letting go of them, I instantly transported to the place of this other 'teacher.' As soon as they arrived, I listened for just a few moments and realized that these people were used to lilly peddling seminars which engaged in a lot of plain old fashioned nonsense. So I transported instantly back to my home.

Much to my dismay, the seminar attendees were already back there. Many of them were on ladders trying to put up fancy signs and make my home look proper for a seminar. When I spoke to them, they treated me with disrespect and continued to make the same kinds of derogatory comments.

"You need to do this right," One woman said as she continued working on a seminar poster she was hanging on my wall. "If you want to teach, then teach us something helpful. Stop telling us all this." With that, I shouted. "Shut up!" I was experiencing the emotion of 'Righteous Anger' in a profound way.

She tried to argue and others jumped in, but I turned to them all and said, "I mean it! Shut up! You ungrateful fools!" They continued rambling amongst themselves, as I walked around the room and pushed them into a center point. "Sit down and shut up!" Pausing a moment, I shouted again, "Do it NOW!"

They were all looking up at me in shocked

silence. I moved to the center of the group and took a piece of chalk to write on one of the chalkboards that they had just put up so that I might have a 'proper' seminar, a proper teaching environment. I wrote on the board as I shouted it, "The first thing you have to do if you want to experience Out-of-Body Travel is to seek out humility! None of which any of you have even begun to do!" 'HUMILITY' I wrote on the board. "And the second thing you have to do is to cultivate the virtues and develop character! Something which none of you possess!" I wrote 'CHARACTER' on the board.

"You can take your techniques . . . I don't want them." Nobody said a word, just stared at me in shocked silence. "Your techniques will do nothing for you as long as you are arrogant, foolish people. What will it take for you to understand that mystical experiences come about through the practice of virtue and study of the word? Your techniques are worthless. They have no value if religious study is not a part of your practice. Out-of-Body Travel is not a parlor trick to which you're entitled; it's a gift from God which you must earn!"

All of a sudden, I saw Michael Jackson who was now walking across and through the room with a very blatant and clear thumbs up sign. He was wearing a silver shirt with black pants and as he walked through the room with his clear thumbs up on my new 'Righteous Anger,' he was conveying to everyone in the room. "This is your gift, Marilyn," he conveyed, "And when it comes to Out-of-Body Travel, you are the one who knows what they need to

hear. Don't be afraid to tell them. This is your field; stand tall for the light on it. Don't put up with their disrespect out of misperceived kindness. It's their responsibility to realize you have something they need to know, and it's their responsibility to receive it. Stand tall, stand tall . . . " He disappeared.

It was at this moment that I realized that in the name of kindness, I had allowed others to talk out of turn, speak disrespectfully and waste my time.

Looking at the group, I continued. "If you want me to help *any* of you, you will have to tear yourselves off of your high horses and do what it really takes. Do you want to know what it *really* takes? Or do you want to tell *me*?" Several of them looked down. "Do you want to spend the rest of your life trying or learn what God's really going to require of you in order to actually do it?" No words.

"I'll start with one thing," I said, "and you can take it or leave it. But I will give you nothing more unless you act on it. And that one thing is virtue . . . virtue . . . virtue. Work on Virtue, the single most important thing regarding your search to experience Out-of-Body Travel. That's all I have for you today. Come back tomorrow if you've bothered to make progress on that."

And as I turned to walk away, all their signs, chalkboards and other seminar paraphernalia disappeared and they were left alone in my bedroom sitting amongst the ancient sacred texts of all the world religions - alone. And it was exactly as it should be.

"A vision without a task is a dream; a task without a vision is drudgery; a vision and a task is the hope of the world."

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

"Virtue is the dictate of reason, or the remains of the divine light, by which men are made beneficent and beneficial to each other. Religion proceeds from the same end, and the good of mankind so entirely depends upon these two, that no people ever enjoyed anything worth desiring that was not the product of them."

Algernon Sidney [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"The state which transcends speech and thought is mouna; it is meditation without mental activity. Subjugation of the mind is meditation; deep meditation is eternal speech. Silence is ever-speaking; it is the perennial flow of 'language.' It is interrupted by speaking; for words obstruct this mute 'language.' Lectures may entertain individuals for hours without improving them. Silence, on the other hand, is permanent and benefits the whole of humanity. By silence Eloquence is meant. Oral lectures are not so eloquent as Silence. Silence is unceasing Eloquence . . . it is the best language."

Thus Spake Ramana, By Swami Rajeswarananda [T. K. Venkataraman Publishers]

CHAPTER TWO

Michael Jackson Encourages me to Feel the Emotion of 'Steadfastness'

The journey I had begun to undertake was taking a turn I could not have anticipated. It was leaving me with an uneasy feeling in my own skin, because I don't choreograph the books I write. I find out where they're going somewhere about three quarters of the way through them.

"Okay, Michael, since you're the King of Pop and choreography, I'm just going to try to trust where you are going with this, but I have no idea where you are taking me." I had stated to him the night before in my prayers.

It was very different from our first journeys together wherein Michael was actually making the transition from this life to the next. It seemed he was coming back almost as a guardian angel to me, to direct and guide my path. But there was more.

It was like he was trying to lay out some of the important things we're all missing in this world which are important to the next. The 'American Dream' is being lost in vice, disrespect, distraction and sin.

In some respects, it was beginning to feel like he was trying to lay out an important message about how we should be living our lives; some of this in stark contrast to some of the things he may have actually valued himself while alive. It was necessary, it seemed, for him to set the record straight.

After all, he'd been hanging out with the King of Kings. Any laxity he may have had in his own life regarding the teachings of Jesus and the Gospels could not stand in the presence of Jesus Christ.

In some respects, I was getting the sense he wanted to write this book for the people of the world, and his own children in particular. He was trying to help us to stop wasting time, by pointing out societal errors which are keeping us from the truth.

This is not the Michael Jackson whom we knew before his death. This is the Michael Jackson who has been spending his time having his errors corrected in the presence of Christ.

He's changed . . . and it appears that he wants those corrections to be known by the people of the world, and perhaps his own children so that they will not waste their time on frivolities . . .

One of the easiest lures of Satan is to engage our minds in anything worldly. It then becomes very easy to consume our minds with these agitations and our minds turn away from God without us even knowing that this has happened.

My spirit had been wisped off to a huge white mansion in the astral worlds. Inside the huge building was one gigantic room. In the far corner of the room was a singular staircase which led up to one bedroom.

The angel aside my spirit let me know that this mansion had been built in 1826.

My family and I were here in the mystical realms, and we began by spending a great part of our time just straightening the place up. We placed sacred texts in the building, set pictures of Jesus on the walls and were getting rid of the clutter and disarray.

But as soon as we were done with the huge part of the room that we thought was the whole house, a light was lit upon another section of the very self-same room. This light indicated that the room was actually four times the original size that we thought. And as I walked towards the other parts of the room, my family stayed behind with a few onlookers who were observing.

Everyone knew that there were lost souls present in this mansion, and that I had been sent in to help. They were here to watch how it was done, and they knew well enough in the mystical realms to back off so I could do my thing.

Wandering around the room, I noticed that there were a lot of odds and ends just scattered around the place as if in storage. There were many old sewing boxes which I picked up and held. Opening them, I examined their contents to see the differences between the ones we have today and those which were made in 1826.

Many partial mannequins covered in fine dresses were strewn about the room wearing clothing from the different eras which had passed through this mansion from 1826 through the 1950's.

It was at this time that I first saw Leticia.

Dancing up the staircase in an off-white gown, Leticia demonstrated a vanity which would be called 'star quality' by those unfamiliar with the manifestations of this deadly sin. Her off-white gown was unusual. It was made out of yarn – crocheted or knitted somehow. It had a spaghetti strap design at the bust, and flowed outwards at the bottom. It was long to her mid-calf and looked a lot like a gown which would be worn in the 1950's except for the fact that it was knitted or crocheted out of yarn. The angelic host guiding me this eve had told me her name was 'Leticia' instantly.

She was a stunning blonde. Her hair was wrapped around her head in a curly fashion and she was absolutely gorgeous.

My spirit was swept to follow her, and I immediately entered into the 'spirit' so that I could work with her. She continued to wisp up and down the stairs of the home when I noticed another woman standing at the foot of the stairs.

Going down to greet her, I was immediately told by my angelic host that her name was 'Maureen.' Maureen was a beautiful brunette. Her hair was also swept around her face in a curly fashion and very pretty. But her style was much more reserved. She wore a burgundy coat which was straight and went all the way to the floor and on her head was a circular black plush hat reminiscent of the 1920's and 1930's, adorned with a black lace veil covering her eyes.

The angel beside me said "The Lord sent Leticia and Maureen to doubt the minds of men." I turned to look at the angel with befuddlement. "What could this mean?" I thought, as I was immediately swept into a vision within a vision.

Two young boys about the age of seven were climbing in a tree. They were dressed in pre - World War II clothing. Wearing dark brown shorts which were made of wool, they descended halfway to their knees. Their shirts appeared to be a tan flannel and both wore suspenders. Their hats were tan and of the design which is often referred to as Ivy, Gatsby or Newsboy.

The angel aside me said, "These two young boys eventually went off to World War II out of curiosity and never came back." They died in combat for their curiosity. I continued to watch them playing in the tree and they reminded me so much of my own son in their innocence. It filled me with a sadness regarding the fate of all of our children to eventually be ripped from the innocence of their youth and thrown into the cruel world of the adult reality we have allowed and created.

For that moment, I could see them only as the innocent young boys that they had once been. And although they had grown to be men before they left for war, it was clear that in their hearts they were innocent young boys deceived by the world about the glory of war.

And it wasn't glorious . . . it was simply horrifying as wars are regardless of their necessity or merit.

Whether they had died as heroes or not, their innocence and the beauty of it had been stolen from them.

Suddenly, the vision within a vision was gone and I was back in the room with Maureen.

I knew there was a connection between Maureen and Leticia and these young boys who had gone off and died in a war. If God had sent these two to incarnate to doubt the minds of men, it seemed the circumstances surrounding the two young men who would eventually die in horrific war would qualify to create such a scenario.

Looking at Maureen who was staring at Leticia as she glided up and down the steps in a show of an almost Marilyn Monroe'esque vanity, I asked, "Why are you and Leticia here? Tell me so I can sleep tonight . . . " Maureen did not bat an eye. "No," she said. Her face remained expressionless.

Suddenly, a burst of noise poured onto the scene. Pulled away from these two lost souls, I was now awakened to the noises of young people and children and was instantly pulled into another scenario.

Two children were standing in front of me now arguing about something quite trivial and irrelevant. I was annoyed. "I am working with two lost souls right now and you are messing it up. Be quiet."

But it was too late. It had defeated the concentration for the moment and I was now surrounded by young people and children in what appeared to be a school. Their energies had overtaken the ethereal winds, so to speak, to such a degree that

it had completely distracted my ability to focus on God's task at hand.

"Do not allow yourself to be distracted."

Thus Spake Ramana, By Swami Rajeswarananda [T. K. Venkataraman Publishers]

Ranging in age from nine to seventeen, the young people were being encouraged to come up to me and blurt out the things which were important to them and on their mind.

The results were shocking.

"The greatest security against sin is to be shocked at its presence."

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

Obsessed with irrelevant trivialities, the students came up to me and said sexually explicit and inappropriate things. The extent of their depth was completely grounded, obsessing and thinking about matters such as new toys, pointless games, explicit television, inappropriate sexual matters and disrespectful nonsense.

For a good thirty minutes, I continued to be barraged with the interior thoughts of the youth of our day and age and it was exhausting.

"The worst effect of sin is within, and is manifest not in poverty, and pain, and bodily defacement, but in the discrowned faculties, the unworthy love, the low ideal, the brutalized and enslaved spirit."

Edwin Hubbell Chapin [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

Their entire lives were concerned with matters of no merit. All of them were completely lost in sin, vice and triviality.

It was disgusting.

But interestingly, another vision within a vision had now begun.

Michael Jackson had appeared at the top of a mountain in Monument Valley, Arizona. He was dressed in black pants and a white shirt. His leg was thrust out over a rock which jutted out from the cliff and the music of 'Jam' was sounding loudly across the horizon. As he looked off into the heavenly distance, he kept repeating to me over and over again, "Steadfast. Feel steadfast."

I could hear his words from 'Jam.' "Daggonnit, Daggonnit." (Music by Rene Moore, Bruce Swedien, Michael Jackson, Song and Lyrics by Michael Jackson)

Nation to Nation
All the World
Must Come Together
Face the Problems
That we See
Then Maybe Somehow we can Work it out

What has come of
All the People
Have we Lost Love
Of what it's About

Confusions Contradict
The Self
Do we Know Right

From Wrong

Frustration at the state of the young people and children in our world oozed out of him, but he insisted I continue in my profoundly steadfast stance.

As the music of 'Jam' continued to blaze forth into the canyons, Michael Jackson refused to look in my direction but only towards heaven as he conveyed. In his heart, I could feel the essence of 'Heal the World,' (Written by Michael Jackson) and how the soul of that song and its purpose was not present in what I was experiencing in the hearts of these American children.

Michael Jackson had pulled the 'American Dream' out of the heavens when he'd written the song, but in the hearts of American children that 'American Dream' was not alive:

And the Dream we Were
 Conceived n
 Will Reveal a Joyful Face
 And the World we
 Once Believed in
 Will Shine Again in Grace
 Then Why do we Keep
 Strangling Life
 Wound this Earth
 Crucify its Soul
 Though it's Plain to See
 This World is Heavenly
 Be God's Glow

"The children of the world are lost. You must tell them they are so caught up in pointless things, that there is no room for meaning."

"For to sin, is indeed human: but to persevere in sin, is not human but altogether satanic."

St. John Chrysostom, Adhortatio at Theodorum Lapsum

"Who sins and mends commends himself to God."

Miguel de Cervantes: Don Quixote [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

It was clear how easily this darkness in their hearts made eternal attainment or Godly worth unattainable. It was a trivial argument that broke the concentration required for me to assist these two lost souls. This eternal purpose had been thwarted by the destructive interiors of our American youth. It was a profound example of how Satan had entered into our world and our youth in particular.

Not only had the moral code been completely destroyed in less than one generation, but all sense of meaning, value and worth had been set behind the new gods of trivia, sin and meaningless obsessions.

Compare for a moment from the writings of Sister Lucia regarding Jacinta, one of her fellow seers at Fatima and the vast chasm between how we once raised our children and what we have today.

"One day, one of these children accused another of improper talk. My mother reproved him very severely, pointing out that one does not say such nasty things because they are sinful and displease the Child Jesus . . . Little Jacinta did not forget the lesson. The very

next time the children came, she said: 'Will your mother let you go today?' 'No.' 'And why won't you stay here?' 'My mother doesn't want us to stay when those other children are here. She told us to go and play in our own yard. She doesn't want me to learn these nasty things, which are sins and which the Child Jesus doesn't like.' Then she whispered into my ear: 'If your mother lets you, will you come to my house?' 'Yes.' 'Then go and ask her.'"

Lucia Speaks, Memoirs and Letters of the Last-Surviving Seer of Fatima [English Translation by the Dominican Nuns of the Perpetual Rosary, Ave Maria Press, 1976]

Michael Jackson would not look at me because he was looking towards heaven, and in his steadfast stance, he was funneling strength towards me to fight the onslaught of irrelevance which had been sent in to barrage me so that I might comment on its absolute uselessness to the world.

"For the victory of the battle standeth not in the multitude of a host; but strength cometh from heaven."

Apocrypha, 1 Maccabees 3: 18, 19

And beyond this, he was funneling the emotion of steadfast defiance to chastise us as parents for allowing the moral fiber and godly purpose born in every child to come to this barrage of pointless garbage.

It was a bunch of meaningless noise filled with sin, moral degradation, agitation and pointless activity.

“All sin is a kind of lying . . . Sin is energy in the wrong channel.”

St. Augustine

Consider the profound experiences of 16th Century Mystic, John MacGowan, who was taken into the pits of hell to listen to the ‘Dialogues of Devils.’ According to his phenomenal work, the devils have a hand in creating diversions of every sort to deceive us in this world towards vanities and trifle us away from our only end which is God. From a conversation between the demon Avaro and Fastosus:

“Avaro: I assure you, that I am so much admired for my skill in dress, by both sexes of the human race, that there is scarcely a suit of clothes made either for man or woman, without my direction . . . In short, cousin, there is very little done, and in dress there is nothing done, in high life or low, but I have a hand in it.”

The Dialogues of Devils, John Macgowan [Kessinger Publications]

It was really disgusting to experience this in all its energetic fury. We were failing an entire generation who would be lost to God.

“Our children, relations, friends, honors, houses, lands, and endowments, the goods of nature and fortune, nay, even of grace itself, are only lent. It is our misfortune, and our sin to fancy they are given. We start, therefore, and are angry when the loan is called in. We think ourselves masters, when we are only stewards, and forget that to each of us it will one day be said, ‘Give an account of thy

stewardship."

Thomas Horne [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"Stewardship is the acceptance from God of personal responsibility for all of life and life's affairs."

Roswell C. Long [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

For tonight, I would be unable to tend to these two lost souls because of the break in the necessary silence – the concentration – required to reach them caused by the noise in the minds and hearts of our American youth.

I remembered that only about a month ago, I had been tending to two lost souls from the turn of the 19th century and had seen Michael Jackson momentarily then. The outcome had been entirely different.

Standing at the top of a high mountain which appeared to be in the Smoky Mountain Range, I was working with two souls who had been buried there – a mother and a daughter.

There were misunderstandings which needed to be cleared up before the two of them could move on.

As we were talking amongst the three of us, I looked up and saw Michael standing there in this beautiful wilderness. When I realized it was him, I said, "Hold on, I'll be right back" to the two women. But as I approached Michael, he got a mischievous grin on his face and began darting through the woods. I tried to catch up with him, but could not. Then I conveyed to him, "Oh, OKAY. I get it. You're in that period of time where you have to create a wall

between you and the living. You can't talk to me right now . . . " Receiving a quick telepathic confirmation, I laughed at him and smiled and then turned back to continue and finish the work I was doing with the mother and daughter. They were released shortly thereafter and all was well.

Tonight's duo had not fared as well, and it appeared necessary that mankind become aware of the ramifications of the continuing spiral of sinful thoughts getting harsher and more bitter with time. Even those of us who have been sent to work in these realms are challenged by the dark energies being placed into the atmosphere by this new thinking and the spiral of mankind into darker and darker days.

But the duty lies with each one of us individually and with every single one of us who are parents to teach the ramifications of sin to our children and to place within them a conscience worthy of God and give them a morality worthy of conducting.

Michael Jackson never faded from his stance on the mountain in Monument Valley. His gaze never severed from the heavens and his intensity never waned. After all, it was the children he hoped to heal the world for, and to realize that the next generation of children had already been lost was breaking his heart. And for whatever he felt he might have contributed to that, he had been called to amend.

"Sin has four characteristics: self-sufficiency instead of faith, self-will instead of subjection, self-seeking instead of benevolence, self-righteousness instead of

humility."

E. Paul Hovey [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

Michael Jackson had this to say about Martin Luther, the Protestant Reformer, in 'They Don't Really Care about Us' (Written by Michael Jackson):

Skin head, dead head
 Everybody gone bad
 Situation, aggravation
 Everybody allegation
 In the suite, on the news
 Everybody dog food
 Bang bang, shot dead
 Everybody's gone mad

Tell me what has become of my life
 I have a wife and two children who love me
 I am the victim of police brutality, now
 I'm tired of bein' the victim of hate
 You're rapin' me of my pride
 Oh, for God's sake
 I look to heaven to fulfill its prophecy...
 Set me free
Some things in life they just don't wanna see
But if Martin Luther was livin'
He wouldn't let this be
 All I wanna say is that
 They don't really care about us

When we consider the following words of Martin Luther, it should behoove us to recognize that the present generation is being lost in front of our

eyes in a very public way. And very few have raised the banner of righteousness and set the curtain call for change. Children are growing up without God and parents need to step up and do it now. It is an obligation of parental authority, and a God given responsibility none of us can shirk.

“Our dear Lord Jesus Christ did not suffer in secret, nor did he suffer at the hands of those who had no legal power. No, he suffered in public and at the hands of those who exercise public power.”

Martin Luther, Holy Week, Second Sermon

And as all Christianity teaches, Martin Luther spoke up on the fact that whatever obtains our minds and hearts becomes a god to us.

“Whatever your heart clings to and confides in that is really your God.”

Martin Luther, Fifth Sunday after Epiphany

“Sin is, essentially a departure from God . . . The recognition of sin is the beginning of salvation.”

Martin Luther

“If we bear in mind that the Virgin Mary had lost her son, just think what it would mean if we lost the child Jesus from our hearts!”

Martin Luther, Fifth Sunday after Epiphany

“But they completely disregard God’s word. They say, ‘What we do and decree, that will be the law, that and nothing else.’ But what will happen someday when the tables are turned? God will . . . refuse to do what they want him to do, just as now

***they do what fills God with wrath and leave undone
what they know is God's will."***

Martin Luther, Luther's House Postils, Holy Week, Second Sermon

"God, be merciful to me a sinner."

New Testament, Luke 18:13

CHAPTER THREE

Michael Jackson Encourages me to Feel 'Sorrow,' 'True Contrition' and 'Persistence'

*"The woman was not taken
From Adam's head, we know,
To show she must not rule him –
'Tis evidently so.*

*The woman she was taken
From under Adam's arm,
So she must be protected
From injuries and harm."*

Abraham Lincoln, Adam and Eve's Wedding Song [12,000 Inspirational
Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

Standing outside of a parking lot, I could hear the sounds of Michael Jackson's song 'This is it' (Written by Michael Jackson and Paul Anka) playing in the ethereal winds.

"This is it, here I stand
I'm the light of the world, I feel grand
Got this love I can feel
And I know yet for sure it is real"

Having come from the presence of God, I felt certain he was singing of the love of Christ which he had been experiencing to a profound degree in the last few months.

Michael Jackson was being portrayed as if I was his third wife and I had just lost my temper with him and said some harsh words. But I had no memory of what I'd said or done, just that I had done

so.

Although I didn't understand why I would be portrayed as his third wife at the moment, it would make sense shortly and would aid in my own understanding of where he was trying to take me. It was evident that he was placing himself in the position of someone close to me, to demonstrate how I sometimes err in my own treatment of them.

I had a temper issue and sometimes lashed out at those close to me for what could appear to be irrational reasons.

Because of my behavior, he had walked over to his own truck in the parking lot and was going to drive home alone. It wasn't a pick-up truck but more like a small moving truck. But my car was also in the lot, and I was preparing to drive home separately myself.

Instead, however, I walked quietly over to Michael who was loading something in the back of this truck. He was wearing a dark blue shirt, black pants and a black hat on his head.

He was quiet and had little to say. I felt really badly, even though I had no memory of the actual incident. All I was allowed to know was that it was bad. But I think I was meant to have no memory of the actual incident because of its irrelevance to what I needed to see within myself, which was the aftermath of my own mouth when I'd gotten angry.

The reason why I'd done it or whether it was 'justified' had no merit in this moment. All that mattered was that I had lost my temper and it was necessary that I remedy it.

I felt profound sorrow and true contrition – even in the absence of knowing exactly what had transpired. In my heart, I could feel that I had harmed his heart and the sorrow and contrition had simply arisen within me.

“Sorrow is given to us on purpose to cure us of sin.”

St. John Chrysostom

Approaching the truck where he was quietly occupied in loading something, I said to him, “I’m sorry for what I said to you. I didn’t mean it.” He looked up at me with a great deal of forgiveness in his eyes and asked, “Why did you say that?” And I replied, “Because I am an idiot.”

In his eyes, I was forgiven and I began helping him with the loading as I instantly knew we would be heading home together after all.

“If the injured one could read your heart, you may be sure he would understand and pardon.”

Robert Louis Stevenson, Truth of Intercourse [12,000 Inspirational Quotations,
Frank S. Mead]

But as I began fading from this scene, I still didn’t quite know what this all meant. I was about to learn the skillful means in which Michael Jackson was trying to help me to see something about myself which unfortunately was all too real in America’s Dream, if not the world over.

My spirit now phased into yet another scene wherein I had gone home to visit extended family.

Sitting in the kitchen, a member of my

extended family was comfortably perched at the table. She was mocking me about my Christian faith and her view that I was lazy (rather than a heart failure patient).

Several other extended family members came in after her and engaged in similar acts of mockery regarding the same issues.

I didn't quite know what to say, when I turned and experienced yet another scenario with other members of the extended family.

It was something I'd experienced over and over again throughout my actual physical life.

There was little if nothing to say, but I was starting to see what Michael Jackson wished for me to observe.

Although their perceptions of my faith and illness were very far from the truth as I saw it, this was simply how they'd always viewed me.

The majority of my extended family had made a decision when I was diagnosed with heart failure to stay as uninvolved as possible. In order to do this, they had to believe that I really wasn't that sick. In their hearts, I had to also be lazy.

But this unusual treatment in the family had originally begun many years before when I was but a child. For some odd reason, God found it meet to place me – someone he would not only call to love Him, but become a mystic in His name – to enter into a family of atheists. And from the time I was a small child, this became a point of contention between my immediate family and I.

"Do not suppose that my mission on earth is to spread peace. My mission is to spread, not peace, but division. I have come to set a man at odds with his father, a daughter with her mother, a daughter-in-law with her mother-in-law: in short, to make a man's enemies those of his own household. Whoever loves father or mother, son or daughter, more than me is not worthy of me. He who will not take up his cross and come after me is not worthy of me. He who seeks only himself brings himself to ruin, whereas he who brings himself to naught for me discovers who he is."

New Testament, New American Version, Matthew 10:34-39

When I was younger, we'd often get into real battles over my religious beliefs. They never accepted them. Over time, they naturally excluded me in family events and gatherings. And when I became sick, it became more and more difficult.

It was hurtful and painful to accept the indifference of the family towards my serious illness and the ramifications that illness had on my own children, and although I tried to hide that pain externally, it came out in these outbursts of angry rage at others who were innocent and had nothing to do with my internal pain.

In recent days, I'd lost even more. The sins of the fathers had been visited upon the sons . . .

The example of one generation always affects the next. And if they choose the path of least resistance modeled by those who have come before them, rather than the path of wise counsel, they are doomed to repeat the mistakes of the past.

"A person's good, then, is to seek honest friends, who will open his eyes to what he is blind to and rebuke him with love in order to rescue him from all evil. For what a man cannot see because of his natural blindness to his own faults, they will see and understand. They will caution him and he will be protected. Concerning this it is said (Proverbs 24:6), 'There is salvation in much counsel.'"

The Path of the Just, Rabbi Moshe Chayyim Luzzatto

And as I looked up from the scene around me, I understood that Michael Jackson was showing me that the anger that I had internalized from this very complex and hurtful situation was the root cause of my outbursts of anger at others who had nothing to do with it.

I vowed to be ever watchful, to step carefully forward with others and be more cautious in my awareness of visiting hurt from one situation in my life upon others.

Finally, I also knew that my family members were not aware of how hurtful these things had been. Their perspective had come about as a result of their acceptance of worldly views which diminish those who are small in society's eyes. Their views diminished the value of those who sought spiritual wealth and emboldened the value of those who sought transitory and empty things.

They were victims of a false belief-system being promulgated into the world by Satan himself, unfortunately, embraced by the many, rather than the few. In the end, their difficulty with me had begun and ended with my belief in Jesus Christ. This is from

whence all of the successive behaviors had stemmed. I'd known this since I was a child. In their hearts, they truly meant no harm and it was my duty to forgive although I must press forward in my vocation to Christ.

For my own interior hurt or anger, I felt the ethereal wind of sorrow and true contrition come forth, because I had no right to hold this against them, either. For if I fail in any virtue of forgiveness, I have failed in all.

"I pardon him, as God shall pardon me."

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

It reminded me a bit of what Michael Jackson had undergone during his own life. So many false rumors, beliefs and slanderous goings on . . . is anyone really safe from the chosen misperceptions of others?

And as so aptly stated in the Dialogues of the Devils by 16th century mystic John Macgowan whose special gift involved his ability to enter the netherworld and listen to the conversations of devils in their strategic discussions; the devil Fastosus explains to the devil Infidelus the strategy of the evil realms to undermine those who seek to live the Gospel of Christ:

"When you happen to hear of any man who is a zealous and diligent preacher of Christ crucified as the only foundation of the sinner's hope, you must look to it that something be speedily done to prevent his success or such a man is capable of being very

injurious to us and our national religion. His followers will consider you as no better than hirelings, mercenary priests, and enemies to the gospel of salvation. Therefore you must, but always with the greatest art, attack his character. Stigmatize him with such names of reproach, as you think will be most likely to take with the vulgar. However, you must beware of touching his moral character . . . his religious character, because it is less understood by the common people, will be more easily injured, and therefore the most proper object of your attacks. You may call him an enthusiast, which is a name understood by very few; therefore the greatest part of the people will consider him as some outlandish monster, and avoid him as they would shun the path of a crocodile . . . Or you may call him a fanatic. In short you may dress him in what names you think will most effectually stir up the people to bait him . . . and so far as your influence goes, you may totally prevent his usefulness; which you know will be a great service done to the devil and to rational religion."

Dialogues of the Devils, John Macgowan [Kessinger Publications]

And as the devil Fastosus explains further, there is a manner and means in which this should be done to make it most effective.

"Therefore let all your reproaches seem to flow rather from pity than malice. Do not fail to commend something of the good that is in him; this will be an excellent cloak, from under which you may with the greatest freedom soot your arrows of calumny. For example, when his name is mentioned in company,

'you may say, 'He is a good sort of a man, I believe; but I am sorry for him, poor man, he hath imbibed enthusiastic principles. The poor weak, well-meaning man, would do good if he could, I believe, but is sadly led away by methodistical (Christian) notions.' Sir, there are a thousand ways of vending scandal with seeming pity . . . I have known an important minister ere now ruin the reputation of his neighbor with less than ten words speaking, and those too seemingly spoken in much pity. Oh, sir, there requires great art in scandalizing to purpose. Nothing gives such a point to the arrow of scandal, as a seeming concern for the welfare of the party whom you want to ruin.'

Dialogues of the Devils, John Macgowan [Kessinger Publications]

As a wisp of wind overcame me . . . Michael Jackson's presence was with me again.

"Perseverance," Michael Jackson said, "you have to keep feeling 'perseverance.'" I nodded that I would do this.

Michael Jackson went on to convey that despite what others may choose I must persevere. And then he paused . . .

"This is what is happening all over America, the dream is gone. People have forgotten that the value of a life well lived is not determined by what we do, but who we are. To neglect the sick, the chronically ill, the children, the elderly . . . to neglect the helpless is to forsake the dream." "What dream are you referring to, Michael?"

"Love one another as I have loved you." He said, quoting directly from a New Testament rendering of the words of Christ. "This is happening

all over America and the world. People have lost all honor, they neglect their duties to the helpless among us. It's not right." He was intense.

"I give you a new commandment: Love one another, Such as my love has been for you, so must our love be for each other."

New Testament, New American Version, John 13:34

I nodded. "I understand, Michael. I'll tell them." He became quiet for several moments.

"Remember to direct your anger into sorrow and contrition rather than rage . . . and finally, you persevere." Michael Jackson said.

"I will," I said, as Michael Jackson repeated these words over and over again as my spirit began affording itself back into consciousness. "Persevere, Marilynn, persevere."

The music of 'This is it' (Written by Michael Jackson and Paul Anka) continued to resonate through the horizon speaking of the love of God as I wafted off into the night.

"This is it, here I stand
I'm the light of the world, I feel grand
Got this love I can feel
And I know yet for sure it is real"

"This is reason enough for you to make every effort to undergird your virtue with faith, your discernment with virtue, and your self-control with discernment; this self-control, in turn, should lead to perseverance, and perseverance to piety, and piety to care for your

brother, and care for your brother, to love."

New Testament, New American Version, 1 Peter 1:5-7

***"Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls;
the most massive characters are seamed with scars;
martyrs have put on their coronation robes glittering
with fire, and through their tears have the sorrowful
first seen the gates of heaven."***

Edwin Hubbel Chapin [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

***"Of all the words spoken at this Apparition, the ones
most deeply engraved upon my heart were those of
the request made by our heavenly Mother: 'Do not
offend Our Lord and God anymore, because He is
already much offended.' How loving a complaint,
how tender a request! Who will grant me to make it
echo through the whole world, so that all the children
of our Mother in heaven may hear the sound of her
voice."***

Lucia Speaks, Memoirs and Letters of the Last-Surviving Seer of Fatima [English
Translation by the Dominican Nuns of the Perpetual Rosary, Ave Maria Press,
1976]

"Afflictions are but the shadow of God's wings."

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

CHAPTER FOUR

Michael Jackson Encourages me to Feel 'Reconciliation,' 'Peace' and 'Resilience'

*"If we have not peace within ourselves, it is in vain
to seek it from outward sources."*

Francois de La Rochefoucauld [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Francis Mead]

*"Peace is not the absence of conflict from life, but the
ability to cope with it."*

Sun Dial [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Francis Mead]

My spirit had awakened again in my childhood home, the home of my youth. Other members of my family were present, and everyone was lying down as if in rest.

Along with issues already mentioned within our extended family, my father had been a violent alcoholic. My childhood, although it had its own unique imprints, was not all that different from the childhood that Michael Jackson had lived. And this had been one of the reasons in part I believe we had connected with one another so powerfully when he had first come to me after his death.

My family members were all sleeping in various places around the house, and I was lying on the couch by the front door. I'd been having more symptoms from my heart failure recently, and I was feeling unwell.

Recently, we'd had a family reunion and done the best we could to make things right with one another. But in order to make things right, we had to accept one another exactly as we were. Each member

of the family was in their own unique space, and this reconciliation required no changes, no fixes. It only required the acceptance of the way things were, and in that acceptance was a sudden and profound peace.

All of us were lying down feeling the reconciliation and peace together yet apart - quietly within our own spirits. And everyone appeared as if sleeping.

"By changing it rests."

Selections from Early Greek Philosophy, Heraclitus [Philosophers]

In that moment, although I had previously been shown the great responsibility we have in rearing our children into the next generation, I was now seeing the great responsibility we held in reconciling with our families of origin and eventually also with our adult children who may also be led astray of their own free will.

In this moment, I was reminded of the speech that Michael Jackson had given at Oxford University wherein he had spoken movingly of the necessity for reconciliation between the generations. (*) Available in Full in the Footnotes

My eyes gently opened again on the couch where I was lying alone and very sick. My family members remained in a certain stillness and peace which gave me great joy.

But the issue remained that I was feeling very unwell. Because this reconciliation and peace did not involve anything changing from the way things had always been with my extended family, I realized that I was on my own.

As a heart failure patient, you have regular bouts of illness wherein you honestly feel that you may likely die. It happens so much that you get to the point that when it happens, you have a simplistic acceptance that this may be the real moment of your death or just another very difficult moment of illness that you must move through.

"There are some sciences that may be learned by the head, but the science of Christ crucified can only be learned by the heart."

Charles Spurgeon [Christian Theologian]

An unfettered resilience began to emerge from within my spirit. In this resilience, there was total acceptance that those I loved would be unable to walk through this with me, and therefore, I must prepare to walk alone.

Because of my internal choice to reconcile and be at peace with them, this resilience which now began emerging contained no resentment. It was a complete and thorough resilience which allowed for no faltering on my previous resolutions.

I accepted fully, completely, willingly and knowingly that the circumstances were such that I must pull the resilience from within myself because I was going to go through this by myself. And this was now so thoroughly ingrained within me that I understood it to be God's will that it be so.

Reconciliation was complete, and the peace that came from this acceptance was absolute and total calm.

Holding my chest, I rolled over and faced the

door. Either I was going to move through this or cross over tonight. I was completely at peace about this. I'd gone through similar moments many times before.

Many of the valleys of our lives require us to walk through them alone. And in this preparation for whatever was to come, I was completely at peace.

As I lay there breathing quietly, walking myself through the pain and quietly remembering my own sins that I may confess them to the Father if it were indeed time to do so, the front door very slowly and quietly opened.

My eyes lit up when I saw Michael Jackson walk into the room. Again, his hair was pulled back behind his head. He was wearing a white shirt and black pants. And he was very quiet.

Approaching me on the couch, he completely understood what was happening as he sat down next to me. Reaching out his arms in embrace, I literally fell into his arms. I was so ill that holding myself up under my own weight was not possible at that moment. He quietly said, "Hold on, hold on . . . we're going to do this together."

I was in tears because at this moment I realized something very powerful which I had known all my life but didn't really accept until this moment. Whatever is withheld from us in this life is compensated for in the next. Whatever care is not given by those we expect to offer it, is provided for by another in God's kingdom.

I remembered and went back in my spirit to the magical moment so many years ago when one of my guardian angels had come to me to assure me of

this very fact. Despite how things appear, we are *never* alone. (**) Available in Full in the Footnotes

Tears were streaming down my face because he had come. For quite some time, Michael and I just held onto one another and he held me up in my weakness. Pulling me just slightly away from him so he could look into my eyes, we both became locked in what was to be our very first moment in seeing one another up close and personal.

His face appeared as it probably had sometime in his thirties and interestingly, his eyes became green as I gazed into them. Green is often the color of healing, but my eyes are green, as well. And in a certain sense I could feel that he was reflecting back to me what he saw within me.

We remained quiet for a very long time and just looked into the souls of one another very deeply. It was a very powerful time, he never smiled, he never frowned, he just looked into my soul with intensity as I looked into his.

He ran his hands through my hair in a loving gesture of concern for my health as he allowed me to do the same. He began rubbing my back to relieve the major chest pain and to calm me from the stress and anxiety of the moment.

There was a silent love conveyed between us, and in that instant, I knew I would go through nothing – including death – alone.

“Silence is deep as Eternity, speech is shallow as Time.”

Thomas Carlyle [3,000 Quotations on Christian Themes, Carroll Simcox]

"We say we exchange words when we meet. What we exchange is souls."

Minot J. Savage [3,000 Quotations on Christian Themes, Carroll Simcox]

Love was emanating from the green in his eyes towards me – L – O – V – E – which he wanted to give to me in my time of weakness.

As he continued to hold this gaze while love emanated from his eyes into mine, he began to lie me back down on the couch very slowly as he very quietly said, "Okay, we're at 1,000 . . . moving to 1500 . . . " Instinctively, I knew what he was doing. He was upping my amps, raising my vibration to help me through this difficult moment and give me strength. "Okay, okay . . . 4,500 . . . we need to reach 6,000, okay . . . Hold on, let me do this for you . . . " He gently laid me down on the couch as his hands were placed over my heart. "Amping, amping . . . okay . . . 6,000."

His hand stayed on my heart although we had reached the level of amps required. His eyes never broke our gaze. And although I knew he was looking deeply into my soul, I felt no discomfort about it.

Feeling the gentle humming of the vibrations as they settled within me, they began to steady and become stronger.

"I constantly mention you in prayer, always pleading that somehow by God's will I may at last find my way clear to visit you. For I long to see you and share with you some spiritual gift to strengthen you - - rather, what I wish is that we may be mutually encouraged by our common faith."

Romans 1:9-12, New American Bible, New Testament, Words of St. Paul

Michael Jackson lifted me up off the couch one more time and held me in his arms. "Quiet now, be at peace." He said. "You can do this . . . it is not going to be easy, but you can do this. It will take a lot of resilience. Can you do that for me? Can you feel resilient in all that is to come?"

Pulling away from his shoulder, I looked directly into his eyes and said, "Yes, I can. I absolutely can." He still did not crack a smile, he was deathly serious for his entire visit, but his eyes showed a glimmer of pride in my choice to walk forward in resilience.

"Go off, then . . . " he said, as he waved his arms across the ethereal horizon. "Go off into the mountainous wilderness. You will enter into the beautiful woodland of silence." As he spoke, my spirit was suddenly transported into the snowy mountain wilderness which had appeared in the ether as he had waved his hand. I was dressed in full winter mountain gear, and wearing an off-white parka. And with every word he was to utter, I experienced it as he uttered them.

"The humility of Christ is not the moderation of keeping one's exact place in the scale of being, but rather that of absolute dependence on God and absolute trust in him, with the consequent ability to move mountains."

Richard Niebuhr [3,000 Quotations on Christian Themes, Carroll Simcox]

"You will be faced with treachery along your path. Be resilient and trust in God's strength rather than your own and you will cross the valleys placed

in your path with a single leap of faith." As he said this, I was looking down over a six foot wide gully between rocks in the mountain which led to a 3,000 foot drop to a raging stream below. But I listened to his words and in one fell leap of faith, I jumped across the gully and avoided the pitfall. Several similar gullies presented themselves as I continued further and further up the mountain.

Michael Jackson's voice began to fade off into the distance . . . and suddenly I was alone . . . and the essence of the silence emanated to me. "Love is awake. Hollowness is void. It is shadow. Ssshhhh, God is listening. What is the dance? It is a walk. Walk hand in hand with me. The changing of our form cannot alter what remains. Let us walk. Good tidings are an inbreath. Sorrow is an outbreath. Both are required. Both are the same. To linger is unnecessary. But, Sshhh, be quiet. The ways of God are unseen. Let the chatter stop and silence begin. So we may yet again hear."

In my aloneness, I quietly perused of the heavens. "Who are you God?" I asked. "I am silent, I am listening." The silence emanated, "I am a shore. And you must reach me. Do you yearn to be awake?" In tears, I replied, "Does the cloud-filled sky yearn to weep?" "What is it that I must tell you?" The silence emanated. "Love is AWAKE!"

Suddenly, I stood up off of the ground and began to descend from the heights of the silent mountain.

Before I could speak or look about, my spirit transcended and was now surrounded by the souls of

my children and my husband who were walking back down the mountain with me.

The silence emanated one final thought as we walked together. "Our hands are bound as ONE. Who are you and who am I? We are the same. So, Ssshhhhh, be quiet. God is speaking. And we must listen."

"The Father uttered one Word; that Word is his Son, and he utters him for ever in everlasting silence; and in silence the soul has to hear it."

St. John of the Cross

"Love consists in this, that two solitudes protect and touch and greet each other."

Rainer Maria Rilke [3,000 Quotations on Christian Themes, Carroll Simcox]

"The tomb is not an endless night, it is a thoroughfare, a way – that closes in soft twilight and opens in eternal day."

Anonymous [12,000 Inspirational Quotes, Frank Mead]

CHAPTER FIVE

Michael Jackson Encourages me to Feel 'Truth' and Jesus Christ Fills me with 'Christian Resolve'

"Man's unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite."

Thomas Carlyle [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations]

Michael Jackson returned for several nights with the sole purpose of showing me aspects of what his life had been like on earth, which was in stark contrast to the Michael I had come to know since his death.

Although there was no question he had many wonderful and profound qualities during life, he was now showing me some things I might not have quite understood about his physical life, because I had not learned of him until *after* his death.

To be more specific, he was allowing me to see that during his life he had hung out with people I might have been a little uncomfortable with myself, artists who were blatantly and openly sexually explicit. This made me feel uncomfortable, but it seemed that he wanted me to know how different our lives had been.

Although there was a lot of similarity in that I had been a hermit mystic housewife with three children, and he had been a hermit pop star with three children – we were obviously both used to very different crowds. He had been a world traveler, and I had traveled the universe but stayed pretty much to

myself for most of my life. I hung out with priests and he hung out with rock stars.

He, by the nature of his craft, was friends with artists around the world of many different persuasions; while I was friends with many around the world – dead and alive – who were spiritual seekers.

So our histories were very different. And the manner in which he had lost his life was not something for which he was proud. If anything, it was sorrowful for him. In my view, it was perfectly understandable considering the level of suffering and obvious despair he had come to not only because of the accusations made against him but the tremendous pressure to perform and the insomnia which followed. It was a tragic result of a man feeling that he had to be more, he had to constantly outdo himself, and even despite the victories he'd made in the unbelievably tragic court battles which plagued him, that he had to make a comeback. It was all too much, as it would be for most of us, and he'd made grave errors which ended his story in such a sad way. A beautiful, brilliant . . . but tragic soul, who was loved by the entire world, but felt abandoned by all.

Who among us cannot understand?

"I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind . . . whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and

precarious."

Edward Gibbon [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations]

For two days, he allowed me to experience energetically some of the things I had obviously not understood about his actual life, although on hindsight it would appear that perhaps it should've been obvious. And it made me feel quite out of sorts, uncomfortable and like I was losing my newfound friend.

In contrast, I wondered how he felt about my struggle with my temper, as he didn't appear to exhibit that trait to the degree that I have in my life. And it's not something I'm proud of, but I knew he was very energetically aware of it.

"When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of but our severity."

George Eliot [12,000 Inspirational Quotes, Frank Mead]

At the same time, however, I couldn't help but notice the similarity in that our earthly purposes - in a sense - complimented one another in that he'd given so much of his time, money and effort to helping children around the world, and in an entirely different manner, my focus had been to reduce the Spiritual Poverty around the world by making all the resources on my website free.

"A man's character is his destiny."

Selections from Early Greek Philosophy, Heraclitus [Philosophers]

So, yes, there were profound differences

between us and how we'd lived our lives. But there were equally profound similarities. And after a day or two to digest this information he seemed to feel was important for me to 'know' energetically, I assured him that I understood. The Michael Jackson I had gotten to know since his death was a little different than the Michael Jackson who had lived in the world. "It's okay," I told him, "I get it. We're different in a lot of ways, but we're similar in others. Let's just proceed with the work that Christ has given us to do together and not worry about it. It won't affect my friendship towards you, and I hope it need not affect your friendship towards me."

"To be a Christian is to be a man. To be a Christian does not mean to be religious in a particular way, to cultivate some particular form of asceticism, but to be a man. It is not some religious act which makes a Christian what he is but participating in the suffering of God in the life of the world."

Dietrich Bonhoeffer [Christian Theologian]

"Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere."

Shakespeare [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations]

"In the dead there is no rivalry."

Lord Bacon [Philosopher, Theologian]

The next day, a huge force came towards me in my mystical sleep. It was similar to a vibrational raising but something much more, something I had never before experienced. Coming inside of me like a tremendous pressure which culminated from my interior and moved outwards, it went on for several

hours. As it was happening, I looked up towards the ceiling as Jesus Christ hovered above my bed the entire time in a profound display of simple 'Presence.'

Although I didn't understand this new form of energizing, I did realize that I was being revved up for the next portion of my journey. Jesus watched from above wearing a white gown with a blue sash, surrounded in glory. Several times, when I looked up at Him, he was holding a little doll of Himself, it looked like the stuffed Jesus that I had gotten for each of my own kids when they were young.

Interiorly, I knew He was conveying something to me about the lost spirit of Christ within our children. I felt profound sorrow . . .

"Our world has lost You, Lord. How do we bring You back to the lost?" He said nothing but filled me with more pressure, more heat, more light and more power. Taking it in, I said nothing more but just gazed into His eyes as He looked intently at me.

Words truly were not required, because during this time I knew of His love for me. At the same time, it was a purely serious moment. No smile was cracked and this was no joyous scene, but rather a preparation for a spiritual battle. His intensity could not be denied.

After several hours had passed, He began to pull the energy back. I knew I was ready for the next leg of my journey. But what it would be, I had no clue.

"If Jesus Christ were to come today, people would not even crucify him. They would ask him to dinner, and

hear what he had to say, and make fun of it."

Thomas Carlyle [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations]

*"What love is, if thou wouldst be taught, Thy heart
must teach alone – Two souls with but a single
thought, Two hearts that beat as one."*

Friedrich Halm [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations]

*"After having promised to take us to heaven, she (Our
Lady) asked: 'Are you willing to offer yourself to God
to bear all the sufferings He wills to send you, as an
act of reparation for the sins by which He is offended,
and of supplication for the conversion of sinners?'
'Yes, we are willing,' was our reply. 'Then you are
going to have much to suffer, but the grace of God
will be your comfort.'"*

Lucia Speaks, Memoirs and Letters of the Last-Surviving Seer of Fatima [English
Translation by the Dominican Nuns of the Perpetual Rosary, Ave Maria Press,
1976]

*"'Jacinta, what are you thinking about?' 'About the
war that is coming. So many people are going to die,
and almost all of them are going to hell.'"*

Lucia Speaks, Memoirs and Letters of the Last-Surviving Seer of Fatima [English
Translation by the Dominican Nuns of the Perpetual Rosary, Ave Maria Press,
1976]

CHAPTER SIX

Michael Jackson Steps Aside so I may be Encouraged to Feel 'Holy Joy'

"Filled with gratitude, the poor soul has written to me again, telling me that she has been greatly comforted by my assurances. Light has returned to her soul and fresh courage to fight."

Padre Pio of Pietrelcina, Letters

Walking quietly through an ethereal Catholic Church, I had entered from the back door and was working my way towards the pews. The church itself was very traditional in design, but I noticed modern touches had been placed here and there to retain some balance. There was a wall blocking my view to some chairs on the left of the church, almost like a confessional, so I moved quietly towards it hoping to peak behind it and see if I was alone.

But as I peered shyly around the corner, I was amazed by what I saw and was moved to such a rapturous excitement, I couldn't contain myself.

In a small chair, a humble man in Franciscan Friar Robes sat with the widest smile he could possibly have mustered. His face was alit with joy and he was looking right at me.

St. Padre Pio reached his stigmatized hand up towards me grinning and laughing as he stood up to hug me entirely and fully with his body.

I was in shock.

I've seen Padre Pio many times, and although there was never any doubt what an honor it was to see him, I'd become accustomed to such visits being

of a more instructional and corrective nature. At times, he could definitively be stern. But he was always right, and that was one reason I always wanted to see him. He'd cut right through whatever self-delusions I'd had and rip the truth wide open for me.

Not tonight.

As he hugged me tightly, something extraordinary happened. My entire chest cavity melted into his – heart and all – in an almost blurry surge of energy and light. There was such bliss in this moment, he never ceased smiling, and I was just so happy to see him.

More than that, it was absolutely thrilling to see him – happy with me! It was so blissful. I cannot even express how wonderful it was in this moment.

As our chests continued to melt into one unity, he looked into my eyes and said, "Accept that it is over now with Michael Jackson." He said. I didn't yet know if that meant forever or just for now and that he'd be back to finish what he'd started. But because it came from Padre Pio, I was completely at peace with whatever it might be. "Yes," I nodded. "I accept that."

"What on earth is that excessive preoccupation you have with regards to that very troubled soul? Calm yourself, Father, for peace will be restored before long to that soul. Isn't this the road that leads chosen ones to heaven? Isn't the spring more delightful and astonishing when the winter has been more severe and stormy? Ah, my dear Father, put aside your fears

and let the divine physician also act as surgeon."

Padre Pio of Pietrelcina, Letters

In the spiritual life, as well as the afterlife, there are many periods of dryness or stillness. We have to be willing to be patient in-between bouts of activity and those where quiet descends in order for the next phase to emerge. It was time for me to do so for Michael and I did so at the moment Padre Pio had announced it were so.

"Keep fighting within the traditions of America," Padre Pio said, "Fight within the traditions of today's society to teach them the things which are age old." He expressed that Jesus was pleased with how I was doing this with Michael Jackson, but also in many other ways through my writing. It was important to make eternal truth relevant to every age and every generation. And it was my job to present it in a way in which it could be understood, embraced and taken deeper by the modern world.

"I will do this, Father." I said, honored and amazed at what I was experiencing, seeing, hearing and melting into. In these moments, I was completely absorbed into his love. Our chests began to start unmelting and pulling back outwards.

Padre Pio stared into my eyes and smiled. Implanting me with an understanding of two books he needed me to complete first before continuing with Michael Jackson, immediately I understood them, their contents and how to get them into place within a few days. It was a matter of compiling writing I'd been working on for years. Padre Pio gave me the strength I'd need to complete this task.

Others in the ether began to appear randomly around us, as I realized that there were other holy presences watching the entire interplay between one of my greatest heroes and myself. Looking at these wispy spiritual beings as they appeared, I said, "This place is profoundly holy . . . Did you know that? This place is profoundly holy." No words, just smiles.

I never wanted to leave my beloved Padre Pio's side, but the skies began to turn a pale pink with white snowflakes in many sizes and designs which began to fall. Spreading my hands across the sky, it felt like velvet and the snowflakes were soft like the coat of a soft animal.

Taking my hands one last time, Padre Pio gazed into my eyes with yet another smile. So many smiles, how could I be so lucky? I surely wasn't worthy, but it was wonderful.

We both nodded. We both understood. I had work to do, which I would complete immediately. I would be in abeyance waiting on his turn.

Perfectly reasonable. As I returned to my body, I prepared for a very long shift! (Work, that is.)

"Let us listen to what the Lord tells us on this subject by the mouth of His holy apostle Paul: 'We look not to the things that are seen, but to the things that are unseen.' It is quite right that we should contemplate heavenly things while attaching no importance to those of this world, since the former are eternal while the latter are merely transient."

Padre Pio of Pietrelcina, Letters

"I see clearly that [the Lord] has chosen you to make

*you close to Him, even without merit on your part.
Now you can be sure that He wants to take perfect
possession of your heart . . . to transfix it with pain
and love like His own."*

Father Benedetto to Padre Pio of Pietrelcina, Letters

PART TWO:

THE AFTERLIFE EXPERIENCES

INTO THE MYSTIC

*"Soul, if you hear what I say
and do not oppose my word,
for you I will throw a bridge
over the great sea.*

*For you I will lay a dam
and guide you to the watchtower
where the rebels hold out.*

*I will guide you past the fire
and smoke touching the sky.*

*I will take you past the double pits
where Ruha has dug her way.*

*And over that high mountain
I will smooth the path for you.*

In this wall, this wall of iron,

*I will hack a breach for you,
hug you with all my strength,
and take you to the place of light."*

The Gnostic Bible, Mandaean Literature, The Savior Talks to the Soul [New
Seeds, 2006]

CHAPTER SEVEN

Michael Jackson Encourages me to Feel his 'Devastating Pain'

"He assumed my nature so I could learn from him. He assumed my form so I would not turn away. The father of knowledge is learning's word. He who created wisdom is wiser than his works."

The Gnostic Bible, Literature of Gnostic Wisdom, Songs of Solomon, Song 7
[New Seeds, 2006]

Michael Jackson returned on a deep, dark night in a highly mystical way. And what I mean by this is that he came in a way which can merely be described as to its many symbols, and then looked over for clues as to its meaning.

Entering into the mystic is entering into symbols, signs and images of a mystic nature which carry much deeper meaning than the surface. And Michael Jackson's return came with such a new quality.

It all began with my husband, Andy, and I being evacuated for a fire. (As I'd mentioned in the previous book, Andy and I had been separated and had remained so in our real waking life.) Since we lived in fire country and had gone through many large wildfires through the years, it wasn't that unusual to be evacuated except in that we were required to stay at the hotel down by the Native American Reservation which was South of town.

"If you dreamed of leaving a house, the message is that you are ready to move on in waking life."

The Element Encyclopedia of 20,000 Dreams, Theresa Cheung [Harper Element, 2006]

“Dreams that highlight hotels . . . suggest that you are not currently feeling secure in your situation. They can also indicate a short-term situation . . .”

The Element Encyclopedia of 20,000 Dreams, Theresa Cheung [Harper Element, 2006]

Most everyone from our town were staying there and the whole place had been packed. Although it is not the case in real life, in the mystical experience, there were some very fancy rooms and others which were almost like a jail cell. We’d received one of the latter because we were among the last to arrive.

“If you have any kind of dream about . . . being jailed, ask yourself who or what is restricting your freedom in waking life.”

The Element Encyclopedia of 20,000 Dreams, Theresa Cheung [Harper Element, 2006]

“Crowds – A sense of suffocation. The denser and more claustrophobic the crowd in your dream, the greater and more demanding the problems in your waking life may seem; if you find a way out of the crowd or take control of it, your dream interpretation will be positive.”

The Element Encyclopedia of 20,000 Dreams, Theresa Cheung [Harper Element, 2006]

I’d carried with me a box of my family photographs and nothing else.

All the people of our small town were there and we gathered in the restaurant to eat. We had to be considerate because they were trying to have enough

food for all, so I remember nibbling on just a few bits of food to make sure there was enough for everyone else.

My husband, Andy, led me back to our very small room on one corner end of the hotel. But then he left and disappeared.

It was an insurance salesman who made me aware that we were all going to have to re-evacuate and the hotel was being emptied as we spoke. He led me down the small stairway which was close to our room – an emergency staircase exit for evacuation. No reason was given for the re-evacuation, so I assumed it was way too crowded. After all, we had been quite claustrophobic in the building and there was no question the place was being overwhelmed with the need for food and more and more room for people.

After the insurance salesman who had oddly been wearing a business suit during this time of crisis had led me out of the building, he simply disappeared. Walking further away from the building, I was moving closer to the crowds and crowds of people who were all exhausted, worn out, sweating and wearing tattered clothing. But they were waiting at a bit of a distance from the hotel for what I assumed would be word of the next arrangements being made for the evacuation.

In the distance, I noticed a small airplane coming in, which was not an unusual sight. We had a small airport and the smaller aircraft, sometimes called pedal jumpers, were the ones which brought people to our small remote mountain town from larger airports like Denver.

The airport was about ten miles north of the reservation so when it passed the airport and continued in our direction, I began to note it as odd. Then it became evident that the plane was flying very low. "Oh, no," I thought, "Oh, my God!" I thought as it edged very quickly towards the hotel and plummeted nose first into the very corner of the building where our room had been and was immediately engulfed in flames.

"Such 'disaster' dreams invariably relate to the dreamers emotions and not likely to waking events."

A Pocket Guide to Dreams, Philip and Douglas Clucas [Parragon, 2008]

"If you are conscious of the flame of the fire, this suggests an awareness of your own strength and energy."

The Element Encyclopedia of 20,000 Dreams, Theresa Cheung [Harper Element, 2006]

"A dream of a plane crash can suggest you have set your sights too high; perhaps you are expecting too much and have doubts about your ability to reach your goals?"

The Element Encyclopedia of 20,000 Dreams, Theresa Cheung [Harper Element, 2006]

My heart sank; there would be no chance for survivors in that part of the building in real life. I assumed my husband had to be dead, but despite others who tried to pull me back, I ran into the raging inferno after him.

As I got to my room which under normal circumstances would not even exist anymore, I did

see that my one box of family photographs – my family history – had been incinerated. But I looked under the cot in the room and noticed my deceased dog, Joy. She had been my childhood pet, a small black and white terrier who had passed from this realm to the next about twenty years prior and she was fine. I scooped her up and continued searching. Perhaps the very presence of my deceased dog, Joy, should have given me an indication that I had crossed over the veil between life and death, but it had not.

Wandering out into the hallway, I noticed my husband, but although he had instantly morphed into Michael Jackson, this shift in mystical identity did not even occur to me. He was simply my husband, the one I'd been looking for. The two were interchangeable but I was not aware that they were interchanging. (I only became aware of this interchange upon waking later.) He was wearing red pants and a red jacket, and he was wandering around in the darkness, very badly burned and completely blinded by the blast. There was no moment where it even occurred to me that we had just entered into the mystic and that the identity of my husband had changed and now Michael Jackson would be playing the role of my husband. It was as if we were married again, as we had been in a previous experience.

Running to him, I somehow managed to get him outside of the building. But he was completely blind. And even though he had been profoundly burned in the fire, he was instantly now healed as if he'd been in burn treatment. The burns were not gone, he just appeared as if he'd been treated for his

wounds and had done all the recovering that would be possible after such an injury.

Although I was very much aware of how badly he'd been disfigured and truly injured – burned – I could see just how devastating his injuries had been. Again if I'd paid attention to the fact that we'd entered into the mystic, he'd been burned . . . And he had been blinded completely, unable to truly understand to what a degree he had been burned.

“Blindness - To see others blind, denotes that some worthy person will call on you for aid. Burns - If you are overcome in the fire, it represents that your interests will suffer through treachery of supposed friends.”

The Dictionary of Dreams, Gustavus Hindman Miller [Simon and Schuster, 1984]

“Blindness - Another interpretation suggests that blindness is a mystical dream symbol that represents inner vision, wisdom and self-knowledge.”

The Element Encyclopedia of 20,000 Dreams, Theresa Cheung [Harper Element, 2006]

We were now standing outside amongst the huge crowds. We'd been evacuated from our home and there appeared to be nowhere to go, but the noise of all the people was becoming overwhelming and hard to bear.

And this was when the journey into the mystic began to get bizarre and odd. In the distance, I noticed two of his brothers were coming to see him. I shouted, “Michael! Jermaine and Jackie are here to see you!” Running to greet them, they were dressed in suits with sunglasses on. Coming over to Michael,

they had a private conversation with him which I was not allowed to hear. Michael was so relieved to see them, he'd been hurt so badly in this horrific event. But they prepared to leave, and I heard them say, "If you don't just return to the family, you're out."

They turned and left Michael standing there as I ran to his side to comfort him after this very odd encounter. I didn't understand, this was not what I expected to hear.

Their words were shocking as there was no way he could return to rehearsal, which is apparently what they were after. He'd been so badly hurt, we remained evacuated. Michael was severely, severely burned . . . completely disfigured actually.

Seeing his sister Janet off in the distance, again I got very animated. "Michael, your sister, Janet, has come to see you!" Again, Michael was thrilled as I ran off to greet her and bring her to him. When I'd returned, Michael's daughter was standing at his side hugging him. Janet said something to her about not getting fat, and I looked at her oddly and responded pretty harshly. "What are you saying to her?" I was getting more and more confused by the words I was hearing from these family members. "You don't say that to a child. There's nothing wrong with her. She's beautiful." I wondered if this was something Janet said to herself often, rather than to others – perhaps Michael's daughter represented Janet's inner child.

Ignoring my comments, Janet turned to Michael and said, "Return to the family or you're out." Michael's daughter disappeared, Janet turned and left and I stood there completely dumbfounded.

What could this possibly mean?

Suddenly, Michael and I were suddenly driving across a huge desert on a small vehicle – like a four-wheeler or something.

“Although we think of deserts as barren places, they are in fact teeming with underground life, so is your life a bit like a desert – desolate on the surface but rich underneath?”

The Element Encyclopedia of 20,000 Dreams, Theresa Cheung [Harper Element, 2006]

Michael was now driving because his blindness and other burn injuries had been completely healed. They were gone, and I was holding onto him from the back.

As we sped across the desert, we were being pursued by big cats – tigers, lynx, leopards, lions, bobcats and cougars. They each came individually, one at a time. But as soon as we’d alluded one, there was yet another species to evade.

“Tiger – To dream of a tiger advancing towards you, you will be tormented and persecuted by enemies.

Lynx – To dream of seeing a lynx, enemies are undermining your business and your home affairs.

Leopard – To dream of a leopard attacking you, denotes that while the future seemingly promises fair, success holds many difficulties through misplaced confidence.

Lion – To dream of a lion, signifies that a great force is driving you.”

The Dictionary of Dreams, Gustavus Hindman Miller [Simon and Schuster, 1984]

“Bobcat – The animal came to symbolize clear-

*sightedness in both a literal and metaphorical sense.
 Cougar – A symbol of bloodthirstiness, cunning and
 power"*

The Element Encyclopedia of Secret Signs and Symbols, Adel Nozedar [Harper
 Element, 1999]

At one point about halfway through the desert, we were surrounded by a tiger and two wild dogs. It appeared that there was no escape and we would become food for the wild animals, but again we were traveling in the mystic. A mountain man appeared out of nowhere and took down the dogs with his bare hands mentioning something under his breath about having them for dinner and he'd be mighty obliged if we ran while we still could because he had no room for the tiger.

Although we were quite horrified by the nature of the save, we were also grateful and we made our getaway from the final cat.

As we exited the desert, there was a moment for us both to take a sigh of relief. We were completely alone now, safe from the crowds, from the wild cats and Michael with his restored face – the face he had before vitiligo and any plastic surgery. Smiling at me, I smiled back.

"Deserts are hard unforgiving environments where life struggles to survive. The arid waste of the desert has come to symbolize troubled times in the dreamer's life, and their need to rely on others to help them through. However, if the sleeper stumbles upon an oasis in the middle of their 'desert,' this should be viewed as . . . renewed hope – the promise of closure to a period of uncertainty in the dreamer's waking

A Pocket Guide to Dreams, Philip and Douglas Clucas [Paragon, 2008]

As he looked into my eyes as if to impart something about this incredibly odd journey into the mystic, I tried to read them as my spirit was boldly whipped from the scene and returned back to my body.

Although at this moment, I could not possibly ascertain the meaning of this out-of-body experience fully, I had a few thoughts. Michael Jackson had been more in 'exile' than 'evacuated' from Neverland, his home, after the charges made against him. The subsequent trial and the public and private attacks made against him had burned him severely, he was profoundly hurt. There were things at the time which he may have been blind to, like the nature of some of the things he said which only incited the rumors against him more. But he was blind, and could not see this.

As another interesting symbol, the airplane taking a nosedive could easily represent his death. The 'This is it' tour was expected to launch him into orbit, but instead it plummeted him to his death because of the drug addiction, insomnia and the pressure of the tour.

It seemed possible that there was pressure from the family for Michael to use his personal fame to help the original family musical group. But as to whether or not this occurred, I don't know. The words from his siblings could indicate this sort of thing, and perhaps their inability to realize or 'see' how seriously he had been wounded by the fire of the trial and that he had nothing yet to give for some time

after the injuries had occurred. Certainly, no one in the family knew that it had gotten as bad as it had in regards to his use of a relatively unknown drug to laymen, Propofol.

It was likely that very few if anybody on the planet earth really stopped to think about how hurt this man had been. I certainly didn't. So no one saw the extent of his profound wounds.

He did try to escape – ironically into the desert of Bahrain for a time and into other places including Ireland until he returned to the desert of Las Vegas. Even so, he was pursued by wild cats – predators and people with various agendas who wished to use or harm him – and he ran.

In the end, Michael triumphed. Not in the way we would normally define a triumph because he died in a sad and untimely way. But he triumphed even through death because the good in him was so powerful that in his death, a consciousness of that goodness emerged from the earth and into the people like a raging torrent of spiritual emotion and awakening. Michael triumphed in death because who he truly was in spirit descended upon the earth like a profound ethereal wind and did not cease.

Few people can say that their death touched as many hearts as Michael Jackson's. And despite all the difficulties he had to face during life, in the end, his powerful, loving and profound spirit was what was heard over the din of the predators. And light won over darkness . . .

"There is nothing hidden that will not be exposed,

***nothing concealed that will not be known and
brought to light."***

Luke 8:17 – 18, New Testament, New American Translation

***"The light shines on in darkness, a darkness that did
not overcome it."***

John 1:5, New Testament, New American Translation

***"Hear the word of truth and drink the knowledge that
I offer from my station. Your flesh cannot know what
I say to you, nor your robes what I show you. Keep
my mystery. It harbors you."***

The Gnostic Bible, Literature of Gnostic Wisdom, Songs of Solomon, Song 8,
Response [New Seeds, 2006]

CHAPTER EIGHT

Michael Jackson Steps Aside so I may be Encouraged to Feel 'Reality vs. Fantasy'

"Each person comes into this world with a specific destiny--he has something to fulfill, some message has to be delivered, some work has to be completed.

You are not here accidentally--you are here meaningfully. There is a purpose behind you. The whole intends to do something through you."

Osho (Buddhism)

In the star-filled night, an unexpected visitor arrived with little adieu and no pomp or circumstance. Patrick Swayze who had died a few months after Michael Jackson had come into the room with a big smile on his face.

The first thing I noticed was how nice a person he seemed to be. He just exuded kindness. "I'm sorry I gave you the wrong impression." He said, as I looked at him in confusion. "What?" I replied, totally confused as to what he might have meant.

"I gave a lot of people the wrong impression," he answered, "you know, about how relationships really are between men and women." I was still quite confused, but an understanding was being thrust into my spirit.

Patrick was taking some sort of responsibility for the role he had played in certain movies which had portrayed the relationships between men and women in a fantastical and unrealistic manner which made many people less successful in their own real-life relationships. But this was not only his own issue,

but the issue and sin of many. In movies, music and all media; relationships had often been portrayed in a manner which was so unrecognizable from the real thing that it had a tendency to drag many people into unattainable fantasies and further away from their real life.

"Oh," I said, "Well, I don't know why you're apologizing to me, but I understand. By the way, how is your wife doing?" Patrick had been married over 30 years to the same woman, and I was curious as to how she had been since his death. He smiled, but didn't say anything. He seemed to convey that she was doing well considering the circumstances, but that it was not relevant to his visit this night.

"No man can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil; nor temperate, who considers pleasure the highest good."

Cicero: De Finibus

Suddenly, my soul was whisked away into an all too familiar scene, one resembling the more familiar reality that women face in our world today.

Taken into the home of a man who had been separated from his wife and family for several years, I entered into the place where the couple had lived in their first home together.

Having built a huge home on the spot where his first home had been, from the outside it still appeared as if it were the same, but inside the mansions of the home expanded and sprawled across the land as if it were covering acres and acres.

When you first entered, you expected it to be a

regular three bedroom and two bath home, but there had been many additions to it and it was just huge.

Decorated throughout, he had put pictures mostly of wildlife all over the home which was very clearly some kind of embracement internally of an earth religion. Secondly, he had statues placed all around the house of Roman Gods – statues in white of those who had made themselves Gods in their own lifetime.

I was present with two friends and my children and we were all stunned to notice when three creepy young men walked in. They were dark around the eyes, with black hair and white, white skin. They wore all black, but their lips were red like blood. Otherwise looked like older teenagers.

Making a comment to myself, I said, “Well, it IS big enough to hold about twenty people. No, make that at least thirty. I guess it’s not that unusual that he’d have roommates.”

But with each new room, came another room and another. Light blue carpeting had been placed throughout and if there wasn’t something terribly wrong, it would’ve actually been a very nice home.

Something *was* very wrong, however, and more people kept coming in every room trying to talk to me about how they ended up being his roommate and living with him.

There were probably thirty rooms in the house and it sprawled on into property that never really existed in that place where they had owned their first home. But it felt nice; there was an energy present from a former time for him when things had been

different.

He had bought very expensive furniture, and most of it was a leather off-white variety. The brightness of the colors in the house was deceiving.

Within a few more minutes, there were about one hundred souls following me around the house as I examined this new 'earth' religion in combination with the Roman Gods he had embraced. In my heart, I was trying to figure out what he was doing.

Suddenly, something happened which made me think more carefully.

One of the young women came towards me, took my hand and led me outside. Out there was a highway and a small yard, but it quickly expanded into something much larger.

There was a portal here but it was closed off. "Why?" I asked her. She pointed to a station wagon, and inside of it were three young girls and herself.

Looking again at her and the three young girls, I asked her something. "What's your name?" She told me her name, and it was exactly the same name as the former wife of this man. "Isn't that neat." She said. "It's even spelled exactly like her name. That's why he likes me so much and wants to keep me here."

Understanding, I said, "Are you alive?" Suddenly, the room was filled with the one hundred or so people again who now phased in and out. They all looked at me with expectation and urgency. "You're all dead, aren't you?" They nodded, "Yes."

"So, why are you here?" I asked the rest of them, realizing that somehow this one particular woman was here because of her guilt over a tragic car

accident where she and her three children were killed. But she also had the same name as this man's former wife, and somehow that had led her here.

One man stepped forward. "He has something on all of us." He said. Looking at him expectantly, I urged him to explain.

Guiding me towards a less well taken care of room, the man reached into a drawer which contained within it the records of wrongdoings of every soul in the home. He didn't want to show it to me for fear I would use it to hurt him.

"Please," I asked, "I have to verify that that is what I think it is in order to know what to do here." Hesitatingly, he handed it to me. Opening the file, I looked. My heart dropped when I realized it was truly a record of wrongdoings on every soul in the house.

"Follow me," I said, as I took it with me knowing I would have to destroy this document before leaving the house tonight. But for now, there was other work to do.

Returning to the larger area outdoors where the woman had taken me to see her with her children in the station wagon, I shifted realms.

In so shifting, she suddenly saw in front of her a circular and very high tech stairway which led from the ground to high in the sky. It actually was very, very wide, looked like a technological marvel and had none of the appeal of a medieval stairway to heaven. It was a very modern rendering.

Gazing at her, the women from the house had all joined around me looking at me expectantly. There

were young girls with all of them and there were at least eighty of them all together. Women and young girls were the vast majority of the inhabitants of the home.

Suddenly, by looking in their faces I realized something. "Is he having sex with all of you?" They all nodded, including the young girls. I was horrified.

"He thinks he's having sexual dreams, doesn't he?" Again, they nodded. "But he's really been lured by his own lusts into taking advantage of all of you?" They nodded yes, as I especially noticed the face of a girl who couldn't be more than twelve lowering hers in acknowledgement in front of me.

"Wow," I said, "now I understand." The Lord had warned his former wife that it wasn't safe to have a marital relationship with him a long time before. And she'd had repeated instances of having dreams which appeared to be temptations to engage in that with him because she, too, was lonely and he was still her husband. They were separated, not divorced. But something had continued to tell her not to do this.

The obvious reason was that they had been separated, and doing so was a reward for the behavior and the lifestyle he'd chosen over his family. But what I was seeing now was that energetically it would've attached all of those souls to her sexually, as well, but it would also have almost have been like being with someone who was committing adultery.

In the manner in which he was doing this, by drawing lost and wandering spirits to come live with him; he could have conscious or unconscious experiences, chalk them up to dreams, and resolve his

cravings and desires.

But he was using them and holding them to earth, not letting them pass. This record of wrongdoings he had gotten a hold of may have come from his own experience in his profession. He worked in law enforcement. Somehow, he either knew of their transgressions or was being supplied by a demon from a lower realm who had convinced him that he needn't worry about his own sins because he could look at the records of wrong doings of others and feel not only better, but entitled to keep them there to make him feel better and for his own use.

This would help him not be lonely.

But it was a violation of eternal law.

My first step was to help the woman with the children who bore his wife's name. She didn't look anything like his ex-wife. Her hair was short, blonde and she was very tall. But she had been so urgently in need of help. She felt so guilty about the car accident that had taken her own and the life of her children.

"How," I wondered, "Did he make these people feel so beholden to him that they became stuck here with him?" Looking over towards one of the statues of the Roman Gods, I nodded. The woman who bore the name of his wife also nodded.

His word had become truth, he has made himself a God and because he so strongly believed it, those who were lost were drawn to him out of some sense that he might be able to help them.

In her case, he drew her in because she bore his previous wife's name.

Walking her towards the staircase to heaven,

several young girls joined her. I wasn't sure they were her daughters because all were so disoriented from their own moments of death that their souls had been disconnected from one another.

But it was quick and easy. These souls had no reason to be here in this realm. They began ascending the stairs. And as they did a beautiful vision appeared over the rest of them.

The others were still in the house or the backyard just watching as this woman and who I was now certain were her three daughters quietly and slowly walked up this circular and very wide – almost extra-terrestrial looking – staircase.

The skies began to whirl and the clouds above looked like they were going to form a tornado, but instead they formed a porthole and gateway above the staircase creating the opening for the woman and her children to enter into the gates of heaven.

Unfortunately, the others could not yet go. There was something else holding them back. I knew part of this was the man's unusual hold on them. But there was more. Likely, it would be unresolved matters like the woman who had ascended.

But in her case, it really was not unresolved. She had just taken on a profound sense of guilt for a tragic end to this mortal experience. No words had to be exchanged, there was nothing to resolve. She had only needed a reassuring hug to indicate to her that she had misunderstood.

No one else, however, was going to cross this eve. Several dark souls lingered in the background.

Again, I noticed the three young men who

appeared to be about 17 or 18 with dark rings about their eyes. They had the pungent appearance of the dwellers of hell. Giving me an evil smile, I continued to look at them as I approached.

"We won't tell you." They said. I kept insisting with my thoughts that they tell me what had given them entry into this man's soul. How were they holding *him*? Evil smiles, "We won't tell you."

It was at this time that I realized what was really happening. This man had become a conduit because of these three demons and several others in the room who had convinced this man to believe in their dogmas.

"It is impossible for the soulless parasite to influence the mind of any mortal; and it is therefore undoubtedly the souls which have been incarnated in earthly bodies and have so indulged their lower passions in that state that they are not able to free themselves from the fetters of their astral envelopes, that haunt the earth and incite those yet in the flesh to indulgence in . . . vices. They, as you know, can control man in many ways, either partially or completely, and the most common way is for the spirit to partly envelop the man he controls with his spirit body until a link has been formed between them."

A. Farnese, A Wandering in the Spirit Lands

Those dogmas included a worship of the earth in water, fire, earth and air; a worship of himself through belief in his own righteousness, and finally, a belief they had inculcated into this man that he had

the right to get his cravings fulfilled. These were all demonic doctrines, but since they lived there with him – he had invited them – he had fully embraced them.

Several more stepped forward whose faces became white as snow, their heart as black as the heart of Satan, and their lips as red as blood. They all held the same evil smile.

It was they who had convinced this man that he had a right to hold others by keeping a record of their wrongdoings, AND that he had a right to have his needs fulfilled in using these women and even young girls to take care of his sexual needs. **Even if he was unconscious of it.**

He truly believed he was right. His home looked very nice. But the only flaw was that it was all false, none of it was based on the truth. He had also been deceived, but had chosen to also become the deceiver in making his home open to every lost and wandering soul who felt guilty about anything.

Taking them in made him feel like he was good. It was possible he didn't even consciously remember having taken advantage of them, because he would do that in his own sleep.

The demons had also enjoyed habiting his nicely deceptive abode and were doing an amazing job in keeping him in the dark about his own allegiances which were entirely to his own desires.

Gathering my friends and children, we had no choice at this point but to go. Before going, however, I tore up the record of wrongdoings and trashed it in a ceremonial show of celestial power making sure that

every lost soul in the house was aware that it had been expunged.

Telling them they were all free to go whenever they so chose and that I would return to help them, they seemed confused. It was not yet time.

And we had to go, our time was finished here.

I knew some of them would spontaneously follow the other woman and find their way out and into heaven on their own by climbing the stairway. Others might require assistance, but apparently, this was all I was given permission to do this night and I had to accept it and leave the place.

Waving goodbye, I sent a thrust of life energy across the room in the form of a sparkling wave of light which permeated all of them except for the demons in back. And then I was gone.

"Be not wicked in thine own esteem."

The Talmudic Anthology, Louis Newman, 310 (Judaism)

"A man should not hold stubbornly to his own words."

The Talmudic Anthology, Louis Newman, 312 (Judaism)

Standing in a room with the spirit of the same man who occupied this home and his father, the woman (his wife) from whom he'd been separated for many years was standing in the room.

The father was rampantly going on about what a bad woman she was for having been unable to work things out with his son. He called her many vile names, and her husband enjoyed the battery and did not disagree.

But suddenly, the woman was transported for a few moments into a large mansion. It was a beautiful mansion, and a black man owned it. But there were about thirty to forty teenage youth who were in a stunning room of great size and majesty.

It appeared that this could've been one of the Jackson's with a group of the Jackson grandchildren.

The teenage youth were all defecating and urinating in the room, which mystically is a symbol of defilement, hidden sin. In a mystical sense, they were excreting sin and vice all around them.

The woman began very patiently helping them learn to clean up after themselves, and how to backtrack and make the room clean despite the lengthy period of time wherein this defilement had been rampant.

As they learned to clean up the physical mess all around them, they were learning about the interior defilement, the sin, which was causing this condition and beginning to change their behavior to embrace a higher way.

"Every thought you have makes up some segment of the world you see. It is with your thoughts, then, that we must work, if your perception of the world is to be changed."

Thich Nhat Hanh (Buddhism)

The black man who owned the home and was obviously a parent, uncle, relative of all these children was very grateful for this celestial help and embraced the woman in a truly loving manner, exuding gratitude and love for her patience and help, but

more so, all she had endured and sacrificed for the greater good of God – not only in helping these youth, but in her own life.

As the black man was hugging her in appreciation, they transported back to the room with her separated husband and his father who continued in expressing animosity.

Suddenly, a very powerful looking spirit appeared in the room out of the ether behind a bench. It was almost like a judge's bench, and he wore a white robe and had long hair and a long gray beard. He looked very much like an Old Testament Prophet.

“As the prophets of old spake, so speak these messengers now, and if they speak with clearer voice, with less veiled metaphor, it is because man is no longer in his infancy and needs now that he should be shown the reason and the science upon which his beliefs and hopes must be founded.”

A. Farnese, A Wandering in the Spirit Lands

This only enraged the father and son more, as the raucous and insults continued coming from them like a trail of vomit.

The older prophet-like being slammed a gavel down on the bench and said to the father and son with great fury, “You don't understand anything. That woman has never been truly loved. You'll see when she is finally truly loved that she is worthy of this and so much more.”

He looked into the eyes of the woman and as he raised his hand into the air, he sliced through it as if to break the energetic bondage that the poor

woman had with this man. Divine intervention was about to occur, but how that would manifest physically remained unknown.

Sometimes such things involve some type of energetic protection, although it may not indicate any actual change in the physical circumstances of the person involved.

But she could rest peacefully in the knowledge that despite the chaos around her, God was at her side during every moment.

“Keep your thoughts positive because your thoughts become your words. Keep your words positive because your words become your behaviors. Keep your behaviors positive because your behaviors become your habits. Keep your habits positive because your habits become your values. Keep your values positive because your values become your destiny.”

Mahatma Gandhi (Hindu, Hinduism)

Michael Jackson appeared for a moment with urgency in his eyes. “Tell my father,” he said, “that I know that I misjudged his harshness because I did not understand the poverty that he came from. Tell my whole family, they need to know that I understand this now.” “I’ll write it, Michael, if they read it, they will know.” “I don’t know,” he said, “I just did not understand what he brought us out from. Tell him I know now . . . ” I nodded, as he walked away with a sense of concern in his eyes.

"Chasms vanished before the Lord, and darkness fades with His appearance. Error Wandered and disappeared because of Him. Contempt found no path and was submerged in the truth of the Lord. He sang a new poem to His name and raised His voice to the firmament and offered him children in his hands. By the ways His father gave to Him, His face was justified."

The Gnostic Bible, Songs of Solomon, Song 31 (Christianity, Gnostic)

CHAPTER NINE

Michael Jackson Returns to Encourage me to Feel the 'Mundane'

"The emptiness and futility of life, the resentment and fear that keep us from inward serenity in the face of life's ills, the lovelessness that fills the earth with conflict, all find their cure in our reconciliation with God. Nothing less will bridge those seas of misunderstanding across which we 'shout to one another.' The antagonisms that divide the world are due to our own inner conflicts. Peace is one of the by-products that come from seeking God's rule and his righteousness. God has now entrusted to us this ministry of reconciliation."

James Reid [3,000 Quotations on Christian Themes, Carroll Simcox]

For a fortnight, Michael Jackson returned very quietly in the background as he allowed me to experience in a very repetitive fashion the reality of his daily family life with his extended family during his existence on earth. He was doing so as part of his efforts to allow me to feel just how mundane their lives really were despite the mystique that had surrounded them.

For hours, this went on and Michael was very barely visible in the background as he just allowed me to experience the very normal and mundane daily lives of a family that many had grown to believe lived out a mystique and mystery behind closed doors.

But they did not.

"O brother, what you really are is a notion; the rest

of you is bones and sinews."

Majnun, The Discourses of Jalalludin Rumi, Signs of the Unseen, 53rd Discourse

They were profoundly normal. So normal, in fact, that I was getting bored watching this over and over again.

This boredom which was presented was not intended as an insult to Michael's family, but rather, a correction of the mystique and false perceptions that others held which made them capable of ignoring the reality and purpose of their very own lives in order to follow the lives of 'celebrities' who presented to the world an image or vision of something more exciting or more real.

In reality, there was more 'mundaneness' in their lives than even the lives of others because so much focus had to be given to the 'illusion' and 'mystique,' and even to the art which held them up as a public symbol of something or another.

But again this was not a particular issue relating to the Jackson Family, but rather, a humanity wide issue which related to all those who sought out celebrity and those who followed them, believing in their facade of specialness.

In this profound sense of the ordinary I was being allowed to witness, there was a huge part of me which was feeling such a necessity to get back to the work at hand, so to speak. I was so bored within such a short period of time.

And it was meant to point out that when we lose ourselves in the lives of others who may have some spotlight placed upon them for what they do, we forget their simple humanity and that though

their gift may be larger than life, their lives are not.

They are all just people like you and I, they are like the rest of us. They want to be loved and accepted and to be happy; but because of the path they've chosen, there can be a tendency to almost obsess with keeping that notoriety and mystique. And that obsession in and of itself can change how they proceed in their own lives. It can be a profound hindrance.

Michael finally pulled me out of this cycle of feeling all that is mundane about his family after several hours to my great relief. I was ready to be pulled out.

He said nothing, just looked at me. He knew I'd gotten it, I'd gotten just enough of a dose of the ordinary to want to get out of it.

It seemed that he hoped through my experience that those who had become somewhat 'obsessed' with Michael during his life and after his death could feel what I had felt, and realize that their own lives demanded their time and attention. It was necessary for people to realize they could not live *through him*; it was unhealthy, unvital and provided for no new growth.

And within moments, I was no longer there.

The husband in the previous experience with the profound demonic intrusions was having dreams.

In the first, he was taken into hell. In his own particular place in hell, there was all manner of sexual evil and promiscuity taking place. Souls were having their limbs ripped from their bodies and the feelings of total despair overwhelmed him.

Suddenly, he was walking through a field of demons. Demons of all kinds were covering this field trying to tempt him into his various vices. Their arms were coming up from below the ground trying to grab a hold of his legs and take him below with them. On his own, he found that he was easily overtaken, ripped into and under the ground within only seconds of their assault.

But an unexpected blessing arrived. His wife appeared, the one he had denied so much love, and took his hand. Grabbing it tightly, she assuredly walked through the valley of demons and took him with her. She had no problem fighting off the temptations of the evil one, and with her help, he was able to find his way through. Without it, he was doomed.

“Solomon grew weary of your kingdom but Job was never sated with affliction.”

Rumi, The Discourses of Jalalludin Rumi, Signs of the Unseen, 69th Discourse

For a moment, perhaps the first time, he was seeing what a ‘real’ relationship was meant to be.

There’s no fantastical bliss, but rather, a mutual effort to each help the other to make it to heaven. Love based on the truth and the eternal effort all must make to achieve the highest goal of fulfilling the will of God and overcoming the vices which cause so much pain and suffering in the world. If we were going to ‘Heal the World,’ it would be done in this small, hidden manner.

Love is sacrifice, not self-desiring.

"Due to his self-desiring, an emotional believer cannot wait on God. Whatever he undertakes he does in himself, for he cannot trust God nor allow God to work for him. He does not know how to commit a matter completely into God's hand and refrain from employing his own strength. Trust is beyond him because this requires self-denial. Until his desire is, restrained, his self will be very active. How he is eager to help God! For God seems to work too slowly, to help Him along he must! Such is the operation of the soul, motivated by natural desire. Often God renders the believer's work ineffectual and thereby seeks to induce him to deny himself."

Watchman Nee, *The Spiritual Man, Desire*

And then it was done.

"I saw the other man who had been a merchant, living in a pretty villa with a beautiful, a very beautiful, wife and one little child. This woman had attracted the notice of the judge, who conceived an unholy passion for her, and on her persistently repulsing all his advances he made an excuse to have the husband arrested on suspicion by the Inquisition and thrown into prison. Then he carried off the poor wife and so insulted her that she died, and the poor little child was strangled by order of the cruel judge. Meantime the unfortunate husband lay in prison, ignorant of the fate of his wife and child and of the charge under which he had been arrested, growing more and more exhausted from the scanty food and the horrors of the dungeon, and more and more desperate from the suspense. At last he was brought before the council of the Inquisition, charged with

heretical practices and conspiracy against the crown, and on denial of these charges was tortured to make him confess and give up the names of certain of his friends who were accused of being his accomplices. As the poor man, bewildered and indignant, still protested his innocence he was sent back to his dungeon and there slowly starved to death, the cruel judge not daring to set him at liberty, well knowing that he would make the city ring with the story of his wrongs and his wife's fate when he should learn it. As so this poor man had died, but he did not join his wife, who, poor injured soul, had passed at once with her little innocent child into the higher spheres. She was so good and pure and gentle that she had even forgiven her murderer--for such he was, though he had not intended to kill her--and between her and the husband she so dearly loved there was a wall created by his bitter revengeful feelings against the man who had destroyed them both. When this poor wronged husband died, his soul could not leave the earth. It was tied there by his hatred of his enemy and his thirst for revenge. His own wrongs he might have forgiven, but the fate of his wife and child had been too dreadful. He could not forgive that. Before even his love for his wife came this hate, and day and night his spirit clung fast to the judge, seeking for the chance of vengeance."

A. Farnese, A Wandering in the Spirit Lands

"So terrible had been this craving for revenge, nursed through the waiting years of solitude in prison and in the spirit land, that the poor wife had tried and tried in vain to draw near her husband and soften his heart with better thoughts. Her gentle soul was shut out by

the wall of evil drawn round the unhappy man, and he also had no hope of ever seeing her again. He deemed that she had gone to Heaven and was lost to him for evermore."

A. Farnese, A Wandering in the Spirit Lands

"And away in the bright spheres mourned the poor wife, striving and hoping till the time should come when her influence would be felt even in this awful place, when her love and her unceasing prayers should reach the soul of her husband and soften it, that he might relent in his bitter purpose and turn from his revenge. It was her prayers which had drawn me to this dungeon, and it was her soul which spoke to mine, telling me all the sad cruel story, and pleading with me to carry to her unhappy husband the knowledge that she lived only in thoughts of him, only in the hope that he would be drawn by her love to the upper spheres to join her in peace and happiness at last. With this vision strong upon me, I drew near the sullen man who was growing tired of his revenge, and whose heart was full of longing for the wife he loved so passionately. I touched him upon the shoulder and said: "Friend, I know why you are here, and all the cruel story of your wrongs, and I am sent from her you love to tell you that in the bright land above she awaits you, wearying that you do not come and marveling that you can find revenge more sweet than her caresses. She bids me tell you that you chain yourself here when you might be free . . . 'There is hope even here; for hope is eternal and God in his mercy shuts none out from it, whatever man in his earth-distorted image of the divine teachings may do. I am sent to give hope to you and to others who are,

*like you, in sorrow for the past, and if you will but
come with me, I can show you how to reach the
Better Land."*

A. Farnese, *A Wandering in the Spirit Lands*

*"If there is righteousness in the heart there will be
beauty in the character. If there be beauty in the
character, there is harmony in the home, there will be
order in the nation. When there is order in the nation,
there will be peace in the world."*

Chinese Proverb

*"The Light is becoming ever more brilliant. The
Redeemer, the Living Word, has come to claim its
own. It shines out love, compassion, mercy
forgiveness, courage, faith. Partake of Its bounty.
Dedicate your life, your all, to the glory and wisdom.
Thus will happiness, peace and fulfillment be yours."*

Pensatia, *The Magnetic Light*, Euclid Publishing Company, NY, USA, 1980

CHAPTER TEN

Michael Jackson Encourages me to Feel 'Closure'

"There is nothing from without a man, that entering him can defile him: but the things which come out of him, those are they that defile the man. If any man have ears to hear, let him hear . . . That which cometh out of the man, that defileth the man. For from within, out of the heart of men , proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness: All these evil things come from within, and defile the man."

New Testament, King James, St. Mark 7:15-23 [Words of Christ]

"If I tell you these things you care about and they become true after your concern, will you understand what you must do?"

The Gnostic Bible, Willis Barnstone and Marvin Meyer, Manichaeian Literature, About the Light Mind [New Seeds, Boston, 2006]

Michael Jackson seemed to be tying up loose ends, he had come in several episodes of the night to show me other things of which he didn't wish to place as much emphasis, but which were contributing to our inability to 'Heal the World.'

"What do you wish to show me, Michael?" I said as he waved his hands across the ethereal sky while we were both standing in the midst of a mountain pass alone. As he did so, I was immediately transported into the world of faith and non-faith – and they often do not intersect.

It was Palm Sunday in a Baptist Church, and I was trying ever so hard to fit in, but I just could not.

No matter how deep a Christian I was, I was not in line with Baptist doctrine and certainly not a cookie cutter Christian. And in our world filled with 30,000 denominations a Catholic Christian may fit well in their own church, but seem like an alien in any other Christian denomination. How sad that it had become this way when Christ had said he had wished for all of us to be one – not scattered, but of one fold.

And then, my soul was instantly transported to a place where two atheists were hanging out. Again, even though I said nothing about my faith, we could not connect or reach one another. There was a chasm between us which could not be founded because they knew I was a believer and in their minds a fool. It was very sad, because there are so many forms of seeking in this world, and if we are only capable of communicating with or being with those who are directly in line with our way of thinking we cannot simply love one another.

This didn't mean and doesn't mean that there aren't truths that are absolute regardless of what any of us choose to believe. There are. It's just that loving one another is such a central truth to who God is, that if we fail in this, we will most certainly fail in 'healing the world.'

"If you judge people, you have no time to love them."

Mother Teresa (Christianity, Catholic)

Returning to the wilderness, Michael Jackson was standing there in deep thought. "I also want to bring up plastic surgery because it has become so prevalent in the world." "Okay," I said, "What do you

want to say?" "Plastic surgery was originally formed to correct true defects in human beings who faced profound and unusual odds. Tell people that if they go to a plastic surgeon, ask them if their goal is to make you look natural and real . . . or if their goal is to make you look different than what a natural human being was intended to look like." "Okay," I said. He looked up. "God made human beings perfectly. We have no place infringing on His perfection. That kind of surgery is for those children who are born with unusual birth defects and people who suffer horrendous injuries, not for those of us who have already been blessed." "Okay, I will say that." I said.

"There's one more thing I want to show you," he said, "before I give you a gift." "A gift?" I asked, as I was suddenly transported from the mountain to a modern American gathering of children at some of kind of sporting or academic event. Immediately, I was overcome with the excess of the event. The children were running around rampant feeling entitled to so much recognition, resources, ill-advised attention and . . . I guess basically self-entitlement.

The event had been centered on this new self-esteem doctrine which was teaching children especially in well to do countries like America that they were entitled to have what they wanted, even while at the very same moment, children in other parts of the world were struggling to find water or food for their siblings.

It was disgusting and so very wrong how we were leading our children astray into a selfish love of themselves, and a sense of self-entitlement which

made them truly and honestly believe as they grew older that their unearned blessings which had been bestowed upon them simply by the nature of where they had been born, indicated somehow that they were more worthy of such gifts than those who had been born into abject poverty.

Many of these children were already covered in demons – starting at the age of nine or ten. In their hearts was a void, and in some it had gone all black.

I was desperately trying to get out of this place where the event was being held because the energies were so powerfully out of balance, I couldn't stand it. But Michael Jackson pulled me out at the last minute and again stood before me on the beautiful mountain pass. Sunshine rose over the horizon as he looked deeply at me. His smile was wide.

"Marilynn," he said, "You've been a good friend to me." Looking down, I was embarrassed. "Michael, you've been a much better friend to me than I could ever have been to you. I'm so grateful to you for coming to me and allowing me to take these journeys with you." "Yes, but I'm telling you this for an important reason." "Okay . . ." I said. "The children have always been important to me." He said. "You understand what I've tried to show you about how we are destroying our children. The world cannot be healed unless we stop this contamination of our children's souls." Nodding, I continued to listen. "You know this, because one of the reasons I came to you was because you've rejected and stood against these things in today's world. You've done that especially with your own children. You understood

how important it was to raise your children in the ways of the Lord. You remind me a little bit of my own mother." "Wow, thank you, Michael, I'm very honored by that." I'd heard so many wonderful things about Katherine Jackson's faith that I had a great deal of respect for her.

"The children are born innocent. God's memory is still within them if we don't take it from them. We have to take what is beautiful, profound and holy within a child and mold it in God's image." Nodding, I continued to say nothing.

*"Keep me away from the wisdom which does not cry,
the philosophy which does not laugh and the
greatness which does not bow before children."*

Kahlil Gibran (Poet)

*"When I see children, I see the face of God. That's
why I love them so much. That's what I see."*

Michael Jackson

Michael Jackson was quiet. "I understand." I said. We must keep the face of God present in the eyes of children, and stop destroying the innocence which is their birthright before they are even grown.

Turning for a moment, he had his hands behind his back and was kind of pacing. Then he said, "I do have a gift for you." Looking up into his face, he moved a little closer to me and smiled. "I wrote you something. It reflects you so perfectly, who you are, what you do . . . and what you will do in the afterlife." My face got very serious, "Thank you so much, Michael, I am so honored by that." Then, he

laughed. "I was going to write you a song, but I knew you'd stress over getting the music back from the borderlands to the earth, so I just wrote you some lyrics." I laughed. We both knew how hard it was for me to bring music back to the earth from the heavens. But the words, I seemed to do okay with that. "I wrote you a poem I'd like you to have read at your funeral." Reaching out to hug him, I said, "Thank you so much, Michael, I am so honored by that."

And he began to recite the poem he had written for me:

**"A day will come when I will die
 I ask for prayer, not that you cry
 Please ask the Lord forgive my sins
 So I may ascent into His hand
 For if He sees fit to forgive my sins
 The world beyond will allow me in
 So pray for me when at last I die
 I'll so appreciate your prayerful cries
 Remember, the one I've loved all my life
 Is He who's known as Jesus Christ
 So share my joy in seeing Him
 My soul's beloved Messiah King
 But don't forget I need your prayer
 To open the doors to get me there
 And when it comes your time to see
 I'll pray for you that your sins be freed
 And I'll be at your side to bring you home
 I'll smile and open my hand to yours
 And when we cross that great divide
 You'll see Jesus Christ with your own eyes**

**And then you'll finally understand
Why I've forever longed to be joined with Him"**

My tearful eyes listened to his beautiful poem he had written for me. "Michael," I said when he had finished. "You really are perhaps the only one besides my beloved Jesus Christ who really understands how true that is because we've been together, the three of us so many times." I stopped for a moment. "And you really understand how important prayer for the dead is to me, that I've made it a big part of my life's work, and that I've seen it help souls make huge transitions in their process of crossing over. Thank you so much." I hugged him again. "That's beautiful."

"I am the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty . . . Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

New Testament, King James, The Revelation of St. John the Divine, 1:8, 17 -18
[Words of Christ]

Then I laughed, "I hope people will do that for me when I cross over, you and I both know how much I need prayer." He smiled.

"Marilynn," Michael Jackson said, "Can you help me to help the people understand one more thing?" "Absolutely, Michael, whatever you need . . . " "They need to understand something that I couldn't understand in my own lifetime that I see now so clearly. In order to 'Heal the World,' we have to do

the subtle things, the small things within ourselves, all these things we've talked about since we began this second part of our journey and more . . . " "Yes, Michael, I know what you mean. It's about purification of the soul" He put his hands on his chin, and said, "Yeah, purification . . . " He Paused. "And you've written a lot about that already, haven't you?" "Yes, Michael, it's all there. You bring them; I'll give them everything they need." He turned, smiled and put his hands on my shoulders. "Thank you, friend."

"When you say you will die first and then rise, you are wrong. If you are not resurrected in life, you will receive nothing when you are dead. Grace is baptism. Enter the water and live."

The Gnostic Bible, Willis Barnstone and Marvin Meyer, The Gospel of Philip, Baptism, [New Seeds, Boston, 2006]

"The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the gospel."

New Testament, King James Version, St. Mark 1:15 [Words of Christ]

He began to sing my poem to a tune which I wouldn't be able to remember upon my return, but he sang it slowly and with a great deal of melancholy.

"Let singers sing the grace of the high lord. Let them sing. Let their hearts be like day, their harmonies like the lord's excellent beauty."

A Gnostic Bible, Literature of Gnostic Wisdom, Songs of Solomon, Song 7 [New Seeds, 2006]

Mesmerized by the song, for a single moment, he took my hand and danced with me to the melody

on the mountaintop. I laughed. "That was very nice of you, Michael." He knew what I was talking about; I'd teased him privately that he wouldn't dance with me in the ethereal realms, an amateur.

He suddenly stopped. Quietly, he looked into my eyes expressing things only I could understand. "Have them read that poem at your funeral," he repeated. "No worries, Michael, I got that the first time. I'm not freaked out by my funeral, even if you may be implying that it may be coming soon." He laughed at me, almost a belly laugh. "You are SO different." He said, while continuing to giggle about it. "How so?" "You just are." He paused. "It's a good thing . . . " He said as he became suddenly profoundly silent.

"Do you then consider this the chief of all evils to man and the chief mark of mean spirit and of cowardice is not death, but rather the fear of death? Against this fear then I advise you to exercise yourself; to this let all your reasoning tend, your exercises, and reading; and you will know that thus only are men made free."

A Treasury of Philosophy, Epictetus [Philosophers]

Silence continued to fill the horizon as he just looked into my eyes as if he was trying to convey something. Finally, I blurted out, "This is it, isn't it?" He nodded. "Yes, this is it."

No words.

I became silent, too. And after a long pause, I just said, "Michael, I thank you so much for that beautiful gift and for the beautiful friendship you've

given me." "And I, you." He replied. "And I guess," I replied, "I will say the only thing I'm comfortable saying at this juncture, because I love you, I really do" He laughed at my imitation of what he used to say during life. "And that is . . . *until we meet again*, my beloved friend."

"Some day, after mastering the winds, the waves, the tides, and gravity, we shall harness for God the energies of love, and then, for the second time in the history of the world, man will have discovered fire."

Teilhard de Chardin [3,000 Quotations on Christian Themes, Carroll Simcox]

"So true," he said, "so true." Because of the gift he had given me, I felt closer to his world of the afterlife than my own and didn't feel the usual chasm.

There was no sense of loss or even *really* parting. Just 'until we meet again . . . '

Turning to go, Michael was walking towards a gaping hole in the horizon which would return him to the higher spheres in which he resided. But he stopped, turned around and smiled mischievously as he pointed his finger at me and said, "I love *you*." (Emphasis on 'you.') I began laughing hysterically as did he as he again turned and entered again into eternity.

"Light and darkness, life and death, on the right and left, these are children, they are inseparably together. But the good are not good, the wicked not wicked, life not life, death not death. Each element faces to an original source. But those who live above the world cannot fade. They are eternal."

The Gnostic Bible, Willis Barnstone and Marvin Meyer, The Gospel of Philip,
Light and Darkness, [New Seeds, Boston, 2006]

***“If you enter this world knowing you are loved and
you leave this world knowing the same, then
everything that happens in between can be dealt
with.”***

Michael Jackson

***“Your image is in my eye, your name is upon my lips.
The memory of you is in my heart. Where then should
I write?”***

Majnun, The Discourses of Jalalludin Rumi, Signs of the Unseen, 44th Discourse

EXCERPT FROM 'PETER PAN'**By James M. Barrie**

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Wendy, with her first real twinge of remorse [for having gone], "it was quite time we came back."

"Let us creep in," John suggested, "and put our hands over her eyes."

But Wendy, who saw that they must break the joyous news more gently, had a better plan.

"Let us all slip into our beds, and be there when she comes in, just as if we had never been away."

And so when Mrs. Darling went back to the night-nursery to see if her husband was asleep, all the beds were occupied. The children waited for her cry of joy, but it did not come. She saw them, but she did not believe they were there. You see, she saw them in their beds so often in her dreams that she thought this was just the dream hanging around her still.

She sat down in the chair by the fire, where in the old days she had nursed them.

They could not understand this, and a cold fear fell upon all the three of them.

"Mother!" Wendy cried.

"That's Wendy," she said, but still she was sure it was

the dream.

"Mother!"

"That's John," she said.

"Mother!" cried Michael. He knew her now.

"That's Michael," she said, and she stretched out her arms for the three little selfish children they would never envelop again. Yes, they did, they went round Wendy and John and Michael, who had slipped out of bed and run to her.

"George, George!" she cried when she could speak; and Mr. Darling woke to share her bliss, and Nana came rushing in. There could not have been a lovelier sight; but there was none to see it except a little boy who was staring in at the window (Peter Pan). **He had had ecstasies innumerable that other children can never know; but he was looking through the window at the one joy from which he must be for ever barred . . . "**

From 'Peter Pan,' By James M. Barrie

Dedicated to Michael Jackson's love for his own children, and in honor of the profound loss he (and they) have suffered because he's gone far too soon from their lives. To Michael Jackson's Children: Michael (Peter Pan) will always be watching over you through the window from this world to the next.

THE SEAL OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA

“The Sacrifice required of every person is the fulfillment of his duties in life and the observance of My law. This is the penance that I now seek and require.”

Our Lord to Sister Lucia, Seer of Fatima

“This is the penance which the good Lord now asks: the sacrifice that every person has to impose upon himself is to lead a life of justice in the observance of His Law. **He requires that this way be made known to souls.** For many, thinking that the word penance means great austerities and not feeling in themselves the strength or generosity for these, lose heart and rest in a life of lukewarmness and sin.”

**The Crusade of Fatima, From a Vision of
Our Lord to Sister Lucia**

FOOTNOTES

(*)Michael Jackson's Oxford Speech, March 2001

"Thank you, thank you dear friends, from the bottom of my heart, for such a loving and spirited welcome, and thank you, Mr. President, for your kind invitation to me which I am so honoured to accept. I also want to express a special thanks to you Shmuley, who for 11 years served as Rabbi here at Oxford. You and I have been working so hard to form Heal the Kids, as well as writing our book about childlike qualities, and in all of our efforts you have been such a supportive and loving friend. And I would also like to thank Toba Friedman, our director of operations at Heal the Kids, who is returning tonight to the alma mater where she served as a Marshall scholar, as well as Marilyn Piels, another central member of our Heal the Kids team.

I am humbled to be lecturing in a place that has previously been filled by such notable figures as Mother Theresa, Albert Einstein, Ronald Reagan, Robert Kennedy and Malcolm X. I've even heard that Kermit the Frog has made an appearance here, and I've always felt a kinship with Kermit's message that it's not easy being green. I'm sure he didn't find it any easier being up here than I do!

As I looked around Oxford today, I couldn't help but be aware of the majesty and grandeur of this great institution, not to mention the brilliance of the great

and gifted minds that have roamed these streets for centuries. The walls of Oxford have not only housed the greatest philosophical and scientific geniuses - they have also ushered forth some of the most cherished creators of children's literature, from J.R.R. Tolkien to CS Lewis. Today I was allowed to hobble into the dining hall in Christ Church to see Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland immortalized in the stained glass windows. And even one of my own fellow Americans, the beloved Dr Seuss graced these halls and then went on to leave his mark on the imaginations of millions of children throughout the world.

I suppose I should start by listing my qualifications to speak before you this evening. Friends, I do not claim to have the academic expertise of other speakers who have addressed this hall, just as they could lay little claim at being adept at the moonwalk - and you know, Einstein in particular was really TERRIBLE at that.

But I do have a claim to having experienced more places and cultures than most people will ever see. Human knowledge consists not only of libraries of parchment and ink - it is also comprised of the volumes of knowledge that are written on the human heart, chiseled on the human soul, and engraved on the human psyche. And friends, I have encountered so much in this relatively short life of mine that I still cannot believe I am only 42. I often tell Shmuley that in soul years I'm sure that I'm at least 80 - and tonight

I even walk like I'm 80! So please hearken to my message, because what I have to tell you tonight can bring healing to humanity and healing to our planet.

Through the grace of God, I have been fortunate to have achieved many of my artistic and professional aspirations realized early in my lifetime. But these, friends are accomplishments, and accomplishments alone are not synonymous with who I am. Indeed, the cheery five-year-old who belted out Rockin' Robin and Ben to adoring crowds was not indicative of the boy behind the smile.

Tonight, I come before you less as an icon of pop (whatever that means anyway), and more as an icon of a generation, a generation that no longer knows what it means to be children.

All of us are products of our childhood. But I am the product of a lack of a childhood, an absence of that precious and wondrous age when we frolic playfully without a care in the world, basking in the adoration of parents and relatives, where our biggest concern is studying for that big spelling test come Monday morning.

Those of you who are familiar with the Jackson Five know that I began performing at the tender age of five and that ever since then, I haven't stopped dancing or singing. But while performing and making music undoubtedly remain as some of my greatest joys, when I was young I wanted more than anything else

to be a typical little boy. I wanted to build tree houses, have water balloon fights, and play hide and seek with my friends. But fate had it otherwise and all I could do was envy the laughter and playtime that seemed to be going on all around me.

There was no respite from my professional life. But on Sundays I would go Pioneering, the term used for the missionary work that Jehovah's Witnesses do. And it was then that I was able to see the magic of other people's childhood.

Since I was already a celebrity, I would have to don a disguise of fat suit, wig, beard and glasses and we would spend the day in the suburbs of Southern California, going door-to-door or making the rounds of shopping malls, distributing our Watchtower magazine. I loved to set foot in all those regular suburban houses and catch sight of the shag rugs and La-Z-Boy armchairs with kids playing Monopoly and grandmas baby-sitting and all those wonderful, ordinary and starry scenes of everyday life. Many, I know, would argue that these things seem like no big deal. But to me they were mesmerizing.

I used to think that I was unique in feeling that I was without a childhood. I believed that indeed there were only a handful with whom I could share those feelings. When I recently met with Shirley Temple Black, the great child star of the 1930s and 40s, we said nothing to each other at first, we simply cried together, for she could share a pain with me that only

others like my close friends Elizabeth Taylor and McCauley Culkin know.

I do not tell you this to gain your sympathy but to impress upon you my first important point: It is not just Hollywood child stars that have suffered from a non-existent childhood. Today, it's a universal calamity, a global catastrophe. Childhood has become the great casualty of modern-day living. All around us we are producing scores of kids who have not had the joy, who have not been accorded the right, who have not been allowed the freedom, or knowing what it's like to be a kid.

Today children are constantly encouraged to grow up faster, as if this period known as childhood is a burdensome stage, to be endured and ushered through, as swiftly as possible. And on that subject, I am certainly one of the world's greatest experts.

Ours is a generation that has witnessed the abrogation of the parent-child covenant. Psychologists are publishing libraries of books detailing the destructive effects of denying one's children the unconditional love that is so necessary to the healthy development of their minds and character. And because of all the neglect, too many of our kids have, essentially, to raise themselves. They are growing more distant from their parents, grandparents and other family members, as all around us the indestructible bond that once glued together the generations, unravels.

This violation has bred a new generation, Generation O let us call it, that has now picked up the torch from Generation X. The O stands for a generation that has everything on the outside - wealth, success, fancy clothing and fancy cars, but an aching emptiness on the inside. That cavity in our chests, that barrenness at our core, that void in our centre is the place where the heart once beat and which love once occupied.

And it's not just the kids who are suffering. It's the parents as well. For the more we cultivate little-adults in kids'-bodies, the more removed we ourselves become from our own child-like qualities, and there is so much about being a child that is worth retaining in adult life.

Love, ladies and gentlemen, is the human family's most precious legacy, its richest bequest, its golden inheritance. And it is a treasure that is handed down from one generation to another. Previous ages may not have had the wealth we enjoy. Their houses may have lacked electricity, and they squeezed their many kids into small homes without central heating. But those homes had no darkness, nor were they cold. They were lit bright with the glow of love and they were warmed snugly by the very heat of the human heart. Parents, undistracted by the lust for luxury and status, accorded their children primacy in their lives.

As you all know, our two countries broke from each other over what Thomas Jefferson referred to as "certain inalienable rights". And while we Americans

and British might dispute the justice of his claims, what has never been in dispute is that children have certain inalienable rights, and the gradual erosion of those rights has led to scores of children worldwide being denied the joys and security of childhood.

I would therefore like to propose tonight that we install in every home a Children's Universal Bill of Rights, the tenets of which are:

1. The right to be loved without having to earn it
2. The right to be protected, without having to deserve it
3. The right to feel valuable, even if you came into the world with nothing
4. The right to be listened to without having to be interesting
5. The right to be read a bedtime story, without having to compete with the evening news
6. The right to an education without having to dodge bullets at schools
7. The right to be thought of as adorable - (even if you have a face that only a mother could love).

Friends, the foundation of all human knowledge, the beginning of human consciousness, must be that each

and every one of us is an object of love. Before you know if you have red hair or brown, before you know if you are black or white, before you know of what religion you are a part, you have to know that you are loved.

About twelve years ago, when I was just about to start my Bad tour, a little boy came with his parents to visit me at home in California. He was dying of cancer and he told me how much he loved my music and me. His parents told me that he wasn't going to live, that any day he could just go, and I said to him: "Look, I am going to be coming to your town in Kansas to open my tour in three months. I want you to come to the show. I am going to give you this jacket that I wore in one of my videos." His eyes lit up and he said: "You are gonna GIVE it to me?" I said "Yeah, but you have to promise that you will wear it to the show." I was trying to make him hold on. I said: "When you come to the show I want to see you in this jacket and in this glove" and I gave him one of my rhinestone gloves - and I never usually give the rhinestone gloves away. And he was just in heaven.

But maybe he was too close to heaven, because when I came to his town, he had already died, and they had buried him in the glove and jacket. He was just 10 years old. God knows, I know, that he tried his best to hold on. But at least when he died, he knew that he was loved, not only by his parents, but even by me, a near stranger, I also loved him. And with all of that love he knew that he didn't come into this world

alone, and he certainly didn't leave it alone.

If you enter this world knowing you are loved and you leave this world knowing the same, then everything that happens in between can be dealt with. A professor may degrade you, but you will not feel degraded, a boss may crush you, but you will not be crushed, a corporate gladiator might vanquish you, but you will still triumph. How could any of them truly prevail in pulling you down? For you know that you are an object worthy of love. The rest is just packaging.

But if you don't have that memory of being loved, you are condemned to search the world for something to fill you up. But no matter how much money you make or how famous you become, you will still feel empty. What you are really searching for is unconditional love, unqualified acceptance. And that was the one thing that was denied to you at birth.

Friends, let me paint a picture for you. Here is a typical day in America - six youths under the age of 20 will commit suicide, 12 children under the age of 20 will die from firearms - remember this is a DAY, not a year - 399 kids will be arrested for drug abuse, 1,352 babies will be born to teen mothers. This is happening in one of the richest, most developed countries in the history of the world.

Yes, in my country there is an epidemic of violence that parallels no other industrialized nation. These are

the ways young people in America express their hurt and their anger. But don't think that there is not the same pain and anguish among their counterparts in the United Kingdom. Studies in this country show that every single hour, three teenagers in the UK inflict harm upon themselves, often by cutting or burning their bodies or taking an overdose. This is how they have chosen to cope with the pain of neglect and emotional agony.

In Britain, as many as 20% of families will only sit down and have dinner together once a year. Once a year! And what about the time-honoured tradition of reading your kid a bedtime story? Research from the 1980s showed that children who are read to, had far greater literacy and significantly outperformed their peers at school. And yet, less than 33% of British children ages two to eight have a regular bedtime story read to them. You may not think much of that until you take into account that 75% of their parents DID have that bedtime story when they were that age.

Clearly, we do not have to ask ourselves where all of this pain, anger and violent behaviour comes from. It is self-evident that children are thundering against the neglect, quaking against the indifference and crying out just to be noticed. The various child protection agencies in the US say that millions of children are victims of maltreatment in the form of neglect, in the average year. Yes, neglect. In rich homes, privileged homes, wired to the hilt with every electronic gadget. Homes where parents come home,

but they're not really home, because their heads are still at the office. And their kids? Well, their kids just make do with whatever emotional crumbs they get. And you don't get much from endless TV, computer games and videos.

These hard, cold numbers which for me, wrench the soul and shake the spirit, should indicate to you why I have devoted so much of my time and resources into making our new Heal the Kids initiative a colossal success.

Our goal is simple - to recreate the parent/child bond, renew its promise and light the way forward for all the beautiful children who are destined one day to walk this earth.

But since this is my first public lecture, and you have so warmly welcomed me into your hearts, I feel that I want to tell you more. We each have our own story, and in that sense statistics can become personal.

They say that parenting is like dancing. You take one step, your child takes another. I have discovered that getting parents to re-dedicate themselves to their children is only half the story. The other half is preparing the children to re-accept their parents.

When I was very young I remember that we had this crazy mutt of a dog named "Black Girl," a mix of wolf and retriever. Not only wasn't she much of a guard dog, she was such a scared and nervous thing that it

is a wonder she did not pass out every time a truck rumbled by, or a thunderstorm swept through Indiana. My sister Janet and I gave that dog so much love, but we never really won back the sense of trust that had been stolen from her by her previous owner. We knew he used to beat her. We didn't know with what. But whatever it was, it was enough to suck the spirit right out of that dog.

A lot of kids today are hurt puppies who have weaned themselves off the need for love. They couldn't care less about their parents. Left to their own devices, they cherish their independence. They have moved on and have left their parents behind.

Then there are the far worse cases of children who harbour animosity and resentment toward their parents, so that any overture that their parents might undertake would be thrown forcefully back in their face.

Tonight, I don't want any of us to make this mistake. That's why I'm calling upon all the world's children - beginning with all of us here tonight - to forgive our parents, if we felt neglected. Forgive them and teach them how to love again.

You probably weren't surprised to hear that I did not have an idyllic childhood. The strain and tension that exists in my relationship with my own father is well documented. My father is a tough man and he pushed my brothers and me hard, from the earliest

age, to be the best performers we could be.

He had great difficulty showing affection. He never really told me he loved me. And he never really complimented me either. If I did a great show, he would tell me it was a good show. And if I did an OK show, he told me it was a lousy show.

He seemed intent, above all else, on making us a commercial success. And at that he was more than adept. My father was a managerial genius and my brothers and I owe our professional success, in no small measure, to the forceful way that he pushed us. He trained me as a showman and under his guidance I couldn't miss a step.

But what I really wanted was a Dad. I wanted a father who showed me love. And my father never did that. He never said I love you while looking me straight in the eye, he never played a game with me. He never gave me a piggyback ride, he never threw a pillow at me, or a water balloon.

But I remember once when I was about four years old, there was a little carnival and he picked me up and put me on a pony. It was a tiny gesture, probably something he forgot five minutes later. But because of that moment I have this special place in my heart for him. Because that's how kids are, the little things mean so much to them and for me, that one moment meant everything. I only experienced it that one time, but it made me feel really good, about him and the

world.

But now I am a father myself, and one day I was thinking about my own children, Prince and Paris and how I wanted them to think of me when they grow up. To be sure, I would like them to remember how I always wanted them with me wherever I went, how I always tried to put them before everything else. But there are also challenges in their lives. Because my kids are stalked by paparazzi, they can't always go to a park or a movie with me.

So what if they grow older and resent me, and how my choices impacted their youth? Why weren't we given an average childhood like all the other kids, they might ask? And at that moment I pray that my children will give me the benefit of the doubt. That they will say to themselves: "Our daddy did the best he could, given the unique circumstances that he faced. He may not have been perfect, but he was a warm and decent man, who tried to give us all the love in the world."

I hope that they will always focus on the positive things, on the sacrifices I willingly made for them, and not criticize the things they had to give up, or the errors I've made, and will certainly continue to make, in raising them. For we have all been someone's child, and we know that despite the very best of plans and efforts, mistakes will always occur. That's just being human.

And when I think about this, of how I hope that my children will not judge me unkindly, and will forgive my shortcomings, I am forced to think of my own father and despite my earlier denials, I am forced to admit that he must have loved me. He did love me, and I know that.

There were little things that showed it. When I was a kid I had a real sweet tooth - we all did. My favourite food was glazed doughnuts and my father knew that. So every few weeks I would come downstairs in the morning and there on the kitchen counter was a bag of glazed doughnuts - no note, no explanation - just the doughnuts. It was like Santa Claus.

Sometimes I would think about staying up late at night, so I could see him leave them there, but just like with Santa Claus, I didn't want to ruin the magic for fear that he would never do it again. My father had to leave them secretly at night, so as no one might catch him with his guard down. He was scared of human emotion, he didn't understand it or know how to deal with it. But he did know doughnuts.

And when I allow the floodgates to open up, there are other memories that come rushing back, memories of other tiny gestures, however imperfect, that showed that he did what he could. So tonight, rather than focusing on what my father didn't do, I want to focus on all the things he did do and on his own personal challenges. I want to stop judging him.

I have started reflecting on the fact that my father grew up in the South, in a very poor family. He came of age during the Depression and his own father, who struggled to feed his children, showed little affection towards his family and raised my father and his siblings with an iron fist. Who could have imagined what it was like to grow up a poor black man in the South, robbed of dignity, bereft of hope, struggling to become a man in a world that saw my father as subordinate. I was the first black artist to be played on MTV and I remember how big a deal it was even then. And that was in the 80s!

My father moved to Indiana and had a large family of his own, working long hours in the steel mills, work that kills the lungs and humbles the spirit, all to support his family. Is it any wonder that he found it difficult to expose his feelings? Is it any mystery that he hardened his heart, that he raised the emotional ramparts? And most of all, is it any wonder why he pushed his sons so hard to succeed as performers, so that they could be saved from what he knew to be a life of indignity and poverty?

I have begun to see that even my father's harshness was a kind of love, an imperfect love, to be sure, but love nonetheless. He pushed me because he loved me. Because he wanted no man ever to look down at his offspring.

And now with time, rather than bitterness, I feel blessing. In the place of anger, I have found

absolution. And in the place of revenge I have found reconciliation. And my initial fury has slowly given way to forgiveness.

Almost a decade ago, I founded a charity called Heal the World. The title was something I felt inside me. Little did I know, as Shmuley later pointed out, that those two words form the cornerstone of Old Testament prophecy. Do I really believe that we can heal this world, that is riddled with war and genocide, even today? And do I really think that we can heal our children, the same children who can enter their schools with guns and hatred and shoot down their classmates, like they did at Columbine? Or children who can beat a defenseless toddler to death, like the tragic story of Jamie Bulger? Of course I do, or I wouldn't be here tonight.

But it all begins with forgiveness, because to heal the world, we first have to heal ourselves. And to heal the kids, we first have to heal the child within, each and every one of us. As an adult, and as a parent, I realize that I cannot be a whole human being, nor a parent capable of unconditional love, until I put to rest the ghosts of my own childhood.

And that's what I'm asking all of us to do tonight. Live up to the fifth of the Ten Commandments. Honour your parents by not judging them. Give them the benefit of the doubt.

That is why I want to forgive my father and to stop judging him. I want to forgive my father, because I

want a father, and this is the only one that I've got. I want the weight of my past lifted from my shoulders and I want to be free to step into a new relationship with my father, for the rest of my life, unhindered by the goblins of the past.

In a world filled with hate, we must still dare to hope. In a world filled with anger, we must still dare to comfort. In a world filled with despair, we must still dare to dream. And in a world filled with distrust, we must still dare to believe.

To all of you tonight who feel let down by your parents, I ask you to let down your disappointment. To all of you tonight who feel cheated by your fathers or mothers, I ask you not to cheat yourself further. And to all of you who wish to push your parents away, I ask you to extend your hand to them instead. I am asking you, I am asking myself, to give our parents the gift of unconditional love, so that they too may learn how to love from us, their children. So that love will finally be restored to a desolate and lonely world.

Shmuley once mentioned to me an ancient Biblical prophecy which says that a new world and a new time would come, when "the hearts of the parents would be restored through the hearts of their children". My friends, we are that world, we are those children.

Mahatma Gandhi said: "The weak can never forgive.

Forgiveness is the attribute of the strong." Tonight, be strong. Beyond being strong, rise to the greatest challenge of all - to restore that broken covenant. We must all overcome whatever crippling effects our childhoods may have had on our lives and in the words of Jesse Jackson, forgive each other, redeem each other and move on.

This call for forgiveness may not result in Oprah moments the world over, with thousands of children making up with their parents, but it will at least be a start, and we'll all be so much happier as a result.

And so ladies and gentlemen, I conclude my remarks tonight with faith, joy and excitement.

From this day forward, may a new song be heard.

Let that new song be the sound of children laughing.

Let that new song be the sound of children playing.

Let that new song be the sound of children singing.

And let that new song be the sound of parents listening.

Together, let us create a symphony of hearts, marveling at the miracle of our children and basking in the beauty of love.

Let us heal the world and blight its pain.

And may we all make beautiful music together.

God bless you, and I love you.”

Michael Jackson’s Oxford Speech, March 2001

()From 'The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism,' By Marilynn Hughes:**

"Joining several runners about to begin a marathon race, I was quite determined to take a slow pace in what appeared to be a long journey ahead. Other runners quickly passed me by, perhaps thinking they had somehow gained something by doing so. However, I was quite pleased with my pace because I had perceived everything along the road, although a part of me could not help but wonder if I should speed up and keep pace with the others. After some time, the others sped by so quickly I saw only a blur in their wake.

Another runner appeared beside me without my notice, keeping the same pace that I had chosen. Immediately sensing my distress, he spoke to me. "The other runners are caught up with the finish line, and you are more interested in the path." I looked over at him, and said, "But I feel so separate and apart from their reality." Interjecting, he smiled at my confusion. "As you should! You feel the oneness and you see their reality for what it is. They see it from a different illusion. To them, physical life is all there is, winning is all there is. Spiritual growth requires a different perspective, one that you now have. Growth comes from within, not without. By taking life at the pace you have chosen, you allow yourself to perceive more accurately what the world truly represents. You embrace the divine plan and trust it completely, they do not. They feel that their importance lies in finishing the race with the fastest time, and you see

that the race will never end. Every perception along the path is an important and crucial one. If you miss the flower on the side of the road because you ran by too quickly, you will need to return to perceive it in the future. In their ignorance, they may think they are passing you by, but the truth is you have not even entered their race. Your path is parallel to their road, but they have not yet begun the path that you seek. The irony is that the race is an illusion. Do not compare yourself with those who see only illusion. Walk slowly down your path of increasing awareness and opening perceptions as it is this path that leads to enlightenment."

Taking my hand, he and I transcended the race and sat together on a stone. "Knowing what you know about the universe, would you choose to again become ignorant of it?" My response was a resounding, "No!" "You may feel lonely and separate at times in your physical world because of your differing perceptions, but truth is a wonderful gift, and those who have the truth have everything. Your loneliness is just another part of that illusion. Is it not true that we are always with you? Is it not true that we are available to you at all times? And if this is so, then your loneliness is only a false perception on your part. You are never alone, it is an illusion!" Letting my hand go, he cried from the distance, "Remember, you have universal truth . . . you have oneness. How is it that you could ever be alone?!" In moments, I was returned gently into my body."

"Do you not know that the runners in the stadium all

run in the race, but only one wins the prize? Run so as to win. Every athlete exercises discipline in every way. They do it to win a perishable crown, but we an imperishable one. Thus I do not run aimlessly; I do not fight as if I were shadowboxing. No, I drive my body and train it, for fear that, after having preached to others, I myself should be disqualified."

*New American Bible, New Testament, 1 Corinthians
10:24, (Christianity, Catholic)*

From 'The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism,' By Marilyn Hughes

Michael Jackson:

The Afterlife Experiences II

Michael Jackson's American Dream to Heal the World

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

<http://outofbodytravel.org>



Author, Marilyn Hughes

MICHAEL JACKSON'S AFTERLIFE EXPERIENCES II: The Afterlife Experiences of Michael Jackson re-emerge five months after his death into an even more unexpected and profoundly exciting path.

Get to know a different Michael Jackson, the part of Michael Jackson that wanted to 'Heal the World' and founded 'Heal the Kids.' Get to know the Michael Jackson who has emerged from the afterlife again after spending several months under the tutelage of Our Lord Jesus Christ. This is not what you're expecting, but rather, the afterlife Michael Jackson ramped up by several thousand amps.

Starring in his first supporting role – Michael Jackson willingly steps aside in the afterlife to make way for the message of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ to step forward and restate the Gospel in a modern and 'in your face' way.

This book is not for those who are afraid of self-confrontation, it's for those who really want to accomplish what they were put on this earth to do before they have to cross into the afterlife. It's for those who are willing to set aside the common hindrances that keep us from making this world a 'better place for you and for me and the entire human race.'

This really IS it, and Michael Jackson has come to state the fundamental truths he has learned in the afterlife which we all need to re-embrace in order to heal the world by making our individual lives what God has meant them to be.

