

Ghosts and Lost Souls

Mystic Knowledge Series

Compiled and Written by Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org



Photo Taken at the National Maritime Museum, Queen's House in 1966. Although the photographer was taking a picture of the beautiful staircase, nobody was there. This person with hands on the rail showed up in photograph later.

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For information, write to:

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org

MarilynnHughes@outofbodytravel.org

If this book is unavailable from your local bookseller, it may be obtained directly from the Out-of-Body Travel Foundation by going to www.outofbodytravel.org.

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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INTRODUCTION:

The Mystic Knowledge Series is a group of compilations of the Mystic and Out-of-Body Travel Works of Marilyn Hughes on various subjects of scholarship so you may have at your fingertips all the Out-of-Body Travel Instructions on a particular area of study.

As many experiences would overlap into more than one area, we've chosen the best category for each Out-of-Body Travel Experience in which to place it in order to avoid repetition.

We hope this series helps those who are interested in a special area of study to read all the recorded mystical and out-of-body travel experiences that the author had on each subject.

These experiences are compiled from 'Come to Wisdom's Door: How to Have an Out-of-Body Experience,' 'The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism,' 'Galactica: A Treatise on Death, Dying and the Afterlife,' 'The Palace of Ancient Knowledge: A Treatise on Ancient Mysteries,' 'Touched by the Nails: A Karmic Journey Revealed,' 'Suffering: The Fruits of Utter Desolation,' and a few other published and unpublished sources.

CHAPTER ONE

Ghosts and Lost Souls: Our Responsibility

It seems somewhat popular these days to investigate and talk about hauntings, haunted houses, haunted places and ghost hunting in general. In light of this popularity, it seems timely to discuss who ghosts are, why they are ghosts and what our responsibility to them is in the eyes of God.

I've seen many programs on television lately where investigations are done into 'paranormal' phenomena. Most instances, but not all, are focused primarily on either proving through some type of media the presence of otherworldly energies or finding out something about the person who may be haunting a place. There are a few programs where the focus does also go into the area of 'rescue.' And this is what I wish to discuss in this issue.

Who are ghosts? Who are lost souls? They are people who died who are stuck. The only difference between them and us is that they have already died, and we have not yet done so. The Lord expects us to take care of one another; whether living or dead. And one thing that concerns me about the programs which focus on phenomena and information alone, is that they ignore our humanitarian obligation to care about and help these ghosts and lost souls; who are no different from us except in that they've already died. We are also going to die, and so are our loved ones.

It is interesting how much fear is associated with ghosts and lost souls because of this simple fact. They are people - who happen to be dead. But they remain people. And because they are lost, we have a unique responsibility to them to assist them in finding out what

has cast them where they remain and what needs to happen in order for them to be released from this condition.

This is not a criticism of the programs that focus on phenomena or information. Each of us have spiritual gifts, and they are different. Those who have a gift of attaining information, may not always simultaneously have a gift of knowing how to liberate the souls. But I've heard, even from gifted people who do this whom I respect and admire a great deal, things that are concerning. For instance, if a spirit is friendly, sometimes it is given to the owner of a building as an option as to whether or not it is 'cleansed.' (We will take up 'cleansing' in a moment.) I've heard this even in cases where a suicide has occurred.

It is never optional as to whether or not we have a responsibility to pursue the liberation of that individual (spirit) because they are stuck. Just as if you found a young child lost in the city, you would feel an obligation to help them find their way home through the police or whatever means were given you. Ghosts and Lost Souls are people who need help, and we do have a responsibility to them.

Just a short note on 'cleansing.' Cleansing is something that can be done in a place wherein the energies of a particular event still remain, but not the ghosts or entities of that event. Although cleansing sometimes works in helping a lost soul to cross over, its purpose is primarily focused on energy, not people, not souls.

So cleansing has a purpose in dealing with energies. But people are not merely energies; they are souls, spirits and beings. Ghosts are not just energies, so cleansing will often NOT work for ghosts or lost souls. They require specific help from us to determine the

nature of why they have become stuck in the physical, mortal world, and what requirements remain in order for them to be freed.

Sometimes cleansing the energy, however, can create an opening wherein remaining lost souls may find their way to the light on their own later. But usually a ghost or lost soul has something particular that they need to deal with in order to move on, and these causes are as individual as every person can be.

For some, it is simply understanding that they are dead. For others, there is unfinished business to be attended to. And for even others, they may be actually doing purgatorial time on earth for something they did during their lives. In such cases, prayer is a great necessity on their behalf, but also determining the exact nature of what they must complete to amend for that action and be ready to move forward.

Finally, there can be evil spirits - which are the ones who can be much scarier - who can require a number of very different dynamics in order to help them cross over. And sometimes these spirits won't be crossing over to the light, and this makes them much more complicated.

But since such situations are as varied as people, I thought it might be helpful to try to give the groundwork of a general situation wherein you might need to assist a ghost or lost soul and what you might do. Remember, though, that oftentimes such things are spiritual gifts. Those of us who have such gifts will naturally 'fall into' this work, and are generally led and told exactly what to do along the way.

Usually, the first thing you might come across is the simple feeling that a spirit is there. That can come about by phenomena or just feeling the presence.

The next step can occur in either the physical waking environment or the mystical realms. Many of my liberations have been done in mystical realms and sometimes even at remote distances. But I've also done work while physically conscious in the location. It can happen either way depending on the situation.

Generally, it begins with you feeling the way that the person died. It is the last traumatic event in their lives, and they usually share it with you. Sometimes you will even feel the pain, but almost always you will feel the terror, fear or shock that they felt.

At this time, I usually acknowledge the pain they went through and I do this very sincerely. I stop and think about the tragedy of how their life ended. Oftentimes with a lost soul or ghost, it ended suddenly, abruptly, through violence or a horrible accident. But not always . . .

Usually, if the issue surrounding their status is about the way they died, they will convey it to me at that time. Sometimes they feel responsible for a horrible accident, sometimes they feel like justice has not been served if they were murdered, sometimes they remain in the fear of the moment of death and relive it over and over again, and sometimes they don't know they are dead. There are a myriad experiences.

But if the reason they are lost is caused by the mode of their death or them not realizing that they are dead, this will be the easiest liberation. In most cases, you will have a chat with them about how this horrible event that they have shared with you actually resulted in their death. If they feel responsible for something, they can often be spoken to about the circumstances of the accident which very often was not truly their fault. If it was their fault, you can very non-judgmentally express to them that you are aware they made a mistake, but it's

not something that can as yet be undone. And then you ask about things that they might need from you; perhaps to tell someone that they are sorry and you make sure you keep that promise because it's very important.

If they just didn't realize they were dead, as soon as they do, you'd be surprised how quickly sometimes the light becomes visible to them.

In most cases of ghosts and lost souls, there is a reason why they have been unable to receive the same help that most people get when they cross over to find their way. And it's usually unfinished business, sudden death or a disbelief in life after death or God. Believe it or not, those who don't believe in life after death - depending on how strong that belief was while living - can become terribly confused when they die and they find that they're still in existence. They often have no idea what to do.

As the person who's been asked and called into help them, there are a few things they will need to know. First, you tell them about the existence of the light and that if they raise their eyes to heaven or God that their vibration may raise just enough for them to be able to finally see it. This also affects the ability to then see the guardian angels who have always been there, but have been unable to get through because the subject cannot see or hear them. You talk to them about reorienting their awareness to a spiritual world now, rather than the physical. In such cases, that may be all they need because their guardian angels often take over from there.

For those with unfinished business or who are doing purgatorial time on earth, there will be more steps. Oftentimes, they need prayer. But they also need somebody who can convey messages to those left behind, if possible, and they need someone who can receive from the higher thrust - heavenly forces -

information that may be vital to them completing their work here and shifting to the higher awareness. Once a soul has shifted to that higher awareness, your job is almost always pretty close to finished.

Some souls may have to do some time here to make up for things that they might have done. An example: I ran into a group of souls who were inconsiderate about other people, they ignored them as if they didn't exist. When they had crossed over, they had been 'sentenced' so to speak to a period of time in wandering the earth unseen by humanity.

But here's an interesting point that a lot of people don't realize. As soon as somebody, anybody, is able to realize that they are there, it means that they are ripe for assistance in crossing over. So in buildings where we see hauntings that have been going on for hundreds of years, we've been negligent in recognizing that we have a responsibility - if God calls us to - to help them now to make that final crossing.

Some people have misperceptions or belief systems that can be religious in nature which can prevent their crossing, also. In such cases, we either help them to understand the true nature of eternal love and the mechanism by which we all return to God, or we provide them with illusions that support that belief system and help them to cross. And after that crossing, they are then taught of the Way. We ourselves can transform into police officers, teachers, nurses, etc. And in some rare instances, for perhaps Catholicism, a priest from the beyond might come to assist somebody who has a concern that they didn't receive absolution, or another religious figure may be able to come forward and provide the things the spirit believes he needs in order to get him to the light where he is then re-educated about the nature of things and the mechanism of eternal life.

Evil spirits are a whole different ball-game. You can have evil spirits who are ghosts of people who were evil, but you can also have hauntings which include principalities and powers - actual demonic entities. Such situations are very dangerous and to be handled with great care, and generally only by someone who has been trained by the Lord. Any other training will not help you here . . .

In such cases, there can be a myriad of outcomes. An evil person who is doing evil things as a spirit may well go to the light, but they may just as easily be going to the lower realms. This is something that only God knows, and when you are in the 'mystic power' it is revealed to you the 'energetic truth' of that person and situation. It is only in this way that you can know.

There are also people who are not evil, but who do things that appear and also can be very evil as ghosts. Some of them might think it funny to scare children, I've met a few of those. But that is a violation of eternal law. In one particular case I dealt with, it was an old woman who had committed suicide but was reliving her one moment with the man she felt she was in love with when she was a young woman. He'd married another and she never married. When she died, she stayed in the house where the ball had been held, relived it nightly and played tricks on the two little girls who lived there now.

She was NOT an evil spirit, but what she was doing violated eternal law and it was a true showdown with her. She refused to leave for several nights, and it was very energy consuming. But when she left, she went to the light, because she was not evil, she was simply behaving in a way which is in concert with evil as a ghost. But because of what she was doing, I was called in and had to confront her about her violations of eternal law. Because of her own sadness regarding the losses in

her life, she didn't get it. She didn't think it was a big deal, and thus, we had a showdown.

However, there are plenty of ghosts who were evil in life and remained evil in death. And they, too, must go to their appointed places. But this is not so clearly cut. Because, again, only God knows the heart of a man and it must be revealed to us before we can even act. Because when we work in this capacity, we can truly only do so under the will of God. If God does not will our participation, it won't happen.

Those who are evil in life and are now evil ghosts are most often escorted to a lower realm in concert with their vices. And this could be a whole subject unto itself. But evil spirits are a whole other matter. They must be dismantled and sent back to the abyss, and this can ONLY be done if you have been taught to do it by the Lord. Because the power and ability given to make this happen does not come from you or me, it has to be funneled directly in from God. If you attempt to do this without proper eternal authority, you sincerely risk death.

Evil spirits and even evil ghosts can be VERY dangerous. They can cause physical harm, not just spiritual. And evil spirits are extremely energized beings of darkness, and they are just as strong in their evil as those of us who are trained to work for God are in the light. And anytime you take on a battle such as this, even when ordained and set up by God alone, there is ALWAYS the chance of defeat.

This humble knowledge and understanding is ABSOLUTELY essential. No one should pursue this unless specifically trained in the mystic heavens by the Lord to do it.

A lot of people will do things that they have genuine gifts towards, like 'clearing,' or working with

lost souls, ghosts, etc. etc. But no one should do this unless they've been trained. Training consists of years and years of mystical training every night in the realms beyond the body wherein your spiritual guides and the specific angels, including St. Michael, engage in conscious participation in teaching you how to battle such forces. If you are trained in such a manner, you will fail miserably many times before you succeed, and that's why they set you up to learn this under illusory circumstances wherein you cannot be hurt, and neither can any other innocent living being be hurt by your training.

But when you go into real battle with the dark side, it is REAL. And you better be prepared and energized by God Himself.

Some of us will do this for a time, and then we will be asked to step aside for younger people to step in because this is a REAL physically demanding task and as we get older - and in my case, as we show some of the wounds in our bodies with disease from these battles and assaults of the dark side - we may not have the strength to continue to go in. So we go in ONLY when the Lord so deigns, because if we do otherwise, we not only risk major defeat and failure and all the consequences that this would bring to those who are dealing with the evil spirit or demonic force, but we do risk death.

When I was younger, I engaged in such battle on an almost nightly basis. I rescued lost souls probably 2-3 times a week. Now that I'm older, and I've sustained some injuries from those battles, I go into situations more like 2-3 times a month. And I'm able to sustain that.

But I don't choose where and when I go, the Lord calls me in. However, if somebody has a physical location that I'm able to go to - a haunted ranch, home,

farmland, etc. - I go in of my own free will, but then the Lord reveals as He so chooses. Because of the natural gift that He has given me, I always feel things when I go. But sometimes it may take a few more days before the rest of the story is revealed to me in the mystical state. Oftentimes, the clearing of the energies - especially in situations out West where a lot of battlefields still contain a lot of energy - and the liberating of the lost souls or ghosts, will happen in the mystical realms.

Oftentimes, however, alongside lost souls and ghosts - there can be evil spirits or demonic forces. Because it is their will to hold back the souls of others, just as much as it is to hold back their own. So oftentimes, you will be required to do things on a very multi-leveled capacity. And this is vital in order for the complex problem to be solved.

Because anything that is left behind can attract like to itself again. So if you release a lost soul, but leave behind a dark force, a haunting will recur. But it will be a different ghost. EVERYTHING must be cleared, liberated, removed and in the case of any darkness surrounding it, annihilated. Evil and darkness, as energies, are always approached with annihilation. This may sound harsh, but it's the only way to protect the third and fourth realm from being infiltrated by dark and evil spirits whose domain is the first and second.

They are violating eternal law by being here unlawfully. The third and fourth realm are the mortal realms where the battles between good and evil rage, so evil will exist here. But there are eternal laws which govern how they exist and to what degree they are allowed to operate here. If they violate it, they are dismantled and sent back to the first and second realms and sometimes just the abyss.

St. Michael can do this with a single thought.

It takes a little more effort for a weak mortal being such as myself to allow enough eternal energy to come in and take care of such a situation.

In most cases, however, a ghost or lost soul is just a person who died who is stuck. Most of the time, although evil is obviously found in some very haunted places, ghosts are well-intentioned and just need help. Although they may be completely comfortable with remaining here, it is our duty not to allow them to do so. We don't do this in an uncaring way; we do this with absolute and total love because they are our brethren.

They may be perfectly content to remain because they don't realize what awaits them beyond the light. If they did, they'd beg us to help them cross. Remaining here as a ghost in spirit beyond the time allotted due to purgatorial duties or unfinished business does not serve their souls.

So for those of you reading this who may not have this gift or work with lost souls and ghosts, let me tell you the best thing you can do for them and for the rest of us who do. Pray, pray, pray for them. Ask God to bring somebody to them to assist them in their crossing. I personally welcome e-mails from people who have situations wherein they need help, and I'm happy to try to assist remotely. And if that can't be done, if I'm physically still able, I'd come to them.

When I see a haunted house, I don't feel fear. My heart aches at our brethren who are trapped because of their own delusions or something they have no control over which has caused them to be stuck in a pattern of time that is shortly or long past. We need to look at such phenomena in a different way.

Sometimes, when I do feel fear and I know we're dealing with something else, I feel justice. They don't have a right to cause harm to the living, and they must

go where they are compatible and stop their stupid antics. They, too, are wasting time and avoiding and averting their own evolution because even evil spirits AND demonic spirits are supposed to be evolving towards God.

They won't say thank you or appreciate it when you banish them to the lower realms, but you are actually doing their soul a service because they will go to a realm which will teach them what they need to know to take the next step higher.

Ghosts and lost souls should not be seen as paranormal phenomena, because if they are, then the minute you or I die, we become phenomena, too. They are people. And they need our help.

CHAPTER TWO
**Death by Car Accident, Accidental Explosion,
 Electric Chair, During Robbery, Suicide. The
 Calling to Serve Lost Souls.**

Beginning to work with lost souls, these unfortunate souls were usually unaware that they had died, and required assistance to get to the other side.

*"Therefore do not be afraid of them. Nothing is
 concealed that will not be revealed, nor secret that will
 not be known. What I say to you in the darkness,
 speak in the light."*

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 10:26,
 (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

As I had drifted off to sleep, I began dreaming a horrid scene repetitively. We were driving down the highway when suddenly a frantic man began to run in front of our vehicle. His terrified thoughts were displayed all around his person in this spiritual arena. Driving past him, we had assumed he was a lunatic, as his demeanor was frightening and morose. But when we passed him, we came upon a horrid accident wherein several people had been killed. Their bodies were very mangled, and we began to feel as if we might throw up.

Each time the dream progressed, I woke up in a cold sweat. I didn't understand what was happening to me. But each time I dropped off to sleep, I had the dream again.

Praying to the guardian angels around me, I asked to understand, and as I did this, I began to achieve knowing.

Having driven to a neighboring city that day, we had picked up a lost soul, who had apparently died in a

horrible car accident some time before. It became known to me that many people who die quick and violent deaths, especially those who have no spiritual foundation, become lost after death, or don't realize they have passed on. Some are not even able to 'see' spiritual beings or things of the spiritual world because their vibration is still quite physical, and much too low to sense them. Because their lives and perceptions are so physical, they often wander about the earth trying to get their loved one's attention, but to no avail. When they are not recognized, they panic. After suffering some major trauma in death, the soul feels it is caught in a void wandering aimlessly alone.

Understanding this, I was still quite terrified. A frantic ghost was now relying on me to help him, and I was still trying to deal with my fear of a ghost being present in my house.

As directed by the eternal, however, I began to communicate telepathically to the spirit. Feeling his incredible need to cling to me, I again tried to calm myself, and then affirmed to the soul my need for boundaries. He respected them immediately. "I love you," I conveyed to him, "but you must look behind you and SEE the light of God! Call out to your guides, ask them to take you there." The spirit was intrigued and began doing as I asked, but again became clingy, frightening me. "You are no longer of the physical plane, you have moved onto greater things. Turn around! Ask!" His resistance intensified and I could feel the heat forming in pools of sweat on my body. Panicking, I ordered him, "In the name of Jesus Christ, I can no longer help you, turn . . . and go to the light!" Suddenly, I felt a spirit wind blow by as a gush of ecstasy overcame my soul. Intuitively, I knew the soul had seen the light and I was feeling his profound joy.

"Let the groans of prisoners come before you; by your great power free those doomed to death."

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Psalm 79:11,
(Christianity, Catholic)*

Entering into another lost soul's dream, I witnessed his death. Attempting to rob a young couple's home, he had entered when the couple had left to take a walk, not realizing that their young child was still in the home. As soon as he found their daughter, he locked her in a closet. When the couple returned from their walk, they noticed the broken glass and immediately searched for and found her, but police cars were already arriving as the neighbors had called the police when they noticed the disturbance. Checking through the house, the police didn't find the robber immediately, and assumed he had gotten away.

But the father knew of a room that was normally sealed off from the house and asked the police to check it out. Upon entering the room, they were immediately confronted with the armed robber, firing five shots, killing him instantly. Now, he was a lost soul.

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

Telling him that God loved him, he began to cry. Beginning to increase his energetic intensity, I asked that he respect my space and boundaries. As I explained

some universal truths to him, he was excited by the incredible love that God had for his soul. Our Lord had been moved by his true contrition at the moment of death.

Absorbing knowledge with ease and joy, he became hesitant to leave when I told him of his next destination, the light. (Lost souls are often uncomfortable leaving the only contact they have had since death) Telling him to stay near me as long as he felt he needed, I conveyed to him that when he felt ready he could depart directly for the light. This calmed him a great deal, and within moments, he left for the light, leaving a cool breeze in his wake.

"All our masters in the spiritual life emphasize that when the soul is free and empty of all inordinate attachments, God can then work without all hindering; He is free to accomplish His own divine designs."

The Divine Crucible of Purgatory, Chapter XIV, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Mother Mary of St. Austin)

And so it came to pass that I helped dozens of lost souls, only two of which I choose to mention at this time.

A dying soul beckoned my spirit to await his entry into the void, as his death was coming quickly by the electric chair. Leaving his body and entering the astral state, I embraced him and welcomed him to the other side. Angry, he said, "Alright, where am I going to be sent now." Obviously assuming he was going to hell, I told him that there was only love for him. "Wait a minute," he said, "that's crazy!" Waiting patiently for him to absorb this truth, he finally said, "Okay, I can handle it, tell me more." Leaving him with the knowledge that he was greatly loved by God, I gave him the information he would need to go to the light. As his guides descended in a wispy light, he reached his hand

to them as he paused to say good-bye.

As I was not made aware for what crime this man was executed, or whether or not he was guilty, I considered it an interesting example of God's all-knowing wisdom; that only He knows the heart of a soul.

Another lost soul was treating me very badly in an astral realm wherein he had created a table. Unless I showed him 'proper identification,' he would not allow me to pass. No identification that I presented was sufficient, and so I quietly stepped aside waiting for instruction.

A beautiful angel appeared and told me of this man's life. Believing his whole family had not loved him, the final straw had come when his wife left him. After committing suicide, he had created this reality which allowed him to reject others. Understanding his feelings, it occurred to me that although his conclusion was incorrect, his feelings were quite real.

Returning to his table, I sent energies of love and understanding. "I'm so sorry that you suffered so much in your lifetime." I said. "But you know, you really are loved greatly. Let go of this illusory reality you have created for yourself. There is so much more to be experienced. The Universe is a loving place and you are an important part of us all." Looking up, a moment of caring was shared, and the objects of his self-imposed prison began to disappear slowly.

Apologizing for treating me as he had, forgiveness began to emerge within him for his wife and family. Moments later, he returned to the light.

***"Love is a light that never dwelleth in a heart
possessed by fear."***

*The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Fourth Valley,
Page 58, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

***"Sentient beings are muddled by afflictions, their
conceptions and inclinations are not the same;***

*According to their mental states they perform
inconceivably many acts, thereby forming the oceans of
all lands."*

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 4, The Formation
of the Worlds, Page 186, Stanza 2, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

Playing repetitively in my mind, a lost soul's horrific death began coming to me as I was slowly releasing form. Determining to keep things in perspective, I knew that I must do so if I might be of some assistance.

A woman had been working in a power plant standing outside by a large looming tower. Suddenly, an explosion was heard, a fire ensued and people were running towards her. Another explosion went off, and before she had a chance to run, a third. Extremely traumatized, she had been blown to bits. Because it was so gruesome, I fought the fear that came with it by determining that I would see this from a spiritual reality rather than a physical illusion.

Beginning telepathic communication, she felt responsible for the explosion because of a mistake she had made. Unable to respond because of her horror at being responsible in a small way for so many deaths, I conveyed to her that everything was going to be alright, despite the suffering she'd endured. Chaotic and frantic, she hopelessly tried to communicate with those she'd left behind, but although she could hear them, they couldn't hear her and this made her panic more.

Conveying god's love for her, she calmed immensely. "You mean I won't be judged for what I did, even though it took all those lives?" "God loves you, honey, and there isn't anything you could do to turn him away. His love is complete. It is unconditional." Telling her to stay with me as long as she felt the necessity, I informed her that when she was ready, her own spiritual

guardians were waiting to take her back to the light. Half an hour later, she turned to meet them.

"About this time (the deceased) can . . . hear all the weeping and wailing of his friends and relatives, and, although he can see them and can hear them calling upon him, they cannot hear him calling upon them, so he goeth away displeased."

*The Tibetan Book of the Dead, Book I, Part II, Page 101-102,
(Buddhism, Tibetan)*

And as it had come to pass, I had continued dealing with many lost souls, although my spirit was becoming weak in will to do such a task because of the intensity of trauma involved with these souls. Emmanuel, knowing of my distress, had agreed to give me a short respite from this harrowing work, but with one condition; that I take a small journey with him.

Flying into a dimension of absolute whiteness, all about us was glowing with bright light! Passing by a series of rooms through arid hallways of light, we eventually came upon a humongous library. Telepathically asking the angelic librarian for some specific material, I marveled at the beauty of her. Her lightly girded wings quickly assisted her in soaring around the towering columns of perpetually white books to find that for which Emmanuel and I had come. A glowing white book glided through space from a high shelf into Emmanuel's hands below.

Perusing through the book, I noticed that there were many listings that looked like want-ads. Coming upon a listing for my name, Emmanuel covered four of the five tasks listed below it, allowing me to see but one: "Being in the physical realm to aid in the journey of lost souls." Instantly, I understood that I had made a commitment to this task well before my lifetime, and I could not quit this job. Turning to Emmanuel, I

promised him that I would fulfill my vow to the Lord, and I felt great sorrow at my earlier fear and trepidation.

"Therefore, we are not discouraged; rather, although our outer self is wasting away, our inner self is being renewed day by day. For this momentary light affliction is producing for us an eternal weight of glory beyond all comparison, as we look not to what is seen but to what is unseen; for what is seen is transitory, but what is unseen is eternal."

*New American Bible, New Testament, 2 Corinthians 4:16,
(Christianity, Catholic)*

CHAPTER THREE

Death of a Fundamentalist Preacher, a Mental Patient, an Abused Child, a Poltergeist, an Evil Spirit, a Murdered Child, a Family Murder Suicide, a Murderer and his Victim in a House Filled with Evil Spirits Because of the Deed.

Outside of form, I was watching parts of the life of a fundamentalist preacher in preparation to assist him at his moment of death. A hateful man, he used fear to influence people to join his congregation. A long-standing feud existed between him and another minister who believed in a loving God, and the two churches had an agreement to help each other out with supplies. Withholding things out of anger because he could not convert the other to his way, the older, balding and small man died of cardiac arrest in his pulpit preaching hell-fire and damnation.

As his spirit rose to meet me, I looked at him very lovingly. "Fearing God, you never found Him. Fearing truth, you never understood. In your ego, you took power from others. And in your blindness, you saw only evil." Pausing, the spirit of the dying man looked at me in dazed confusion. "When you look at me," I asked, "what do you see?" "Love!" He cried out. "I feel so much love!" Smiling, I responded, "Now you have the truth. Remember my words when you choose your next lifetime." Beamingly happy, I watched him enter paradise before returning to form.

"My daughter, all your miseries have been consumed in the flame of My love, like a little twig thrown into a roaring fire. By humbling yourself in this way, you draw upon yourself and upon other souls an entire sea of My mercy."

*Divine Mercy, Notebook 1, Page 99, Paragraph 2,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ, Author: Sister M.
Faustina Kowalska)*

Beckoned to the aid of a treacherous lost soul, I found an escaped mental patient who had died after shooting several children at an elementary school and then taken her own life. In her current thought-form reality, she was still shooting at thought-form children who were wandering in and around several thought-form school buses.

Walking towards her, my presence evoked intense anger and she began shooting at me viciously with her thought-form gun. Continuing my slow approach, the bullets flew right through me. Fear filled her eyes as she realized I was in control and not she.

Falling to the misty ground, she put her hands over her eyes and cried. Placing my arm around her, I sat with her quietly embracing her with my being and love. No words were exchanged as she slowly accepted the love.

Moments later, a male spirit approached wearing a police uniform, with several back-ups behind him. Doing so to make her exit a bit easier, they acted as if her thought-form reality was real and the police had come to 'take her away.' Handing her to the other guides, he said to me, "Why don't we get together after your next assignment and go mountain climbing?" "Okay." I said with a bit of trepidation.

After finishing my next lost soul assignment which regarded an abused child who had died in very unfortunate circumstances, he had been electrocuted in a bathtub by his angry parent.

He had stayed in the bathtub, very confused. I came to him very quietly, and said to him, "What your

parents have told you about yourself is not true." He looked confused, as he'd spent his short eight years being told he was bad and very difficult. "God loves you very much, take my hand." I reached to him, and he smiled. In a moment, he reached both arms to me, as I picked him up and handed him over to his guardian angels whom he could now finally 'see' because his vibration had lifted enough to see into the spiritual realm.

The guide re-appeared in a flash of light. Taking my hand, we were immediately transported to a shimmering rock mountaintop. "You know," he said, "this is a great place to go after a day at work. It re-energizes your being." I smiled, but remained quiet. "Next time I have a lost soul to deal with, I'm going to look you up. You're very good at handling them. Do you know why?" My tired face looked up as I quietly said, "No." "Do you have any idea why you created so much turmoil in the first half of this lifetime?" Finally, I decided to speak. "Well, probably because I'm an idiot." He laughed and then said, "You really don't see it, do you? When you deal with these lost souls, you are able to access memories from this lifetime and truly understand their pain. Those souls know that what you offer them is real understanding. Most importantly, your love for them is real and it is this that breaks their delusion." Looking up, I asked, "Do you mean to say that I chose those hardships to prepare myself for my work with the lost souls?" Nodding that this was true, he hugged me openly. "I know you don't recognize me," he said, "but we have known each other for a very long time."

Feeling familiar, I still could not place him. Taking my hand, we were gone in an instant, but my soul was left to contemplate the perfect imperfection of our world. A childhood filled with violence from my own

fold, had been created to serve the Lord's greatness, to serve His lost ones down the road. How vast and . . . how magnificent!

"Of what use is it to be impatient in trouble and contradictions? We only increase our burden thereby. The two thieves who were crucified with our Blessed Redeemer were suffering similar torments; but the good thief was saved because he bore them with patience . . . The same trial, says St. Augustine, leads the good to glory because they suffer with patience and resignation."

The 12 Steps to Holiness and Salvation, Chapter 12, Peace of Heart, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Alphonsus Liguori)

Dangerous and menacing, the poltergeists in this house were manifesting as animals that would bite the occupants. Invisible cars without drivers rammed into the house . . . and disappeared, causing no apparent physical damage. Dangerous and out of control, these poltergeists were violating eternal law.

Completely lost as to how to handle this situation, I called out to the universe to assist me as two spirits arrived who were specialists in such cases. Named Patch and Dawn, their job was to patch up the pained soul who was causing strife and assist him in achieving the vision of the new dawn. Patch held out his hand and a huge amethyst stone was lying amidst it. In the other hand, he had a pile of white pebbles. Beginning to program the amethyst with the message of the light, Patch lightly placed the pebbles within the grooves.

Tossing the pebbles directly from the amethyst into the home, another spirit had arrived who had come over and to comfort me in my fear and confusion. As it took into itself the pain of this desperately lost soul, the amethyst actually began to bleed. Breaking down in

tears, I held on tight until everything was over.

After Patch completed this phase, we watched as the poltergeist began to manifest. On his face was a pained expression, but the stones programmed with the energies of light began to absorb his pain. Dawn uttered a few sacred words, 'Henceforth, the day beginneth, Lucretian deities aboding, follow rejoicing . . . prisms.'

Achieving peace, I instinctively called out what I knew to be the 'Frequency of Otara,' the high G, which immediately brought in legions of angels and the sign of a cross surrounded by a diamond light in the sky. This was a call for aid, which had the ability to bring in legions of angels instantly in times of spiritual need.

Assisting in the immediate reincarnation of this soul, I realized that this was only one of many possible outcomes in cases such as this. But because he had been de-activated, so to speak, he was placed in a new sieve from where he could begin again.

"Man's intention and understanding are governed by the Lord through angels and spirits. And since this is true of his intention and understanding, it is true of everything bodily, since this stems from them. Believe it or not, man cannot take a single step without heaven's inflow."

*Heaven & Hell, Chapter 26, No. 228, Page 166, Paragraph 3,
(Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel
Swedenborg)*

Soaring deeply into the underworlds, I found a lost soul who was dangerous and perhaps even bordering on evil. Because I had not yet been taught of such things, I was quite uncomfortable. Another poltergeist who was even more skewed than the first was actually causing bodily injury to the occupants of the home from which he refused to disembark.

Turning to the scary specter, I said, "It's time to

go home, will you relinquish your illusion, or reincarnate again?" Grasping my arm, he ripped into my spiritual flesh which bled profusely. Terrified, I didn't know what to do, but remembered Isis's cautioning words. Healing my arm with energy, I realized that his illusions were much too strong for me to break them.

Remembering the frequency of Otara, the High G, I called out for assistance from the angels. Filling with hosts of angels and the familiar sign in the heavens, the angels sent his soul back to the Earth to reincarnate. "I cannot help you," I said to him, as his soul was being prepared for rebirth, "return to your illusions, and we'll meet again beyond the veil." Conveying to him my hope that he might return after his next life a bit more advanced, my thoughts hit his trance-like state like energy sparklers in his face and head, as he appeared to 'fall' to Earth to be reborn. Immediately, I was released.

Uri, my faerie, took her stardust wand and in two thunder bursts, I was in a new location.

Arriving at a very old haunted house, a young girl had been brutally murdered in the attic. Blood dripped continually from a spot in the ceiling since her death, and no one had been able to make it stop. Killed in a very brutal fashion, this soul had remained in a state of terror for what seemed like a moment in her own mind, but was actually over 100 years upon the Earth.

Floating towards the attic, I noticed a ghost who appeared as a witch dressed all in black. Vengeance and anger seething, I wasn't afraid of such things anymore. Things were not as they appeared, as in truth; this was a poor frightened lost girl who was unable to escape the horrendous moment of her death. Phantom energies whirled all about the attic, but it calmed as I approached.

"You have many lives, many moments," I said,

"why don't you go to a more pleasant place to heal yourself now." Looking confused, she quietly asked, "I can go somewhere else?" Changing from a witch into a young girl, I replied, "You have many moments, and you may leave this one. Where would you like to go?" Smiling widely, she said, "I want to go to a prairie where the sun shines on golden fields of hay. I want to be a little girl again! I want to live in a world where magical things are real and nobody fears. I want to go somewhere where there is only love!" Uri appeared behind me as I took the girl's hand, placing it in hers. "Let Uri take you to where the faeries roam." I said, and in a moment, they were gone.

"They see sentient beings sunk in the sea of cravings, veiled by blindness and folly: The Free Humans show a smile and reflect that they should save beings from suffering."

The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 25, Ten Dedications, Page 667, Stanza 3, (Buddhism, Mayahana)

Ominous in the distance, the spirit aside told me the story of the house for which I had come. Recently sold to a very unsuspecting family, they were unaware of the quadruple murder which had occurred beneath this roof, and the haunting that hadn't ceased since. A family argument had led to four deaths in this house. Three of the spirits remained, though one had already left for the light. Although the situation had been quite grisly, it had been an act of passion and the perpetrator was not doomed. Deeply frantic about what she had done, her soul needed to seek forgiveness and accept help from the Lord.

Wearing a military uniform, Raymond was the first of the three lost souls who was causing havoc. When he had died, he had been wearing this uniform, but he had pulled back into his childhood self as a result

of what had happened. Scott, his friend, had also been murdered, and he and Raymond stayed together in the house.

Raymond turned into a small pony and I knew that he was conveying to me that he wanted to be free like a wild horse, but he couldn't find the way. Turning back into a child, he began to get smaller and smaller until he was a baby. Picking him up, I said, "It's alright, it's okay to want to be comforted." Holding him on my shoulder, I stroked his back and turned. Scott followed us as I explained to both of them that I was going to take them on a short flight. "What?" They said in unison. "Take my hands," I said, "just come with me." Pausing, I gave them instructions. "Oh, don't forget the light, when you see the light, just go for it okay?" Nodding that they would, they placed their hands in mine and we ran forward. "Okay, ready?" "Yeah." "JUMP!" As we jumped, we soared into the sky as the tunnel opened before us. Pulling my arms backwards, I gave them a celestial shove towards the light, as they went hurling towards it.

Returning to the house, I sat waiting for the final soul to appear. Off in the distance, I observed a man wearing royal garments who seemed to be observing. Coming in the form of a donkey, the final soul arrived as I petted her fur. "It's okay," I said, but as I did, she transformed into a frantic woman. "NO! IT'S NOT!" In a state of utter despair, she was the perpetrator. Raymond's mother had killed her family and his friend who just happened to be there that fateful night. Plagued by guilt, she was haunted by her own violent deed. "I know . . . I know." Calming her, her eyes filled with pain and horror. "Do you know what I did?" She asked. "Yes," I calmly stated, "I know, I know everything."

Confused at my tranquil and detached position, she just stared. "Here, take my hand." As she did, we

walked to the center of the living room. "What about my husband?" She asked. "Oh, don't worry, he already went back." I replied. "Now . . . we're going to go for a short flight." Excited and scared, her eyes never lost that maddened appeal. "Just remember when you see the light, that's where you go. Go for it, okay!?"

Beginning with a short run so she wouldn't be blown away by the shooting star type of flight, we both jumped into the air. Releasing her arm, I sent her soaring towards the light wherein she would face the next phase upon her journey, which remained unknown to me.

Again, I noticed the man who was dressed in the ornamental garb of royalty who had been watching this process. Quietly, he seemed to be conveying his approval of my work. "He must be a member of God's royal family." I thought.

"Jesus answered and said: 'A murderer who hath never committed any sin but murdering, if his time is completed through the sphere, that he cometh out of the body, the receivers of Yaldabaoth come and lead his soul out of the body and bind it by its feet to a great demon with a horse's face, and he spendeth three days circling round with it in the world . . .'"

*Pistis Sophia, Sixth Book, Page 317, Paragraph 3,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

Entering an old house in the country, there were literally hundreds of very strange looking spirits. Thinking that they might be lost souls, their strange actions made me more suspicious of something else. Sucking up to me, they were trying to get into my good graces, and it appeared manipulative. Manifesting as only a hand, a woman placed herself on the edge of a white grand piano. Calling herself Mrs. Hand, she wanted to speak to me. Something was feeling very wrong. A bald spirit with no legs, just a fluttering trail,

came over to me. As soon as he got close, I *knew*, and I geared up for battle.

A premeditated assault, their strategy was to overcome this eternal threat by their sheer numbers. Attempting to enter me from below, they were trying to do so to prevent their own annihilation. Becoming one big, dark, massive energy, I shouted, "Get out! Get out right now!" My torrent of energy assaulted them in such a way as to throw them backward, but they began to suck together as if into a vacuum. Now they were a swirling vortex of red eyes, still fighting. Surging light from within, I screamed again. "Get out! Get out!" Sucked out of the third dimension, they were thrown back into the first.

Led to look into another room, upon entering it I found the dead body of a person who had been murdered. Now I understood why the presence of so many dark and demonic elements were in this house, for anytime an evil act is perpetrated upon the Earth, it can give entry to many of its kind to literally infest the person or the location of the act.

Calling to the spirit of the killer in his dreams, I brought the spirit of the murdered man out of slumber into wakefulness to confront him. The killer's dream became his nightmare. Shocked and afraid, the killer was terrified to see the face of his victim. Walking forward and bringing the power of light, legions of angels appeared and completely de-energized this man. Whether we understand the harm we do or not, there comes a time when we must all take responsibility for our actions. It was done, and they disappeared.

Reappearing in a cloudy realm, horses were grazing all around me. Appearing with a headdress so brilliant and spectacular, I just stared at the Old One, the ancient grandfather who bore the signs of a Chief.

Handing me a sage fan, he conveyed that I must use it to process dark energies. Honored, I bowed to him in thanks.

"And as I looked, the Six Grandfathers yonder in the cloud and all the riders of the horses, and even I myself upon the bay up there, all held their hands palms outward toward me, and when they did this, I had to pray . . . "

Black Elk Speaks, Chapter XIV, Page 169-170, (Tribal, Oglala Sioux, Words of Black Elk)

Another haunted house in a small town beckoned my soul, as this job would take two nights. Ellen was very attached to a certain period in her long-over life. Dying as an old woman, she'd committed suicide, and was now living in the energetic past. Early 1900's, she had been very much in love with a man who married someone else. Remaining bitter all throughout her life, she never married and died an unhappy woman. A dance had occurred in this house, and she continued to relive the one night she had danced with her beau before he chose another woman. She was reliving the night of the ball for eternity.

Enjoying being a ghost, she loved to scare people, knock on walls, open doors and was extremely insensitive about scaring children. "It is time to have respect for the living as well as the dead." I said. "If you will just accept that you do not know what is indeed best for you, you will let me take you to the light where you will have greater understanding of your life, your choices, and have another opportunity to make it better." Very resistant, she didn't want to leave. Being patient with her, however, she eventually let go and returned to the light two days later.

Two ancient grandmothers appeared, their long white hair flowing to the ground and their tan buckskin dresses identical. "All things are relative to the reality

that you occupy and the eyes through which you perceive." They said. "Truth is unalterable, but the many perceptions of truth are infinite and undefined. Things become complex when you separate from the Source in delusion. But when you understand the essence, reality is quite simple. The complexity in an eternal one comes from their ability to find simplicity." Plummeting to the Earth, the two grandmothers became one with the soil.

"The stage in which the consciousness of the living entity is attracted by the three modes of material nature is called conditional life. But when that same consciousness is attached to the Supreme Personality of Godhead, one is situated in the consciousness of liberation."

*The Teachings of Lord Kapila, Chapter 9, Text 15,
(Hinduism)*

"And (they came to know) themselves, (as to who they are), or rather, where they are (now), and what is the (place in which they will rest from their senselessness,) (arriving) at knowledge."

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Testimony of Truth, Page
451, Paragraph 2, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

CHAPTER FOUR
Death of the Lukewarm, and their Meeting with
Jesus in the Afterlife. Death by Heart Attacks,
Accidents, Rape, and Mass Murder.

*"And suddenly there will come to the temple the Lord
whom you seek, and the messenger of the covenant
whom you desire. Yes, he is coming, says the Lord of
hosts. But who will endure the day of his coming? And
who can stand when he appears"*

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Malachi 3:1-2,
(Christianity, Catholic)*

Flying high up in the sky above the mountains, the beauty of the clear night awed me as I was pulled towards a particular destination. At the side of a mountain, a huge golden cross lay, bearing unintelligible hieroglyphics etched in the gold. Soaring closer, I touched it.

As soon as my hand touched the cross, my spirit began melting into it. Suddenly, I was at the site of an alteration. The old and haunted office building didn't seem real at first, as hundreds of ghosts were overlapping the present humans who sat in the chairs the ghosts once knew as their own. Cause of death was apparent in their energy fields; heart attacks, accidents, and even one who had died after a heavy door fell on him, but why were so many of these former workers from the past 100 years still in this building?

Wandering about them, I began to ask that question, and they all nodded as if they didn't know. Laughing and making merry, they were good friends and made fun of each other. These spirits were not dark, just average people who died and didn't want to leave the physical illusion behind.

A woman walked towards me who had apparently died a violent death. "What do you do when you meet a mass murderer?" she asked me, as another woman answered, "You ask what he can teach you." Bolting in, I shouted. "WRONG!" Looking at me angrily, the woman who had spoken wasn't happy with my outburst. "There is much more to energetic encounters than that." I said. "Perhaps you must learn that darkness believes that it attains power by taking life, but the light knows that true power is achieved by giving life."

"Her murderer has killed many more, most of whom have not yet been discovered." I said as in my mind, I could see the skulls of the many. Instantly, I became aware that this same murderer was presently holding a woman hostage whom he had already raped in front of her two children. "Come," I beckoned to them both. "We must de-energize destruction."

Shooting through space, both women came with me to the sight of a potential murder, now occurring in the energetic realms where it could be altered. (These alterations occur in a realm called, 'Management,' which is where things occur in energy before they happen on the ground. Many psychics tune into this realm, but it is a realm of potential reality, not absolute destiny, which is one reason they can be inaccurate. Some people have dreams of their potential futures in this realm, forewarning them of events which may be able to be changed. Sometimes, they cannot be changed, as the causes are too well rooted to be altered.)

Standing there with his pants down, the murderer was holding the woman, as the two children were tied up next to him. "Watch me now as I teach you of alteration." I said. Calling all energies towards me, I allowed the eternal to guide my thoughts. Energetically placing a pair of pants on the man, the woman was then

severed from his hold by a beam of light. As the eternal guided the police in her direction, I could see them on nearby city streets. Sending waves of thought to guide them to this back alley, the criminal's weapon was then locked by another ray of light towards the trigger. Rewinding the scene, our purpose was to prevent as much trauma to the children and the mother as possible. Going back to the point in which he had just taken her hostage, but had not completed the rape, one lone police officer responded to the eternal beckon, coming to the back alley. Others had been given the beacon, but had not trusted their instincts and intuition. But it was enough, because he was armed and the criminal had been rendered benign. Reinforcements arrived, and he was taken away, the woman and children tended to in the hospital.

Leaving the scene, we returned to the old office building as I spoke to the woman who had died at the hands of this man previously. "It is the recognition that you are eternal, that there is no harm that can come to your soul, which lends freedom. If you believe that your mortal life is all you are or ever will be, you will also believe that there is something to fear from the darkness that would destroy one of your many forms. Revel not in the loss of one form to the hand of darkness, but delight in your ability to create yet another to explore with." "My God, I think I understand!" she said, "he didn't destroy me, I'm still here." "Yes," I replied. "He destroyed himself by taking life, but he *cannot* destroy me!" She said. "Yes, you do understand. He has brought destruction upon himself; he will now be going backwards. One who dies in darkness ceases awareness of himself for a time, because darkness only has awareness of itself as a limited fragment, and that fragment dies. If unaware of the soul, the garment

becomes reality. Recognizing the eternal nature negates death. Birth into another spiritual garment becomes simultaneous with the death of the former garment."

Suddenly, they began to speak of having met Jesus, and I sparkled with delight. "So you all had a chance to meet with Jesus?" I asked. "Yes, we did. He came to our building once and spoke to all of us disincarnates." "Well, what was it like?" I asked. "Well, I hate to say this, but many of us were disappointed." Shocked by this response, I asked, "Why?" "Because he was very normal, He wasn't what we expected. He was very inspiring and knowledgeable in what he said, but . . ." Interrupting them, I replied, "Let this be a lesson to you, the truth is not always what you expect. You can hear the truth from the mouth of Christ himself, but if you do not have within your own heart the soul of that truth, you will hear nothing."

Coming forward as I spoke of this, the disincarnates were not ready to leave this building. Some might return gradually over the next several months, but those who resided here were the middle-of-the-roaders who served the material world. For this reason, they held to this physical life as if it were their only lifetime, when in fact, it held them to their death. But no matter where you may strand yourself in the spectrum of life, you are never lost to God. Even in our years of wandering, He knows exactly when we will return. Even in the years of darkness, he anticipates our return to His divine bosom.

"Some . . . who were neither in the deep sleep of folly nor able to awaken in the light of wisdom, misled by the variety of innumerable customs, thought that there was no such thing as absolute justice but that every people regarded its own way of life as just . . . They have not understood . . . that 'what you do not wish to have done to yourself, do not do to another . . . When this idea is applied

to the love of God, all vices perish."

*On Christian Doctrine, Book Three, XIV, No. 22,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Augustine)*

CHAPTER FIVE
Spirits Traveling the Valley of Life and Death,
Hungry Ghosts, Trickster Spirits, Unfinished
Business, Regrets for Wasted Time, Souls
Remaining in Bondage to Evil People (Spirits)
who Held them Bound in Life, a Lost Soul
'Possession,' and the Rapture.

Various shades of pink on the horizon filled the sky, but the beauty was marred by the sight of this decomposed dead body. Very little skin was left around the bones, but the angel aside me directed me to touch it anyway. The thought of doing so disgusted me, but I obeyed the angel's command and found myself whirled into the lifetimes of the soul who had occupied this form. Having many lifetimes of treachery, many of them as a pirate, what was fascinating about this soul was that he had become very attached to his many bodies. Flinching when I touched the skin, I found this to be an interesting facet of original sin, to be attached to former lives to such an extent, that there is a solid encrustment, rather than simple etheric memory.

It occurred to me that this would be a good reason to consider cremation, because it destroys the physical vessel and forces the soul to release the physical bodies of former lives. Several skeletons appeared and I found it interesting that the souls of the dead were able to feel pain when I touched their former bodies, because they had not fully left them. Migrating from one body to another, they would re-enter old forms and actually re-experience aspects of their pain from previous times.

Swept into the clouds facing the horizon and a wide expanse of valley, my soul sat upon a singular cloud, and my wings blew gently in the wind. Overcome

with the magnificent nature of the contrast of the two realities I'd just seen, the winds were ominously powerful, and joyfully exuberant. Alit with the fire and flame of the love of God, my spirit knew true freedom. And yet, behind me, the souls of the dead remained trapped in the malaise of Earthly existence.

Souls may travel back and forth through many migrations to be able to obtain knowledge, but *attachment* to former lives ceases growth. Understanding ones past lifetimes is solely for the purpose of knowledge, but then they must be let go. The past is dead, only the now retains aliveness in the continuum.

As the wind blew through my wings and I appreciated the flow of the movement within my soul, I could see the dead bodies and their kindred souls at a distance. Beauty unseen to them, they were only willing to look upon their former existences. A thought passed through my mind, the words said to me during my ritual of passage. "All life, like all quasars, had really worth still traveling." As the quasar star is very much an allegory of evolution, it continues to expand and grow into a larger and brighter star. Accomplished through the natural forces of the Lord - the movement, the migration of winds, gases, light and matter - to bring about creation into something new, the quasar star never ceases movement, it is always traveling. When following an eternal road, a soul must continue traveling as well. Stagnancy contains a soul within a karmic continuum, while movement places the soul into a constant state of becoming.

Birth and death, death and birth, are minute aspects of the movement. Continual generation into substance is not only unnecessary, but painful for souls because of their attachment to experience. Our individual original sin attaches to us in such a manner

when we see our experiences as reality, rather than as allegorical renderings of divine lessons. Eternal movement is generated in the wind, catapulting the soul into the clouds, into higher awareness, allowing a soul to see from above the impact of their life. Eternal movement is grand when it is followed by a soul to achieve evolution and liberation. Karmic movement remains painful and doesn't move. As each lifetime is held onto, the weight of original sin increases because of the soul's belief in multiplicity and the importance of these separate lives.

The spirits who traveled the valley of life and death were lost souls, and their journey was filled with pain. Souls swept by the winds upward, however, could choose to be freed from this liaison with the past.

"Thou knowest well that I am insolvent. Imprison me, I am willing, provided the prison be that of Thy Sacred Heart. Keep me there a close captive, bound by the chains of Thy love, until I have paid all that I owe Thee."

Thoughts and Sayings of St. Margaret Mary, December, No. 31, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Margaret Mary)

Observing my ability to eat in the out of body state, I was intrigued that a soul could experience hunger and thirst. Immediately, my soul was swept into the understanding of a concept among the Buddhist doctrines of the hungry ghosts. Hungry ghosts are described as lost souls who have become deeply attached to cravings and desires, and as a result, those hungers have become insatiable. Often portrayed as ghosts having large bellies, consuming everything in sight, whether it be food, doctrine, or sense experience, they embody another aspect of original sin which bears upon present day mankind, that of insatiability.

While observing this concept, a voice spoke,

"Their composition can be compared to some of the New Ager's of present day, whose appetites and desires are so insatiable; they needed to develop a doctrine to support them." Unfortunately, such souls do not realize that their true craving is for God, and so they become insatiable in seeking out happiness in everything from food, sex to money; but somehow their aim becomes much like a drunken tirade, unfocused and worldly. Because of this, they never recognize the simplicity of their true need, that of God.

'I thirst' is the echo of the Word of God in every human soul. This is the thirst of God to be thirsted for and the thirst of God to quench the thirst of man."

*The Divine Crucible of Purgatory, Chapter XII, Page 104,
Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Mother Mary
of St. Austin)*

***"Clad in the hunter's green of selfish desires, I pursued
Thee in the forest of consciousness, O Divine Heart! The
sound of my loud prayers startled Thee; Thou didst
swiftly flee. I raced after Thee; but my erratic chase, the
hue and cry of restlessness caused Thee to retreat still
farther. Stealthily I crept toward Thee with my spear
of concentration, but my aim was unsteady. As Thou
didst bound away I heard in secret echoes of Thy
footfalls: 'Without devotion thou art a poor, poor
marksman!'"***

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 90, Paragraphs 3-4,
(Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

Having exited my body early this morning, I was floating around the house just checking on things, energetically speaking. It's always good to do this if you have the ability to travel 'in the spirit,' because there are often unwelcome guests lurking in your home which need to be extricated, for which there is no other way to identify.

Off in the living room, I noticed what appeared to be the spiritual aspect of my husband, Andy, coming towards me with the obvious intention of some sort of intimate embrace. Intrigued, it seemed to me that it was probably past the hour in which Andy had left for work, and this was not likely to be his soul, so I boldly walked forward and confronted the spiritual being.

"Are you an aspect of Andy's soul," I asked, "are you coming to me as a servant of Jesus?" Instantly, he replied. "Heck, no! I don't even *know* Jesus." His reply indicated an unconscious service of the dark one, so I asked, "Would you like me to tell you about Jesus . . . so perhaps you may no longer serve Satan?" "Huh!" he shouted, "I don't serve Satan!" Calmly, I replied, "Indeed, although you may be unaware of it, only Satan could send you to me in the form of my husband seeking embrace. This is not the work of virtue and morality which would come from on high."

Very confused, he didn't say anymore, but looked at me as if he would like to know more. Beginning a conversation about Jesus, I told him all about the redemption as he listened. When I had finished, he touched my hand in a show of deeply contemplative gratitude, and disintegrated slowly into space.

Perhaps some 'lost' souls are flying around the cosmos unconsciously serving Satan because they don't know the Lord and have not developed proper discernment to distinguish between virtue and vice. Because of this, they become easy prey to the designs of the dark one in doing his deeds, being completely unaware of what they have actually agreed to do.

Traveling through the dream world, an unknown voice began speaking to me as if to give guidance. Although I no longer remember the guidance given me,

I immediately became suspicious and asked, "Do you come here on behalf of the Lord?" "Hell, no!" she replied. Intrigued, I asked, "Well, why then are you coming to me with erroneous advice?" "To test your soul . . . for the Lord wishes for your canonization." "Huh?" I said. Never believe anything such lost souls may tell you, because even if they don't *intend* to deceive you, they are receiving their *influx* from below. "I'm not interested in your flattery, which I know is intended to incite me to the sin of vainglory," I said, "but I am quite interested in your soul." Instinctively, I knew this was a lost soul as opposed to a demonic spirit. "Why don't you quit wasting your time allowing influx from the lower world into your spirit, and begin to seek after our Lord Jesus Christ?" With sincere befuddlement, she replied, "I don't know?" "I can tell that you are simply lost, and your confusion reflects that state. But it is really quite simple to find your way." "How would I do that?" she asked. "Seek after Jesus Christ." "How?"

Our connection was becoming weakened by the energetic intrusion of two of my children who were apparently unhappy that I was still in bed. Turning to my smaller daughter who was the cause of the greater disturbance in energy, I told her, "Stop! Do you wish to be responsible for this lost soul?" Nodding no, her unconscious self understood.

Turning to the lost soul, I said, "Think on Jesus, call on Jesus, ask for His help . . . it is really quite simple." Waning in and out, I heard a very innocuous response. "Oh." Praying that she might find her way, I awoke.

Amidst the crowded astral streets, my spirit was approached by a young woman who claimed that her house was haunted. As she came towards me, I offered to help and handed her a business card which said,

"Marilynn Hughes - Ghost Hunter." (In the physical world, I do not have such a card, so I found it amusing.)

As I'd discovered over the past two years, many hauntings are actually caused by three different types of phenomenon; demonic spirits, lost souls, and those doing their purgatory upon the earth. Each of these three types of hauntings or poltergeist phenomenon requires different spiritual approaches in order to affect a successful outcome.

When entering the home, I was unable to discern of which type we were dealing with, because of the excessive poltergeist activity in the home. Poltergeist activity can often be linked to demonic spirits, but on occasion, such extreme forms of haunting can be perpetrated by lost souls or purgatorial wards. If this is the case, it is usually because the soul is still carrying a great deal of anger about something. In this particular home, there was a lot of flying objects and it was what I'd term to be a very 'unfriendly' haunting.

Having met the woman's husband who was now waiting inside the house with me, his wife awaited the results outside. "Are you ready to go to work?" I asked him as he nodded that he was. Repeating several Catholic prayers over and over, we entered the house.

Starting with the Apostles Creed, my voice slowly trailed through the room. "I believe in One God, the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth, and in Jesus Christ His Only Son, who was born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified died and was buried. He descended to the dead." Pausing for dramatic effect, I turned and walked around the room before continuing. "And rose again on the third day, returning to judge the living and the dead. I believe in the Holy Spirit, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, and life

everlasting." Tentatively observing me, the young husband didn't quite know what to think.

"Hail, Holy Queen," I began to recite the Catholic prayer of the same name, "Mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope. To Thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve. To Thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears. Turn then most gracious advocate, Thine eyes of mercy towards us, and then after this our exile, show unto us the blessed fruit of Thy womb, Jesus. Oh clement, oh loving, oh sweet Virgin Mary, pray for us, Oh Holy Mother of God, that we may be worthy of the promises of Christ."

At this time, I began a sermon about Jesus Christ. Pounding on a table to give emphasis to my words, I spoke of His majesty and the fact that our salvation comes from Him. My spirit cannot remember the details of this fairly long endeavor, however, but as I finished my sermon my spirit quickly returned to prayer. "Hail Mary!" I shouted, beginning the prayer of the same name, "Full of grace, the Lord is with Thee. Blessed art Thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of Thy womb, Jesus! Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. AMEN!" At this moment, two spirits materialized clearly in front of me completely de-energized in their violent activity. Lying on the floor, I approached and sat down with them.

Sitting upright, a middle-aged woman had appeared whose garments were changing from their former color which I could not discern to a very light beige. A young oriental woman was lying beside her, and her garments had changed from their former color, to a gown of whitest white. Immediately, a young baby boy appeared at her side, and she directed me to pick

him and cuddle him.

Although he appeared immediately upon their materialization, he had not been a part of the haunting of this home. An angel was waiting at his side, a luminous, clear, whitish being with large wings. Clearly, the baby was already in heaven, but was taken to his mother's side at the moment of her redemption. Conveying to me that this was her child, the young Oriental woman expressed her deep anger and regret at the young husband who lived in this home who was apparently a former boyfriend. His guilty look made clear his sin against her, but he honestly hadn't known that she was pregnant, or that she and the baby had died.

Doing her purgatory on Earth, she had joined together with this older woman who had chosen to assist her in engaging in poltergeist activity. Directed towards the one whom she held accountable for her wasted and lost life, she knew she'd sacrificed her potential on the altar of the vice of lust. The many prayers I had offered for them had begun to purify their souls, which had manifested in new garments of white and beige, respectively.

Inherently, I understood that they were both now prepared to enter into heaven, although the older woman apparently still had some purification to undergo. Despite this need, she was to be released from her purgatory upon the earth and taken to a higher purgation site very near to the entrance of heaven where she would go shortly. The young girl, however, was ready to join her tiny baby in heaven. Calling the young man over, the two souls had a moment of atonement with one another. Forgiveness seemed to be given and all awaited what was to happen next.

Directing them to kneel with me on the floor, I said, "Now it's time for us to pray you into heaven."

Bowing their heads, we commenced our prayer. Joining me as they slowly learned the words, they disintegrated many minutes later. Above them, I saw the angels in whose hands they had been given . . . and I bid them a wondrous journey to the ultimate place of bliss . . . our heavenly homeland.

Taken to a dark and dank old castle-like building, I met an older man who was very evil. Although he was an evil man, he was not an evil spirit; because one could say he was quite lost himself. (There is a difference between a demonic force, and a dark soul. His soul was evil, but he was not a truly energized demonic force.) After listening to him ramble on and on about his conquests for a while, I'd received enough information to realize there were two lost souls in his captivity and what I must do to go in and liberate them. But before I did, I planted a seed within this dark soul which would hopefully have great impact on his future liberation from evil.

Standing before him very calmly and quietly, I said, "I feel very sorry for you." "But why would you feel sorry for me?" He said with an almost triumphant, yet fading feeling about himself. Pausing for a moment, I quietly stated, "Because evil knows no joy." Great sadness overtook his face, and I knew the seed of light had been planted within him.

Within a second I was whisked away to a dark and very small cellblock. Appearing much like that of a political prison of our world, I knew that it was not (of this world) because the woman had a very old and open bullet wound to her chest which indicated that she had been long dead. She and her brother had been held captive here energetically in some way by this evil man, and by their ignorance of the fact that liberation could

have come to them with the simple act of calling out to God for help. "Help is about to arrive," I said, "prepare yourselves." Within moments, a 'tank' carrying two disguised angels (as soldiers) barreled through the side of the prison creating an open wall. "Go to them!" I shouted as the angels smiled at me and gave me a wink. The two went with the angels who revealed themselves within moments afterwards to the two they had come to retrieve.

My soul was swept into a house which appeared to be built around the 1970's. Immediately, I knew this home was that of a person who was exhibiting the signs of actual demonic possession and I was sent here to help. As soon as I entered the home, there was a feeling of utter terror. But as I met this woman at the door, I felt compelled to discuss with her that which was taking place. Describing physical violence, as well as, an obvious presence, she also pointed out a great deal of water damage around the home, as well. Around the back of the house, water was pooling around one side of the house. Inside the house, ceilings were in the color of brown and literally falling in. Understanding this to represent the inundation within this person's soul, I acknowledged the damage.

Before I was to give witness to the cause of all this fervor, she described this constant feeling of terror which was very much alive within the walls of her house. Showing me a bathroom, I was surprised to notice that there were at least ten toilets inundated with excrement symbolizing the level of this contamination. Asking the presence to come forth, things began to slowly become clearer.

As I did so, her home became filled with probably about 70 different spirits as they all materialized before

my eyes. There were so many of them, the house was overflowing; men and woman, young and old, large and small, of every make and type.

Immediately, I asked her if she could see them, and she said, "Who?" I pointed to individual spirits, and actually took hold of one of them and placed them in front of her and asked if she could see them. She again said, "No. I see no-one." This amazed me because of the sheer population within her home.

As soon as they appeared, however, the feeling of terror dissipated. Great confusion arose instead, as I instantly realized these were not demonic spirits; but very dark lost souls who for some undetermined reason at this time had all converged on this place together and, in their multitude, were creating a very dark and terrorizing force.

Interestingly, as I had entered the home, the woman was in the process of packing her things. Having brought a pick-up truck with me, she was loading the truck and getting ready to move on. As she walked out with a box of things, she said, "I'm leaving because this house is much too haunted for my taste." Seeing proper resolve on her face, I patted her on the back as I made my way in. At that moment, I was a little concerned because I wasn't sure how I was going to be able to handle it, but I stepped forward anyway . . .

Waiting and watching, the woman was very intrigued with the process. But to her, it appeared that I was talking to the air and moving and pushing on things that weren't there; although that was not the case.

Beginning to speak to each of these spirits, it took a great deal of time to make my way through the multitude. I found that they were very dark, but not demonic. Lost and very destructive souls, they became a terrorizing and possessive force because of their sheer

number; something of which I didn't yet understand. Something drew them to this one location within or around this woman, and it appeared to be a mental illness from which she suffered which caused her to be more aware of spiritual presences, but yet, unable to handle them properly.

As I worked my way through the room surmising the condition of each individual soul, one of them came up to me and asked "Were you trained by one of those governmental programs?" In his mind, I was doing 'psychic' work. I told him "No." But he became intrigued when I mentioned to him that my father had been involved in 'top secret' government work for many years, but of a different nature. He was a scientist.

After a very long while, the entire group of around 70 souls were all converged in one room with me. Their darkness had been expunged to a great deal, as we had discussed individually with each one of them their status and what we needed to be doing. Taking the entire group outside of the house, the skies began to immediately thunder up as if a storm were coming. But then something beautiful beyond words occurred . . .

Within the swirling gray clouds of thunder, I began to notice individual sparks of light emerge one at a time. "Look!" I shouted to the crowd of souls, as they immediately drew their gaze to the sky. As they did, more and more points of light appeared and began to twirl and rotate until each spark of light transformed into a magnificent and HUGE angel. The sky was covered with the sight of dozens of huge white female angels bearing large and broad wings.

"Come on!" I shouted to all of them as I began pushing them up towards the sky. "Go!" At first, they were very sluggish and slow, but I kept pushing and they began to understand as they soared in a grand line

towards the sky and towards the angels of God who had come to retrieve them and bring them to their true home.

Walking back inside the home, I noticed that about 10-15 remained. Frustrated, I said to them, "Come on, guys, what are you still doing here?" An older but very small woman smiled an impish smile, but it was clear that these ones were not yet ready to go. An inner prompting gave me this knowledge, but it also told me something else. "I'm coming back!" I said, "I will be back!" Although these Lost Souls were not yet ready to go, their energies had shifted dramatically and they were no longer projecting darkness, confusion or their former terribly dark ways. Although they had made progress, they would still be qualified as Lost Souls.

A large and tall man wearing all green began to belt out Christmas Carols. It seemed that he was doing so in honor of the liberation of so many of them this day, as though they had received their Christmas present early this year by achieving liberation. But as they all began to join him in singing the Christmas Carols, I noticed that they were getting many of the words wrong. Wrong in a sense that it was quite clear that demonic forces had been influencing them to change the words. Laughing at them, I said, "If you're going to sing these carols, get the words RIGHT?" I taught them the correct words, and they all continued singing joyfully.

Despite the continuing presence of these souls as I was slipped away into the ether, I noticed that the roof was now in perfect condition and the flooding outside was no longer present. After returning from this experience, the woman experienced a general feeling of well-being, although she still continued to hear one particular voice.

In a subsequent experience several weeks later, my soul was taken deeply into the storyline of a soap

opera. It was my task to verify this storyline and see if all that I was being told about it were true. Making calls to actors and actresses on the soap, I finally received a letter from the writers who quickly made it clear that no such storyline had ever been written into the soap opera. All the stories these voices were telling her were false and had no basis in reality.

A voice exclaimed to me, "The voices that she continues to hear are not real, but related to the organic mental illness from which she suffers. Now that she has learned to be diligent in guarding the gateway that this mental illness creates within her to the influence of spirits, she must also become diligent in taking the medications which will help to close the doorway more completely by altering the organic condition within her brain which is the cause of her mental illness." She also had realized a tendency within herself to identify too closely with others, taking on some of their characteristics; rather than observing others from a clear sense of self. This was also a natural response of the psychotic illness from which she suffered and a very excellent realization.

As with medical conditions, it is the merging of both the spiritual and the physical sciences that brings about a full balance. If done from only one perspective, the answer may be incomplete.

Returning to the home I'd previously visited of the person who experienced the signs of possession, I noticed that the home had three wings. The first wing looked very much now like a new home, and the door to the second and third wing of the house had been closed and locked.

Going behind the locked door, I noticed the rot and decay in those rooms, but amidst that rot was a

singular picture of Christ walking with His disciples. Gathering the picture to bring to the first wing of the home, I ran into an angel dressed as a construction worker who said, "I'll be working on fixing up some of this wood and restoring that which has been lost here. In the meantime, you take Jesus back into the first wing of the house and lock the door to these wings behind you." Nodding, I did exactly as he'd told me.

Gazing at the woman who lived in this house, I locked the door to the spirit world (the second and third wing), hung up the picture of Christ in the physical world (the first wing) and gave her a thumbs up. The decision had been made to close the door entirely, and it was good in this case.

"Nothing in Heaven is servanted; nothing upon Earth free."

*The Divine Pymander of Hermes, First Book, No. 55,
(Egyptian, Words of Hermes)*

"As you hedge around your vineyard with thorns, set barred doors over your mouth; As you seal up your silver and gold, so balance and weigh your words. Take care not to slip by your tongue and fall victim to your foe waiting in ambush."

*The New American Bible, Old Testament, Sirach 28:24-26,
(Christianity, Judaism)*

Whisped into an energetic reality which represented some of the views held by denominational Christians, I realized that I had joined a group of people who were preparing for the end times. It was my task this eve to begin preparing myself, and to go through this experience with them so as to better understand the doctrine and its truth's and falsities.

Gathering my ancient sacred texts and religious relics, I was placing them into boxes to be taken with me into the holy kingdom. Doing this represented the

gathering up of all of the spiritual wisdom and knowledge I had learned in this lifetime, and preparing to unite this knowledge with my soul as it prepared for the Rapturous end moments of this world.

What happened next was inexplicable and yet very profound. Unknowable and yet perhaps revealed in the smallest of senses.

My spirit was now amongst a group of souls all wearing white robes in preparation for this coming end time. Many of the women were having their hair cut off due to some ritual of purity which was required of them. Following their lead, I had mine cut off, too.

A ritual of adoption began wherein we were joined with others who would be members of our spiritual family, but there was something amiss and off. A young Native American boy was given to me as an adopted son, who I immediately recognized, but we were completely incompatible. Although he wore the robes of white, he had a smirk on his face and was simply going through motions. Very little faith or belief backed his soul, as he actually was a very lost child in this confusing array of doctrine. He, like many of the others present, believed that all that was required of him was to *accept* Christ. They had not penetrated into the understanding of Christ's admonition to be perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect. Although they wore the robes of white awaiting the rapture, they were quite impure and had not really changed very much in their lives since accepting Christ. They had never truly entered into a purgative purification process.

In order to understand the import of this moment, you must also understand who this young Native American boy had been. Two months before this event, I had met a young Native American boy of about nineteen in the local park. In a way that was very unlike

myself, I felt an undeniable compulsion to go speak with him and his friend who were doing drugs and smoking openly and were obviously in trouble. "You two look awfully young to be throwing your lives away like that." I'd said. Getting nervous, they both tried to deny they were as young as they were. "I have a very distinct feeling that if you don't change the path you are currently traveling, you are going to die very young." I said. Looking at me with utter disdain, the Native American boy said, "Why should *you* care, you don't even KNOW me!?" "I'm a mother," I replied, "I care about everyone." With a confused glare, he stared. "Well, I've been trying to quit the smoking and drugs, but it's hard." "Yes, I know. It's very hard, but I hope very much that you will succeed. I wish you the very best in your attempts at quitting." Acting annoyed, he and his friend drove off, sharing a whiff of the finger out the side door of their car.

Three weeks later, my husband received a call in the middle of the night. "We have a homicide," was the message from the officer. A young Native American boy had been stabbed fourteen times in the park by a drug dealer. Although it didn't strike me immediately, I began to wonder if this might be the same boy whose path I had crossed. When Andy showed me the picture of the victim, I let out a sigh of disbelief and disappointment. The young man I had spoken to had indeed died young, but he'd also died in a most horrific manner. And he'd died very much alone . . . it took several days to even identify him and notify his family.

Because of these things, this heavenly 'adoption' became all the more significant. And the impending rapture of which he was about to see contained within it knowledge for which this particular soul, as well as those of the others present, had need.

At that moment, an angelic presence beamed across the heavens and entered into my spirit allowing me to pronounce that the Rapture was about to occur. Still unsure of what was to happen, I lifted my arms to the heavens to receive of it.

Coming in a fury of light, the heavens opened before me as shooting stars began to shoot across the heavens and into my soul. I began to see the universe and all its planetary systems spin around me, and I was lifted up into the cosmic ethers to become one with this powerful energy which fulfilled the coming of the great day! Spinning and merging with these energies, the heavens were opened to me like a cosmic fire spinning and merging with God and all that is and is to be. My essence was in a state of utter rapture, ecstatic bliss and unity with the Almighty. In a specialized instant, my spirit was lifted away from the Earth and into the universal heavens where I could see our planet in the distance, and I felt the omnipotent and awesome Presence of God. In a shattering light, a bolt of omnipresence came towards my soul like lightning and my robes became *whiter* than snow.

In this instant, I understood that my recent triumph over the lustful temptation which had come in the form of the carnivorous demon had rendered my soul to an even greater triumph in the eyes of God, for who can triumph except those who fight the battle between good and evil in their own souls? As this purity was imparted upon my robes and my spirit, I fell as if in a swoon into the hands of loving a God, surrendering my spirit to the fall of the wind. As I did so, I returned to the Earth and to the crowds which had awaited this Rapture with me.

Utterly quiet, I didn't realize for several moments that these folks had watched this event happening to me,

rather than joining me within it. And suddenly I understood that the misnomer within the denominational faiths about this Rapture is their literal rendering of it as an event which happens *simultaneously* to believers alone, and that this is its only requirement. When in reality, the rapture occurs *individually* to a soul who truly enters and perseveres in the battle of its own purification. When a soul is determined to conquer its own vices and sin, the Lord lifts him up out of the mire of earthly delusions and lusts, to bring it to a higher purity attainable only in energy through the hands of the Lord.

All those around me were wandering around still waiting and wondering. They didn't understand. For a moment, I regretted cutting my hair along with them, because it had not been required, and my longer hair had represented a certain spiritual freedom. Several of them became very agitated waiting for the Rapture and the End Times to happen on a grand scale, because even though they had just seen it, they still held to their wrong understanding. They were cranky, uptight and exhibiting signs of agitation. Unresolved karma exhibits itself as agitation, and unpurified vice does the same.

Whenever a soul truly enters into the purgative way, the path of purification, they are entering the end-times for their own soul. As they achieve various triumphs of virtue along the way, they will be taken up into the heavens in a state of rapture. Belief in the Lord is only the first step; we are required to fight the good fight against the darkness within ourselves in order to triumph and be *taken up*.

CHAPTER SIX**Ancient Ghosts, How Religion Plays a Part in Why Souls Become Lost, a Murdered Priest's Liberation, a Woman Spirit Looking out for the Well-Being of the Lost Souls in her Graveyard, a Reunion with the Captives Who had been Set Free.**

My spirit had been called in to work upon a large piece of land which carried so much history that that it went back to the trail of the ancients. This land had belonged to the Native Americans - the Navajo, the Ute, the Hopi and the Anasazi - at one time.

Because I'd become aware of a Heyokah spirit upon the land, I prayed for an audience with the Thunder Beings, the only angelic guardians with power enough to affect this situation.

As I did so, I stood before the mountain of my previous birth into new life. Ute Mountain began to erupt voraciously. In the distance, the sounds of the Thunder Beings began to resonate in the skies. It was conveyed, "You shall be given an audience with the Thunder Beings, but it will not be this eve . . ." A pause ensued, "The Heyokah spirit is a traveler from the East." The mountain erupted for exactly thirty minutes, a time frame which held meaning that I did not understand.

"There are twenty of these souls here," the angelic guardian warned, "but you shall be receiving three to four of them to begin." Immediately, I resonated with the fact that these souls liked where they were and didn't wish to leave.

Interestingly, there was a singular grouping of three souls; two of whom were women and one a man. There was quite a story here. The man was with one of

the women, but she was not the right one to whom he truly belonged.

Something had happened which had derailed the eternal program between the other two, and it had been perpetuated and fulfilled by this other woman.

In short, the woman for whom he'd been meant to be married had been murdered by the other woman. But the man, not knowing who was responsible for the murder of his intended, eventually ended up being with the other woman who had taken his intended's life.

In the afterlife, this dysfunctional configuration remained, and it was my task to make it right. As I corrected the false pairing, a relief seemed to come over the two who had been wrongly set apart from each other. The guilty party accepted responsibility and said nothing . . .

The priest came to the forefront to teach these souls the Catholic faith. He was worried that they would cling to their Lutheran heritage, but it was not a valid fear. They accepted willingly the spiritual food offered for their souls.

Now that the perpetrator of this grave injustice (against eternal law) had been separated out from the couple, the mountain ceased its rumblings. The couple who had been meant for each other seemed relieved that this mix-up had finally been resolved, and the third accepted this just sentence because she knew she had committed something very evil and manipulative and she was getting her just due.

And as they whisped off into the heavens, it began to rain. Volumes and volumes of rain fell as my soul was taken down into a dark and dank basement where a very old upright piano stood about two feet deep in the water's fold. Everything was waterlogged, and I knew this held great significance, but did not know

its meaning.

It continued to rain as if the rain would never end . . . I saw two other souls. Two men, one appeared to be a 1800's era barfly and the other wore the clothing of a man who may have worked the railroads during the 1800's. Waiting patiently, they knew it was not yet their turn to receive deliverance.

The rain continued to fall . . . the medicine of heyokah - the contrary spirit - would continue its reign until time and the Thunder Beings would herald something new.

As regards the haunted land I'd been working on, a Navajo medicine man had come out and performed a purification ritual asking permission for the land to be given to those who now occupied it.

Soaring into the ether, the Thunder Beings took me into the land. They were Native American angels and they allowed me to watch the land over an aeon of time. The land was under water very long ago and the Thunder Beings allowed me to watch as the water slowly receded over the ages and then belonged to the Native peoples.

They spoke to me ONLY in a Native American tongue, which language I didn't know. But I was given the gift of understanding them this night. Much was conveyed, they talked and talked and talked, but I only retained that which they allowed. At one moment, I almost spoke English by accident, but they stopped me because doing so would've interrupted the ceremony in which we were engaged.

As the water dried up and went away, the Native people had spent aeons upon this land. On the spot where the home was built, there used to be a lodge made up of four poles on one side and two on the other. The

Native family who had lived there joined us in the ceremony which they called 'Yuwipi,' a Lakota word meaning to 'tie up or bind.' All the elements that had remained with the land were undergoing massive purification. For many hours, they spoke their native tongue and continued the Yuwipi to tie up and bind any remaining dark forces or lost souls or other presences which no longer belonged to the land.

The entire Native people from many aeons and generations suddenly appeared and arrived to stand before this single lodge which was unique. In certain respects, it resembled a tipi, but it also had a different shape (hogan?) which made it look more like a lodge to me. In that instant, I realized that both of these had existed upon the land at different frames in history. I was then shown a different set of poles. Again four poles were on one side and two on the other in this other home from the past. The number and location of the poles was important, but I did not understand.

Continuing to speak their native tongue, they asked me to retain silence. The Thunder Beings were guiding the prayer of Yuwipi and all the spirits (hundreds at this point) were speaking the prayers with them not unlike Catholics might pray the Rosary together. As we did this, however, a few here and there would walk off into the ether, take a single step . . . and disappear.

When it was finished, the Thunder Beings stood with me and this family who had once lived in the lodge. The other natives had lived on the land encompassing the ranch, but this family had lived on the exact spot where the current home had been built and this made them the specific previous tenants of their now current home.

Explaining to me in native tongue, the Thunder

Being said that the family had now finished binding and tying up all the energies in regards to their former home and their ancestral land. In essence, they were 'handing the holy lodge to the white people,' which is what they said to me. The 'white people' they spoke of were the current owners of the land, not I, although the transfer was to occur through my spirit.

Each took a pole from the lodge. There were two adults and two children. Handing them to the Thunder Beings, the Thunder Beings then handed those poles to me. The current owners of the land were not present, but I knew I was accepting the poles on their behalf. It's important to understand they were not being given to me, because they were not mine, but that I was accepting them. And at the moment I accepted them, it was as if the current owners were accepting. In other words, nothing further would be required to make sure this gift was given to them. They received it as I received it, as if we overlapped at that moment for this purpose.

When the poles had been given to me, they disintegrated somehow into the current owners; despite the fact that they were not present. I knew this, but did not see it.

Great jubilation followed as the Thunder Beings smiled at me with satisfaction and a sense of success. All now was pure peace. At this moment, the Thunder Beings all sprouted Eagle wings on their backs. It looked very much like the wings worn by some Native tribes when they are dancing. The wings were unlike those I see on other types of celestial angels.

As their wings sprouted, they began to step up into the sky and began walking up an invisible staircase as they each disappeared, one by one.

When they were all gone, I was left alone in this peaceful space for a moment. I could still see the lodge

with the tipi overlapping it, but everything was pure peace. And in that instant, I disappeared as well.

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

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

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

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

All fear left me at this moment, and I knew I was looking upon the faces of about a hundred people just like me who had crossed over at least 100-150 years prior and had become stuck. They'd all gathered into this

home. It started with one, then another joined someone he had known, and another and another . . . Before anyone could discern all that had been coming to pass, the house appeared to be extremely haunted when it was merely filled with the longing of tens of lost souls who were all grown men and women. There were no children.

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

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

"Well," I finally said, "I will help you." They all looked at me with a longing hopefulness that perhaps I held the sacred trust that they needed to make this crossing which had been hidden from them for so long.

"I am the Way and the Truth and the Life," I shouted with great fervor. "No one comes to the Father, BUT BY ME!" As I said this, all the women metamorphosized and their garments became bridal gowns as white as snow and white veils covered their faces. The men were changed in a different way. Their garments didn't necessarily change, but light began to shine from within them. "Our Father," I said, "Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name." Some of the women

began to float gently in the skies. "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us." Men and women were now ascending into the heavens and disappearing into the light. It was so beautiful I could not describe it adequately. I continued. "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Almost all of them were now released, but a few remained and they looked at me expectantly. It was the final words of the Lord's prayer which they required. "For the kingdom and the power and the glory are Yours . . . now and forever." As soon as they were spoken, they were all gone but one. The original man who had appeared to me on behalf of them all had a final word to speak as he was floating upwards towards the light and the heavenly host awaiting him. "Tell them now." He said. "They must know of the secrets . . . The Mysteries of Our Lord."

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

Andy was obsessed with buying a home which had been placed on the market well under what it would normal market value should be. It had been built in the 1930's and was in fairly good shape. It had a huge

amount of square footage and several floors. All in all, probably around 5,000 square feet for which they were asking a paltry \$124,000.

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

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

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

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

Walking through the lower floor, the owner took me to a lookout point which was perfectly situated on the top of a hilly slope so as to give the owner the ability to look down upon a variety of religious sites. You could see a monastery down below and what he referred to as

a temple mount. Perhaps we were in Jerusalem, it seemed, but that made little sense to me at the time. Indeed, however, there were several visible shrines, temples and churches within view and smiled in some delight, although I still felt something was very wrong here.

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

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

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

Then I came upon a corner of the room on the third floor. The wife and the husband were not even nervous. But I noticed the presence of a group of people now, who were obviously not of this era. They were

sitting at cafe tables, some reading papers, others eating breakfast.

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

"Oh, my God!" I shouted as I turned to the owners of the house, ignoring Andy as he was watching in grave concern. "He was a priest!" He looked to be of small frame, medium height, and grayish black hair, probably in his mid fifties. Immediately, I began singing as if not under my own control, "Hail Mary Full of Grace the Lord is With Thee, Blessed Art Thou Among Women . . ." As I sang, I saw this priest. He was sitting in bed in this corner of a room which had once been part of a small hotel. He was holding something he had woven in his hands, as it was his hobby, and he had come here for retreat. He was speaking about how he wouldn't have time to finish it before he returned to his service at his parish, of the location I did not know.

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

As I looked towards the priest, I saw it.

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

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

"Thy Kingdom Come!!!!!! Thy Will be Done!!!!!!!!!" I sang with all my heart and soul to the great glee and smiles of this holy and humble priest who had been held captive here for sixty seven years because of something of which he had no knowledge, even to this

day. In his humility, he just looked into my eyes and listened to me sing. He paid no attention to all the infernal spirits which were being raised from the ground beneath this unhallowed building. Nor did he pay attention to the infernal spirit that his previous hosts had become, nor to the fact that the winds of God were blowing them in the opposite direction of the heavenly temples which I'd been shown just moments before. In a holy rage, I continued to sing for this holy priest as I would gaze upon the various countenance's of those demonic souls who had been so bold as to take the life of a man consecrated to the Lord God and the infernal spirits who had been hiding in the walls to continue to energize this long-time situation.

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

"For thine is the Kingdom . . . and the Power . . .

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

"It is over," I said out loud, as I pondered upon the plight of this holy man so unjustly treated. And I thanked God for the opportunity to free him from his fetters, as so many of my own priests had freed me from mine in the confessional and in private counsel.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What joy could become mine I could not fathom as I entered into what appeared to be a dark cave. Inside these caverns, were the souls of many men and a few women. At first, they were very busy at work, and I was

given only a moment to watch them in their toil. But moments later, a wisp of wind seemed to come into the cave as we were now surrounded by the heavenly hosts.

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

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

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

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

Looking towards the heavenly host, they began

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

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

These people were taking these holy works of art which represented transformations in their lives, understandings and souls which had come about directly from their exposure to my writings and my work. It was overwhelming, yet I felt so honored and I felt so much love coming towards me from these people. I'd had no idea. The angels had allowed me to see them before and after - and now they were all lining up to leave the darkness of the caves. They had graduated onto higher things. But the bond between our souls was profoundly deep beyond any of my imaginings. It was truly a profound gift that the Lord had allowed me to be a vessel for them in this way. I was not worthy of it, I could only praise God with them and the angels as they quietly exited the cave and disintegrated into the ether. My heart knew where they were going next, and I was in awe of His ability to use such a simple instrument to bring this about.

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

prayer right at his side.

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

Ghosts and Lost Souls

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