

Heaven, Hell and Purgatory

Mystic Knowledge Series

Compiled and Written by Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org



Heaven, Hell and Purgatory

Mystic Knowledge Series

Compiled and Written by Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org



Copyright © 2007, Marilyn Hughes

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this work or portions thereof in any form whatsoever without permission in writing from the publisher and author, except for brief passages in connection with a review.

All credits for quotations are included in the Bibliography.

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.

Books by Marilyn Hughes:

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

The Mysteries of the Redemption Series in Five Volumes

(Same Book - Choose Your Format!)

Prelude to a Dream

Passage to the Ancient

Medicine Woman Within a Dream

Absolute Dissolution of Body and Mind

The Mystical Jesus

GALACTICA

A Treatise on Death, Dying and the Afterlife

THE PALACE OF ANCIENT KNOWLEDGE

A Treatise on Ancient Mysteries

Near Death and Out-of-Body Experiences

(Auspicious Births and Deaths)
Of the Prophets, Saints, Mystics and Sages in World Religions

The Voice of the Prophets
Wisdom of the Ages - Volumes 1 - 12

Miraculous Images:
Photographs Containing God's Fingerprints

Miraculous Images and Divine Inspirations!

Suffering:

The Fruits of Utter Desolation

Touched by the Nails

(Watch and Wait)

A Karmic Journey Revealed!

At the Feet of the Masters

Mystic Knowledge Series:

Out-of-Body Travel
Ghosts and Lost Souls
Spirit Guides and Guardian Angels
Reincarnation and Karma
Spiritual Warfare, Angels and Demons
Death, Dying and the Afterlife
Heaven, Hell and Purgatory
ExtraTerrestrials
Destiny and Prophecy
Initiations into the Mysteries
Visions of Jesus and the Saints
Ascension
Suffering and Sickness
Mystical Poetry

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

**Teaching Stories of the Prophets in World
Religions for Young People!**

(Ages 10 to Adult)

World Religions and their Prophets for Little Children!

(Ages 2 - 8)

The Former Angel! - A Children's Tale

(Ages 2 - 8)

Our Series of Books for Little Children on the Miraculous!

(Ages 2 - 8)

Miraculous Images for Little Children!

Illuminated Manuscripts for Little Children!

The Tree of Life from Around the World for Little Children!

Apparitions of Jesus and Mary for Little Children!

Bleeding and Weeping Statues for Little Children!

Eucharistic Miracles for Little Children!

Stigmatists for Little Children!

Visions of the Soul Leaving the Body at Death from Around the World for Little Children!

Visions of Heaven and the Afterlife from Around the World for Little Children!

Incorruptibles for Little Children!

The Mystery of the Key to Heaven!

(Ages 2 - 10)

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation Journals

Journal One: The Importance of the Seven Virtues and Vices in Understanding the Practice of Out-of-Body Travel!

Journal Two: My Out-of-Body Journey with Sai Baba, Hindu Avatar!

Journal Three: The History of 'The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!'

Journal Four: A Menage of Wonderful Writers and Artists!

Journal Five: The Stories of Cherokee Elder, Willy Whitefeather!

*Journal Six: Discerning your Vocation in Life by Learning the
Difference Between Knowledge and Knowing!*

Journal Seven: When Tragedy Strikes

*Journal Eight: Comparing the Buddhist Avalokiteswara's Descent
into Hell with that of Jesus Christ!*

*Journal Nine: Huzur Maharaj Sawan Singh - Sant Mat (Sikh)
Master Guru and Grandson Maharaj Charan Singh - Sant Mat
(Sikh) Master Guru*

Journal Ten: The Great Beyond

Journal Eleven: Ghosts and Lost Souls: Our Responsibility

*Journal Twelve: 'The 800th Anniversary of Jalalludin Rumi, and
the True Spiritual Heritage of Afghanistan and the Middle East'*

Go to our Web-Site:

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org

CONTENTS:

Heaven, Hell and Purgatory

Mystic Knowledge Series

INTRODUCTION

10

CHAPTER ONE

Star Tunnel to the Heavens, the Inner Sun, House of Satan, The Gateway and the Sky Pictures, Seven Levels of Heaven, Universal Sphere of Realms, Guardian of the Veil, Feather Plane.

11

CHAPTER TWO

Muddy Flats Hell, 15 Layers of Hell, Management Realm, Spider and Insect Hell, Heaviness of Spirit Determining which Realm you may go to, Chaos Purgatory Realm, Wintery Blue Hell, Mythosetia - He Who Guards the Entry to the Lower Worlds, Mercy Shown in Hell, Hell for the Consumer's of Children.

27

CHAPTER THREE

Heaven and its Many Suns, Commitment and its Correlations to the Chaos Realm, Hell for those Who do not Love Their Neighbor or God, Heavenly Crucifix of Gold and Silver, Seven Keys to the Valleys, Heavenly Bodies, Hellish Misunderstanding of a Preacher at the Gate of Heaven, Heaven of Redemption, the Heavenly Matrixes, Circling Yellow,

Red and Blue Stars at the Gates of Heaven, Fuscia Star Tunnel.

48

CHAPTER FOUR

Souls of the Mentally Ill, True Inner Spirit of the People Being Made Known, Ice Skating to Heavenly Symphonies in Heaven, Purgatory on Earth, Parallel Existences, Purgatory of the Common Man - You Cannot Fly, Book 'Final Exit' Given to the Dying as they Cross, Inner City Maze Passage to Heaven, Heavenly Spirits Celebrating Work on Earth for the Lord, the Battle to Take a Man's Soul Back from Hell to Heaven Because he Never had the Name of Jesus on his Lips During Life.

70

CHAPTER FIVE

Attack from an Evil Spirit in Hell, Purgatory of Lust, Conversation with a Soul in Purgatory, Heavenly Monastery, the Gift of Redemption and How Highly it is Praised in Heaven, Dying Young, The Palace of Ancient Knowledge, 100,000 Levels of Purgatory, ExtraTerrestrials in Heaven, House of Jesus and Mary, Galactic Ancient Sacred Texts, Accepting Suffering to Prevent the Death of a Man who Would be Damned if he were to Die Now, Parade in Heaven, Denizens of Hell, Fate of a Purely Evil Spirit, Fighting the Winds of Karma in Purgatory, Priest in Need of Prayer in Purgatory, Christ's Temple.

90

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

Star Tunnel to the Heavens, the Inner Sun, House of Satan, The Gateway and the Sky Pictures, Seven Levels of Heaven, Universal Sphere of Realms, Guardian of the Veil, Feather Plane.

Vibrating rapidly as it lifted slowly towards the ceiling and then passed it, my soul was going further up into the heavenlies. Watching my house go further and further away as I ascended to the stars, my spirit was now standing amidst the heavens, the stars and darkness of deep space enveloping me in peace. More moments passed as I went further and further away, watching the earth become a blue ball surrounded in white swirls. Turning to face the blackness of space, the stars slowly began to move. As they did so, they began to form a tunnel which appeared to be much like a black hole. The circular motion of the stars around this tunnel in space was almost dizzying, and it seemed to make you enter into another awareness. In my mind, I heard the name, 'Star Tunnel.'

Shooting towards the tunnel, my spirit almost entered . . . but was quickly pulled back from the ominous and powerful sight.

"For shining steadfastly upon and round the whole mind, it enlighteneth all the Soul; and loosing it from the Bodily senses and motions, it draweth it from the Body, and changeth it wholly into the Essence of God."

The Divine Pymander of Hermes, Fourth Book, No. 18, (Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Hermes)

Soaring through the stars, my spirit was beckoned towards the sun. Venus and Mercury were full of splendor as I soared passed them at the speed of light.

Finding myself on the outskirts of a city of light in the inner recesses of the sun, everything here was pure essence; the spirits were ether, and their forms were like fluorescent yellow lights. Wanting to go further, I noticed a pathway that went from this inner recess to a place further and deeper, but as I moved towards it, I was pulled away. A voice echoed, "You have seen what you were meant to see. Return now, and tell of it." Bowing, I did so as I returned to form.

On two successive occasions, I was given to return to the sun, but found that the strong vibrational force of the sun was much higher than my own, and my spirit was unable to endure its power. Flying towards it six times, I finally reached my goal when a spiritual guide whispered instructions in my ear. Focusing my energy on my sixth chakra or third eye, my vibrational state began to increase. As it slowly increased significantly, I was able to make it back to the sun. Again, I noticed many ether islets resonating from the center. "Pathways," I thought, "but to where?" Immediately, I was transferred home.

***"We are drawn to heaven by him, like beams by the sun,
not being restrained by anything."***

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Treatise on the Resurrection,
Page 55, Top, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Taken to a blue space, the sky was of emerald blue and the ground pastel. A female came in and laid my spirit down, floating in midair. Smiling and very cheerful, she started to put many different blue stones on my eyes and on my chakra centers, especially my throat. A yellow and purple cloth was laid over me as my soul went into vibratory bliss. "What are you doing?" I asked. "We are preparing you to go to new places." She said, excitedly. "Oh, good!" I retorted, "Do you think I can go

back to the sun?" Laughing, she said, "Of course, you will go there and way beyond."

"Only sages are effectively able to know strategy, so their words prove truthful and their expectations prove accurate."

Wen-Tzu, Understanding the Mysteries, No. 85, Paragraph 2, (Buddhism, Taoism, Words of Lao Tzu)

And so it came to pass that my soul underwent several journeys into cosmic elements, quasar and pulsar stars, the rings of Saturn, as well as various other planets. Going to these places filled my soul with energy unattainable in any other fashion, because they were filled with spiritual power.

Entering the chapel, the Native American man came over to me as I sat waiting for this night's quest. Wearing a charming smile that never dimmed, his long black hair was slightly graying. What struck me the most was the medicine wheel he wore around his neck lying quietly on his bare chest. Pictures of sheep were etched on the piece, they were running to freedom. "Those with few words," he said, "need not listen to those with many. The meek and timid sheep does not always stand reluctantly in silence. Will you run to freedom?" He spoke of my attachment to those in my past who did not share my spiritual journey, and were very much holding me back. Then he was gone.

Leaving the chapel with one of these incompatible people, we arrived at our vehicle. Noticing that the parking space overlooked a large cliff, I looked over the side to see a Native American encampment below. Yearning to join them, I watched their dance of life as the men dived in and out of the coral reef, hunting for fish, and the women danced happily around the campfire preparing what they had caught. Turning

away from that which would have given me peace, I went with the other person out of a sense of obligation, who wanted to go to a store in a shopping center. Following on foot, I immediately sensed that something was wrong when I entered the store. Fear and foreboding exuded from every pore of this place.

Looking to the wall, I saw a sign that read, "This is the house of Satan, a place of fear. All that reside here follow a falsehood, though they believe in its reality. All that they are is all that they have chosen to be, a sad state, indeed. If you are love, do not reside here!"

As I ran to the door, the person with me refused to leave, and in so doing, some rather horrible demons came to 'sacrifice' this person to their 'God.' (Materialism, Greed and Worldliness) As I ran out, a man with pointed teeth tried to grab me for sacrifice, as well. But I looked at him calmly and replied, "I am of love, I know that you are not real. You are but a fear within the hearts of many men."

Looking down, he let go of me and sadly replied, "Loving being, thank you for giving me hope. As I am a creation of the fearful mind of man, I play my part with grace. Oh, but I do wish for the day when all mankind sees me for who I truly am, a distortion of truth. It is then that I will join you as a creation of love." Nodding that I understood, I turned to go.

"Let me help you!" He called out. "In order to leave this fearful reality of the world, you must follow the path of the flowers! They are the path of new life and love, the path of completion, as well as, the seed of new awakenings!"

Running towards my car, another incompatible person was now present and prepared to drive. "Drive towards the path of the flowers," I told her, but she refused and immediately entered a ghetto which

represented her chaotic and agitated thinking. Wanting to rescue the other person I'd left behind in the store, I reluctantly agreed. Moments later, however, I changed my mind. "I will not return to a place of fear," I said, "he has chosen the way of fear, and ultimately death of the spirit. However I know that he will be fine as his Father will be with him and show him the Way." "We have to help him," she said, "he could die!" Knowingly, I replied, "He has already chosen the way of fear, but he will not truly die."

Pointing in the direction she had taken, I said, "That is not the way to the truth, we must take the path of new life!" She disappeared, as suddenly the windshield became a torrent of wind filled with rose petals and magical displays of blossoms in color. Pastel blues, pinks, peaches, purples and white filled my vision as I soared through the path of the flowers.

Awaiting me at the end of the path was the Native American man with the medicine wheel. Flying to him in a fury, I entered his arms which were held high in embrace. Changing color, his medicine wheel was no longer orange (restraint) and red (passion), just red. Although I didn't know it, he was energizing my walk into karma. A soul must walk many extremes in its path, from one to its opposite, in order to eventually achieve balance.

"Thank you. Thank you for showing me life!" I shouted as I hugged him gently. Putting his hands on my shoulders, he said, "My child you have surrendered to love! I rejoice, indeed! Every time you overlap another's fearful reality, you enter it, as well. Do not enter fear, whatever the cost, for the road to surrender requires a purity of love in the spirit."

Pointing to the path of the flowers, he said, "You have traveled this path, now do not return to the start of

it. Transcend those in fear, do not participate. Fear cannot understand love, and love cannot understand fear. Words will not change what is in the heart. Keep your own heart pure." "I will," I said, "and thank you . . ." He turned, and disappeared.

"Behold, I am sending you like sheep in the midst of wolves; so be shrewd as serpents and simple as doves."

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 10:16,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

Jumping towards the sky, I was quickly pulled down, as the movement directed me to lay quietly in a pink bed surrounded by pink curtains which had been prepared for me in the yard behind our home. Blowing in the spirit wind, I lay quietly, enjoying the quiet and solitude. Uniformed and thin, a man approached, but not wanting to be bothered, I ignored him. As he got closer, however, he said, "I've come to show you the sky pictures."

Pointing to the sky, he said, "If you look closely, you will see them." Nothing happened immediately, but minutes later an intense cloud came rolling in and the skies began to open. Images of hundreds of dimensions were flashing, appearing for several seconds and then moving forward. A gateway appeared, a large crystal entrance arching over a tunnel. Scenes changed from places I'd already traveled, to places I'd never even dreamed about. Joyful at my excitement, the spirit grinned as I called out with fervor, "Oh, my God, look at that!"

"There is one more thing," he said as he pointed upwards. Opening to a luminous vessel that hovered over me, two very old men beckoned to me, adorned with white beards grown to their waists and white robes glistening in purity. Coming from a vessel of many

colors, it emanated with blues, greens, pinks and purples, as its celestial humming began to purr in my head.

A circular light beam was cast to the ground. Walking towards it, the spirit held me back. "It is not time," he said, "but you have found the gateway. A gateway has been forged in this space on the earth-plane. The sky is clear, the space is free, and the energy is open! The gateway has been forged so that you may enter any dimension you desire at will. It is through this gateway that you will meet a Pleiadian vessel, the one before you. Take this vessel. Antoneek will be your host. A world of dominion and peace awaits your arrival. You will tell of it to the earth and show them that dominion and peace are attainable in an entire civilization." Gazing intrigued, he continued. "You may open this gateway at any time. The gateway will remain the constant and will guide you to your return. The gateway holds much knowledge and will help you find your path." Standing up and quickly preparing to leave, the sky began to dawn the morn of tomorrow. "Thank you," I said, "a gateway, thank you." *"Wisdom's voice rings out from behind the doors of the righteous; wherever the godly foregather (is heard) her song."*

The Dead Sea Scriptures, Poems/Qumran Hymnal, II, No. 12, Page 220, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)

"And the Lord took up word with me and said: Write the vision, and make it plain upon tablets that he who runs may read."

The Dead Sea Scriptures, Habakkuk, Chapter 2, Paragraph 1, Page 321, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)

Entering the elevator with a male spiritual guardian, I attempted to push the seventh of seven floors. Not lighting up, the six below it took instead. Knowing inside that seven was a higher reality and my

goal, I looked towards the spiritual guardian. "Remember where you are in the fragment of time." Bewildered, the elevator began rising and stopped at level six. As the door opened, I saw a wondrous realm filled with ether and cloudy substances. Above, I could see the entry to level seven. "What you see is the shore, it lies in your view, it leads to the sky, a blue and gold hue." Emoting my desire to go there now, he continued, "All that lies, lingers;" he said, "all that emotes, forms; all that love, radiate; and all that serve, return home."

Understanding that I was to render service, he continued to speak. "Extemporaneous reason far behind, enter now the washing zone, beneath your feet a bluish light, cleanse, bring forth immortal soul." Leaving the elevator, my spirit walked upon the bluish clouds, realizing that all imperfect reasoning must be left behind, in order to instigate the purification process which brings forth the immortal soul. As bluish light seared forth from beneath my feet, I felt the intensity of the moment.

"Somehow, I remember this, but I can't place it. Is this a ceremony into service?" I said. Smiling the guide responded, "Open veils to light abode, release the fragment, duty done, allow creation's tempest flow, find the part which is but one." Remembering something about the seven levels of heaven, the spirit replied to my thoughts. "Yes, the seven levels of heaven."

Memories began to surface of things I'd forgotten. Somehow level six and level two were parallel to my path in the time constraint in which I was operating. Returning to the elevator, the guardian pushed level two. "Ever near the parting time, velvet linens part the zone, blood in pastness, sheer shine, relinquish sound, return to home." When it is time to part with the heavenly home, the veil moves aside for the

descent of the soul to earth. The body contains the karmic self, which resides in the past, while the spirit remains sheer and iridescent as the two unite. Seeking to release the noise of karmic delusion, the spirit seeks the silence which is the essence of the journey home.

Reaching realm two, I saw that it was present-day Earth. "What do I do here?" I asked. Eyes piercing mine, he replied, "Ever dancing spirals mesh, beneath the fancy of the rain, close encounters to goodness, reaching ends, no longer pain." Many pathways merge and dance in the physical world, but they appear in energy as many spirals interacting below the storm clouds of karma. But amongst the turmoil, there are visions of higher reality, which provide the impetus to reach the end of the tumultuous karmic path and the end of self-inflicted pain.

"Why can't we do this from the sixth realm?" I asked, "Why must I enter this strange world in order to change it?" Pointing upwards, he replied, "Timely gain cannot complete, when traveling amongst the clouds, all diversion seemly sweet, but time exists beneath the shroud." One cannot affect worlds existing in 'time' effectively from 'timelessness,' as the subtle influences become only mild diversions to those beneath the veil. "But we have sent so much energy and light to the earth, has it not helped?" I asked. "Wheretofore, the gain complete, standing midst the starry realm, timeless air blows reaching tide, movement eludes most every soul." Progress which can be accomplished due to subtle influences from higher realms is minimal. Timeless energies (the movement) are not seen or heard by the majority of incarnate souls. "Yes, you are right; they do not listen to the sounds of the movement."

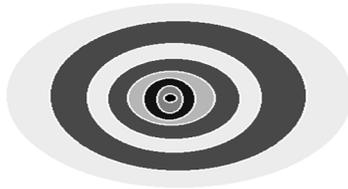
Turning to go, I looked within his deep green eyes and saw eternity.

"Quite oblivious they are to what the LORD is about, too blinded ever to see what He is actually doing. That is the reason why My people, likewise unconscious, have likewise been 'carried away' - away to an alien land, their gentry starving for hunger, their masses parched for thirst."

The Dead Sea Scriptures, Isaiah, Chapter 5, Page 303, No. 11-14, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)

And so it came to pass that I was given entry into the mysteries of the upper and underworlds; also called the 'Universal Sphere of Realms.' Realms (or dimensions) one through four are all underworlds, as they exist below the veil of illusion. Realms five and above are upperworlds which exist in ever-increasing levels of light and love above the veil of illusion. Shown the planets of our solar system, it was revealed to me which of them resided beneath the veil of illusion, those that were above.

UNIVERSAL SPHERE OF REALMS



Realms:

Center, 1 and 2 = First and Second Dimension/Lower Worlds (Total Darkness) = Below Veil of Illusion

3 and 4 = Third and Fourth Dimension/Border Worlds (Light and Darkness) = Below Veil of Illusion

5 and above = Fifth Dimension and

Above/Upperworlds (Light) = Above Veil of Illusion

The underworlds consist of the border or mortal realms, three (Earth) and four, and the lower realms, one and two. Border/mortal realms contain both light and dark energies and provide a karmic circling format for birth and death. Realms one and two are realms of total darkness, one being primary evil and two being dominant darkness. Many variances exist in levels of darkness as well as light, but greater understanding of this would come later.

After I was shown these things, Emmanuel appeared and said these words. "Forevermore, the tempest divide, master deva's come to seek. Moonlit mountains, thundering shores, icen castles, crystalline . . . enter deep. Like the crescent moon above, your starry realm emitting light, the earth-plane comes to fruition, the fullest phase in sight. Initiate vessels coming to find, relinquishing baggage . . . a solitary ride. Accepting of path, the lone company, each spirit will come to his own destiny." Conveying to me in a vision the process of transformation which occurred in other planetary systems, he showed me demon infested worlds which had become predominantly lighted.

Emmanuel then plunged me into the vision of the human condition; the violence, rage and chaos which frightened me. Turmoil and the death, he conveyed, are illusions created on planets of redemption. Transcendence and peace could only be found in rising above the bedlam.

Conveying that the ancient understanding of condemnation to hell, really means that the firmament between the higher and lower worlds is closed for a time to particular souls due to their spiritual status, but that the firmament does open for transformational

opportunities when a soul seeks love, calling to God. "Demons turn into a song, their careful knowledge hidden so, timeless tunes, centrifugal force, the vortex of spirit turns into itself."

All of my lifetimes, all of my experience . . . came before me. Rather than sink into the abyss of delusions again, as I'd done many times before, I realized I had to conquer them this time around. The world caught below the veil of time, was a world of chaos, and to ascend I had to find unity and peace.

"They then went forth and created the upper world and the lower, the world of unification and the world of division."

The Zohar, Volume IV, P'Qude (Exodus), Page 299, Bottom, (Judaism)

Standing before the veil between worlds, I looked upon an interesting soul. Having the body of a man and the face of a bird, I didn't immediately recognize him, but later realized it was Thoth, the Egyptian god of letters who kept track of men's deeds. A burial casket had fallen directly in front of me. Wanting to get by, I calmly asked, "Please move the still," but he wouldn't budge. "I guard the veil to the world of flight. Only the pure of heart may pass, as a fragmented mind cannot comprehend that which lies beyond." Feeling that someone's presence lay directly beyond the veil, but being unable to see them, Thoth showed me a burial casket as he lit it on fire, performing some type of cremation ceremony. "Cremation is the secret I will now share with you." Thoth said. Speaking of fire, matter, and the Source, he conveyed that the 'flame,' which he now spoke of figuratively, releases a great deal of energy. Ascension is honored by releasing the flesh, in essence, burning the fragmentary vessel at death. When a soul is transitioning into the spirit world, the soul divides the energies

between the two aspects; the physical personality and the spirit. In order for a soul to properly release the past, the energies of the former life must be released. By releasing it, the knowledge of the lifetime can be encompassed within the soul, while the fragmented nature is let go. Although I was unaware of it at the time, Thoth was speaking allegorically *and* literally about death.

The eternal flame consumes all that is left behind with each spiritual death and rebirth, which must occur at every great epiphany of knowledge. A death, of sorts, occurs when a soul realizes something of a karmic nature, and a birth occurs when a soul realizes something of an eternal nature. "I understand," I said, "when matter is burned, energy that is released." What must be consumed is the karmic self, which must be purged in order to be recovered in a purified state. "Something is telling me to say that this energy can be retrieved and sent to Isis."

Thoth moved aside and began speaking the sacred words to part the veil:

"Lingering nature, Goddess strain, initiate calls, for
energy gain
Deity Isis, Call the sound, the veil now opens, behold, a
cow"

Witnessing the spectacle of a woman with a human body but the head of a cow, the casket before me completely disintegrated, and Isis, the Egyptian goddess of birth, immediately spoke to me. "Bring to me matter," she said, "and I'll send you fire."

Nodding, I had no idea what she wanted me to do, but she conveyed that, "The dead must relinquish in order for the living to wed. It is the ritual mass of

immortals," she said, "Bring to me matter, and I'll send you fire."

As she began laying a pile of dead twigs and sticks before me, she started a fire and continued adding to it. Representative of old beliefs and former perceptions which no longer served my path, bluish light was released from them as they burned, which soared into Isis. Taking it within, she sent the energy back into my spirit through my crown chakra.

Transforming from a mortal man into a spirit that sparkled and spit like an electrical storm, my spirit and body were merging into one. Engaging in a fire baptism of sorts, the stains of karmic multiplicity within my soul were purified into pure light.

"Thereafter his disciples said unto him: 'Rabbi, reveal unto us the mystery of the Light of thy father, since we heard thee say: 'There is still a fire-baptism and there is still a baptism of the holy spirit of the Light, and there is a spiritual chrism . . .'"

*Pistis Sophia, Fifth Book, Page 312, Paragraph 6,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

"And Jesus said unto them: 'Bring me fire and vine branches.' They brought them unto him. He laid out the offering, and set down two wine-vessels, one on the right and the other on the left of the offering . . . Jesus stood before the offering, set the disciples behind him, all clad with linen garments, and in their hands the cipher of the name of the father of the Treasury of the Light, and he made invocation thus, saying: 'Hear me, O Father of all fatherhood, boundless Light: . . . Forgive the sins of the souls of these disciples who have followed me, and purify their iniquities and make them worthy to be reckoned with the kingdom of the father.'"

*Pistis Sophia, Fifth Book, Page 310, Paragraph 1,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

Before being able to pass beyond this veil,

however, I'd have to go through another ritual passage. A vision of the twinness of man was presented to me, as I saw the aspects of good and evil which resided within every human being. Their goodness resided in an upperworld sphere, while their evil remained in underworlds, trapped in fearful manifestations which were almost like webs in their thinking.

Taking me through mountains of staircases, Isis and I reached a 'bowed' step which plummeted into the underworlds. Releasing my hand, she conveyed that the initiates enter here. "This is a great test," she said, "remember the mysteries; there's no fear in truth."

Awaiting me was a golden hand, and I gently gazed upwards to see the imaged face of the bearer. Looking like a master from India, he also carried the energy of the Native American people. Taking his hand, we flew upwards along a spiraling pathway of rainbow-bright colored lights. "Where are we going?" I asked. "Somewhere you've never been before." He replied.

Bursting through hundreds of realms, we stopped in an all-white place. A magnificent display of white feathers ensconced us, nothing but floating white feathers. "This is the feather plane," he said, "the place of ascended native energy." Feeling absolutely luscious here, my spirit was melting into it like a bolt of unconditional love. But there were no singular spirits residing here, only ascended native energies, essences of total light whose unity had become a totality of one.

"In Mayan culture, the aura is sometimes symbolized by feathers - a representation of the realized being."

*Secrets of Mayan Science/Religion, Chapter 5, Page 133,
Paragraph 1, (Tribal, Mayan, Author: Hunbatz Men)*

"Everything inside of the house was created by the mirth of the yellow people, light made of truth. The

house they created was time that had been slowed down so that we, the people, might seek to know the vastness of our inheritance. The house was made up of many dawns, midday's, and moonlit nights. Inside the house lay the principles that would hold and nurture life, that would carry us from dawn to dusk and then take us into beautiful and meaningful dream states, and then beyond them."

*Being and Vibration, Chapter 5, Page 149, Paragraph 1,
(Tribal, Tiwa, Author: Joseph Rael)*

CHAPTER TWO

Muddy Flats Hell, 15 Layers of Hell, Management Realm, Spider and Insect Hell, Heaviness of Spirit Determining which Realm you may go to, Chaos Purgatory Realm, Wintery Blue Hell, Mythosetia - He Who Guards the Entry to the Lower Worlds, Mercy Shown in Hell, Hell for the Consumer's of Children.

"If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there."

*King James Bible, Old Testament, Psalms 139:8,
(Christianity)*

"The only means of controlling and restraining these elements and keeping the hellish mob under restraint is the fear of punishment - no other means exists. For if it were not for the fear of punishment and torment, what is evil would plunge into rages and the whole place would fall apart, as happens to earthly kingdoms where there is no law or punishment."

*Heaven & Hell, Chapter 60, No. 581, Page 485,
(Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)*

Leading a soul through the doorway of death, we came upon the maze of choices. Having lived a good life, he was trying very hard to follow God's will, and as a result, he had the option of ascending and moving beyond the death/rebirth cycles of life. In following the maze of choices, however, a soul naturally amends to that which most deeply follows their inner desires (their compatibility). Coming upon a crossroads, I fervently pointed to the right, the choice which would lead to his ascension, but he gave no thought to his choice and allowed his inner cravings to correspond with the

familiar route. Turning to the left, he re-entered his own karmic circle. His choice was irrefutable, and as soon as it was made, he was no longer aware of my presence. Caught again in the cycle of karmic retribution, I paused but quickly turned to go, as there were more people crossing over this night.

Deep below the earth's surface, the ominous nature of where we were going suddenly hit me; the knowledge of it entered my conscious awareness as I began remembering the knowledge of the many hells. Many layers of the Earth reside all the way down to the molten core, each of them containing various hell realms. Closest to the surface, are the second dimensional hells, and further below, the first dimensional hells. We were going to one of the second dimensional hells, a place of vanity and greed, lovingly referred to as Muddy Flats.

"And in the same way likewise are sinners separated when they die, and are buried in the earth; judgment not overtaking them in their lifetime."

*The Book of Enoch, Chapter XXII. (Sect. V), No. 11,
(Judaism, Christianity)*

"Our Lady stretched out her hands, and bright rays came forth which seemed to penetrate into the earth. All at once the ground vanished, and the children found themselves standing on the brink of a sea of fire."

*Our Lady of Fatima's Peace Plan from Heaven, Page 4,
Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic)*

Carved out of an old stone, a pointer lay in the ground which a soul could point to the left or the right. Remaining unrepentant after death, these souls believed that the fountain of youth lay in one of these directions. Choosing the correct direction would have offered them immediate reincarnation, but they followed the direction which they believed would take them to the fountain. In fact, the choice they made was to continue towards Muddy Flats.

Ominously ugly to see from a distance, Muddy Flats was an enclosed rock and mud cavern which held those who had entered in total and complete darkness. Those traveling through death's door this eve could still turn back if they chose, but as they remained in delusion, they continued walking towards Muddy Flats. Our host was an attractive man wearing a tuxedo, who smiled with a welcoming posture as he asked each one of them to dance. Coming to me first, I immediately walked away, as I had noticed that his hands had vague reptilian features. As he was a demon in disguise, I tried to warn the women who had not yet entered, but they were vain, and his advances and attention were much too easy a temptation.

As the first woman began to dance, she began screaming in utter horror as the man's hands became tentacled and reptilian. In moments, his demonic nature was revealed as his face evolved into its true demonic image. But it was too late, as they had danced, her skin began to age by hundreds of years and become reptilian, her hair was now totally gray. Drawing in and white, her face began to look like that of a corpse, and spider webs covered her body as if she had been decomposing in a grave for over a hundred years. As her screams stopped and she became quiet, the host walked her quietly into the Muddy Flats with calm acceptance.

Turning back into a handsome man, the host returned to tempt each one of them individually, as they were not given to see what happened to each of the women before them. When he was finished, he quietly re-entered Muddy Flats, leaving behind only two who had not given into his temptation.

Looking in horror as the others became mud dwellers; anger filled them as they looked to me for answers and resolve. Calmly, I explained that they could

attempt immediate reincarnation since they had been able to avoid the temptation of Muddy Flats, but they were angry that the others could not also go back.

Manifesting a table, I offered them water from the cup of life which I held within my soul. Because this place was very hot, we were all parched with thirst. Noticing our thirst, the host of Muddy Flats, returned with a pitcher of water to offer them. Almost accepting it, I pushed the little demon away. "You mustn't accept *anything* from him!" I shouted to them. "Else your fate will be to enter Muddy Flats, as well." Shocked, they pulled away as the demon smiled his friendly, welcoming grin. "GO AWAY!" I shouted, as he politely walked back into his domain.

"I thought that God was loving!" One shouted at me, distressed by the fate of the others, as well as, her own. "Oh, yes," I answered, "God IS love!" "If that were true than we wouldn't be here . . . and they wouldn't be in there!" "You mustn't confuse what *God* is, with what *you* are." I said calmly. "It is not a matter of judgment, but of compatibility. You have chosen to *be* conscious malice; this is where you are compatible." Anger not dimming, I continued. "You cannot serve greed and vanity during your lifetime and expect to ascend to the highest heaven upon your death. You have come to the place where you have been most comfortable." Eyes seething with rage, they knew that they had spent their lives oppressing others with their wealth, preserving their fine lineage, good standing and youthful appearance. But they still did not get that there was something wrong with that. "God is also merciful," I said, pausing a moment to gauge their reaction, as their impatient glances spurned me to finish. "God is merciful to those who love Him. Do you love God?" Irritated sighs filled the room. "What does that mean, anyway??!" One of them said in a very

disrespectful manner.

Looking in upon the mud dwellers through a tiny portal, I continued, "They, too, will have the opportunity to break their delusion. Their time here will reflect their inner desire to leave greed and vanity and try again. Some will remain for only a short while; others may choose what seems like an eternity."

"The fact that *you* were able to avoid the temptation to enter Muddy Flats indicates you may be ready to take a higher step in a new incarnation." Self-righteous anger spewed from these individuals who still felt that they should be given higher privilege because of their status, there was no remorse here. "If it is God you wish to reside with," I told them, "then it is God you must seek and serve." Displaying confusion, their eyes were lost. "This is a place of selfishness. As you depart into your next life, drink of this water of life I give to you, and seek to serve *life* itself. In this, you will find a new path. Have a good journey." Waving my arms, they immediately began transport to the place where their new karmic journeys would begin. Only they could choose whether they would nurture that seed or return to Muddy Flats upon their next death.

"The devil flatters that he may deceive us; he charms that he may injure us; he allures that he may slay us."

*The Voice of the Saints, In Temptation, Page 65, No. 2,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. John Vianney)*

"When Our Lady revealed at Fatima that Hell definitely exists and that unrepentant sinners go there after death, she was reminding us that Christ never forgave an unrepentant sinner and that God is, indeed, infinitely good and loving, but that His goodness and love are manifested not in the forgiveness of unrepentant sinners, but in the bountiful mercy He shows to repentant sinners."

The Forgotten Secret of Fatima, Section 8, Paragraph 1, Page

29, (*Christianity, Catholic*)

As the winds began, my form began to transform into an emissary of Mary. A blue veil adorned my head and hair and white robes were emanated around my body. Mary pulsed within my soul as I accepted her winds in humility. Heraldng the night, Mary sent me on many missions working with spirits in the deepest darkness who would not even acknowledge God. Seeding them, I returned. Appearing again for only a moment, I stood before her in the center of a commando unit preparing for a perilous journey.

Wearing camouflage gear now rather than the robes, Mary said, "You will undergo vigorous army training for this journey as you will be traveling into the deepest and darkest places in the second and first dimensions, the hells. This is a necessary journey. As you have taught humanity of the higher realms, you will now teach them of the lower realms." Pausing, she looked at me with strength. "With this journey comes danger. You cannot travel to these places without proper training and knowledge of how to safely move through these realms." Raising her hand, she pointed to the Captain of this commando unit, and in her gesture I knew I was to obey him at all costs. Then she disappeared.

Vigorous training began immediately and continued through several nights. Thinking it would never end, I realized, however, that the knowledge attained was vital. Moving through these hell realms required the ability to pull in your light so as not to be seen. In going to these places, it was my job to observe and record what I had seen, but to remain distant and unseen to those who resided within the lower realms. Predatory, parasitic and consumptive, the nature of

these realms was that of destruction, and their natural enemy was the light. Therefore, I would travel unseen with my comrades, vitally observing every order from our Captain without question. So we began.

Narrow, dark, wet and dank, the corridors leading to the layers below Muddy Flats seemed to go on endlessly . . . down, down, down. A column of souls was walking down, and a column was walking up; those entering and leaving the next layer of the hells. Faces were expressionless, much like zombies. "Do not be deluded by their benign and sympathetic appearance, for if they see light, they will become ferocious and try to destroy you," the Captain warned.

Continuing downward endlessly, we exerted a great deal of energy to pull our light within so as not to be seen. Remaining in a single column, we emulated exactly what the denizens of hell did, so they wouldn't realize that we didn't belong here. Surrounded by an army of soldiers for protection, the endless journey finally reached a conclusion as we entered the next layer.

Before me was the 'Management' section for the second layer of hells. Spirits worked here to maintain this level of evolution, and an escalator stood in the middle of the room which noted fifteen separate hells on fifteen separate layers of the Earth's crust. Noted by different colors, the Captain directed me to look at a color titled wintry blue. "Would that be a cold hell?" I asked with intrigue, suddenly realizing that some of the hells were not hot. Nodding, I gazed upon the board to note that the colors ranged from putrid yellow to a horrid multi-color orange which resembled vomit.

Laying his hands upon my shoulder, the Captain indicated that our time was complete for this night. Handing me a book, its title read, "The Sutta on Evil." As I held it, I began to take in the knowledge and

understanding of evil. Suddenly, my spirit soared back to my body directly, without passing through the dark and dank passageways we had previously traversed.

"(After death), some are reborn in the womb; evildoers are born in hell; those who commit meritorious deeds go to heaven; and those who are free from worldly desires realize nirvana."

Dhammapada, Canto IX, No. 126, Page 51, (Buddhism)

"There are eighteen great hells and five hundred secondary ones, their names all different. In addition, there are another hundred thousand with distinct names . . ."

Sutra of the Past Vows of Earth Store Bodhisattva, Chapter 3, Page 114, Paragraph 3, Buddhism, Pure Land)

Having crossed what appeared to be death's door, the gateway to heaven again stood before me. Ether vibrated with soaring tones, and my spirit floated higher and higher, closer and closer to the entrance to heaven. Stained glass windows hovered in the heavens forming a hallway to the entrance, but no walls were between them. Hundreds of angels were singing as they were gathered all around this holy gate.

Chanting in harmonic and resonant tones, their voices echoed through the stars which lay in the distance beyond this open hallway of stained glass. Joining in their singing, my spirit knew their music. My voice began echoing louder than all the others, and my singing somehow sent my spirit ever faster towards the entrance to heaven. Arriving at the gate, I suddenly knew that these chants and hymns the angels and I sang released actual weight from the soul, dropping off the heavy vibrations of physical existence. Apparently our compatibility to heavenly realms is more determined by the actual 'weight' of the soul, a lightness of spirit. Becoming more and more weightless, then, would make

it possible for me to travel to higher and higher heavens. Ecstasy echoing, my soul floated closer and closer to the gate and my soul became one in song with the angelic kingdom.

But suddenly, I was whisked back, having been called below to give service. Falling from the eminence of grace, I saw the gate and cathedral windows pass quickly by my vision, as my attention was directed to a small square portal in the sky. Slowing to a halt, I squeezed through the hole and immediately recognized the place I'd entered as the 'Spider and Insect Hell.'

Having stick bodies and spider/insect heads, two hosts of this realm stood before me. The first had a black stick body and a white spider head with eight legs coming out of it. The second had a similar black stick body with a roach head. A man was standing between me and the hosts of this hell, his face showing his fear and confusion, as he had just arrived. Serving a more vile level of greed than Muddy Flats, he was in trouble.

Knowing my purpose, I tried to assist the man in exiting this dark place. With all my might, I began pushing him upwards towards the tiny portal in which he had fallen, but he would not budge. No matter how hard I tried, attempting to lift this heavy-laden soul out of the hell only depleted my own energies with no outward result or favor. Realizing that it was the actual weight of his soul which made it impossible for him to go higher, his unrepentant sin had become like a ball and chain. As much as I would have liked to save him, he was compatible to this hell.

After a great deal of struggle, I finally accepted that this soul was not light enough to emerge upwards through the portal, and he would have to remain. Heavy laden his soul's weight and defilement, my energy was completely depleted and it took me several minutes to

engage enough energy to soar up to the portal and emerge. Sloshing down upon the starry sky, I fell to rest outside the tiny entrance to hell. An angel stood by my side to give me back my strength.

Taking my hand, the angel showed me two visions of the possible outcome of my life. As each vision was presented, I felt the actual weight, energetically, that the particular choice would yield. The first possible outcome was trying to 'save the world.' Vines emerged from the Earth holding me down to the ground with the terror and delusions of others. Hundreds of trees came from beneath the ground, smothering my life-force and keeping me completely chained to the physical world. Screaming in terror, I panicked, but from beneath the vines which held my soul in complete imprisonment, the angel picked up an 8' X 10' black and white photograph which showed the other possible outcome of my life. Within it, I saw myself choosing to focus my energies on saving my own little corner of the world, my husband and children. Reaching frantically for that option, the vines began pulling away from me. A world whose purpose is to serve karmic delusion does not need saving as it fulfills its function with perfection as God has designed it to do.

Seeking to ascend that which was within my reach, I became weightless again. Conveying to me that I *could not* save everyone in the world because they were too heavy, I accepted this, and my soul lifted up and began soaring towards the heavenly gate in a grand lightness of being.

Our singing honored the Lord as we again converged at the heavenly gate, stars cascading around the weightless ones all about me. Surrendering, I understood that all who truly reach to God find an outstretched hand reaching for them; but for those who

reach below, we must pray for their souls, and let them be.

"So there we were until you, most high, not forsaking our dust, but pitying our pitiful state, came to our help in secret and wonderful ways."

The Confessions of St. Augustine, Book VI, Chapter 12, Page 131, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Augustine)

"Long is the night to a sleepless person; long is the distance of a league to a tired person; long is the circle of rebirths to a fool who does not know the true Law . . ."

Dhammapada, Canto V, No. 60 & 62, Page 27, (Buddhism)

Dragging upon the ground behind as I rushed towards my destination, my long blue cloak was a hindrance in my hurry. Unaware of where I might be going, I only knew that I had to run through this very large crowd of people to get there. Despite my old fashioned cloak, other people about me seemed to be dressed in very modern attire. But in a blink of an eye, I was transported to a very different place, where everyone was dressed in much the same manner.

An old marketplace, much like you would expect along the streets of an old town in the 19th century, there were hundreds of spirits here from the last 200 years; pirates, cowboys, women in bonnets and long dresses, etc. In contrast to the great number of people who rushed upon their way, the streets seemed quite narrow. As I kept running, I knew that I was here to find somebody, but I didn't know who. The chaos all around me was deafening, people were yelling and screaming, selling their wares loudly, protecting themselves from thieves. Others were lying upon the ground or leaned up against the walls, drunk or sleeping.

Coming upon a woman who was writing hymns on an old player piano in a storefront, I stopped to look

at her work. Such a Godly pursuit seemed incompatible to this chaotic realm, and it gave me joy to see her do this. Unhappy with her music, however, she accepted encouragement to continue writing. What she was doing might eventually free her soul.

Turning, I saw the gentleman I was here to find. Inherently, I knew that I was not to approach him, for it was imperative that he find me first. Beginning to run towards him, I became lost in the chaos of the crowds. As I was pushed, pulled and tossed this way and that, the man was suddenly out of sight. Running aimlessly, I followed the crowds down the endless yet repetitive marketplace streets which were like a chaotic maze, where you would continually go down similar streets but you never understood how you got back to them or why. In constant motion, the people in this realm were bouncing on and off of each other's realities.

Suddenly, I heard the man's voice. "I know you!" he said, as I turned to greet him. "You've run by here six times! As soon as I spotted you, I knew we must meet. Are you lost?" My purpose was unknown to him, but at least he recognized me. "Yes, indeed," I replied. Pulling me close, it was obvious that he had misunderstood the purpose of our meeting. Moving away from his grasp, he immediately sensed my discomfort at his romantic intentions. "Thank you," I said in response to his respectful withdrawal. "I have come to find the way out of the chaos realm." I said. "You mean hell?" he laughed.

Indeed, it was one of the *gateways* to the hells, although the chaos realm contained both darkness and light. A place of karmic circling, it was compatible to those who crave the delusion of constant motion.

"I'm Philip," the man said, "and who might you be?" Shyly, I responded, "Just one who seeks the doorway out of this chaotic realm." Laughing

hysterically, he said, "There's no way out of this place, we're on the moon. No one ever finds their way out of here." Suddenly from my view, I could see the Earth through a small portal appearing through the clouds in the sky. "Oh, my God!" I shrieked. "You're right! We are on the moon!"

Calmly, he took my hand. Wanting to comfort me, he believed I was simply delusional. "There is a way out of here." I said, but he maintained the kindly gentleman approach as he sarcastically chuckled. "Well, then, if you ever find it, you come back and get me so I can get out of here with you." Perceiving that I was a lost soul wandering through chaos, his disbelief was undaunting. "There *is* a way out of here," I said, "come with me and we'll find it together."

Pointing to the portal in the sky where the Earth was easily seen, I knew that this had to be the exit. Closed in by a constant overshadowing of clouds, the rest of the realm was completely blocked. Suddenly, I felt a tug from the spirit world as it began to pull me away through the portal. "Take my hand," I yelled, "come with me." But he wouldn't, and as I was swiftly sucked out of the chaos, I could do nothing but watch his surprised face as he watched me exit the realm.

Making me aware that my task was to help him realize there was an exit, the eternal made clear that he would pursue it and eventually find deliverance. It was finished.

"East of that is yet another sea where the sufferings are doubled still again. What the combined evil causes of the Three Karmic Vehicles evoke is called the sea of karma. This is that place."

Sutra of the Past Vows of Earth Store Bodhisattva, Chapter 1, Page 84, Paragraph 6, (Buddhism, Pure Land)

"And I gave commandment unto Gabriel and Michael to bear Pistis Sophia in their hands, so that her feet

should not touch the darkness below; and I gave them commandment moreover to guide her in the regions of the chaos, out of which she was to be led."

*Pistis Sophia, Second Book, Page 116, Paragraph 2,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

Sucking me down in a manner indescribable in human terms, my spirit was being forced deep below, passing by crust after crust of the earth to reach this horrid layer of hells beneath the earth's surface. All around this formidable hell were the winds of destruction. Wintry blue was a place of absolute terror as funnel clouds, tornadoes, hurricane winds and earthquakes were a constant companion to the inhabitants.

Landing on a hard and solid piece of rock amidst the cavernous place, the inhabitants of wintry blue were starving, skinny and shivering with terror. A slightly plump, young doctor approached me. Although he did not reside here, he came on occasion to help these lost ones, and on this occasion to show me the mechanisms of this realm. Such kindness amazed me, as he protected my soul with such fervor. Serene and wise, he understood the cycles of destruction in this realm and gently guided me to crawl underneath a cavernous wall, so as not to be annihilated by an oncoming tornado. Subsequently, he moved me to a place far from the cavernous walls when the earthquakes began, so as not to be struck by boulders underneath a cliff. Time passed by so very slowly in this wintry blue hell, and although it wasn't unusually cold, the inhabitants shivered from the mere force of the torrential winds, rains, cyclones and movements of the Earth that barraged them constantly. After what seemed like a day, but in reality was only about five minutes, the doctor motioned me to watch the inhabitants carefully.

Filing out of the cavern, their blank faces became more alert as if some great danger awaited them. "They go to forage for food," he said, as he grasped my hand and motioned for us to follow them. Penetrating the cave wall, they entered another hell realm below wintry blue, called putrid yellow. Putrid yellow was highly predatorial and mixed with the absolute destruction of wintry blue. Old homes which had been demolished by these forces lay scattered around as if no one had ever inhabited them. Walking into these buildings, the souls looked for food in abandoned refrigerators or cabinets.

Penetrating into the homes brought you into yet another lower realm, which consisted of the inner sphere of the individual homes which held an inescapable feeling of being trapped. Wild animals roamed these encampments, also looking for food. Fighting the wild cats and dogs, the inhabitants of wintry blue had to battle fiercely for any remnants of food which remained. Many were badly mauled by the animals and lay wounded but unable to die and with no means of help. Only those who chose not to fight for food would be left alone by the wild beasts with the red eyes. Because of this, the beasts left the doctor and I alone, as if they could not even see us.

Leading me back through the wall while the remaining inhabitants continued their battles, the doctor lifted his head upwards as we began soaring back through the Earth's layers to the surface. Nodding to me as he disappeared, the loving doctor left me safely in the mortal world while he returned to the evil places below to assist those who were injured with their sufferings. Nodding back to him, I acknowledged the amazing gift he gave to the evolution of souls.

"There is a hell in which the offender is followed everywhere by fire; there is a hell in which there is cold and ice; there is a hell in which there is limitless dung

and urine; there is a hell in which there are flying maces; there is a hell in which there are many fiery spears; there is a hell in which one is constantly beaten on the chest and back; there is a hell in which one's hands and feet are burned; there is a hell in which the offender is wrapped and bound by iron serpents . . . Humane One, such are the retributions. In each hell there are a hundred thousand kinds of utensils of karma, and . . . any single hell would have hundreds of thousands of kinds of acute suffering."

Sutra of the Past Vows of Earth Store Bodhisattva, Chapter 5, Page 140-141, (Buddhism, Pure Land)

Black and hazy, the doors were frightening in their appearance. Following a path into the black mists deep within the Earth, the entry to the lower realms hovered in eerie silence. Those preparing to go there canvassed the area around me, their faces dead in expression, and their spiritual bodies decomposing in my sight. Pushing them out of my way to run far away from the gate, my only goal was to get away from this entry to the dark kingdoms. But as I pushed, they shoved and threw me forward as the gateway slowly creaked open. In moments, they had hurled me down the steps.

Instinctually, I called out, "Mythosetia." (Pronounced - mithoseeshoo). With the advent of the word, my spirit soared back up the steps beyond the gate and stopped before a group of monks who were singing. Mythosetia was a monk who guarded the entry to the lower worlds, and a guardian of the knowledge in regards to the evolution of darkness. A monk of extreme importance, he protected, taught and guided those who must go below to serve evolution's cause. Calling his name could deliver any soul of sincere and pure heart to safety.

Walking forward from the group of chanting

monks, he appeared to me as a black man with many long braids in his hair. Taking my hand, he guided me through the halls of this unique monastery, but never spoke. Hearing the chants from the hallowed walls of this sacred cavernous monastery, I looked down and noticed that I was dressed in a full nun's habit, and my identity was revealed to me; an ancient nun who wrote Gregorian chant.

Mythosetia took both of my hands and stared directly into my eyes. Hearing the beautiful music of my former life, I knew that Mythosetia was conveying energy towards the writing of the hymnal. Bowing in respect to Mythosetia, he smiled and disappeared.

"And on the day when the heaven bursts asunder with clouds, and the angels are sent down, as they are sent.

The kingdom on that day rightly belongs to the Benificent, and it will be a hard day for the disbelievers."

Holy Qur'an, 25:25-26, Page 701, (Islam, Words of Mohammad)

"Then as for those who are unhappy, they will be in the Fire; for them therein will be sighing and groaning - Abiding therein so long as the heavens and the earth endure, except as thy Lord please. Surely thy Lord is Doer of what He intends."

Holy Qur'an, 11:106-107, Page 457, (Islam, Words of Mohammad)

Lain amidst the horrid spectacle of this putrid lower realm, the grave of the abuser was surrounded by darkness. Others who had been committed to this place were walking around as their bodies were decomposing. Sitting before his grave, I noticed that a statue of him (which represented his soul) had been broken into several pieces. Carefully, I began to pick them up and put them back together as best as I could.

An old man, a caretaker in this deep pit, showed me how I could use clay from the Earth to fasten the pieces back together again. From behind the gravestone, a young Indian woman appeared with a fawn at her side. Humming a mournful chant for the dead, she shook a somber rattle in her respectful obeisance to the lost souls of the lower worlds.

Looking at her, I said, "I am deeply concerned, for this man was a great sinner, and I am filled with concern and worry over his soul." Looking up quietly and calmly, she replied, "God will not forget us, no matter how much we have sinned. His soul is not forgotten by the Lord." Conveying to me that his crimes held less accountability than one might imagine because of an accident that had occurred in his youth, causing some minor unrecognized brain damage which affected his thinking on proper boundaries. No mercy is given in *stopping* such predators, but mercy is given, when appropriate due to circumstances beyond their control in regards to the judgment of their soul.

Another young man, also confounded to this hell realm, approached. His hands were merely stubs as they had decomposed. "There are those who teach us even in our graves." He said. Surprised, I noticed a spirit standing aside his grave site. "I am told that when I learn to disconnect from my body and leave this putrid death behind, that I will be able to fly!"

Looking at the young Indian woman who continued chanting, she quietly said, "We worry about those we love who have sinned much, but the Lord has not forgotten them, the Lord has not forgotten them . . ."

"Abu Huraira reported: The Apostle of Allah (may peace be upon him) visited the grave of his mother and he wept, and moved others around him to tears, and said: I sought permission from my Lord to beg forgiveness for her but it was not granted to me, and I

sought permission to visit her grave and it was granted to me. So visit the graves, for that makes you mindful of death."

*Sahih Muslim (The Hadith), Volume II, Chapter CCCLIII,
No. 2130, Page 463, Paragraph 2, (Islam)*

*"I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, even
where Satan's seat is . . ."*

*King James Bible, New Testament, Revelations 2:13,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

Standing again before a torrential river whose rage was unbearable, the ravages of hell for the consumer's of children surrounded me; spitting fire, demons, a dark black fog, and the souls who were trapped by their own defilement. It was like living in the greatest nightmare surrounded by the worst of all that exists. Lying among the burning embers of the ashes were many books thrown half-hazardly and strewn into the ashes and fires. Inherently, I knew that only one held deliverance from this burning fire of hell. 'How to Become Famous', 'How to Get Rich', were just a couple of the self-serving titles. After a short time, however, I spotted a very small book hiding below a mountain of ash.

Mother Teresa had written this book in heaven and its title was . . . 'Mercy - The Path to Becoming Holy.' Feeling unworthy, I picked it up, and as I did, I was delivered from the hell of the consumers of children. "Help Mother Teresa," a voice whispered. Mercy delivers us, but discernment protects us. Be merciful to all, as much as you can, but be discerning in what you accept and allow into your life, lest you be deceived by the serpent and his many faces.

*"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man
hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him
. . . To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me*

***in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down
with my Father in his throne."***

*King James Bible, New Testament, Revelations 3:20-21,
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

Moments after I had dissolved, I stood before a beautiful, peaceful, oriental, island. Waiting for me on the shore, a man had come to guide me deeper, conveying that this was Hakeo Island, a place of serenity. Taking his hand, I noticed an orb of light coming from the center of this grand vista. Walking very slowly, I watched this light as we approached.

From that day forward, because of my belief in mercy, I prayed for souls, and begged that those who lacked remorse, be given the light of repentance. For who among us is not in need of mercy, who among us will not beg it at the moment of our own death?

***"If I ascend to heaven, Thou art there; If I make my bed
in Sheol, behold, Thou art there."***

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Psalm 139:8 (Words of
David)*

***"Be ye the master of all that surrounds thee, never be
mastered by the effects of thy life. Create then ever more
perfect causes, and in time shalt thou be a Sun of the
Light."***

*The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean, Tablet XI, Page
64, Paragraph 4, (Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic,
Words of Thoth)*

***"All the desolation of the poor people, their material
poverty, their spiritual destitution might be redeemed
by our sharing it, by our being one with them, by
bringing God into their lives and bringing them to
God."***

*The Love of Christ, Part III, Page 74, Paragraph 3,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mother Teresa)*

"Everything is foreknown, but man is free."

The Talmudic Anthology, No. 97, Page 135, Stanza 4,

(Judaism)

CHAPTER THREE

Heaven and its Many Suns, Commitment and its Correlations to the Chaos Realm, Hell for those Who do not Love Their Neighbor or God, Heavenly Crucifix of Gold and Silver, Seven Keys to the Valleys, Heavenly Bodies, Hellish Misunderstanding of a Preacher at the Gate of Heaven, Heaven of Redemption, the Heavenly Matrixes, Circling Yellow, Red and Blue Stars at the Gates of Heaven, Fuscia Star Tunnel.

Shooting at the speed of light into the heavens to observe the stars, an unusually bright, long and hazy tunnel appeared. Before my eyes, a staircase came into being with grayish stone steps leading up to the tunnel. On each of the steps of this staircase, a white angel stood. Climbing the steps, I shot towards the tunnel, emerging at the other end. A message was conveyed to me that I could go wherever I wanted. "I KNOW!" I shouted, "I want to go to heaven!"

Immediately the stars began forming a huge vortex in motion. Becoming sea blue and eminently grand, my soul shot through the center of the *huge* circle of stars. An identical vortex of pink stars appeared, and as I shot through it, an amazing yellow vortex came to be. Going through it, I entered pure light! The light was increasing in brightness as I traveled through it. Coming upon an entry, I went inside as the most vivid and splendid colors I could ever have imagined surrounded me in forms I had never seen. Fifteen or twenty suns were blaring in its sky. Time drawing to a close, I took one last look at the colors in iridescence and pastel, deep and subtle. Shooting back through the entry, two angels took me home.

Coming back to my house, the angels pointed out to me that two guardian angels were standing beside my front door. Beautiful and very large, they were adorned with human features, hair the color of light and white robes with enormous wings. Bowing to both of them, I quietly thanked them for their protection.

"To follow the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom: And the knowledge of the Holy One is understanding . . . All Wisdom cometh from the Heavenly Father, and is with him forever. Through the holy Law doth the Angel of Wisdom guide the Children of Light. Who can number the sand of the sea, and the drops of rain, and the days of eternity? Who can find out the heights of heaven, and the breadth of the earth, and the deep, and wisdom? Wisdom hath been created before all things."

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Book Three, Page 51, Top,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Several people were waiting for me to arrive to give them a teaching about the lower realms. Standing before an icy pond, one side of the pond was disconnected from the rest and was almost like a bog; filled with seaweed, growths and stagnant murky water. The other side of the pond was deep, clear and clean, kept that way by an underground stream which funneled into it from a cave below the depths. Beginning to speak about the chaos realm, I compared it to the stagnant part of the pond. "The chaos realm always appears to be constantly moving, when in fact it is as stagnant as this pond; stagnant in thought, evolution or motion toward a higher ideal. Chaos contains the thoughts and actions of beings who are caught up in senseless motion, the type of motion that actually precludes any real movement towards God. So, although those beings who operate in chaos, either in the physical realm or in the actual realm called chaos,

perceive that they are quite busy, there is no movement and their thoughts and actions actually look as rancid and motionless as this bog."

"The movement you see in the water on the other side is the correct way, as the water constantly purifies itself and alters itself to accommodate reality at the present level. The past and the present are inexorably tied to each other in their motion, but not enslaved. Past and present can meet, as can present and future, but they meet because there is true movement, which is quiet and inner. You cannot see on the surface of either of these two ponds the inner processes that make one a bog, and one a clear flowing stream, for this movement is unseen to the human eye, it is underground. True movement comes on an inner level, but those residing in chaos still perceive outer movement as the path to evolution. So they find themselves wandering around aimlessly in chaos."

Their confusion and irritation at this were obvious, with the exception of one soul. Apparently, these were souls currently living in chaos, and only one was ready to speak of the peaceful movement. "If you want to find the truth, you must stop like the clear pond and allow the waters of the spirit to come into you, it is in this that a soul begins to truly move."

Turning, I left the scene.

"A single word full of meaning, hearing which one becomes at peace, is better than a thousand words which are empty of meaning."

Dhammapada, Canto VIII, No. 100, Page 43, (Buddhism)

Entering a hell realm, I had come in just below the surface of the Earth. Those who resided in this realm were trashy rednecks, and their two primary sins had been not loving or trusting their neighbor and a complete

lack of interest in God.

Because of this, I had to be very careful while traveling through this realm. Because of their perception, they assumed I was out to get them and would come after me. Spending most of my time running from these very uncaring folks, they thought I wanted to steal from them. Ironically, I found many of my missing things down there and realized that these folks often steal from the people on the surface, albeit, the demons who support them will make trips to the surface to take small items for no real purpose other than to be a nuisance.

Running wholeheartedly from a particularly rowdy band of rednecks, I came upon a clearing where there was a large stock of weeds. Coming closer, I pulled the weeds aside and saw a small bunny. All of a sudden, I understood that the exit from this hell realm came in the form of soft fuzzy bunny, and I quickly picked her up and began petting her lovingly. Because the rednecks were uncharitable towards others, they had to pick up the bunny and love it tenderly, genuinely and with innocent regard. As I petted the bunny, I was immediately transported outside of this unusual hell.

"When a man is involved in worldly affairs, his thoughts are bound by chains of the burden that weighs upon them and it is impossible for them to become concerned with his deeds."

*The Path of the Just, Chapter V, Page 63, Paragraph 2,
(Judaism, Author: Rabbi Moshe Chayim Luzzatto)*

"They (the beings of Hell) rot upon a couch of darkness; in lust and in pursuit of desire they give birth to each other and then destroy each other."

*Gnosis on the Silk Road, Chapter 2, No. 2, Verse s,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Until Andy pointed out that there was a

miraculous mountain pathway framed in gold ahead, the mountain retreat held little interest to me. Pure metallic gold appeared to be painted on the borders of this mountain valley, the peaks, the trees, various rivers and streams.

Going with a tour group, we began walking down the narrow pathway toward the bottom of the first mountain pass. From where we stood, we could see the beautiful golden framework which filled this mountainous region. Along the trails we would come along places where gold dust was scattered on rocks and trees, and a particular rock held my interest. Upon it was scattered both gold and silver dust, the silver to the left and the gold to the right. Others who had come along began playing with the stuff and wanted to mix the gold and silver dusts together. Grabbing their hands, I said, "If you mix silver with gold dust, the gold will be ruined."

Continuing down the path, I wandered far ahead of the group and came upon a small river alone. Despite its small size, the water was tumultuous and filled with white-water rapids and there was no way to cross. But I knew that I had to cross in order to find the secret meaning of this golden framed valley of the Lord. Fearful and afraid, I began walking towards the river planning to brave the rapids, knowing full well that I might not survive the crossing. But before I could even begin, the waves stopped thrashing. Waters calming, the water suddenly parted making a path for me to cross. Running across, I was thankful for this heavenly assistance.

The waters closed and began to rapture, leaving me alone in the golden mountain valley. On the other side, I could no longer hear the others as the frequency had shifted when I'd crossed over.

Up ahead I noticed a large, golden square-shaped pole about thirty feet high at the top of a mountain. In front of it was something of equal size but unintelligible from where I was standing. Beginning to walk towards it, I climbed higher and higher until I could see a huge crucifix, the exact same height as the golden pole, with a beautifully carved image of the Messiah hanging upon the cross.

Holiness filled me as I knew that this sacred sight held meaning beyond what I knew. Gazing upon the face of Jesus, I was suddenly thrust through the heavens at the speed of light to return to my physical body.

"The Palace of Righteousness, Ananda, was surrounded by a double railing. One railing was of gold, and one was of silver. The golden railing had its posts of gold, and its cross bars and its figure head of silver. The silver railing had its posts of silver, and its cross bars and its figure-head of gold."

*Dialogues of the Buddha II, XVII The Great King of Glory,
Page 214, Stanza 28*

"It may happen that, while the soul is not in the least expecting Him to be about to grant it this favour, which it has never thought it can possibly deserve, it is conscious that Jesus Christ Our Lord is near to it . . . "

*Interior Castle, Sixth Mansions, Chapter VIII, Page 179,
Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Teresa of
Avila)*

Amongst the starlight I flew until I reached the highest summits of the mountains and my soul was swept in flight to tarry through the valleys and hills between them. But as I turned my gaze heavenwards, my soul shot like a rocket towards the starlight above me, a beautiful song entrancing my soul during my flight. "I'm talking about starlight, shining every way . . ." Spiritual essence filled me as I soared higher towards the heavens

accepting the grace of this flight and the spiritual benefits of the stars.

Suddenly, my soul was shot back to the ground to witness some thought patterns of two particular souls. Disturbing, they were harboring nasty thoughts about one another and their thoughts were spewed all about them like rubble and trash. "I must speak to them, and redirect their thoughts." As I did, my soul began to fly again.

Again my soul was alit, flying high to the summits and peaks amassing the energy of the light, and dipping below amidst the valleys to witness the thoughts of souls in need of direction. Distributing light and making mental note of them all, I noticed a set of keys in the distance hanging on a mountainside amidst the valley.

Flying closer, I could see a musical sign, a treble clef, hanging amongst them. When I got closer, there were seven keys in all, which I understood to be the seven keys to the valleys (the seven phases, the seven seals).

"The stages that mark the wayfarer's journey from the abode of dust to the heavenly homeland are said to be seven. Some have called these Seven Valleys . . . And they say that until the wayfarer taketh leave of self, and traverseth these stages, he shall never reach to the ocean of nearness and union, nor drink of the peerless wine."

The Seven Valleys and The Four Valleys, Page 4, Paragraph 2, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

"Yea, I tell thee truly, the paths are seven through the Infinite Garden, and each must be traversed by the body, the heart and the mind as one, lest thou stumble and fall."

The Essene Gospel of Peace, Book 2, Page 61, Bottom, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)

"She will not touch anything consecrated nor go to the sanctuary until the time of her purification is over."

*The New Jerusalem Bible, Old Testament, Leviticus 12:4,
(Judaism)*

Raptured in the moment, my soul became the vessel of higher energies as the Lord began another series of vibrational thrusts into my spirit. For hours, I would be swept into the vibrations of the next level of learning, and my spirit was given leave to fly amongst the stars, the sun and the heavenly bodies. Because of the sheer number of vibrational raisings I'd received for years, these experiences were no longer shocking or overwhelming.

Amongst the heavens, I could see atomic particles which appeared as sparks of light, swimming in a sea of ether. Everything was connected by the sea of ether, holding together the singular atoms of light which brought forth life in this world and the next. Bidding me leave to continue these awe-inspiring experiences for several weeks, my soul was being prepared for the next series of thrusts required in my purification.

"Through Thy name, O my God, all created things were stirred up, and the heavens were spread, and the earth was established, and the clouds were raised and made to rain upon the earth. This, verily, is a token of Thy grace unto all Thy creatures."

*Prayers and Meditations, CXLVII, Paragraph 1, Page 236,
(Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

Flying through the skies of fancy, my soul was directed towards an oblique force of energy ahead. An oval, spinning force, overlooked a sight my spirit desired to see. Placed atop a large window of sorts, it was an entry to a different place and time. Approaching slowly, I timidly walked towards the oblique stream.

Oh, my senses were a reeling! Oh, how vast, how joyous! Down below this window, I was given to see an earlier time in Earth's history, when creation was pure and sweet. A small band of white unicorns were gathered by a stream, their beauty complete. Feeling a longing for the purity and innocence of that time, I was bid to go.

"They were pure and noble, nimble, and joyous. Words cannot describe them. I was not familiar with many of them, for I saw very few like those we have now. I saw the elephant, the stag, the camel, and even the unicorn. This last I saw also in the ark. It is remarkably gentle and affectionate, not so tall as a horse, its head more rounded in shape. I saw no asses, no insects, no wretched, loathsome creatures. These last I have always looked upon as a punishment of sin."

The Life of Jesus Christ and Biblical Revelations, Volume 1, The Creation, No. 2, Page 6, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of The Venerable Anne Catherine Emmerich)

Alit in eternal wonder, my soul experienced a death. Standing before the gates of heaven and hell, a preacher man was present telling souls that none of them were worthy of heaven, and all deserved and *must* go to hell. All of our souls bore the stains of sin, and a dark crusty substance was upon our countenances as a result. But I instantly knew that the preacher man was dark, trying to trick souls into despair by using one of the rantings of humanity's religious original sin, that of a judgmental and unforgiving God.

Turning to him, I replied, "Although what you are saying is true, that no man among us has earned heaven, you are forgetting that through the redemption, God's mercy can save us all." Bowing to the etheric floor of the sky portal, I earnestly prayed for forgiveness for all of my sins and the sins of those who had died on this

day with me. Begging God's mercy, I spoke in prayer of my awareness that none of us had earned heaven, but begged that through the redemption we might be saved from our wretched condition.

Immediately, our dark and filthy robes were cleansed in the light, and we became lighted, white-robed creatures flying through heaven's portal.

Entering heaven, we all experienced a bliss which cannot be described. And for a time, I was unaware that I had not truly crossed over. Beyond this, I was sent to the portal of heaven and hell many times to speak to the newly arriving souls. "You must believe in God's mercy, and ask it of the Lord to cross," I would say.

Beyond all sin, beyond all that we truly deserve, beyond what mortal man can hope to become, lies God's mercy.

"How very much I desire the salvation of souls! My dearest secretary, write that I want to pour out My divine life into human souls and sanctify them, if only they were willing to accept My grace. The greatest sinners would achieve great sanctity, if only they would trust in My mercy."

Divine Mercy, Notebook VI, No. 1784, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)

"My daughter, let nothing frighten or disconcert you. Remain deeply at peace. Everything is in my hands."

Divine Mercy, Notebook I, No. 219, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)

"To the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved. In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace; Wherein he hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence; Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed

in himself: That in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth . . . "

*King James Bible, New Testament, Ephesians 1:6-10,
(Christianity, Words of St. Paul)*

"And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh."

King James Bible, New Testament, Luke 21:28, (Christianity)

Propounded towards yet another untimely death, my spirit leapt upwards away from my sullen bodice towards the gates above which bore resplendent markings of their soon to be realized origin. How was I to know how grand an exit this was to be? How was I to know? For only a few moments, I looked below at my dead body, awaiting its discovery, but soon lost interest in my former condition and sought to attain to this glorious gate with such specific and mysterious markings.

Soaring, soaring, soaring . . . my soul fled from its former containment to the glory awaiting me above. In only a moment, I had crossed this mysterious portal and was immediately faced with a giant and noble lion. Without thought or regard, I placed my hand within its open mouth, but there was no violence perpetrated against me. The lion didn't hurt me, and somehow this energetic act was now energizing me into a great realm of knowledge of which I had never yet traversed. How was I to know? How was I to know?

Beginning its ascent through a myriad of energetic currents, my soul soared through purplish and yellow-white lights expanding in light-streams. An invisible angelic guardian of great holy sanctity handed me a very large book with perhaps 2,000 pages. Inside it were magnificent portrayals of angels, ministering

spirits and heavenly hosts, and beyond this . . . how shall I say it . . . the mysteries of God's holy kingdoms enraptured in picturesque dramatizations. The pictures were stationary, yet, they appeared to be moving and the colors were of no kind I have ever seen, effervescent and psychedelic lights of violets, purples, blues, greens, pinks, and an especially entrancing aqueous fuchsia hue.

When I looked upon these pages, my soul was alit with eternal knowledge, inexplicable in its nature. Although all I have ever experienced has truly been profoundly difficult to encapsulate into words, none could fathom the depth of the wordlessness of this moment. And yet, it had only begun. If I only knew what lay ahead, how my soul might burst! Hundreds and perhaps thousands of angelic hosts, and their many individual and group missions were described to me in pictures; legions of angels created for every purpose known and unknown to mankind. Impaled by their beatific colored lights, their awesome splendor paled to their magnificent purpose! 'Oh, my Lord, how am I to witness such glory, a soul so wretched as my own!' Oh, how my thoughts were reeling at the high and sacred honor bestowed upon my soul this eve. No words, no words . . .

Several angels who had attended upon me in my latest 'death' were at my side, hastening me to realize the vastness of knowledge which remained to be obtained by my soul. Dumbstruck by the vastness of all that lay beyond what I already knew, one of the angels said, "We only have so much time, don't waste it." Such words and their import were now obvious to me in this afterlife which I had truly perceived as being a final exit for my own soul.

Feeling my soul being pulled in another direction, I grasped at the book with greater ferocity to

obtain all knowledge I could within the limited time I might have. And then the angel aside made it known to me that this book had a physical counterpart; 'The Urantia Book.' Although imperfect, there was a great amount of extremely holy knowledge given within its pages on the mechanics of the angelic kingdom. Stunned, shocked and perplexed, I was amazed that such powerful and direct knowledge, such holy sanctified wisdom, could possibly be available to me on the ground. Making a vow to the angel that I would not waste my time, but study this book immediately, I turned the pages and came upon something which wasn't included within the pages of the grounded portion of this text.

As I was shown pictures of the 'avenging angels' (demons), I was told that I must give them but little attention, for mankind's fear of them energizes their purpose. At every path's end, we have aspects from that former path which become de-energized because they are no longer compatible to the succeeding step. If we quickly recognize them, we can send them off, but they must be recognized first, else the elements might remain and prevent progression. Knowing of their existence is not a necessity for fear, but change. Told to make note of them, their existence, etc., I was to say to the people of the world neither to fear them nor to focus on them; for this focus causes their greater glory and energizes their vengeful functions in the world.

Holding the book, I allowed the energies of its knowledge to enter within me. There are no words. My soul was alit in eternal wonderment and amazement as the energetic knowledge of its contents poured into me. Oh, how vast God's creation truly is! Oh, how vast, how vast!

Without even blinking an eye, my soul was

immediately transported to another space, outer space to be precise. As I stood amongst the stars in the blackness of the heavens, another even larger book was given to me by an unseen host. But this book was beyond all pronouncement, its wonders far surpassed the wonders of the former. Looking upon its cover, I was quietly alive in its words, 'The Mysteries of the Redemption.' (This event occurred before the title to this book was made known to the author, and I must add that the text before you cannot contain to even the tiniest degree, the level of wisdom found in its most holy heavenly counterpart.) Now I cannot express even in minutest of detail what a rush of knowledge came over my soul. A blissful expansion of understanding which included such a vast array of interpretation as to leave my mind in a state of absolute wonder, I was awe-struck. I felt like St. Thomas Aquinas may have felt at that moment when he exclaimed that he had just been shown majesties of knowledge which were completely beyond words. From that moment forth, Aquinas never wrote another word. Trouble was that I knew that I must write of this. Oh, how would I!?

As I held this most holy and sacred book, holier than any book of knowledge ever given to touch my soul's hands, even greater inexplicable knowledge emerged within my soul. Unraveling before my eyes, I cannot tell you how profoundly energetic was this knowledge. The scrolls of St. Paul appeared before me, old and wrinkled parchments upon which no words had yet been written. Given to watch as the scrolls contents came down from heaven through the hands of St. Paul, as he signed them, they ignited into a mighty flame, becoming lighted fiery beacons which flew towards the Earth. I cannot express their deep holiness, or their profoundly sacred origin. The Epistles of Paul and the

Acts of the Apostles of the New Testament are so indubitably holy, I feel unworthy to gaze upon their words. Words cannot express, words cannot express . . .

And if my soul had thought it had witnessed the most marvelous sight it could ever be given leave to see, an awesome voice beckoned from the heavens, as the words that were spoken were ignited in huge and magnificent lights upon the nighttime sky. My soul fell to its knees in holy honor, holy, holy honor. But those words cannot be repeated here, for such things must remain of heaven. My Lord, I am unworthy to bear witness to such a spectacle, my Lord, my Lord, who am I but a minuscule piece of pond scum in your mystical wonder of creation? Oh, how I would wish to share the grandeur of these words with you now, but I cannot, I should not. These words cannot be repeated here, for they regard the second coming of Christ, and are not to be revealed at this time. Unable to express the glory that was shown to me this night, I am unworthy, but I am so grateful for what the Lord has deigned to reveal to me.

As I stared upon this beauteous and most profound spectacle in the heavens, and the words filled me with the grace and absolute mercy of God's holy sacrifice, I could only shed tears. Beauty beyond all beauty, profundity beyond all that is profound, was this majestic offering greater than any of which I might be worthy. And to think that the mysteries of the redemption were just now beginning to embark upon this minuscule worm. Opening its door, so much glory remained to be revealed.

Christ is the center of the mysteries of the redemption. Perhaps for the next threshold of knowledge, there are no words. Silence is best.

"But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak

things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are . . . "
King James Bible, New Testament, 1 Corinthians 1:27-28,
(Christianity, Words of St. Paul)

Alit in eternal desire, the rushing winds returned my soul to this place in outer space wherein the mysteries of the redemption had dawned within my soul. Bidden to enter a small classroom amidst these stars, there was a man who was teaching at the front of the room to an empty classroom, containing nobody but me. Immediately, without a word being exchanged, I knew within my heart that this man possessed the book, 'The Mysteries of the Redemption.'

Interrupting and approaching him, I asked, "Is it true that you have the book on the mysteries of the redemption?" Nodding that this was so, I asked him if I could borrow it for a time. Happily he complied.

Reaching below his desk to a secret chamber, he took out a key and unlocked the compartment wherein the book was laid. Handing it to me, the large book looked the same as it had before; large, tan-colored and hardback with the words, 'The Mysteries of the Redemption,' centered on the cover. But as I looked at it, the cover began to change, and the new cover had an ancient cave drawing of five or six Native American riders on horseback riding the wind towards the left bound side of the book. "So the Native American's also have something to do with the Redemption?" I asked, as I remembered the alteration pathway. Smiling in acknowledgement of their purpose, he pointed towards a door, conveying that I must return the book and exit the classroom.

Upon leaving, I was immediately stupefied and

dumbfounded. The image before my eyes was so beautiful and graceful; I could not bear it without kneeling to the ground. Magnificently quaffed in her white and blue robes which seemed to blow in the wind although there was no wind present; The Holy Mother of God awaited. About twenty other people were gathered watching her eminence, as I sat down. Quietly awaiting her most magnificent gesture, she approached me first with boxes that were filled with pictures of her in her many manifestations. Inside the large box was a smaller box covered in the most beautiful images of her holiness. But this box was closed and no one knew what lay inside. Handing one to me, I immediately knew that I was not worthy and bowed, "I am certainly unworthy to receive such a grand gift from you, my most Holy Mother, please give to me only a portion so that I may enjoy a reminder of your exquisite presence, but not so much so that I may be receiving more than I am worthy to receive." Unchanging in her facial expression, she simply took the box back and handed me the small box within the larger one. The images upon its outer shell were exquisite, but I was not yet able to open it to discover what lay inside.

Quietly, she proceeded to go to each of the others in the room with the same offering. Each of the others accepted the large box filled with pictures *and* the smaller box. Many were making fun of me, because they perceived that I had been quite stupid as to not accept the entire gift from the holy mother. But Mary was unmoved by their chatter, and she conveyed to me through a small change in her countenance that she was happy about my humility, and that the fruits and gifts of humility were far greater than anything in the larger box.

Looking upon me from behind the room wherein only I could see her as she stood behind the others who

were now facing me, her thin lips changed into a small smile, subtle enough to give no clue to any other in the room, but blunt enough to make it known to me she was pleased with my humble request.

Suddenly, before I could open the holy box containing her sacred gift, my soul began pulling away. In her last thought, the holy mother bade me peruse, 'The Life of Christ and Biblical Revelations,' By St. Anne Catherine Emmerich, and 'The Mystical City of God,' By Mary of Agreda, both containing many of the mysteries of the redemption.

"First, I lost sight of Jesus' head, then His whole person, and lastly His feet, radiant with light, disappeared in the celestial glory. I saw innumerable souls from all sides going into that light and vanishing on high with the lord . . . Out of that cloud, something like dew, like a shower of light fell upon all below . . ."

The Life of Jesus Christ and Biblical Revelations, Volume IV, Part 2, No. 15, Page 425, Paragraph 1-2, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Anne Catherine Emmerich)

Becoming a practice before flight into the abodes of light, my soul had begun to undergo awakenings by the Lord, through the mechanism of a celestial ecstasy which brought about higher thrusts required to make such a journey possible. This time it took two of these thrusts.

Given leave to fly amongst the trees in a vast woodland, I felt the absolute bliss of my soul as it vaporized gently through the forest green. Although the mountains in the distance were beyond all ecstasy can emit, my soul longed for more than these Earthly things. Beckoning to the Lord that He might give me leave to travel the heavens and perhaps the warblings of the all-highest paradise, I waited.

Within a moment, my soul shot up in a frenzy

towards the night sky, as the stars began coming ever closer to my spirit in a wisp of light. Entering into another dimensional reality of outer space, the regular stars became extinct creating huge black holes in the sky. Amidst the black holes amazing matrixes began appearing, geometric patterns - triangles, rectangles, squares, ellipses, arrows, etc. - in deep colors of violet, blue, gold and deep pink. Constantly changing and spinning, the matrixes held within them the knowledge of existence and beyond this the mysteries of the redemption.

Returning to the Earth, my spirit was laying asunder the roof of a small house within the woods, as the most beautiful music began playing before me in the ether. Seeing it as I heard it, it was the most beautiful piano concerto never before written. Panicking, I called out, "My Lord, it is so beautiful, but how could I possibly capture this in physical form, it's so complex." 'Some things are for the sake of beauty alone, and do not need to be transcribed into the physical waking reality world,' it was conveyed.

For a moment, the Lord bade to show me images of the music in the ether, as the melody transcribed itself to the night sky as visions of light particles. Joyous at this beauty, I fell into a transcendental state, watching the notes play in the sparkling lights of the ether, while its movement rendered my soul to serenity.

For several hours, my soul shot up into the heavens to again witness the matrixes, which cannot be described adequately in its show of knowledge, wisdom and might. Redemptive secrets were given to me, but I am want to put them into words, for they are all energetic and inexplicable. Each time, I begged the Lord to take me back to look upon these mysterious matrixes in the sky, yet one more time, just one more time . . .

In my final journey towards the stars, the matrixes again appeared in geometric fashions and forms elucidating knowledge. Begging for more, I was suddenly shooting through a wind stream of yellow, red and blue stars. Thousands, maybe millions were encircling upon a center point, much like a star tunnel, but this was much grander. In the center and outward were a cache of yellow swirling stars, only to be joined by a secondary band of red stars further out, and the final outer ring of blue. "Oh, my Lord," I cried out, "Oh, my Lord." Suddenly, I began singing a song of praise to God as I approached Him, 'I Love the Lord.'

Piercing through this amazing spectacle in the heavens, there was nothing I could do but fall to the ground in holy worship as I stood before the gates of paradise. Six marble columns arose among a great marble gate. All around it, the yellow, red and blue stars were swirling in constant motion. Tears were streaming in wide array as my voice uplifted higher and higher, "I love the Lord, I love the Lord." Knowing that this was to be my final vision for the night, my soul quietly flew back to Earth, with remembrance of the most beautiful scene.

"Just as a song is drawn from heaven to earth by the Holy Spirit, so these words were drawn from heaven to earth by the holy spirit."

The Zohar, Volume V, Ha'azinu (Deuteronomy), Page 378, Paragraph 3, (Judaism)

"Great indeed is the blessedness of him who attaineth Thy presence, drinketh the wine of reunion proffered by the hand of Thy bounteousness, inhaleteth the fragrance of Thy signs, unlooseth his tongue in celebrating Thy praise, soareth high in Thy heavens, is carried away by the sweetness of Thy Voice, gaineth admittance into the most exalted Paradise and attaineth the station of revelation and vision before the throne of Thy

majesty."

*Tablets of Baha'u'llah, No. 8, Ishra'q'at, Page 116,
Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

"Focus on the light, focus on the light . . ." the voice repeated in my brain. My soul was stirring amongst the clouds of the earth, and high above the atmosphere was a shining orb of God's great majesty. Instinctively, I knew that this was not the sun, and although it shone with immensity like the sun, it held iridescence beyond the bursting lights of the sun which drew my gaze upon it. If I were to go towards that light, I must focus on it, and let go of mundane and worldly things. As I did so, my spirit began soaring towards it like a rocket.

Suddenly amidst a fuchsia star tunnel whose brilliance cannot be described, thousands of fuchsia stars glowed with might and iridescence, and I soared threw them as they passed me at the speed of light. Entering yet another tunnel, it was almost like a plasma tube or an intestinal wall with a see-through lining of a light pinkish plasma type substance, and variegating widths of narrow to wide. Entering it, I exited the other end in what seemed like less than a moment.

Fuchsia stars reappearing, my soul continued soaring, hopefully, wishfully, towards the beautiful light of God. My eyes could not be taken away from the focus of the light, but my soul was not to be honored with the final thrust this eve.

As my soul was pulled away from this celestial vision, my eyes did not leave the light until my soul awakened in my Earthly form.

"There was something featureless yet complete, born before heaven and earth; Silent - amorphous - it stood alone and unchanging. We may regard it as the mother of heaven and earth. Not knowing its name, I style it

*the 'Way.' If forced to give it a name, I would call it
'great.'"*

*Tao Te Ching, No. 69, Stanza 1-2, (Buddhism, Taoism,
Translation: Victor H. Mair, Words of Lao Tzu)*

CHAPTER FOUR

Souls of the Mentally Ill, True Inner Spirit of the People Being Made Known, Ice Skating to Heavenly Symphonies in Heaven, Purgatory on Earth, Parallel Existences, Purgatory of the Common Man - You Cannot Fly, Book 'Final Exit' Given to the Dying as they Cross, Inner City Maze Passage to Heaven, Heavenly Spirits Celebrating Work on Earth for the Lord, the Battle to Take a Man's Soul Back from Hell to Heaven Because he Never had the Name of Jesus on his Lips During Life.

Taken to a prison community wherein the souls of mentally deranged criminals are detained after death, most of them were murderers and they were all in a state of mental turbulence beyond any I'd seen. Each ward of this realm had at least one, but sometimes more, 'nurses' of some sort who watched over them and kept them in line. But they were filled with vile, morose desires; violent cravings which showed no mercy to any man.

In the distance, there stood a kindly looking old lady with a single nurse watching her. Oh, how deceiving appearances can be. Mentally deranged, she had not killed during her lifetime, but this was only due to divine intervention. At one time, she could have wiped out an entire family, but you would never know it by looking at her. Compared to the other wards of this realm, she appeared much more reserved and less dangerous. In some respects, her destructive capabilities were disguised by her outward appearance. No benign soul would be taken here, for this was very much a prison colony.

Interestingly, I was then shown a family tree from

which this woman had sprung, and given a whirling vision of the ancestry which led to such a state. Deep original sin plagued this family tree on both sides. From this kindly looking old lady who suffered from derangement, to a not so kindly gentleman with violent tendencies on the other side, it became clear to me how much we become apples from the same sinful tree, due to original sin. Equally, it became clear how needful it was to rectify such patterns of anger within family lines and transform it to love. Such a path is difficult.

Another soul was with me who had trouble understanding the nature of darkness and its manifestations. For the moment, all I could do was allow her to observe this community of the deranged, for the questions on her mind could not be answered by me. Only the great and mysterious mind of God could answer such a question. For now, I was obliged to sit back and allow her to observe.

"That wise woman worked many skillful plans to entice her mother to hold right views, yet the mother did not totally believe. Before long her life ended and her spirit fell into the uninterrupted hell."

Sutra of the Past Vows of Earth Store Bodhisattva, Chapter 1, Page 78, Paragraph 2, (Buddhism, Pure Land)

Amidst the turmoil, the end came like a thief in the night as a giant gale wind guffawed in puff and smoke, and everyone was immediately transformed into the likeness of their true inner self through death. Time of probation in the world was now past, and each soul was now placed within the category of their choosing. Although redemption incurs many lifetimes, perhaps even in this, there is a limited cycle. Perhaps each soul has his own specific time of probation, his own judgment day, in which to accomplish his redemption. Or . . . perhaps this is the time of the final judgment, the end of

time, when the new heaven and the new earth shall be formed. Perhaps those who have been purified and transformed through the mechanism of the redemption then become heavenly wards, wherein those who continue in their wicked and blasphemous ways become the denizens of hell. I can only present the questions within the context of what I have seen, for I am unable to answer them.

Becoming vibrant and joyous, the good people emerged from their cocoons, while the dark ones (who were by far the majority) became like corpses with claws, all white and dead looking. Because of the obvious differences now between the light and dark, the lighted people had to be very careful. In order to make my way through the crowds of dark people to begin my approach towards my inheritance of the heavenly abodes, I sang to Jesus a new hymn, 'Sing to Jesus,' which impotized the dark ones towards my soul.

But because our differences were now so obvious, the dark ones sought to prey on the lighted, and the lighted had to be extremely cautious in their movements through the initial worlds of the dead. A voice spoke from the heavens, "It is said in the realms of the eternal, do not wait upon angels and men to bring about your own redemption. Do it now, lest you find you've run out of time."

"The hour of death is for us the time of greatest anxiety.

Jesus Christ alone can give us the strength to suffer, with patience and profit, the trials of this last decisive moment. At the approach of death we have more than ever to fear from the assaults of Hell. The nearer we approach our goal, the more Hell will strive to prevent our reaching it. St. Eleazar, who had lived a life of great purity, was violently tempted in the hour of death, but he did not lose courage for a moment. To those standing around him he said: 'The efforts of Hell at this moment

are very great, but by the merits of His suffering our Saviour takes from them all their power."

*The 12 Steps to Holiness and Salvation, Chapter 2, Page 28,
A Happy Death, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic,
Author: St. Alphonsus Liguori)*

"What is your life? It is like a vapor, which is dispersed by a breath of wind and is no more."

*The Soul Sanctified, Chapter 23, Paragraph 1, (Christianity,
Catholic)*

Plummeted between the heavenly and Earthly realms to listen to the music which emanated from each, my soul first listened to the symphonies coming from the Earth, and then to the celestial symphonia of the higher realms. Although I'd heard both types of music many times before, this was the first time that I noticed the very obvious differences in their expression. Earthly music had strong strings and bass instruments which supported the strong base, grounded representation; the drama of karma and Earthly existence. Heavenly music was filled with simpler sounds coming from higher instruments like flutes and harps. Both were equally beautiful, but very different.

On another occasion, I had the experience of ice skating within the spheres of the heavens. With every step of my feet, a heavenly symphony began. Becoming a dance to the rhythms of the harmonious existences of life residing in the upper spheres, I could hear such things, because my soul was flowing deep within the oneness of heavenly life, and traveling along the wave of the will of God. Many people of Earth-plane status whose spiritual regions were only programmed to hear the low, dark sounds of the bass progression of karma were present. But they were unable to hear the heavenly symphonies coming from my feet. I found this to be

sadly interesting, but all too familiar.

"And your ears were made not only to hear the words of men, the song of birds, and the music of falling rain, but they were also made to hear the Holy Stream of Sound."

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Vol. 4, Page 43, Paragraph 3,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Standing amidst a panoramic view of the heavens, my soul was covered in robes which covered my entire being including my face. For some reason I could see through them, despite the fact that they were a solid whitish blue color. Immediately thrust into a Samadhi state, I remained in this state as I watched a man who appeared to be from India approach me and a group of others. Others thought me strange wearing such bizarre robes, but the guru recognized me immediately.

As he approached, I began to see visions as he related to me eternal truths regarding the nature of reality and the Universe, but most of what I was shown, I did not retain. Speaking to me in magnetic tones, I was given instructions in a hypnotic state. Again, I didn't consciously retain. Heralded by the arrival of two doves which landed in my hand, he conveyed to me that they were the fruits of my labors, the Holy Spirit. Pointing to others in the crowd who preferred to see physical results of their efforts, he said, 'Your efforts will remain unseen and transparent.' Then he was gone.

"The creation, preservation, and dissolution of the universe are all divine play. In the universe, the Self, who is the Self of all beings, appears as many. Before creation, and in dissolution, the world exists as one absolute existence, which is God. Then there is neither the seer nor the seen, neither subject nor object. There exists only consciousness itself. In that consciousness, which is the absolute God, is the power which divides

itself into the seer and the seen, the cause and the effect.

This power is called Maya."

Srimad Bhagavatam, Book Third, Chapter 1, Page 32,

Paragraph 1, (Hinduism, Translation: Swami

Prabhavananda, Words of Maitreya)

Running aimlessly through a starry realm, my spirit came upon a circling stairwell hovering gently in the heavens, covered with an indescribable ornamentation. Feeling myself immensely drawn to where this might lead, I soared towards it and up. Two large, carved, wooden, brown doors waited for me at the peak, and without hesitation, I rushed to open them and see what lay inside.

Sitting in the lotus position, a small and very skinny man with long, curly brown hair was meditating. Opening his eyes slowly with utter calm, he looked up at me. "I am Chooshu," he said, as I immediately knew that he was one of the masters. Before I could ascertain the purpose of this visit, he made it clear that my time was almost up. "Please return when you can, so that I can teach you how to meditate to Feng-shui." Interestingly, I'd used many of my own ideas similar to Feng-Shui in my own home for years, and had received heavenly guidance about the placement of certain holy objects, pictures, statues, etc., so this idea of meditating to Feng-Shui did not seem odd or unusual. Rather, it seemed like the natural extension of creating an environment meant to enhance certain spiritual qualities and states.

Without knowing what was happening, my spirit instinctually zipped out of the room traveling quickly down the stairwell to a newly manifested classroom which resided at the foot of the stairs. Going inside, it became as any other Earthly schoolroom, completely enclosed with chairs, a blackboard, and a teacher.

Upon my arrival, the classroom was darkened as

the teacher prepared to show us a movie entitled, 'Purgatory.' Many students were here to watch this interesting motion picture but as the movie began we were all swept into the film. No longer in the classroom, we were now living within the scenes of the movie.

In an interesting turn of events, this movie which was supposed to be about 'Purgatory,' seemed much more like 'Armageddon.' Becoming very confusing, we experienced some horrible event in the future which appeared to a part of some distant diabolical war. (This occurred about one and a half years before the fall of the World Trade Center) In reality, we were experiencing the war between good and evil within our own souls, and within the world around us. Although I didn't yet realize it, the Lord was showing me that the Earth is a purgatory realm.

Aircraft were landing in airports without permission, while armed snipers exited planes and other war vehicles, wandering through towns and cities murdering and pillaging everybody in sight. Everybody was running for their lives, trying to remain hidden from these demonic snipers carrying machine guns. Trying to stop the killing, the United States had a difficult job because they were not employing the usual means of war; armies confronting one another on a battlefield. Rather, they were targeting people in their normal place of business and their homes.

Amidst the chaos, those of us who were members of the class on 'Purgatory' were trying to protect ourselves and others. Despite this, many of those in the classroom were killed. Eventually, however, the forces of the United States were able to overcome the terrorists, but not until much bloodshed had already occurred.

As this tremendously disturbing scene began to end, the students and I re-entered the classroom as if we

had been watching a movie all along. All were in shell-shock from the horrendous experience, and many hadn't survived in the movie, but were immediately restored to life in the classroom.

Awaiting some bold pronouncement from this teacher regarding the hell we had just witnessed, we got no such thing. Pulling out a book entitled, 'Purgatory,' the teacher looked at us with expectancy as if we should somehow understand. All very confused, the image of what we had seen seemed more like 'Armageddon' than 'Purgatory.'

In the Catholic tradition, 'Purgatory' is one of the places one can go to after death. Heaven, Hell and Purgatory are the three possibilities. Those who are evil go to Hell, those who are wholly good go to Heaven, but those who are not bad enough to go to Hell, yet not good enough to go to Heaven, go to Purgatory. Purgatory is a place of purification where a soul cleanses itself of sin in order to become pure enough to enter into Heaven. In medieval times, people feared Purgatory because it was depicted as a realm very much like Hell complete with burning fire. A soul underwent tremendous pain in its purification, but the saving grace was that Purgatory wasn't eternal, your salvation was assured.

In modern times, Purgatory is often depicted as a place where the soul's torment is primarily experienced in the absence of God. For a soul who loves the Lord, this absence is extremely painful, but seemingly appropriate, because the soul willingly turned away from God when committing sin during life.

Because this experience was a foreshadowing of a true historical event to come, I didn't realize its full import until after this occurrence. There is a war going on in some part of the world, almost all the time. Most of these wars are true Armageddon's, battles between good

and evil. What if these wars, and other smaller battles which occur in individual lives, *are* one of the mechanisms of 'Purgatory?' In the Old Testament, there are many wars which are intended as a cleansing of the sinfulness of the people.

In my travels to the hell realms, I'd been shown on several occasions that many souls were given the option of reincarnation before entering hell. In the 'Pistis Sophia,' a Gnostic text, it says that souls who have committed certain sins are sent to Hell to undergo specific punishments meted out according to their sin. But when they have undergone this punishment, they are then placed in a body with certain features; physical, mental or spiritual, which correspond to their previous bad acts, and returned to the Earth. With this in mind, you can see how Earth operates as a 'Purgatory' realm, a place of purgation (Not unlike the Moon, which was revealed in 'The Mysteries of the Redemption' as a 'Chaos' realm.).

If various heavenly bodies may encompass diverse realms, and my previous writings primarily considered the journey of those of us confined to the Earth, imagine how many more realms may be found encompassed in planets, stars, galaxies etc.

Looking upon the face of the teacher, he revealed nothing more. As our eyes met, my soul began to disappear to this classroom in the stars.

Staying the night in a motel, I was visited by about ten wandering spirits who wanted to speak to me. Coming into my room in the astral state, they said, "We're doing our 'Purgatory' by wandering the Earth as lost souls for a prescribed time period." Unable to help themselves or others in any meaningful way, they were not allowed to share with me the sins for which they

were paying. Agitated, they were in a state of definitive unrest.

"What can I do to help you?" I asked, as they began to fade and disappear, unable to ask for such help from me this night. Offering many prayers for these souls, I became much more cognizant of the need for patience in my daily life, and the opportunities for helping myself and others as I walk through this world.

As they disappeared, a book fell from the heavens onto my lap. Its title read, 'The Praxis of Suffering,' a prophecy of that which was coming (about my undiagnosed illness). Intrigued, I didn't know what the word 'praxis' meant, so I looked it up and found it to be a 'discipline.'

Entering into a brazen swoon, my soul began to experience yet another death, crossing over into the worlds of the beyond to witness the souls of those who had just crossed. All of these souls had made choices which had led them to a variety of states after death. Although none of them were to be sent directly to heaven, none of these particular souls had chosen hell. Realizing this led all of these souls into a transcendental swoon, as they became aware of how wonderful it was that they had not chosen hell. Angelic hosts placed them in an almost hypnotic state wherein they spiritually and energetically understood the wonderful grandeur of this moment.

Another interesting thing occurred in that there were a variety of parallel existence's coming to fruition in this realm, and thus, we were witnessing various aspects of all of these souls experiencing multiple death points. Other aspects of the soul which had come from parallel realities were experiencing synchronistic death points. As the primary aspect of the soul experienced

death, the other aspects began to reach a death point, one after the other.

As this happened, each aspect experienced an almost identical death, with very minuscule and minute changes for each portion of the personality. Watching this phenomenon with a particular soul, I spoke of it with an angelic host. "It's very interesting," I thought to him, "how these different parallels each replay some aspects slightly differently than the previous selves, and how this seems to throw many people off." Primary conscious elements of the soul would become confused by these different experiences all intertwining and intermeshing into one another. Expecting identical experiences, they became confused when each aspect of their personality did not align in the manner in which they had thought. Because of their connection and attachment to the primary aspect of their experience, which they had chosen to be aware of during life, and thus death; they had trouble integrating and recognizing these other aspects of their soul as truly parts of themselves.

Turning to observe a particular woman, she was expressing deep regrets about her lifetime, in that she had not considered the status of her soul before death. Although she was not in a bad place - these souls were definitely not in heaven, but rather, some type of in-between state like purgatory - she immediately recognized that she had not yet made it to heaven and this distressed her. Despite the fiery and scary descriptions some have made of various parts of purgatory, this particular in-between state was not like that at all. (But that does not mean that such places do not exist.) Rather, it was much more like an extension of Earth, very possibly a fourth-dimensional overlay of our world.

Because of their purgatorial status, none of these

souls could fly, as their souls were too heavy with sin. As a result, I soared towards the air in a sweeping gesture, and showed them the beauty of spiritual flight so as to seed them that this possibility could be ahead for those who purified themselves properly.

Another very profound occurrence happened after all the parallel existences had gone through their transition and the souls were now, in a sense, reunited. Very subtle things began to happen all around this arena which would remind them of the Lord. Whether it was a flash of light or a holy book found lying around, the souls were beginning to leave behind their mundane existence and begin to think upon holy things. One of these books was a very thick text entitled, 'Final Exit.' (Absolutely **no** connection to the Earthly title of the same name.) Looking upon its contents, I found it to be a very detailed instruction regarding this particular experience of the afterlife, this particular purgative state.

Two large angelic hosts appeared in white robes adorned with large white wings, and were now quietly addressing the crowd of about twenty souls. Speaking of their 'causes' for being in such a purgative realm, they said, "The bond is of the Earth." Many didn't understand what this meant, but I inherently and immediately understood that the angels were referring to the bonds of sin which had led them to this place, which was apparently karmic and/or mortal in origin; an attachment to something worldly. Speaking again, they said, "Jesus planned for mankind to keep the commandments . . . but some just didn't." Very matter of fact about this truth, these souls understood immediately that they had indeed chosen not to keep the commandments.

Once they realized this and took responsibility, it was now time to move onto the next phases which would

include purification from those sins and attachments to worldly things which had led them to this state after death. Time over, I'd seen what the Lord had bid, and my soul disappeared into the ether.

Having traveled a long journey on a bus to this unusual spaceport, I was awaiting entry into a magnificent building which I was told contained within it many mansions of the Lord. Within its confines were literally hundreds of floors, each of which represented a whole different world, a whole different understanding. As we had entered into the space portal, I noticed I was wearing the brown robe of a monk as I began to embark upon this journey of the spirit.

Before arriving at this intriguing world, we had traveled through what appeared to be an inner city floating in space. Placed within the dirtiest and most squalid place among the city, this large, square and white building which had appeared was a place of ritual passage. In the midst of this dirty, ugly, agitated and worldly ghetto, I saw a tiny ray of hope; a statue of Jesus stood before a storefront. Hoping to find a church, I found a sign for a psychic reader instead. My momentary joy had been dashed.

Entering the mansion worlds, it was easy to become overwhelmed because of the many places represented within its confines. Surrendering to the flow of the soul, my spirit was taken to a dark classroom where I whiled away many hours, sitting in meaningless fashion as the teacher of this class did nothing. Once in a great while, she would teach us for a very short time, perhaps five minutes, about an aspect of writing, such as verbs. Finding this to be all too shallow, I was trying to be polite and respectful. Finally, however, I decided it was time for me to move on. In a rude gesture, I stood up

and left the dark room.

Wandering outside of the classroom, I found myself meandering through many mansions of the world. Realizing quickly that I had done the right thing to leave the classroom, I realized that the classroom had been a very tiny aspect of this mansion world. Still lost, I was now confined to a series of floors which were scattered, aimless and agitated. Comparative to the mass retain found in any busy business district of a large city on Earth, my soul meandered. Inexplicably, these city streets seemed to be enclosed in a very wide, white hallway, much like that of a university. Along the corridors, were neon signs, fast food restaurants, various businesses and the like. Chaos, agitation, and commercialism filled these mansions, as I accepted that these mansion worlds, too, were incompatible to my soul.

Car salesmen were shouting in one corner of the building while fast food restaurants were trying to lure me into their gluttonous calling by offering me free food. As I was very hungry, I accepted an offering of a chicken sandwich made by one of these establishments, but before I could take more than one bite out of it, I was approached by two large men who begged me to allow them to have it because they were quite hungry. Noticing that they had identical sandwiches in their hands with which they were gorging themselves, I inherently knew that they didn't really need what they had asked me to give. But I thought about Jesus, and what He would wish for me to do. So I gave it to them, and as I did, it became an epiphany as a corridor appeared before my soul.

Walking forward, hundreds of people were wandering through the noise aimlessly, but I and three other souls walked into the confines of the corridor, swept up into the mechanism of its establishment.

Now walking down a very narrow stairwell, quite a crowd was trying to make its way down and we were all packed together. All around this stairwell were hundreds of pictures and statues of Jesus and Mary. An almost invisible and transparent hand placed a small 3" X 4" framed picture containing the image of the Blessed Virgin Mary in my hand. Swooning in delight, my sigh left me in a glorious manner. A voice came from the invisible hand. "Blessed are those who are born into the mansion of Jesus and Mary upon the Earth."

As I quietly exited the stairwell, an amazing phenomenon occurred. Although the stairwell was narrow and led downwards into what appeared to be a basement, the moment I touched the floor after descending the last step, my spirit was elevated high above this mansion world into a mansion of God which resided at the highest level of the building.

Feeling the Presence, I immediately knew that it was the mansion of Jesus and Mary, and as soon as my soul walked forth, I heard the voice of the angel again speak. "Those who enter here, their robes will become white." As these words were spoken, I watched with ultimate delight as my robes slowly transformed in a wavelike pattern from top to bottom, from brown to white.

Looking before me, everything began to appear as vapor as all those who had passed before me were unseen. Translated suddenly from this realm into the heavens, I momentarily witnessed the soul of those who bore the robes of white walking in heaven peacefully. A huge smile lit upon my face as I ran towards them . . . but I was not to stay at this time, and was returned to form.

Awakened to the sound of grand celebrations ensuing 'in the spirit' within the confines of my home,

about two hundred dead people were there praising God and talking amongst themselves about many of the small things they had done during their lives to assist the Lord. Gathering around to show me what I had done for God, they showed me homes which had been steeped in dark energies which now appeared as family cathedrals. Speaking of my writing, they expressed the great depth of meaning I had shared through my words. Feeling unconditional acceptance from these people, they were not judging me for being sick and possibly dying, which was quite a relief. Many of them had suffered lingering deaths, and they fully understood the frustration of losing your physical capacities, and accepting the loss of your Earthly life.

Standing in front of the crowd who continually praised the Lord in a jubilant celebration, the Lord Jesus Christ began to materialize directly in front of me. Wearing the dark robes that you might see in some of the Last Supper paintings, he stood before a small table reminiscent of that event and said absolutely nothing. His hair was luminescent and His face shone with light. Behind Him a huge scene of the crucifixion began to appear as I inherently understood that I was undergoing my own personal crucifixion at this time. Part of the crucifixion is the emotional aspect which comes to a person who is dying.

Shouting to the crowd, I couldn't hide my elation at the presence of the Savior. Everybody was in jubilation, and they praised all the more loudly in His presence. Looking through my soul, Jesus filled me with unconditional acceptance and love. Feeling more at home away from home, He began to disappear before my eyes, as I began to sink into a great sadness in our separation. Refusing to allow this, the crowd quickly grabbed a hold of my shoulders, turning me to join them

in their praise.

Standing in a borderland, I watched the spirits of the 'dead' fly, going about their heavenly business. Wearing Earthly attire, many of them were dressed in business suits and casual wear, flying through the skies. A deep yellow hue patched the skies of this vista, and although it looked much like Earth, it held a vibrance and light which was absent in mortal spheres.

An elderly person had come to me in the astral state, his soul terrified and confused from the battle it now waged. Close to death for quite some time with a form of dementia, he was living in a netherworld because of the absence of his physical mind in his body. Suffering from an illness which can cause great lingering, he came to me in the spiritual world followed by a host of about 300 demons.

Upon his arrival, he said, "My soul has been condemned to hell, and I've made a deal with these demons. They've agreed to allow me to come to you for help on the condition that they be given the opportunity to have at you in an attempt to overcome and possess your soul."

Because there was an active war for his soul, he would go in and out of a demonically controlled state. During the brief episodes while he was not demonically controlled, I was pleading with this aspect of his soul for his own eternal salvation! Actually quite frightening, he was a big man and very intimidating while possessed.

Given leave to torment me, the 300 demons took my soul down a literal road of perdition. An intensive spiritual battle ensued along a highway ten or twenty miles long, wherein every aspect, nook and cranny of the roadway was permeated with lures, temptations,

torments, and terrifying tricks. Led by the demons through a highway of temptations, after passing through literally tens of such things, my exhausted soul finally reached the end of the road. In front of me was a white line which had been painted across the road. Given to know that this line represented the final thrust of demonic interplay, as soon as I crossed, I could claim victory.

Unfortunately, inside this small space there was a multitude of demons filled with every vice, deadly sin and discharge. Looking upon the demons who stood next to me with disdain upon their faces, I smiled at them with gladness. Those who stood beside me had already lost the battles from which they had waged war for my soul. "I think I get it," I said, "I have to get through that final passage, cross over that line, and if I do that, I win, right?" Nodding with dismay and sadness at their loss, I shouted, "See ya." Flying past the final demonic entourage, it was over in seconds.

Returned to the home of the soul who had come for my aid, the prime demons had been forced to leave. A small band of demonic influences had been given leave to stay within him, however, and these demons raged within him occasionally as he sat on the couch. "I came to you," he said, "because you're the only one who cares." Because he came from a family with atheistic alliances, no one within it knew how to help him. Nodding, I acknowledged that I cared very much about his soul having been condemned to hell. Walking over to a chair, he sat down.

Demons began to rage within him, and I began using the name of Jesus in various forms of prayer to help to exorcise his soul. Nothing happened, so I continued without avail. For a moment, the part of his soul which desired salvation re-attained control and

said, "The name of Jesus will not work with me." "Why not?" I asked. "Because during my life, the name of Jesus was never on my lips." During his life, he'd been a good person who could care less about God. "Because His name was never on my lips during life, it will not work for me now." Referring to scripture, Christ had said that those who confess of Him before men, He shall also confess of them before His Father in the judgment. But those who confess Him not, He shall not confess of them before the Father. Presenting me with a new dilemma, I was quiet. "Oh, then we'll have to think of something else."

Watching and praying quietly, the holy spirit came over my soul and lifted me up to the center of the room as I began to very slowly and quietly, almost a whisper, recite the 'Our Father.' "Our Father . . . who art in heaven . . . hallowed be thy name . . ." As I did this, the demons quickly gave way of his soul, and he sat alone in the room with the knowledge that he had been saved from eternal damnation.

As my spirit began to be sucked back into my body, I awoke still reciting the prayer. As I returned, I shouted to him, "I will offer my sufferings for you for as long as you need. I will offer your continuing sufferings on Earth for your soul, since you are not physically capable of doing this for yourself. I will offer prayers for you, for as long as you need."

Leaving him, I knew that he had been saved from condemnation to hell, but that his soul was still in great need of assistance as it embarked upon his own unique purgatory, a state of undefined dementia. His soul would learn 'in the spirit,' that which he'd neglected to care about while still of the Earth. Wondering if much of his purgatory would be done on earth, as he suffered from this lingering, long-term illness which left him

unaware of Earthly reality, I began to question whether the Lord was doing something similar with my own soul. Could my illness and possible death be an opportunity for purgation? Was this perhaps the purpose of my own illness? Was I in purgatory?

CHAPTER FIVE

Attack from an Evil Spirit in Hell, Purgatory of Lust, Conversation with a Soul in Purgatory, Heavenly Monastery, the Gift of Redemption and How Highly it is Praised in Heaven, Dying Young, The Palace of Ancient Knowledge, 100,000 Levels of Purgatory, ExtraTerrestrials in Heaven, House of Jesus and Mary, Galactic Ancient Sacred Texts, Accepting Suffering to Prevent the Death of a Man who Would be Damned if he were to Die Now, Parade in Heaven, Denizens of Hell, Fate of a Purely Evil Spirit, Fighting the Winds of Karma in Purgatory, Priest in Need of Prayer in Purgatory, Christ's Temple.

Coming to me in disguise, the evil spirit had approached me in hopes that I might pray for his soul who had died twenty years prior. Great pity emerged from my loins, as he had been killed in the process of committing a robbery/attempted murder at the age of nineteen by a man who had killed him in self-defense. Praying for him, I'd hoped that perhaps doing so might release him from purgatory and allow him to enter heaven. Going on the assumption that he had been a misguided youth who was paying for his torrid years in a hellish purgatorial existence intended to prepare him for heaven, I was deathly wrong.

A young boy, literally a toddler, had been having nightmares about a 'demon who had tried to take him away,' and I entered into his dream with the permission of the Lord to find out and hopefully take care of this problem. Turning out to face the grandchild of the man who had taken the life of this soul, I entered into the city.

Dealing with the city where this young man had

once lurked, I ascertained that this soul had been damned and was now an evil spirit who had been given some type of permission to leave hell on the twentieth anniversary of his own death to roam the world and tempt souls. Rather than doing this, he had decided to make a claim on the 'third generation,' a grandchild of the man who had killed him in self-defense twenty years prior, referring to the biblical admonition that the sins of the father are visited upon the third and fourth generations. As this third generation was a baby boy . . . I was immediately enraged.

Marauding through the streets, this evil spirit was harming and attempting to kill everyone in his path. In this most horrific of cities, a young adolescent black boy had been influenced by this spirit and was beginning to follow evil. As his father prayed for his soul, he asked that he might be liberated and follow Christ, but it was too late. Losing his life in the act of committing evil inspired by the evil spirit, I quietly and unobtrusively began to pray with the father for his son's soul. Becoming aware that his son's soul was saved, the Lord Jesus was now calling me to take out the evil spirit who had violated eternal law. Crossing boundaries forbidden him in the freedom given him to tempt souls, he had not been given leave to murder and maim.

Everywhere this evil spirit had been; chaos, murder and death reigned. Catching up to him as he was driving away in a pick-up truck, he was sitting casually in the passenger side. Using the gift of the lightning which the Lord had given me years ago within my hands, I directed fifteen bolts directly into the area of his heart. Ironically, he had died from a gunshot wound to the heart. Receiving the discipline from heaven, the Holy Spirit filled me with words. Shouting, I revealed, "You have no quarrel or claim to this family, for you died

lawfully. It is true that if this man had not killed you in self-defense, somebody else would've *had* to take you out. Most likely, this would've been a SWAT team during one of your many violent and criminal acts. The man who took your life holds no sin for your life, but in fact, is responsible for saving many other lives of which you would've taken. You have no claim to him or his descendants, and because you have violated the boundaries of your freedom to roam the world as an evil spirit and violated eternal laws in such a manner as to go after and attempt to harm children, the Lord has decreed that you will again be returned to the pit of hell, where you will be locked up and chained. You will be given no reign to harm the souls of the earth!"

With this, he fell as if dead from the lightning bolts which had taken him out this second time. A friend of his began shouting at me that his legs and ankles were swelling up, and there was great anger in his voice that I had ended their 'fun.' Ignoring them, I turned away . . . and he was never heard from again.

In another realm, Andy had been convinced to accept this man's offer of trading our small home (not our current one) in a usual neighborhood, for his huge mansion set aside on a piece of land which was quite secluded and serene . . . at least in appearance.

My suspicions were very high, as it made no sense to me that this man would make this offer unless there was something wrong with the house - first suspicion being that of a haunting. Andy had been impressed by the four Steinway grand pianos, and a very large gym which contained a basketball court which he considered to be something wonderful for our son. Admittedly, I was impressed with the grandeur of the home and its privacy, but it was clear that something was

amiss.

The individual rooms in this house, in particular the living room, were each larger than our entire current home as this was truly a mansion. Planning to go through the home, room by room, and fix it up according to our tastes, there was a great deal to be cleaned up as many things had been stored up and taken care of in somewhat shoddy manner.

Because of the suspicious nature of this interaction, I wasn't surprised that the man and his wife left the house in an abrupt manner, but their manner of leaving held interest to me. A beautiful and ornate horse-drawn carriage carried the two who were dressed almost as royalty, perhaps extreme upper class, of those who might have lived during the time of the Russian Revolution, early 1900's or so. As they departed, a crowd suddenly appeared all around the grounds bidding them adieu with gratefulness and joy. This was the first sign that we were not alone.

As I worked my way through the rooms, I'd begun in the very entry of the house and worked towards the other end. Being a true mansion, I'd accomplished the reordering and cleaning of the first three to four rooms, but still had at least thirty to go. These three or four rooms were immense, and the process began to make me aware that perhaps I didn't have the energy for such a huge task. Living in such a huge mansion might not be so desirable to me (and perhaps Andy, as well). As we'd just looked at the Steinway pianos in a storage room which was larger than most houses, and were peering in on the gym, something happened.

Looking around this large, ornate fitness area, I noticed that there were people hiding behind stashes of storage items and in the rafters. Because they noticed that

I had seen them, many began to come out of their hiding places, approaching me. My middle child, Mary, was with me at this time, and one man approached with what appeared to be malicious intent. "Back off!" I said, holding my hand up in the sign of 'stop,' "In the name of Jesus Christ, leave her alone!" Obediently, he pulled himself back, lowered his head, and placed his hands before him in penitential manner. Within moments, I began to realize that these people were obliged to obey my every word, and did so with the very least of promptings.

My first inkling of their presence had been that they were servants, but this theory was quickly becoming evidently incorrect. Without warning, a gale wind assaulted Andy, Mary and I which began to bring us up towards the ceiling much like a gigantic ocean wave filling the room. At this moment, I turned to Andy and said, "This house is haunted, that's why they wanted to leave." Conclusions premature, the gale wind subsided and we were let to the ground, as I began to walk around the house suspiciously.

Noticing that it was now full of people in every room, this formerly empty house had become lit to the full with at least four to five hundred souls. In one room, I found about fifteen spirits who were clearly criminals. Without any resistance, I ordered them to turn themselves into their police immediately. Doing so, I noticed that their police were also spirit beings who were dressed in the attire of police officers of the early 1900's. Taken out of the house to an undisclosed location, I began to notice something very unusual which began to shed light as to my purpose here.

Beginning with a woman who made an inappropriate sexual gesture to a gentleman, before she could take this seemingly minute act of lust any further,

her body and face began to transform into the pinkish-red, reptilian face of a demon. Horns began to protrude from her forehead and within seconds, she disappeared. Those around her went on as if nothing had happened, going about their business, trying to behave in a most upright manner.

Seeing this happen again and again . . . and again, those who made overtures towards others which were lustful or inappropriate in the slightest of ways, turned into horribly disfigured demons, disappearing from the scene. A man who had quickly reached his hand towards me in a very vulgar manner . . . also turned into a demon and disappeared, at the very moment I ordered him to back off.

Looking towards a very tall man dressed very astutely and with obvious prestige, he tipped his top hat and bowed to me very politely. "This house isn't haunted, is it?" I asked him with grave concern. "No," he quietly said. "But you people are not servants, either, are you? You are all dead, aren't you?" I asked timidly. "Yes," he quietly said, with no change of expression on his face, except for a very subtle smile coming from the corner of his lips. "This is a purgatory, isn't it?" I asked. "Yes," he quietly replied. "This purgatory is kind of a last resort for those souls who struggled with lust on Earth, isn't it?" I asked. "Yes," he quietly said. Pausing a moment, I thought deeply. "Those who turn into demons and disappear are being sent straight to hell, aren't they?" At this time, his head lowered a bit in sadness. "Yes," he said quietly.

Suddenly, I understood why these souls were so obedient. Because this was their last resort, if they showed that lust remained in their hearts to even the slightest of degrees, there were no further chances. Approaching an older black woman who was dressed as

if from Cajun country in the early 1900's, I listened as she began to tell me about her life. As I listened, my mind couldn't help but wander to the others in the room who were acting with great gentility in an attempt to save their soul. Interrupting this very charming older woman's story, I shouted out to Jesus for help. "This place needs transformation!" My soul was transported to a heavenly highway outside of this realm.

Sitting at the side of a wide cosmic tunnel, the light formed a roadway through space. Andy and I sat at the side, watching in the distance as a huge vehicle began to approach. Six times larger than a fire engine, and in the color of the whitest white, it held within it transformative assistance which we knew would be arriving at the purgatorial mansion. Lifted from the spinning lighted tunnel, I was returned to my body on Earth.

Appearing with a distressed look upon his brow, the middle-aged man appeared and began speaking very rapidly as if there was not much time. Immediately, I *knew* that this man was a soul in purgatory and I was very interested in what he might have to say. "You have to replace all the *peace* you didn't make, conflicts you started, unhappiness you generated, agitation or just general discord that you put into the world." Finding his words rather profound, they seemed to generally sum up the true destiny of mankind, the meaning of life, in a way that I'd never fully thought of before.

Going on, he said, "We need to create a wall between us and the living because we have to focus on repairing for what we have lacked and what we could've done, but did not." Again, he repeated, "We have to repair for all the peace we took from the world . . . it takes a lot of energy to do that."

Beginning to ask him a question, I stopped myself as he continued speaking. "You always knew what your passion was, knowledge of God, but my passions in life were other things. I have a lot to make up for." Looking down, I replied, "I am very guilty of taking peace from the world, in many instances." Casually, he replied, "I hadn't known that."

Interrupting, I asked, "What happens when you die, do you reunite with all your loved ones, do you all travel the journey of death together?" Remaining very serious, he replied, "The people you knew before are in the room 'above the bedroom.' You meet them directly after death and then go on your separate ways of purification." "But what about . . ." my words were interrupted, by a rapid yet quiet voice, fading quickly into the night. "We need to create a wall between us and the living, it takes a lot of energy . . ." Then he was gone.

We can do much in this world to make it a better place, but against the enemy of life, which is death, we shall all fail. Our powerlessness is complete, and we shall all share the same fate. Rather than this being sad, it is liberating, because we are then free to enjoy the moments God chooses to give us without guilt, shame or fear; or the pressure that we must solve this problem, as well.

There comes a time in every life, whether it be the oncoming plane is in view, the terminal condition has taken hold, the car is on its way over the mountain, the volcano has erupted, the tornado is here, the flash flood came too fast; when the soul sees his undeniable fate approaching - and it is death - a ripping away from all things known and seen in this creature's short life, and the soul knows that it is powerless to change the outcome.

Surrender occurs, and it is in this moment that a soul truly lives with eternal life in mind, bringing

meaning to the pronouncement held by all religious faiths that we should *all* live our lives with its end in view.

Entering into the fiery monastery, I could not believe the surrounding holiness which filled my soul; fiery in the sense of the Holy Spirit, rather than any physical phenomenon. A lone monk stood before me, his hood draped to cover his forehead. Speaking slowly, he mouthed words very slowly, but as he did, concepts of great magnitude filled my understanding.

Premonitions of my own death filled his concepts, and beyond this, great understandings of the journey of my soul and the souls of my children and husband. Bestowing on me knowledge in regards to my own children, he conveyed that whatever might happen from this point on, was destined to be and was an integral part of their spiritual formation. Sensing that I might have a few years left, I was also deathly aware that this could be wishful thinking. Premonitions are changeable. It could be more . . . it could be less.

"Are you not aware that your spiritual journey has just begun?" he said, with an ominously exciting look upon his face. "When death comes, your soul will be just beginning the eternal journey for which it is destined to embark!" As he said this, I energetically understood that I was an infant in this great powerful process of God, and there was much for me to learn and discover beyond this world.

Around me were the sounds of a music I cannot describe which filled my soul with such peace and absolute tranquility, I did not want to leave. Fire of the Holy Spirit filled this heavenly space in such a way that it was felt but not seen. The presence of the monk in his aloneness poured out a sense of utter sanctity and I

relished in this amazing fire of God's love that I was allowed to feel this night. Candles were lit all around me in the monastery as if this were a medieval holy site that had been preserved and kept throughout timelessness.

Vibrating with power in the holy place I'd come, every word came from the mouth of the monk as if in slow motion and caused my spirit to vibrate. "Be at peace with your death," the monk conveyed, "for all is well, and all is as it is meant to be."

Guiding me to a corner of the room, I began to see my obsession with holy writings and relics played out as if in a movie on the wall. Watching as I rummaged through piles of secular books, only to find the one holy book which had been sacrilegiously strewn there, the monk pointed out to me that my ability to recognize and honor that which was holy, was a gift from God.

For hours, I languished in the spirit of this holy monastery amidst the heavens and would have done anything to be allowed to stay there any longer. But as the night progressed, I found my spirit walking along the streets of a heavenly city where people were reading ancient sacred texts in every corner; in restaurants, on benches, in buildings . . .

A very tall man adorned with dark hair, a moustache and beard approached me as I was walking quietly along the stone-encased roadway. For a time, I'd noticed that he'd been following me, and he was showing up in almost every location I happened to traverse. Heavenly lights poured forth from his eyes, and I inherently knew that he loved me. "Don't you recognize me?" he said, as I gazed upon him seeking remembrance. A great knowing filled me, although I could not place it. I *knew* that I knew him. "Do you *not* know that what God is giving to us is the greatest gift in

all of heaven?" he said with great fervor. Actually, I hadn't known, so I did not reply.

Leading me down the street, he took me to a tiny corner building. Leading me inside, my eyes filled with wonder as I gazed upon a room filled to overflowing with ancient sacred texts. Running towards a stool surrounded by piles and piles of such texts, I sat down and began to look through them, as my newfound friend looked upon me with a wide grin.

Continuing to look through these old and tattered books, the man patiently awaited my inquiry. "This gift from God you speak of," I asked, "please tell me . . . specifically . . . what it is." Asking this, I wondered if his answer might be knowledge, or perhaps eternal love itself which permeated every cell of this heavenly city. Finally, the thought occurred to me . . . 'He must be speaking of the Redemption!' 'Of course,' I realized, 'he's speaking of the fact that we are saved!' As he smiled a knowing grin, I began to disappear and return to form.

Having died young, a woman came to visit me. "I was afraid to die," she said, "but then I was given entry into Heaven." Pausing, she looked deeply into my eyes as she said, "I was sent here to tell you that Heaven is SO beautiful, that I've never regretted having died so young since." As she began to pull her energy back, I asked her, "Do I have ANY chance at all of going to heaven?" Looking at me with a blank stare, it was clear that she had said what she had been sent to convey, and she didn't have permission to respond to this question. Within a moment, she was gone.

Having wandered through the small town and gone through several ritual passages to receive permission to enter the tiny building, my spirit was

elated to finally be given the go-ahead to open the door. Another woman was with me, and had participated in assisting several souls this night, as we gazed upon a building no bigger than an outhouse with a mystical doorway.

Opening the door, we were excited to enter into a grand palace of ancient texts, much larger than the size of the entrance could have inferred. Six floors of white and gold gilded stairwells, each level filled with the ancient knowledge from throughout time. Gathering books, we slowly made our way from the sixth floor downwards. As we prepared to enter upon the first floor, we heard voices and mystical music coming from below. There was an exit available between the second and first floors, and when I heard the sounds, I said, "Perhaps we should quietly leave so as not to disturb anybody." "No, no, no," she replied, "when you hear Kabbalistic music, it is an invitation. It would be considered rude if we didn't introduce ourselves." Nodding, we proceeded down the stairs to the first floor.

Astounded by the ancient sacred texts, they were huge and voluminous, the oldest in the building residing on this floor. In fact, some of them were scrolls. Standing before us were a husband and wife with their four grown sons who introduced themselves as the 'Keepers of the Ancient Knowledge.' Honored and amazed, a Jewish woman was singing Kabbalistic music 'live' in the corner, and they all welcomed us with the utmost of kindness.

After sitting down with them to eat what they called a 'Pearly breakfast,' consisting of knowledge from the texts being energetically instilled within my soul, one of the sons took me over to a special section that they wanted me to see. Two huge volumes, at least three to four feet in height and a foot thick, were on the shelves next to several scrolls. The first was entitled 'Ave Maria,'

and the second, 'The Mysteries of Our Lord.' Allowing me to open the second of these texts, I found mingled within the writing, a fabric banner which was a symbolic image.

As I looked upon it, the young man explained to me that the fabric banners of the cross which I made in the physical world held hidden meanings and were actually textual images. (One of my hobbies was to make fabric images of the cross with various symbols and designs.) Bouquets of flowers moved upwards through the top and above the cross, each blossom representing graces coming from the sacrifice of the cross. Placed upon each blossom were the sayings of Christ, forming a bouquet of the Word.

Showing me a set of keys, he made reference to my own library of ancient sacred texts, comparing it to this counterpart on the other side. By doing so, I realized its importance, even though it sometimes appeared to me to be just my own personal hobby. "You are also a 'Keeper of the Keys,'" he said, "Continue this task in the physical world, and when it is that you cross over, you will continue it in the next . . ." Motioning with his hands the vast expanse of the library, I was so excited that I would work here in the after-life.

Taking me to a large picture window, I was amazed to see a huge city. Skyscrapers made of diamonds could be seen off in the distance, while emeralds and pearls made up much of the rest of the expanse. Literally glowing with light, I was most entranced by the diamond skyscrapers which loomed in the distance. What a beautiful heavenly city! Handing me the keys, I began to disappear from the scene.

Taken on a journey through many purgatory realms, my spirit was shown something inexplicable.

Many levels were represented; beginning at 100 - 300, but going on to around 100,000. Souls who were in the purgatories numbered 100-300 were much more likely to be released in a short amount of time, while those above represented higher and higher levels of vice which required long periods of purgation from which it was much more difficult to be released.

Shown to me in comparison with the stories on a high-rise building, an elevator was accessible to ascend or descend from levels 100-300. While the other levels above this were accessible to be ascended by this same elevator, souls in these realms were not able to descend or leave these realms without strict orders from the Almighty.

Souls worked themselves down from their level of vice, under strict divine supervision, and those who inhabited the levels above 300 appeared to have been there for a very long time, while souls in levels 100-300 had a regular and timely turnaround and were allowed to operate with a great deal more personal freedom.

Whisked off to the grand city of the palace, my spirit waited in a small house in a neighborhood before they came to take me. While I was waiting, I looked around the house, honestly perceiving that this was an Earthly home in the spheres, but was shown several labels on construction supplies used to build the place, which all exhibited dates from the future, most of them 50 years beyond the current date.

Two extra-terrestrial spirits arrived and quietly led me off, out of the neighborhood and into the city. Taking me to a small room, I was shown a set of five papers which explained my interstellar journey to the city and that with which they were about to embark. Changing my clothes, I was being adorned in the attire

of the galactic heavens; a pair of shiny pants and a large shirt which was long sleeved and closed to the neck. After dressing appropriately, my spirit was taken to a square in this magnificent city of light.

Standing at a counter, a young man said nothing as he gathered up four very old ancient texts from behind the desk and placed them in front of me to view. Intrigued, I noticed that they all appeared very old, but was surprised to notice that their publication dates ranged from 1991 - 2058. (In my present time-space continuum, it was currently 2003). Reading their titles and taking note of their contents, I remembered that one book was deeply ingrained in Native American spirituality, while the others were mysterious spiritual commentaries on various subjects. Bringing me another book, it was written in a language I didn't understand, and a man appeared at my side to explain its meaning.

From the title, I could glean that it was about the mysteries, but nothing more. Looking to my right, a tall man with a cowboy hat was gazing at the text, as I immediately realized that both of us were galactic archaeologists, and it was my task in this next life to 'translate' texts which were written in my native tongue to an inexplicable galactic language of the spheres. Rather than being a librarian in the 'Palace of Ancient Knowledge,' it was going to be my task to translate, as did this other man who spoke a different language, from what I recall, a European tongue.

Walking towards a boardwalk, I entered into a small glass-encased room which held sacred relics. As I entered, I noticed a large head of Christ on the cross, the 'Ecce Homo.' Several crucifixes were displayed on the glass walls, as well, but my spirit was led to a remarkable object which lay ahead. A life-size sculpture of Mother Teresa in her death casket was carved out of the purest

white stone, as I immediately understood this to be symbolic of my own death in some way. Gazing upon the serene and holy image, somebody had come to take me on a tour of the city.

What ensued was entirely inexplicable and I have only been given to remember small snippets of this wondrous and exciting adventure. Taken through the city, we were on our way towards the Palace of Ancient Knowledge, but we made about eight stops in different locations where various souls were waiting for me to tell me of different secrets of the spheres. Having many beautiful terms to share with me of galactic things and heavenly attainments, I was unable to remember a single one, despite the fact that I wrote each of them down on a note pad in the spirit. One small snippet that my memory retained was of a galactic being who in answer to a question I posed, replied in a lengthy scientific discourse about molecular structure and galactic knowledge. In a state of total awe, I took a tour of this city as the hosts made welcome to my soul. Knowing I would be coming to this city upon my death, I was so very excited; I cannot even put it into words.

As we made our way through, my guide took me to the edge of the city of light where I noticed in the grand distance the 'bad part of town.' Looking like a 19th century towered city of London, great darkness oozed from the distant place. Hearing the screaming and yelling of the dark ones, my tour guide bade me to know, "When you arrive in this city, do not ever venture beyond this point, for what you see beyond is a point of darkness, a purgatory realm of great discord and to do so would put your soul in great peril." Understanding, I nodded in agreement to never do such a thing as I was whisked off through another corridor.

As I entered, another familiar face came into the

room. The man who had 'married' me on the mountain had come into the room with several friends, and was so engaged in what they were doing that he didn't notice my presence. Taking note of this familiarity, I turned to my guide, a tall thin man with black hair, and asked, "Are you going to be taking me to the Palace?" Smiling, he replied, "We are on our way there." Pulling out several pictures, they held images of notable people who had lived in this city and done important things for God. Most of them appeared to be from a different age, as the men wore top hats and the women wore bonnets. Taking my hand, we began walking quickly through another corridor, presumably towards the Palace.

Placing his arm around me, a sudden familiarity came over my soul as he smiled at me in recognition. "Who are you?" I asked, wondering if he might reveal our ancient connection. "I can't say," he replied nonchalantly. "You're not allowed to tell me are you? None of you are allowed to reveal your connection to those of us still on the Earth, are you?" Nodding, 'No,' I asked, "Why?" "I can't say," he replied.

Stopping, he pointed off into the distance as I felt the wondrousness of this holy city, and the imminent nature of my demise. At this moment, it felt that my time on Earth would *really* be coming to an end and that I was being introduced to the world I would attend to at that time. Any concern that I might have had about my readiness was quickly dispelled, as the same message that had been conveyed to me by Christ about my soul having reached completion was repeated and felt deeply within. But knowing my own unique path and that sometimes I underwent spiritual deaths in order to bring in new knowledge, only time would tell. "The Palace is up in the distance," he said, as he pointed towards something I could not yet see. Excited and amazed, I

looked with anticipation as something began to materialize in the ether. But before it could, I was whisked away. "No, let me see it!" I shouted, but it was of no avail. It was time for me to go.

Was my soul preparing for a true death? Or was I being initiated into yet another realm of knowledge beyond the gates? Either way, my journey would continue . . .

Waking, an inexplicable and very intensive heat began to pour through my chest, arms, abdomen and hips which continued for three hours. So hot, I checked several times to see if the electric blanket was on high, but found it to be detached from the bed. 'Could the Lord be bringing me back in some way?' I thought.

"And he sent for the merchant which had brought him, and for the apostle, and said unto him: Hast thou built me the palace? And he said: Yea. And the king said: When, then, shall we go and see it? but he answered him and said: Thou canst not see it now, but when thou departest this life, then thou shalt see it."

The Apocryphal New Testament, Acts of Thomas, Second Act, Number 21, (Christianity, Gnostic, Words of St. Thomas)

"The Savior said to his disciples, 'Already the time has come, brothers, for us to abandon our labor and stand at rest. For whoever stands at rest will rest forever.

And I say to you, (be) always (above) time . . ."

The Nag Hammadi Library, The Dialogue of the Savior, No. 1, (Christianity, Gnostic, Words of Christ)

Turning, I noticed a legion of extra-terrestrial spacecraft was now traveling with me, above me in the sky. About thirty silver crafts, spherical in shape though bearing an unusual conical center, hovered silently above my soul as I walked along the pathway of life.

Taking me towards my next destination, I was

directed to a very old house which looked somewhat like a haunted mansion. Immediately, a young man and his wife approached me, shaking my hand in greeting; unaware of the information being imparted to me about the status of his soul. An unseen voice explained, "He is in danger of meeting his death in five days; and if he dies at this time his soul will be damned." Acknowledging the tragedy of this man's situation, I silently bid the question of what I might be able to do. "If you accept, you will suffer for a time and offer it up to prevent his untimely death. If you do so, he will not die at this time, and more time will be given him to change his dominion." Nodding that I would accept this cross, it was finished.

Although this man was in a profession which would usually be associated with those who serve the light, he had chosen darkness; abusing power to fulfill his own ends. Remaining completely unaware of the judgment which had befallen him, he breezed through his death date with no regard for the tragic consequence which had barely been avoided. As for me, I got very sick, coughing uncontrollably for weeks. As promised, I offered it up for this soul's salvation.

Breezing towards a beautiful holy church, my son, Jacob, was now in my arms. Entering the building, we were drawn immediately to a large and ornate statue of the Blessed Virgin which sat silently on an altar. Placing my son before the feet of the Virgin, a very holy priest quietly approached us. Filled with the Holy Spirit, the priest placed his hands upon my son and blessed him. As he did so, my body was forced into a sitting position, and my legs were lifted up as if on an ottoman by an unseen force. Knowing instantly that this was being done by the Blessed Virgin, I inherently understood that she was begging my indulgence during this time of illness, so that I might not put myself in

danger of death during this auspicious time.

As we prepared to leave the church, all the exits disappeared and I realized that the Lord wished for me to live in His house at all times. Turning to enter a room where a choir began singing heavenly songs, my spirit was whisked back into my body within seconds.

Three large books fell onto the table which stood in front of me. Gazing down upon them, I noticed that the first book was a huge volume containing the writings of St. John Chrysostom while the final two were about Moses.

Standing before me in a deeply embedded cave, an archaeologist was pulling ancient writings out of the dirt which I inherently knew belonged with the New Testament. "The writings of St. John . . ." he said, as he looked at me with excitement, wonder and awe in finding them. For a moment, I was confused; thinking of the gospel of St. John and the Book of Revelation, but then I had a thought . . . Perhaps he was talking about St. John Chrysostom? Turning to go, I observed him excitedly dusting off the texts. I was determined to find these writings.

After finding out more about St. John Chrysostom, I discovered that he had been banished for telling people the truth and had actually died on one of his journeys into further banishment right along the road. A powerful preacher, he convicted people of their sins, and this displeased them. Almost everybody knows the story of Moses who did the will of God, only to have the people he'd led out of slavery turn on him and God to worship idols when things didn't go as they'd hoped in the wilderness.

For a moment, I understood that the Lord was giving me comfort in knowing that by doing His will, I

would not necessarily be welcomed with open arms. This was not a measure of my works.

Soaring towards a veranda, I began to watch as a heavenly river parade unfolded before my eyes. In this river, the water was of the whitest white, and as the parade began, it began to turn into spectacular colors of blue, purple, lilac, pink, yellow and gold. Spectacular displays of wonder were shown as spirits were floating down the river on parade floats and the water would continually change color.

Without any warning, my spirit was submerged in this water, following the parade route and feeling some type of energetic shockwaves in my soul. Whatever this water represented, it was of a high vibrational nature. Immersed in the water, I quietly floated along with my head just above the water as interior changes began to take place.

Riding the wave of an ecstatic bliss, my spirit landed in a bleacher of sorts on the gateway to heaven. A robed man stood before me, as several people had been led to sit in my midst to observe what was about to happen. "Behold the power of the Lord," he said, as he raised his hand in my direction. Having no idea what was going on, I turned to notice that several denizens of hell had begun to approach this heavenly station. Lifting my hands, lightning came from them and sent the demonic souls back into the lower realms. Suddenly, hordes of them appeared, as lightning came forth from my hands towards them, refusing them entrance to a realm in which they were incompatible. Being educated in the proper use of eternal power, the onlookers were dumbfounded (and sub-conscious astral).

Without warning, my soul was thrust from this heavenly sphere down below. Following a spiraling pole into the depths of the Earth, I noticed that there were

hundreds of caverns alongside me as I plunged. Passing by the many hell realms, there was an odiferous slimy green light that permeated this tiny little dirt passageway into the depths. Finally landing in one of the caves, the same slimy green light permeated the realm. Small in size, the cave held only a few wards. Each of them laughed in hysterics, as they said, "We like it here, because we can do whatever we want." Feeling claustrophobic and disliking the energy of the place, I was allowed to ascend the spiral pole all the way back up and into a heavenly realm.

Books lined the walls in this heavenly realm, and I was led to two in particular which contained the knowledge of heaven within them. Holding them, I observed a line of people being admitted into the realm. Noticing a young man wearing rap clothing and looking a bit unkempt, I reached towards him and said, "Stop, you don't belong here." The robed man came over to me and quietly said, "Look deeper." As I did so, the inner truth of this soul began to manifest upon his shirt. Interiorly, this young man was quite compatible to this heavenly realm and I had judged him inappropriately. But his words echoed into my spirit, 'Look deeper . . .'

As I waited amongst the souls in this heavenly realm, I observed that they didn't worry much about doing, but spent more time being. In the lower realms, a lot of agitation and chaos resided. But in the upper world sphere, all was calm.

Abiding in peace, I began to open the books containing this knowledge of which I'd hoped to obtain about heaven as I began to disappear from the realm.

Entering into an overcast realm where winds pelted and burst against the residents at all times, I came upon a small house. Carrying with me an old familiar

and very cranky cat, I had a sense that I must be coming to visit a long past neighbor of mine whose cat I held in my arms. Upon her death, she had given me charge of the cat, which happened to be unusually cranky and nasty towards children. Because of this, I had found the original owners of the cat and returned it to them.

Answering the door, our old friend Joyce opened the door with a somewhat 'not happy to see me' kind of greeting. During her life, Joyce had not been the most friendly sort, but she had opened up to me a lot near the end as we'd become closer friends. Trying to hand her what used to be a previously beloved cat of hers, she indicated she no longer wanted it. Another grayish cat came to the door who appeared to be very loving and sweet, and it was apparent that the new cat represented certain qualities she hoped to cultivate in her new life. A very young woman with shoulder-length brown hair stood beside her at the door who was of the utmost of sweetness, friendliness and kindness. Immediately, I knew this was a guide to her who lived with her to show her kindness and teach her new ways. Joyce had led a very rough life of abuse and hardship, and much of this had imprinted itself upon her soul.

As she didn't invite me in and almost acted as if she no longer knew me, I was sent off into the frantic winds to go to the house across the street which represented my former home which had been across the street from her. The skies remained gray and the winds blew with fury, and off in the distance I saw something which I could not delineate. Was this a part of this purgatorial realm which my former friend occupied, or was this a prophecy of things to come in our now war-trodden world? A nuclear blast was seen in the distance, as I watched the glow fill the dark sky. Catapulting waves of wind began to blow . . .

Winds began blowing hard as the light from the nuclear blast in the distance had now passed. Wondering what it might mean, and hoping for the best, I began emerging into physical waking consciousness.

"The virtuous acts performed by enlightening beings are all to develop and complete the living. To have them destroy obscurity and annihilate affliction, subdue the demon armies and fulfill true awakening."

The Flower Ornament Scripture, Clarifying Method, Page 437, (Buddhism: Mahayana)

"Refuse no one the good on which he has a claim when it is in your power to do it for him."

The New American Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs 4:27, (Christianity, Judaism, Words of Solomon)

Reappearing after quite a long absence, my old friend, Karleen (who had died and continued to appear to me occasionally), showed me to her present abode. An old duplex of sorts, she was staying on one side of the two-story building and appeared to be quite happy. In a border realm, she was still working through many of her mortal aspects, and she showed me several shopping bags on her counter to indicate that she was still struggling with an attachment to material things. Looking down as if to indicate the disappointment she had in herself, she had opened a sliding glass door on one side of the home.

Looking up, I quickly ascertained that this realm was filled with torrential winds. A huge torrent was coming across the sky, literally soaring across the atmosphere at what appeared to be hundreds of miles per hour. "Close the glass door!" I shouted to her. But she just smiled, indicating that she liked the winds. "Come on, Karleen," I said, "You know that those are the winds of karma and you must enclose yourself away from them in order to have a chance to overcome them."

But she was defiant because she was still very compatible to the chaos of the karmic winds that prevailed in this realm. It was clear that she was in this realm for the purpose of purification, but she didn't wish to close out the chaos because it invigorated her and made her feel alive. "All right, then," I said calmly, as I sat down. "God will take care of it anyway." As soon as I said this, the door was slammed shut by an angelic force, and the karmic winds were shut out from her perimeter.

Saying nothing, we smiled at each other as I began to disappear from her realm.

"I reveal the law in its multifariousness with regard to the inclinations and dispositions of creatures. I use different means to rouse each according to his own character. Such is the might of my knowledge. I likewise see the poor wretches, deficient in wisdom and conduct, lapsed into the mundane whirl, retained in dismal places, plunged in affliction incessantly renewed."

*Saddharma Pundarika or the Lotus of the True Law,
Skilfulness, No.108-109, (Buddhism: Mahayana)*

But at this very moment, I also was deep in the realms of the mystical places. In the distance, I began to hear the beckon of a familiar voice. "It's so nice to hear your voice!" I shouted to my former priest who was now deceased. But he came very quickly with a message of urgency. "I need prayer," he said, "I have not yet been allowed to see heaven. I'm in purgatory and I need you to pray for me." Shocked to hear this, I promised I would pray and offer all my sufferings for him.

A friend shared with me a vision she had of a relative who had died one and a half years previously. In life, she had been somewhat mean spirited, but at this moment, she came to show her something very

important.

Surprised to see her, she immediately asked, "Are you in heaven?" "No, I'm not, but I've passed through there." She replied. "Everybody passes through a place called 'Christ's Temple' when they die," she continued, "and some highly evolved people are lucky enough to stay, but I wasn't one of them so I had to move on." She was in a pre-designated place that my friend could not understand. But she had a friend with her, another woman about the same age, whom she'd met there and they were enjoying each other a lot. A lot of the mean-spirited nature she'd had in life had dissipated and she seemed like a kinder gentler version of herself.

Heaven, Hell and Purgatory

Mystic Knowledge Series

Compiled and Written by Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org



Author, Marilyn Hughes, Photo by Harvey Kushner

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.

Go to our Website at:
www.outofbodytravel.org
For more information!