

Michael Jackson:

The Afterlife Experiences

A Theology of Michael Jackson's Life and Lyrics

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

<http://outofbodytravel.org>



Michael Jackson in Live Appearance

(Photograph by Damian Strohmeyer, Sports Illustrated, Getty)

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INTRODUCTION

This book came about in an unusual way. The very night of Michael Jackson's death, he began allowing me to witness aspects of his after death journey. At first, I just made mention of where he was at and what he was doing to those who were mourning his loss and following it on my website.

In all honesty, I had not been a fan of Michael Jackson. I knew of him and of some of his music, but had never really spent much time or effort looking into his life or the troubles that had followed him. I guess you could say that regarding the person of Michael Jackson, I had been indifferent.

However, one night shortly into our journeys, Michael Jackson showed me this book and told me he wanted me to write it. He was very specific, showing me how he wanted the cover to look and the manner in which it should be written. My response to him was not good, to say the least. "Wait a minute," I remember saying to him, "I am not going to proceed with writing a book unless I hear it from Jesus Christ Himself that this is His will and not Michael Jackson's will." I'd heard that Michael Jackson could be persistent in life, and I did not want to proceed on the will of an individual person. I had to make sure that

this had was a directive from God and well beyond Michael Jackson's personal wishes.

Praying with great fervor, two angelic hosts lifted me up. Jesus Christ was waiting for me between two pillars in a starry realm. The angels bid me to ask my question, to put it to the test of discernment. "Lord, is this Your will, or is it Michael Jackson's will?" I said with a strange and confused look on my face. He nodded, 'Yes' but didn't speak. "It really is Your will?" He nodded 'Yes' again. "But why?" I said, "What possible purpose could this serve, this doesn't make sense to me?" He looked at me and conveyed, "Just do as I ask, and it will . . ."

Returning to form, I obeyed. And as the journey progressed, I was humbled. Not only did it make perfect sense as I continued, but it became a journey of profound insight and wisdom.

And this person to whom I had been indifferent while he was alive, became a close and beloved friend after his death. He taught me many profound and valuable things. And I will never forget him . . .

"Harmony between truer persons is more lasting than the affections of average mankind. People of angelic qualities have everlasting harmony between them, in which God Himself accomplishes His object of manifestation."

A Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty, By Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan (Islam, Sufism)

PART ONE:

THE AFTERLIFE

EXPERIENCES

FIRST MONTH

"Real value comes with madness . . . whoever finds love beneath hurt and grief disappears into emptiness with a thousand new disguises . . . When you feel your lips becoming infinite and sweet, like the moon in the sky, when you feel that spaciousness inside . . . Something opens up our wings. Something makes boredom and hurt disappear. Someone fills the cup in front of us. We taste only sacredness."

The Essential Rumi, Translations by Coleman Barks with John Moyne, Chapter 27, The Turn: Dance in your Blood (Islam, Sufism, Words of Rumi)

CHAPTER ONE

Michael Jackson Sees the Galactic Heavens

I heard the news much like everyone else. Michael Jackson had died, and it seemed like an impossibility, such an untimely and tragic end to a brilliant but troubled life.

Because I hadn't before been a big fan of Michael Jackson what would happen next came to me as somewhat of a surprise.

This is presented just my own personal experience, not stated as factual or absolute in any way.

That night, barreling through space towards an

ignominious and barren black hole, my spirit shot through it and into the place I call the 'Galactic' heavens.

The Galactic heavens are a trip into another dimensional reality of space, wherein the soul is actually emerging into the universal realms of heaven. Many of these heavenly realms resemble some of the space images that we receive from the Hubble Telescope – but they are filled with bright purples, blues, greens and the essence of the stars which fill up not only the universal sphere and multi-dimensional reality that you had entered by traveling through the black hole in the first place but the energy of these heavenly bodies becomes a consciousness.

Traveling at the speed of light looking upon a stunning supernova in the distance, I turned my head towards a brilliant purple emanating from my right and noticed that I was not flying alone.

Michael Jackson was wearing a deep blue shirt, his dark black hair resembled the time in his life when he was probably around 40 or so. It was long, black, curly and tied behind him. He even had his signature hat on his head. He was looking all around him, he seemed to look right at me, but yet, through me. I was definitely not the star of this galaxy.

Michael was seeing for the first time the Galactic heavens which is so spectacular that it literally places most travelers in almost a trance-like state of awe, samadhi, in a sense. His face was alight with joy, his smile was so wide I couldn't help but smile back even though I knew he was not noticing me. It was a beautiful site.

Michael Jackson had been given the first glimpse of what we hear about as heaven. And in this first glimpse, he was already beginning to realize that our conception of heaven and what it really is are vastly contrasted.

"Man's exit from the world, as compared to and contrasted with entry into it, is portrayed by Rabbi Levi thus: Of two vessels sailing on the high seas, the ship which has come into port, is in the eyes of the wise, much more an object of joy than the ship about to leave the harbor. Even thus should we contemplate man's departure from this world without sorrow or fear, seeing that at death he has already entered the harbor - the haven of rest in the World-to-Come."

The Talmudic Anthology, Edited by Louis Newman and Samuel Spitz, On Death, Shemot Rabbah, 48, 1 (Judaism)

CHAPTER TWO

Michael Jackson's Spiritual Childhood Revisited

The following night, my spirit was taken to a beautifully green place. Everything seemed filled with greenery of every kind, and it glowed as if filled with a special light from God. Grasses, trees, rolling hills, even the leaves on the trees seemed to be alive.

Turning to my left, I saw a young black boy wearing suspenders and a yellow shirt walking quietly through a golden path that had been laid out for him ahead of time. His afro was full, and Michael must've been about ten years old.

The innocence of his youthful glow was overshadowed by the fact that he was clearly in his element, living out a childhood he had likely never known.

Sitting down upon a rock, the young Michael Jackson was elated when a yellow glowing butterfly landed on his hand. He looked at it with awe and wonder.

Moments passed without notice in this place, and the young Michael Jackson never seemed to notice my presence for even a second. There was so much to discover here and so much iridescent beauty.

And it was a time for a young boy to heal from wounds inflicted upon him long ago, and to recover an innocence lost because of them. Before I got up to prepare for my departure, the butterfly left his hand and the young Michael Jackson stood up with his tiny little frame and began picking iridescent wildflowers

which grew all over the wood and glowed with the essence of God.

Smiling at the young Michael Jackson, I disappeared from the realm and awoke in our own.

One of the many important things that happens after our death in the heavens is that those things which we were unable to experience in this realm, we do experience in our new lives over there. So God creates a balance.

If true love was absent in this life, we often find it and embrace it in the next – if this was a true desire of ours which was denied us in this world. If friendships were not true in this life, we are often led to find true and meaningful friends in the next world. If we were spiritually unbalanced in this life, in the afterlife we will be required to focus a lot of energy on cultivating the interior spiritual which in the next life becomes interior AND external - because the physical is dropped away and the spiritual becomes everything, both internal and external. There are no more masks to hide behind.

"It is a great thing to be obedient, to live under authority and to seek our own liberty in nothing. It is a much surer way to stand in the state of obedience than in the state of authority. Dreaming of a change of place has deceived many a person . . . "

The Imitation of Christ, By Thomas Kempis, Of Humble Subjection (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Thomas Kempis)

CHAPTER THREE

Michael Jackson's Life Review Begins

My eyes were opened into the window through which Michael Jackson had now begun to undergo a life review. He was focused at this moment on his primary performance years, the years which preceded the physical transformations which he made to himself after the burn injuries, the introduction of the diseases Vitiligo and Lupus into his life and the plastic surgeries.

He was watching . . . but there was not much to be said or shared at this time. All felt well. There was no focus at this time on anything but the expression of God's gift within him in the music.

*"Now the soul who wishes to rise above imperfection
should await My Providence in the House of Self-
Knowledge, with the light of faith."*

The Dialogues of St. Catherine of Siena, By St. Catherine of Siena, A Treatise of
Prayer (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Catherine of Siena)

CHAPTER FOUR

Michael Jackson's Celebration of a Job Well Done

About a week later, I saw Michael Jackson again. He was in a gathering hall surrounded all in white. No walls, ceilings or boundaries; just endless white.

Approximately one hundred souls were present including myself. He was smiling with such joy emanating from his face. Happiness was just emanating from every pore of his body.

From across the room, he looked my way with an earnest appeal. He wanted to convey something important to me.

This was a gathering of souls who had been given unique purposes on earth and were supporting one another, like a support group. But there was food and a party like atmosphere. It was a celebration of a job well done.

He wanted to convey to me the understanding he had about some of the difficulties I have faced and continue to face in my life.

Many of these challenges included the physical infirmities we both bore privately while attempting to keep the public persona in place. The other included the difficulties we had faced with relationships and marriage. Although he had been married twice and divorced, I'd been married my entire adult life. But my situation had been difficult, as well. Due to issues of abuse, we remained separated much of the time. And because of my serious illness, divorce was not an option. It seemed I was destined to remain separated

but never divorced until the day I might also die. We both shared the inability to experience true love in our lives, and the need to press on despite physical sufferings and pain which we both felt a need to keep hidden because of the lack of understanding of those with whom we might come into contact.

He understood my challenges, and I in certain ways understood his. In confidence, he conveyed to me that all would be well. Suffering and certain trials often accompany the works of the spirit. I was filled with a sense of peace about things in my own life which don't ordinarily convey a sense of peace to a person.

It was a profoundly peaceful but joyful place with no judgment; just congratulations for him and the others present on getting through it all, I think. He appeared at the age of his death, and he was very, very happy. Very at peace, all was well.

I guess one way to explain it was that amongst these one hundred or so souls in the room, each had been given profoundly difficult tasks. Most of these people were not famous, some were. But the vast majority of them had been given difficult unseen tasks. There was a mix of all of these things. Many of them had undergone huge trials during those lives, and I felt this overwhelming sense that there was complete understanding of the causes which led to many of the difficulties they had all experienced.

In a sense, they were all celebrating that they'd all undergone tremendous suffering and trials, they'd all handled it the best they could and it was all understood here. Although there was a sense of

knowing that they had all gone through difficulties and had responded in varying ways to those difficulties, there was absolutely no mention of specifics. It was simply put 'job well done, congratulations, it's over.'

I cannot speak for anything more than I just saw, but that was what I saw last night. (I know there were controversial things in his life, I can only say I have not yet seen anything regarding them. It doesn't mean it's not there or that it won't come up, it just means I have not seen anything regarding them as of yet. Only God knows the true heart of a soul or the truth about any of these kinds of matters.)

Michael Jackson was in a state of pure happiness. He was truly happy, and the space we inhabited remained pure white. Many people were around him and the interesting thing was that they were all congratulating one another.

Michael was not more special in this room than anyone else. They were all being celebrated together.

It wasn't a worldly type of celebration, rather, a celebration that is more akin to spiritual progress, triumph over darkness, creative light coming through despite great trials and sufferings and even just the USE of the sufferings of this world to create a greater spiritual fruit.

Very beautiful, peaceful, serene, and it's the first time that Michael Jackson seemed to notice my presence and was actually instigating assisting me, as well. He was very kind about helping me through similar trials. I found this very moving since he had just died himself, and obviously would have much on

his plate to deal with, not just the normal crossing over, but the untimely nature of his death and the remaining responsibilities with his children in the world.

But such things were not yet to be addressed. So we enjoyed the light of this gathering and the spirit of celebration which dominated and won the night.

Suffering can be very mysterious. I can assure you, however, that not everybody's passing is like this. I've seen many others, including a few who were famous people you'd least expect who had different kinds of transitions involving profound purgatorial issues.

On the other hand, though, I'd have to say that most people - regardless of their state in this life - would find the afterlife to be so mind and spirit expanding, that of course they'd be thrilled regardless.

However, as I previously mentioned, many people who are very earthbound, worldly, etc., do go through a different experience. Some actually find the transition very disturbing because they are so used to physical matter that such things are very foreign and unfamiliar to them.

*"When you will come near the door of your house,
say: In the name of God, I rely on God, there is no
power and might except in God. O Lord, I seek refuge
to Thee that I may not be misguided, that I may not
misguide anybody, that I may not slip or that I may
not cause anybody to slip, that I may not be
oppressed or that I may not oppress anybody, that*

***nobody may ascribe ignorance to me, nor I may
ascribe ignorance to anybody. I seek refuge to Thee
from all these matters."***

Ihya Ulum Ud Din, By Imam Ghazzali, The Revival of Religious Learnings,
(Islam, Sufi, Words of Imam Ghazzali)

CHAPTER FIVE

Michael Jackson's Unique Gift is Revealed

About another week has passed since Michael Jackson's death. We are at about three weeks since his crossing and I had another experience which may be a bit controversial, but I'll just share.

My kids and I were up at the Stations of the Cross Shrine in San Luis, CO. One of the things I noticed at the top of the Stations of the Cross Shrine was that the monks had mixed in tiny little turquoise rocks with the regular desert sand up at the Resurrection of Christ Station, the fifteenth. It stood out because it was bluish green amongst the dry sandy dirt.

Last night, Michael Jackson was compared to that turquoise in the mystical realms.

As I looked upon the scene at the fifteenth station in the mystical realms, it was told to me that we don't appreciate the gifts of others until they are gone. We often tear down the gifted rather than stop and notice when someone has an obvious God-given talent. We don't take notice. It was like taking notice of that turquoise, they were just tiny little specks of blue thrown in with the desert sand. They were literally, about two millimeters at most in size. You only saw them if you looked really closely.

But it is like taking notice of the turquoise, it's special. But maybe that's why we do it, because we ALL want to be special. So when another person is more gifted than us, we don't want to see it - when someone is touched by God - we don't want to look,

we'd rather tear it down in order to make ourselves feel better.

But when that energy is lost and when someone dies unexpectedly like this, we are forced to take notice; because that energy is withdrawn. When the energy is withdrawn, we feel it. Even if we didn't know the contribution that their life-force made to all of us, we find out when it is withdrawn.

This happened when Mother Teresa and Pope John Paul II died, but it also happens when other types of exceptionally gifted people pass from this world.

How much do all of us do this with everyone we love in our lives? We understand the contribution their energy makes to our lives only when it is withdrawn.

Perhaps there is wisdom in this, in that we all need to be more ready and willing to notice the energy that is given to us by others, the benefits we all receive from the gifts of others, and realize that their gifts never diminish our own. They only enhance the potential of all of us. But perhaps even more than this we need to recognize how we as humanity tear down those gifts in others, and we try to rip at the 'spirit' of uniqueness. We need to stop ourselves from doing it in the future.

Remember the turquoise, it's special . . . it doesn't diminish the desert sand, but its presence brings all around it to life.

"Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying,

*that it may minister grace unto the hearers . . . let all
bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour and
evil speaking, be put away from you . . . And be ye
kind one to another, tenderhearted . . . "*

The Holy Bible, King James Version, Ephesians 6:30-32 (Christianity)

CHAPTER SIX

The Reality of Michael Jackson's Death and Mortality

A few days later, I had what I thought would be my last experience with Michael Jackson in his Afterlife Experience. I didn't share it immediately because it was difficult to watch and would be hard for others to hear, although it truly expressed in its essence the truth of the matter that we are all shadows in this world.

In it, Michael Jackson's body was now undergoing the natural process of decomposition. I was looking upon his body at about the four week point, and it was decaying.

The bluntness of this vision was heart wrenching and sobering. But it was real, the simple and solid truth that we must all face, we are dust and to dust we shall return.

A voice from above said, 'His body is now decomposing, it's time to move forward.' After that message, I did.

A few days later, Michael Jackson returned to me in an out-of-body experience for what I thought would be his final encore (although I was mistaken).

He sat down next to me at a computer and showed exactly how he would like me to do a montage of his work on World Peace as a response to a page on our website 'The True Face of War.'

A group had gathered around us, some were people I didn't know. Others were well-known mediums who also wished to communicate with

Michael. It was interesting in that there appeared to be some jealousy in the room that Michael seemed to be the most comfortable in discussing his larger message with me.

But Michael Jackson was so intense, that I focused only on his instructions. He wanted his work to be framed in a spiritual format, brought together as one to show what his intentions had been in the latter years of his life. He asked me to include: The Earth Song, Cry, Will You be There, They Don't Care About Us, Heal the World, Black or White, Man in the Mirror and We are the World.

So I created that. Michael Jackson on World Peace as a final tribute to his work, at his request from the spirit world, but also as a profound challenge to every one of us to fulfill it in our daily lives in whatever way God has called us to do.

A print rendering of what Michael Jackson asked me to show on World Peace is available in PART II, 'The Theology of Michael Jackson's Life and Lyrics,' Chapter Nine, Michael Jackson on World Peace.

"In the summer days of life I gather nectar from blossoms of sweet qualities that grow in the garden of human souls. I store the essence of tall flowers of forgiveness, of faint-scented buds of humility, and of rare blooms of lotus thoughts."

Whispers from Eternity, By Paramahansa Yogananda (Hinduism, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)

CHAPTER SEVEN

Michael Jackson Experiences Purgatory

About another week later, I began experiencing a different part of Michael Jackson's journey - the purgatorial portion. It was very interesting.

One of the first things I noticed as I entered into a private suite with him was that he had an 'entourage' - inside what would be a model of a 'home.' His 'entourage' was surrounding him even here in the afterlife, but they were not just any kind of 'entourage.' There were about four 'people' who were actually spiritual teachers in disguise. He was now very timid. There was a clear distinction between his stage and private presence.

His legs had been replaced by prosthetic devices all the way up to his hips. And it was clear that he was undergoing some type of purgatorial experience involving working through physical pain. But emotional pain was also present and could be felt to the point of palpability in the room.

As a result, I approached him very cautiously because I could tell that was required. He was almost like a scared child.

The first thing I asked him was about the legs. "So you had to have prosthetic legs put in, what happened?" He looked at me as if I were obviously stupid not to know (I have Lupus, too.) and said, "Of course! With all the dancing I did, and you know how the muscles and ligaments shorten away from the bones. It was really painful." As he said this, he was

showing me on his prosthetic legs that he had suffered from a condition known as ligament laxity - one which I have - which causes soft tissues around bones; i.e. muscles, ligaments, tendons, to deteriorate and become less wide and much less stronger. It can be very painful. My impression from what he was saying - the level of Lupus and Vitiligo he had suffered - would be that he likely suffered from Fibromyositis.

Many people have heard of Fibromyalgia, but this is a pain condition which is only diagnosed if nothing in the blood shows up. In Fibromyositis, another derivative of Lupus, they can count the antibodies to your own muscle tissue. I've had this condition, but at very, very low levels. People can have the condition at 50 times the level of intensity and be wheelchair bound. As Michael Jackson shared this, I nodded in understanding and marveled at all he did on stage with the obvious pain he was processing now in the afterlife.

Moving forward into what was happening within him emotionally, the next portion of the experience which had to do specifically with his youngest child. He was very concerned about the youngest, and was obsessing so much, that he was spending too much time in the spirit around the surrogate mother - who truly appeared to have nothing to do with the child.

He had been pulled back by eternal law on more than one occasion. Perhaps one of the reasons he seemed so drawn to her, was that she did not care about his money or him. Because so many people had

been drawn to him for insincere reasons during his life, this was an obvious area of fascination to him.

Which leads us into one of the final areas I was to see this evening.

It was always interesting that Michael Jackson seemed to have such a fear of intimacy. But I was able to see this in a more profound way, a way in which I was able to truly understand.

If someone expressed an interest in him, he always had to wonder if they cared about him or his persona. And it was SO VERY CLEAR that his stage presence and his private persona were very different people. When his entourage finally left us in the room alone so I could talk with him privately, he almost seemed frightened - like a child who had been mistreated.

Asking him some questions, I immediately found him to be profoundly shy. Sitting next to him, I rubbed his back, which was something that calmed him and helped him to express himself better.

What came across as profound interesting was that he was such a dynamo on stage. But he KNEW that in his private life, he was a very different person.

Many artists deal with this on varying levels. A person such as Michael Jackson dealt with it in a much more huge way.

Even as a writer, I deal with the public versus private persona. We are all different as human beings than our art, vocation or calling life may demonstrate. But what made me relate to him the most, was his obvious illness. It appeared that he, too, was trying to hide a great deal of physical pain.

.....

I could understand that. But the issue of his private persona was something that he obviously had concerns about for most of his life. The people as a whole were in love with the Michael Jackson trademark, not the man. The man was very different than the stage presence.

Not only was he shy and timid, but he dealt with illnesses and emotional pain that was deep. He was a tortured soul.

Somehow, on stage, he transcended it all and was able to perform. But afterwards, he often had to collapse.

Michael Jackson had a great fear of people loving him for who he was 'off stage' not 'on stage.' And even though there were likely millions of women who all 'loved' him, he had trouble finding someone to really love who he was - with his infirmities, with his pain, in his sorrow, in his despair. (Thus the song, 'Will you be There' by Michael Jackson).

He was a lot of fun, but he also had a very deep soul. And in that depth, there was a sorrowful and fearful person who could come out. It was a vastly important part of who he was creatively, but I think he shared this with me because I understood it. Who we are in our creative gift is not who we are in our private daily life. And it takes going to all these emotional and dark places to be able to bring in the light he brought into the world. He had to 'enter into' a lot of his own pain and the pain of others. In the 'Earth Song,' he truly had to enter into an energetic state wherein he felt the pain of the entire earth to 'bring that song in.' I understood him very clearly. As

a person, he would seem difficult. But in reality, it is exactly how a profoundly creative soul works. They have to enter into the 'spirit' of the many things that they hope to capture in song, words, paint or film. They have to become different people on different days. They fly to great heights of joy while creating, but sink to the depths of despair at other times when they are processing yet another aspect of reality around them. It is this sensitivity that makes creative people and artists who they are - they cannot create without an innate ability to 'go into' the pain of others and the world. Michael did this, not only emotionally, spiritually, physically and mentally; but he also suffered a lot of physical infirmities which were well hidden on top of it. He knew that life with him at home would not at all be like the fantasy that his many fans had of him as the dynamic stage presence.

Ironically, it appeared that the thing he wanted most was to be honestly loved for who he was in all truth, but it was also the thing he feared the most.

Michael Jackson had been hurt a lot, not just by the obvious things such as the trials, accusations, public scrutiny, scandals, etc., but by hidden illnesses, injuries and other things he had the humility and courage to keep to himself while alive - all the while knowing he was being judged for it. For instance, his Vitiligo. He was ridiculed for years for trying to be more white, when in fact, he had to do something to compensate for the lightening of his skin and the best treatment was to lighten it all. People judged him for his use of pain killers, but never thought about the profound burns he had suffered earlier in life on his

scalp or the Lupus which he lived with on a daily basis. They made fun of his penchant for plastic surgery, but didn't bother to think about the fact that it started because of legitimate restorative surgery on his scalp and it continued because of his own profound sense of low self-esteem. He never felt that he looked good enough.

So at this moment, he is with four spiritual teachers who are posing as an 'entourage' in a purgatorial/ purification space where he's working through emotional and physical pain he experienced in his body and heart.

But he's also working through the loneliness of never finding true love in his life, or if he did, he never experienced it fully because he didn't feel he could trust it at the time.

Michael Jackson thoroughly enjoyed the love that was sent out to him for many weeks after his death, but he still cowers at the judgment which was also sent towards him by others.

It was sad to see the pain, the frailty, the fear of people. But it was also all understandable to me. I understand much - not all - of the pain, because I have similar medical conditions. But I'm certain he experienced much more pain because he had to remain the dynamo onstage with the conditions.

It's easy to me to see how someone with the pain he had could easily become addicted to prescription drugs, but I have been blown away by the reports of just how much he used. It's a shame that his own doctors didn't help him manage his pain more, rather than managing his addictions instead. It

it was then sad to see the scared little boy, afraid of intimacy, but yet wanting to experience it more than anything, but yet unable to trust. This was due to his childhood abuse, and the experience he later had of being used by others who wanted to be near him for the sake of his persona and not his person.

But to be totally fair, he was also in this purgatorial realm undergoing a purification of all these things in part because he had also used people back. He liked the special attention he received and he did get very used to being treated differently than other human beings.

Part of his purification would involve him becoming more like the rest of us again in his own mind, spirit and soul - and it would be then that he'd become more able to reach forward in humility towards the God who had gifted his soul with so many gifts.

He had been reaching towards God in his life, but he had difficulty finding Him. In part, because he had become too much of a 'God' himself.

It blinded him a little bit.

But what comes after is yet to be seen. Because all we know is that which we've seen. (And again, this is just my experience, not stated as factual or absolute in any way.)

It was an honor to meet the real Michael Jackson, the person. He was a vulnerable human being who wanted to trust but had great difficulty doing so. He suffered a lot during his life but very bravely did not reveal it much to his audience. It must've been very difficult to do what he did as his

conditions progressed, but he did it anyway. As to the entourage, this is a very common ruse in the spiritual world shortly after death. Guardian Angels and Spiritual Teachers take on whatever persona is necessary to reach the person they must help. I've seen mental patients who would only respond to police officers, so their guardian angels became police officers. This is very, very typical. They are disguised as an entourage because it's something with which he's comfortable. It does not change the fact that they are his spiritual teachers and guardian angels and will be working with him continuously as he passes through this phase.

"Your joy is your sorrow unmasked. And the selfsame well from which your laughter rises was oftentimes filled with your tears. And how else can it be? The deeper that sorrow carves into your being, the more joy you can contain . . . When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy. When you are sorrowful look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight"

The Prophet, By Khalil Gibran, On Joy and Sorrow (Mystic Poet)

CHAPTER EIGHT

Michael Jackson's Determination to Move Through Purgatory

My soul had just a quick encounter last night. I ran across Michael again for only a moment. He already looked quite a bit better and was dressed in some of his more artsy clothing which made him appear to be going into a much greater state of empowerment. His legs had been restored.

Looking down when I saw him, I'd felt so badly about the purification he was going to have to get through. Even though I know such things are vital and necessary and often don't last that long.

He gazed upon me with a very serious look, but conveyed immediately that he understood that I felt pain about his process. Appreciation was conveyed from his spirit to mine that I felt compassion for him. But he knew he wouldn't have to spend much time in that place, it was just something he was going to move through and he didn't want me to feel badly about it. I could see determination in his eyes and also a 'movement' a 'quickening' of his spirit that indicated that things were happening with him somewhat quickly.

I nodded in appreciation, because I had been praying that his journey through that place might be short. He seemed to convey also that he might be allowed to let me know when it was done and the fruits of it.

It was a very kind gesture on his part. I've been called in to deal with people who are crossing over

most of my life. Most of them are just regular folks, but a few of them have been celebrities. Not all of them are so congenial.

In one instance, the person who had passed was very attached to his celebrity status, and as a result, every time I was sent into help him he was unable to accept my help because he treated me like a groupie. He couldn't get it that I'd been sent to help him. He was actually pretty rude.

After I told him pretty impatiently several times that I was not there because I wanted to meet him, but because his soul had need, he finally realized somewhere around my fourth visit that my purpose was to help him, and he finally allowed this. Ironically, it was his attachment to his own self-importance from which he needed deliverance the most.

Up to this point, I'd seen none of this from Michael Jackson. From the very beginning he had come across almost as if he wanted to share this journey, just as he shared so much of his life, with others. And he seemed to want to share it for the purpose of helping others to also understand more about their own human and spiritual journey.

He's been very gracious and humble towards me in the afterlife, and I wanted to point out that it is not always this way.

But the bottom line from this encounter was that he was determined, moving forward and he knew he would get through this period of purification. He was grateful for all the love and support that's come towards him from so many in the

world, and he wanted me to rest assured that he would come out the other end of it very soon. Maybe when he does, he'll share a bit about that.

I guess God works in mysterious ways. I do think that the kind of interior pain that Michael experienced during his life is actually something a lot of people can relate to and that may be why he has shared it.

I did want to add that I feel I was also guilty of judging him harshly. And ironically, this is one of the reasons this whole communication has been so unexpected. I was not a fan, and I judged him harshly. I feel convicted in the spirit since this has happened and it makes me feel sad that it took his death for me to realize I had even done it.

In a sense, I never even bothered to take the time to look into why I judged him harshly. I just did it, and it was as simple as that. I heard some news here and there, and made assumptions. Never did I check anything out. I think this has been a profound learning experience for me and it has made me feel very convicted in the spirit regarding that judgment.

What I've actually been struck by in the last day or two is a lot of contemplation on getting my own house in order. The things I saw Michael experiencing, I can't help but examine within myself. Am I in need of working on some of the same issues? Yes. Ironically, these journeys I take with others always force me into self-examination, as well, because so much of our human experience is truly universal. There is little that I can experience of

another's soul journey, that I don't relate to my own personal struggles, as well.

Ironically, seeing his journey has plunged me into a profound self-examination and self-scrutiny on my whole life, myself, and the way I'm handling what God seems to ask of me. I'm thinking about the important questions like 'Am I using the gifts God has given me in the way He would have me use them?'

Whenever you look upon another person's personal spiritual journey on any level you cannot help but think about how you're doing in God's eyes, too. It brings up many familiar things. I can say honestly that there are very few souls I've helped in one way or another where I did not relate to the sins or struggles through which they were traveling.

I don't relate to the murderers and the real evil stuff. But all these vices, the seven deadly sins, knowing whether or not how you perceive something is correct or incorrect, not knowing if your judgment of a matter is true or false; seeing another's misperception makes me acutely aware of my own ability to misperceive. And thus, I'm doing a lot of interior examination after this experience. That does seem to be one of the benefits of seeing it.

We cannot look at the struggles of others without seeing ourselves in them. Our observation of another journey, becomes an observation of our own.

"Justification is pardon - God's gracious forgiveness to those who cannot claim or expect it. But the crux of the problem of pardon is our acceptance of it and

*this is the essence of the act of faith, from its human
side."*

John Wesley, Edited by Albert C. Outler (Christianity, Protestantism, Words of
John Wesley)

PART TWO:

A THEOLOGY OF

MICHAEL JACKSON'S

LIFE AND LYRICS

CHAPTER NINE

Michael Jackson on World Peace, a Presentation



THE EARTH SONG

Written by Michael Jackson

Photograph MJJ Productions

What about sunrise
What about rain
What about all the things
That you said we were to gain...
What about killing fields
Is there a time
What about all the things
That you said was yours and mine...
Did you ever stop to notice
All the blood we've shed before
Did you ever stop to notice
This crying Earth its weeping shores?

What have we done to the world?
Look what we've done.
What about all the peace,
That you pledge your only son?
What about flowering fields?
Is there a time?
What about all the dreams,
That you said was yours and mine?

Did you ever stop to notice,
All the children dead from war?
Did you ever stop to notice,
This crying Earth its weeping shores?

I used to dream
I used to glance beyond the stars
Now I don't know where we are
Although I know we've drifted far
what about yesterday

(What About Us)
What about the seas
The heavens are falling down
I can't even breathe
What about empathy
I need you
What about nature's worth
It's our planet's womb
What about animals
We've turned kingdoms to dust
What about elephants
Have we lost their trust
What about crying whales
We're ravaging the seas
What about forest trails
Burnt despite our pleas
What about the holy land
Torn apart by creed
What about the common man
Can't we set him free
What about children dying
Can't you hear them cry
Where did we go wrong
Someone tell me why
What about baby boy
What about the days
What about all their joy
What about the man
What about the crying man
What about Abraham
What about death again
Do we give a damn



CRY

Written by R. Kelly

Photograph Sony BMG Music, MJJ Productions

Somebody shakes when the wind blows
 Somebody's missing a friend, hold on
 Somebody's lacking a hero
 And they have not a clue when it's all gonna end

Stories buried and unfold
 Someone is hiding the truth, hold on
 When will this mystery unfold
 And will the sun ever shine
 In the blind man's eyes when he cries?

You can change the world
 (I can't do it by myself)
 You can touch the sky
 (Gonna take somebody's help)
 You're the chosen one
 (I'm gonna need some kind of sign)
 If we all cry at the same time tonight

People laugh when they're feelin' sad

Someone is taking a life, hold on
Respect to believe in your dreams
Tell me where were you
When your children cried last night?

Faces fill with madness
Miracles unheard of, hold on
Faith is found in the winds
All we have to do is reach for the truth

You can change the world
(I can't do it by myself)
You can touch the sky
(It's gonna take somebody's help)
You're the chosen one
(I'm gonna need some kind of sign)
If we all cry at the same time tonight

And when that flag blows
There'll be no more wars
And when all calls
I will answer all your prayers, prayers
Show the world

You can change the world
(I can't do it by myself)
You can touch the sky
(Gonna take somebody's help)
You're the chosen one
(I'm gonna need some kind of sign)
All cry at same time tonight

You can change the world
(I can't do it by myself)
You can touch the sky
(Gonna take somebody's help)
You're the chosen one
(I'm gonna need some kind of sign)
All cry at same time tonight

You can change the world
(I can't do it by myself)
You can touch the sky
(Gonna take somebody's help)
You're the chosen one
(I'm gonna need some kind of sign)
All cry at same time tonight

All cry at same time tonight
All cry at same time tonight
Change the
world



WILL YOU BE THERE

Written by Michael Jackson

Photograph MJJ Productions

Hold Me

Like The River Jordan

And I Will Then Say To Thee

You Are My Friend

Carry Me

Like You Are My Brother

Love Me Like A Mother

Would You Be There?

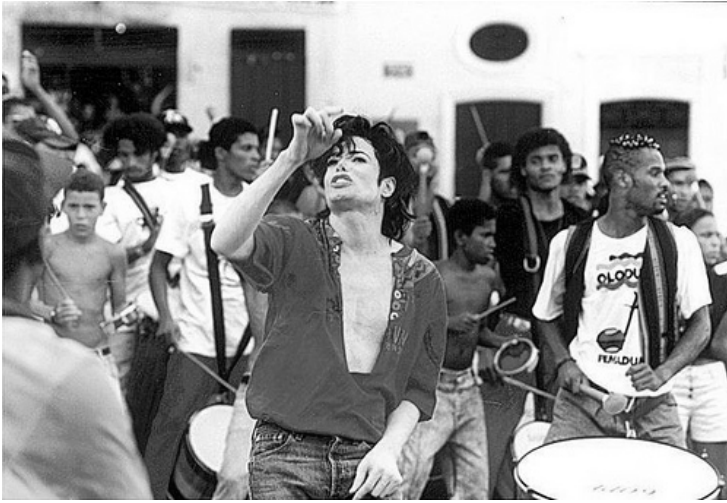
Weary
Tell Me Will You Hold Me
When Wrong, Will You Scold Me
When Lost Will You Find Me?

But They Told Me
A Man Should Be Faithful
And Walk When Not Able
And Fight Till The End
But I'm Only Human

Everyone's Taking Control Of Me
Seems That The World's
Got A Role For Me
I'm So Confused
Will You Show To Me
You'll Be There For Me
And Care Enough To Bear Me

In Our Darkest Hour
In My Deepest Despair
Will You Still Care?
Will You Be There?
In My Trials
And My Tribulations
Through Our Doubts
And Frustrations
In My Violence
In My Turbulence
Through My Fear

And My Confessions
 In My Anguish And My Pain
 Through My Joy And My Sorrow
 In The Promise Of Another Tomorrow
 I'll Never Let You Part
 For You're Always In My Heart.



THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT US

Written by Michael Jackson
 Photograph MJJ Productions

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

All I wanna say is that
 They don't really care about us
 All I wanna say is that
 They don't really care about us

Beat me, hate me
 You can never break me
 Will me, thrill me
 You can never kill me
 Jew me, Sue me
 Everybody do me
 Kick me, Kike me
 Don't you black or white me

All I wanna say is that
 They don't really care about us
 All I wanna say is that
 They don't really care about us

Tell me what has become of my life
 I have a wife and two children who love me
 I am the victim of police brutality, now
 I'm tired of bein' the victim of hate
 You're rapin' me of my pride
 Oh, for God's sake
 I look to heaven to fulfill its prophecy...
 Set me free

Tell me what has become of my rights
 Am I invisible because you ignore me?
 Your proclamation promised me free liberty, now
 I'm tired of bein' the victim of shame

They're throwing me in a class with a bad name
I can't believe this is the land from which I came
You know I do really hate to say it
The government don't wanna see
But if Roosevelt was livin'
He wouldn't let this be, no, no

Some things in life they just don't wanna see
But if Martin Luther was livin'
He wouldn't let this be

All I wanna say is that
They don't really care about us
All I wanna say is that
They don't really care about us



HEAL THE WORLD

Written by Michael Jackson

Photograph MJJ Productions

There's A Place In
Your Heart
And I Know That It Is Love
And This Place Could
Be Much
Brighter Than Tomorrow
And If You Really Try
You'll Find There's No Need
To Cry
In This Place You'll Feel

There's No Hurt Or Sorrow
There Are Ways
To Get There
If You Care Enough
For The Living
Make A Little Space
Make A Better Place

Heal The World
Make It A Better Place
For You And For Me
And The Entire Human Race
There Are People Dying
If You Care Enough
For The Living
Make A Better Place
For You And For Me
If You Want To Know Why
There's A Love That
Cannot Lie
Love Is Strong
It Only Cares For
Joyful Giving
If We Try
We Shall See
In This Bliss
We Cannot Feel
Fear Or Dread
We Stop Existing And
Start Living

And The Dream We Were

Conceived In
Will Reveal A Joyful Face
And The World We
Once Believed In
Will Shine Again In Grace
Then Why Do We Keep
Strangling Life
Wound This Earth
Crucify Its Soul
Though It's Plain To See
This World Is Heavenly
Be God's Glow

We Could Fly So High
Let Our Spirits Never Die
In My Heart
I Feel You Are All
My Brothers
Create A World With
No Fear
Together We'll Cry
Happy Tears
See The Nations Turn
Their Swords
Into Plowshares

We Could Really Get There
If You Cared Enough
For The Living
Make A Little Space
To Make A Better Place...

Heal The World
Make It A Better Place
For You And For Me
And The Entire Human Race
There Are People Dying
If You Care Enough
For The Living
Make A Better Place
For You And For Me



BLACK OR WHITE

Written by Michael Jackson

Rap Lyrics Bill Bottrell

Photograph MJJ Productions

I Am Tired Of This Stuff
I Am Tired Of This Business

So When The
 Going Gets Rough
 I Ain't Scared Of
 Your Brother
 I Ain't Scared Of No Sheets
 I Ain't Scared Of Nobody
 When The
 Goin' Gets Mean

Protection
 For Gangs, Clubs
 And Nations
 Causing Grief In
 Human Relations
 It's A Turf War
 On A Global Scale
 I'd Rather Hear Both Sides
 Of The Tale
 See, It's Not About Races
 Just Places
 Faces
 Where Your Blood
 Comes From
 Is Where Your Space Is
 I've Seen The Bright
 Get Duller
 I'm Not Going To Spend
 My Life Being A Color

Don't Tell Me You Agree With Me
 When I Saw You Kicking Dirt In My Eye

But, If You're Thinkin' About My Baby
It Don't Matter If You're Black Or White
I Said If You're Thinkin' Of Being My Brother
It Don't Matter If You're Black Or White



MAN IN THE MIRROR

Written by Siedah Garrett and Glen Ballard

Photograph MJJ Productions

Gotta make a change
For once in my life
It's gonna feel real good
Gonna make a difference
Gonna make it right

As I turned up the collar on

A favorite winter coat
 This wind is blowin' my mind
 I see the kids in the street
 With not enough to eat
 Who am I to be blind
 Pretending not to see their needs
 A summer's disregard
 A broken bottle top
 And a one man's soul
 They follow each other
 On the wind ya' know
 'Cause they got nowhere to go
 That's why I want you to know

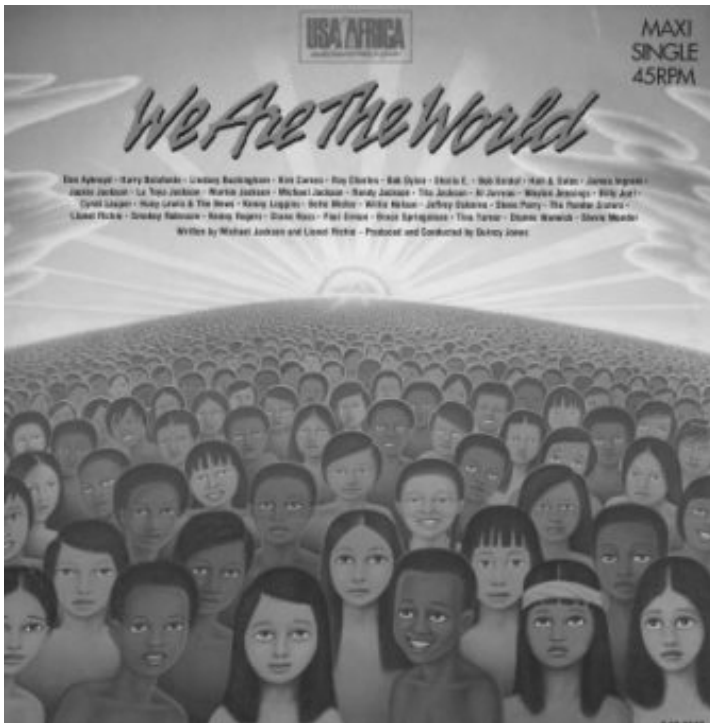
I'm starting with the man in the mirror
 I'm asking him to change his ways
 And no message could have been any clearer
 If you wanna make the world a better place
 Take a look at yourself and then make a change, yey
 Na na na, na na na, na na na na oh ho

I've been a victim of
 A selfish kinda love
 It's time that I realize
 There are some with no home
 Not a nickel to loan
 Could it be really pretending that they're not alone

A willow deeply scarred
 Somebody's broken heart
 And a washed out dream
 (Washed out dream)

They follow the pattern of the wind ya' see
 'Cause they got no place to be
 That's why I'm starting with me

I'm starting with the man in the mirror
 I'm asking him to change his ways
 And no message could have been any clearer
 If you wanna make the world a better place
 Take a look at yourself and then make a . . . change



Photograph SONY BMG, USA for Africa, Live Aid, MJJ Productions



WE ARE THE WORLD

Written by Michael Jackson and Lionel Richie

Photograph SONY BMG, USA for Africa, Live Aid, MJJ
Productions

There comes a time when we heed a certain call
When the world must come together as one
There are people dying
and its time to lend a hand to life
There greatest gift of all

We can't go on pretending day by day
That someone, somewhere will soon make a change

We are all a part of Gods great big family
And the truth, you know,
Love is all we need

We are the world, we are the children
We are the ones who make a brighter day
So let's start giving
There's a choice we're making
We're saving our own lives
It's true we'll make a brighter day
Just you and me

Send them your heart so they'll know that someone
cares
And their lives will be stronger and free
As God has shown us by turning stones to bread
So we all must lend a helping hand

We are the world, we are the children
We are the ones who make a brighter day
So let's start giving
There's a choice we're making
We're saving our own lives
It's true we'll make a brighter day
Just you and me

When you're down and out, there seems no hope at
all
But if you just believe there's no way we can fall
Let us realize that a change can only come
When we stand together as one

"Divine Mother, give us a new, true conception of brotherhood. May we forsake wars and heal the wounds of all nations with the salve of Christ-love and the lasting balm of sympathetic understanding."

[illegible]

CHAPTER TEN

Michael Jackson's Request for Meaning and Unity in the Message of his Life and Work

Within yet another week, Michael Jackson came with a few of his ancestors and a couple of friends who had crossed over previously with him. He was no longer in the purgatory previously mentioned, but rather a state of pure peace, I was allowed to feel it last night and it was truly incredible. It's a very quiet and calm state. But it is also a place where he is quietly, silently expelling the creative energy of this lifetime. He's actually trying to synchronize and unify his work into an understandable 'theology' that others can learn from in their own struggles with this life of purification.

The one thing that he wished me to convey somehow, and I'm still trying to figure out exactly how to do that - is that he wishes for people to look upon his life as a 'theology.' If you follow the story of the unusual life he lived, his life is a profound example - sometimes triumphant, sometimes tragic - of the path of purification that all of us must take into our own lusts, interior struggles and through the walk of life wherein our own personal gratification becomes less important and the matters of the suffering around us capture our attention with greater magnitude. Michael Jackson's life exemplified the triumph of creativity and the spirit but also the tragedy of human weakness, failing and untimely death.

It's a beautiful 'tragic' theology when you think

upon it in this manner, it brings what we know in mystical and moral theology as an ancient tradition to light in a modern way. In some of his earlier lyrics, you can really see that Michael Jackson wrote a lot about profound and intense lusts. Through the years, his work showed the slow progression and maturity of his soul from lusts towards love of another human being and then into the love of his fellow human beings and humanity.

Even in one of his more well-known songs - 'Dangerous,' (Written by Michael Jackson, Bill Bottrell and Teddy Riley) his lyrics speak of this temptation of lust in a profound way, but yet, later in the song, he even refers to it that way, and the need to pray to God for assistance from his lusts.

Deep In The Darkness Of
 Passion's Insanity
 I Felt Taken By Lust's
 Strange Inhumanity
 This Girl Was Persuasive
 This Girl I Could Not Trust
 The Girl Was Bad
 The Girl Was Dangerous
 Dangerous
 The Girl Is So Dangerous

I Have To Pray To God
 'Cause I Know How
 Lust Can Blind

If you take a look at the early lyrics, there was

a lot of struggle - the same struggles that all of us face - against the vices. Michael Jackson's life then becomes a modern example of how we follow the ancient lives of the mystics in the desert when we see the progression from a man filled with the desire to have his own will fulfilled in songs like 'Give in to Me' (Written by Michael Jackson and Bill Bottrell) and many others like these:

She always takes it with a heart of stone
 'Cause all she does is throw it back to me
 I've spent a lifetime looking for someone
 Don't try to understand me
 Just simply do the things I say

Love is a feeling
 Give it when I want it
 'Cause I'm on fire
 Quench my desire
 Give it when I want it
 Talk to me, woman
 Give in to me
 Give in to me

To the realization of unselfish love in 'She's Out of my Life' (Written by Tom Bahler) and others like this:

She's Out Of My Life
 She's Out Of My Life
 And I Don't Know Whether To Laugh Or Cry
 I Don't Know Whether To Live Or Die

And It Cuts Like A Knife
 She's Out Of My Life

It's Out Of My Hands
 It's Out Of My Hands
 To Think For Two Years She Was Here
 And I Took Her For Granted I Was So Cavalier
 Now The Way That It Stands
 She's Out Of My Hands

So I've Learned That Love's Not Possession
 And I've Learned That Love Won't Wait
 Now I've Learned That Love Needs Expression
 But I Learned Too Late

She's Out Of My Life
 She's Out Of My Life
 Damned Indecision And Cursed Pride
 Kept My Love For Her Locked Deep Inside
 And It Cuts Like A Knife
 She's Out Of My Life

And then onto the many works he did later
 where he took that love and made it a world
 embracing love like 'Heal the World' (Written by Michael
 Jackson):

There's A Place In
 Your Heart
 And I Know That It Is Love
 And This Place Could
 Be Much

Brighter Than Tomorrow
And If You Really Try
You'll Find There's No Need
To Cry
In This Place You'll Feel
There's No Hurt Or Sorrow

There Are Ways
To Get There
If You Care Enough
For The Living
Make A Little Space
Make A Better Place

Heal The World
Make It A Better Place
For You And For Me
And The Entire Human Race
There Are People Dying
If You Care Enough
For The Living
Make A Better Place
For You And For Me

If You Want To Know Why
There's A Love That
Cannot Lie
Love Is Strong
It Only Cares For
Joyful Giving
If We Try
We Shall See

In This Bliss
We Cannot Feel
Fear Or Dread
We Stop Existing And
Start Living

Then It Feels That Always
Love's Enough For
Us Growing
So Make A Better World
Make A Better World...

Heal The World
Make It A Better Place
For You And For Me
And The Entire Human Race
There Are People Dying
If You Care Enough
For The Living
Make A Better Place
For You And For Me

And The Dream We Were
Conceived In
Will Reveal A Joyful Face
And The World We
Once Believed In
Will Shine Again In Grace
Then Why Do We Keep
Strangling Life
Wound This Earth
Crucify Its Soul

Though It's Plain To See
This World Is Heavenly
Be God's Glow

We Could Fly So High
Let Our Spirits Never Die
In My Heart
I Feel You Are All
My Brothers
Create A World With
No Fear
Together We'll Cry
Happy Tears
See The Nations Turn
Their Swords
Into Plowshares

We Could Really Get There
If You Cared Enough
For The Living
Make A Little Space
To Make A Better Place...

Heal The World
Make It A Better Place
For You And For Me
And The Entire Human Race
There Are People Dying
If You Care Enough
For The Living
Make A Better Place
For You And For Me

He has a lot of unexpelled creative energy right now, and he is actively trying to not only 'set it off' so to speak, but to unify the work of his life into an understanding. There's a deeper message in both his music and his life that he hopes that people will reach down deep to see, because it relates to each and every one of us in our own purification path. It relates to us because we have always looked at others as 'us and them' when there truly is no distinction between us, the struggles and the pain of others is not dissimilar from our own. We judge when we have no right to be judging because of our own failings. And Michael summed it up well when he said these words in 'Will you be There' (Written by Michael Jackson):

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

For You're Always In My Heart.

I can say with absolute certainty that I have failed in living to this standard. And I know many people who do, many without realizing it. But we ARE called to this standard, are we not? Isn't this the pinnacle of purification's journey?

In Michael Jackson's music, we have more depth than we realized. His lyrics share his profound journey through vice and sin, and his redemption into a higher understanding. In 'HIStory' (Written by Michael Jackson, James Harris III, Terry Lewis) he calls all of us to the same:

How many people have to cry
 The song of pain and grief across the land
 And how many children have to die
 Before we stand to lend a healing hand
 Everybody sing...

Every day create your history
 Every path you take you're leaving your legacy
 Every soldier dies in his glory
 Every legend tells of conquest and liberty
 Every day create your history
 Every page you turn you're writing your legacy
 Every hero dreams of chivalry
 Every child should sing together in harmony
 All nations sing
 Let's harmonize all around the world
 How many victims must there be
 Slaughtered in vain across the land

And how many children must we see
 Before we learn to live as brothers
 And live as one family

So, in pondering BOTH the life and the lyrics of Michael Jackson, look upon it as a progression, a journey - a modern rendering of the purification pathway which is exemplified and open for all to see. His life is an open book, his words are an expression of the interior struggle we all face, and his progression is similar to that of every man through life as he faces maturity and the desire to do something 'more' with this life than to simply fulfill the cravings that come with being human.

As odd as it may sound, and it did to me - I struggled with deciding how to present this message - his life and song is a 'theology.' In some ways, his life and song makes the ancient teachings more understood in a modern context; but only if you do so with the keen eye of discernment.

Many of his earlier lyrics express profound pain, lusts, cravings, desires that he obviously sought to fulfill with almost a vengeance. As he matured, he began to seek love rather than lust. He learned about love from loss and failure, like all of us do. And he began to see a larger world than many of us do because he was able to travel the world and meet so many people in many different cultures. He realized the unity and oneness of all the paths because of this unique gift in his life, as he said in 'Jam' (Music by Rene Moore, Bruce Swedien, Michael Jackson, Song and Lyrics by Michael Jackson):

Nation To Nation
 All The World
 Must Come Together
 Face The Problems
 That We See
 Then Maybe Somehow We Can Work It Out
 I Asked My Neighbor
 For A Favor
 She Said Later
 What Has Come Of
 All The People
 Have We Lost Love
 Of What It's About

She Prays To God, To Buddha
 Then She Sings A
 Talmud Song
 Confusions Contradict
 The Self
 Do We Know Right
 From Wrong
 I Just Want You To
 Recognize Me
 In The Temple
 You Can't Hurt Me
 I Found Peace
 Within Myself

And maybe by examining the life and legend
 of this simple human being with a profoundly large
 gift, we can learn something that is ancient and true
 of all nations and all peoples in all times and ages in

in Michael Jackson's words, maybe we can 'Go With It' and say along with Michael simply 'It aint too much for me.'

And in remembering his legacy, let's not forget that triumph always comes with tragedy and that the beauty of his life is in its profound truth and humanity. And the beauty of his lyrics are in the profundity of his honesty - in triumph, success, pain and temptation. That's what the path of purification is all about, and in a sense there is a 'theology' in both the 'LIFE' and the 'LYRICS' of Michael Jackson which bears some similarities to seekers from all ages of time.

But you have to be willing to see it, to look at it in its entirety in order to understand it. But by understanding it, we become more compassionate human beings ourselves - and we will also become more honest, true and most importantly REAL.

When we become real to one another, we become able to be there for one another. And it is in the magic of this realism, honesty and truthfulness about our humanity, that we are able to capture each one for the other what Michael Jackson so well spoke in 'I'll be There' (Written by Barry Gordy, Bob Davis, Hal Davis, Willie Hutch):

You and I must make a pact
 We must bring salvation back
 Where there is love, I'll be there
 I'll reach out my hand to you
 I'll have faith in all you do
 Just call my name and I'll be there

And in 'You are Not Alone' (Written by R. Kelly):

Another day has gone
I'm still all alone
How could this be
You're not here with me
You never said goodbye
Someone tell me why
Did you have to go
And leave my world so cold

Every day I sit and ask myself
How did love slip away
Something whispers in my ear and says
That you are not alone
For I am here with you
Though you're far away
I am here to stay

You are not alone
For I am here with you
Though you're far away
I am here to stay
For you are not alone
For I am here with you
Though we're far apart
You're always in my heart

I can hear your prayers
Your burdens I will bear
But first I need your hand
Then forever can begin

And in the end, this is where the path of purification begins and ends . . . 'The Man in the Mirror' (Written by Siedah Garrett and Glen Ballard):

Gotta make a change
 For once in my life
 It's gonna feel real good
 Gonna make a difference
 Gonna make it right

I'm starting with the man in the mirror
 I'm asking him to change his ways
 And no message could have been any clearer
 If you wanna make the world a better place
 Take a look at yourself and then make a change

I've been a victim of
 A selfish kinda love
 It's time that I realize
 There are some with no home
 Not a nickel to loan
 Could it be really pretending that they're not alone

A willow deeply scarred
 Somebody's broken heart
 And a washed out dream
 (Washed out dream)
 They follow the pattern of the wind ya' see
 'Cause they got no place to be
 That's why I'm starting with me

I'm starting with the man in the mirror

I'm asking him to change his ways
 And no message could have been any clearer
 If you wanna make the world a better place
 Take a look at yourself and then make a change

***"He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord
 God will wipe away the tears from off all faces."***

The Holy Bible, King James Version, Isaiah 25:8 (Christianity, Judaism)

***"They who know the Path indeed, leading to its
 calming down, they can find the heart's release, they
 can be by wisdom freed."***

An Anthology from the Samyutta Nikaya, By John D. Ireland, Translated by
 M.O. C. Walshe, Part III, #67 (Buddhism, Words of the Buddha)

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

Michael Jackson's Life - A Story as Old as the Ascetic Mystics

About purification, the Philokalia (an ancient sacred text written by the early desert fathers) says thus:

"Because we are now mastered by the passions and succumb to a host of temptations we cannot in our age attain to those states that characterize sanctity - I mean real spiritual contemplation of the divine light, an intellect free from fantasy and distraction, the true energy of prayer ceaselessly flowing from the depths of the heart, the soul's resurrection and ascension, divine rapture, the soaring beyond the limits of this world, the mind's ecstasy in the spirit above all things sensory, the ravishment of the intellect above even its own powers, the angelic flight of the soul impelled by God towards what is infinite and utterly sublime. The intellect - especially in the more superficial among us - tends to picture these states prematurely to itself, and this way it loses even the slight stability God has given it . . . Hence we must exercise great discrimination and not to try to pre-empt things that come in their own good time."

The Philokalia, By St. Gregory of Sinai, Volume IV, On Commandments and Doctrines (Christianity, Words of St. Gregory of Sinai, Early Desert Father.)

In trying to understand the journey which was being undertaken by Michael Jackson during his life

and now after, it is essential to take a moment to understand the nature of the great mystics, ascetics and sages from throughout history.

Many think of these people as great saints, but they do not realize that these were profoundly unusual people in their time. Going through periods of profound engagement in the world and then leaving it in order to deal with their own inner struggles towards vice, these were men and women who embraced every aspect and portion of their humanity.

While they sought out the highest ecstasy and knowledge of God, they also experienced great depths of despair and lives of turbulence and temptation. It was this humanness which led them to seek the divine.

Although we tend to look back on these great souls in a manner which tends to put them on a pedestal, these were actually individuals who were considered outside the norms of their day. Many of them were thought to be entirely insane. All of them were outcasts to the people of their own time. It is important to also know that each of these experienced their humanness with a greater knowledge than others. And they achieved their divine realization by the acceptance of their human nature.

“Our fallen self desires in a way that opposes our spiritual self, our spiritual self in a way that opposes our fallen self (Galatians 5:17) and in this relentless warfare between the two each strives for victory and control over the other . . . So long as we are reft by the turmoil of our thoughts, and so long as we are ruled

***and constrained by our fallen self, we are self
fragmented and cut off . . . "***

The Philokalia, By Nikitas Stithatos, Volume IV, On Spiritual Knowledge
(Christianity)

"Let body needs dwindle and soul decisions increase."

The Essential Rumi, Translations by Coleman Barks with John Moyne, Chapter 6,
Controlling the Desire Body (Islam, Sufism, Words of Rumi)

In 'The Holy Teaching of Vimalakurti' the Sainted Buddhist teacher states that it is by 'entering into' the oceans of passions that one can conquer them.

Rumi, the great Sufi mystic told his followers to 'live the wantings,' move with them as they might come and go so as not to get stuck in one of them. The 'wantings,' in Sufism, refer not only to the urgency of lovers to have one another but to the searcher for truth. These 'wantings' lead from the earthly desires to the heavenly desires, and disallowing the natural progression of the human being to experience his humanness only retards rather than progresses the seekers progress towards the goal which is God.

***"Consider the difference in our actions and God's
actions. We often ask, 'Why did you do that?' or
'Why did I act like that?' We do act, and yet
everything we do is God's creative action. We look
back and analyze the events of our lives, but there is
another way of seeing, a backward-and-forward-at-
once vision that is not rationally understandable.
Only God can understand it."***

The Essential Rumi, Translations by Coleman Barks with John Moyne, Chapter
27, The Turn: Dance in your Blood (Islam, Sufism, Words of Rumi)

St. Paul spoke openly of the manner in which his own members fought against him in his spiritual warfare within himself.

"We know that the law is spiritual, whereas I am weak flesh sold into the slavery of sin. I cannot even understand my own actions. I do not do what I want to do but what I hate. When I act against my own will, by that very fact I agree that the law is good. This indicates that it is not I who do it but sin which resides in me. I know that no good dwells in me, that is, in my flesh; the desire to do right is there but not the power. What happens is that I do, not the good I will to do, but the evil I do not intend. But if I do what is against my will, it is not I who do it, but sin which dwells in me. This means that even though I want to do what is right, a law that leads to wrongdoing is always ready at hand. My inner self agrees with the law of God, but I see in my body's members another law at war with the law of my mind; this makes me the prisoner of the law of sin in my members. What a wretched man I am! Who can free me from this body under the power of death? All praise to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord! So with my mind I serve the law of God but with my flesh the law of sin."

New Testament, New American Version, Romans 7:14-25 (Christianity, Words of St. Paul)

The profound and greatly loved saint of Hinduism, Paramahansa Yogananda, spent many of his years teaching on this very subject. He called the desire to seek God, the 'desire that satisfies all desires.'

"Material desires come through certain mistaken conceptions about the purpose of life. This earth is not our home. The scriptures have told us we are children of God, made in His image, and that it is the will of the Divine that we return to our Source. What man does not realize is that unless and until he goes back to the source, back to God, he will have to struggle to fulfill endless desires. Reflect on that. Man cannot help having desires, and it is not a sin to have them; but most human longings hamper fulfillment of the supreme desire to return to God."

Man's Eternal Quest, By Paramahansa Yogananda, The Desire that Satisfies all Desires (Hinduism, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)

Paramahansa Yogananda subscribed to his followers that the best way to conquer desires born of delusion was to remain even-minded no matter what might happen to us in the material world.

In proclaiming the beatitudes, Jesus Christ exalted our human suffering and made our humanness our greatest path to God:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say

*all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your
 reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets
 which were before you."*

New Testament, King James Version, Matthew 5: 3-12 (Christianity, Words of
 Jesus Christ)

Michael Jackson lived a life that was very human. In the lyrics from his song 'Will you be There', (Written by Michael Jackson) Michael asked the eternal human question that we all ask interiorly of those we hope will love us in all our human failings and weaknesses:

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

"Grief is better than happiness, because in grief a person draws close to God. Your wings open. A tent is set up in the desert where God can visit you."

The Drowned Book, Baha'u'ddin, Father of Rumi, Lust Alone does not Create
(Islam, Sufism, Words of Rumi's Father Baha'u'ddin)

And despite all the gifts that he brought to our world, Michael Jackson was persecuted and experienced much pain, sorrow, grief, loss, loneliness and abandonment.

His story was as old as the desert ascetics. But they, too, were considered outcasts in their day; because they lived life fully - in their humanity - and then in their quest to rise above it.

They, too, were abandoned by those who once exalted them. They, too, stood out from the crowd which was unable to discern their uniqueness as the sign of a great seeker in their midst.

Like all of us, Michael had vices. Ironically, the nature of his vices were the most common among men: vanity, greed and lust for women. Because of his unique circumstances in that he had the wealth and position to indulge those vices, he would now have to engage in a process of contemplation through the divine mind in order to cleanse his garments to white.

It is the nature of purification that we must learn the value of our own soul in contradiction to the things that we cherished on earth; innocently perhaps, but incorrectly.

"The soul is greater than anything you ever lost."

The Drowned Book, Baha'u'ddin, Father of Rumi Lust Alone does not Create
(Islam, Sufism, Words of Rumi's Father Baha'u'ddin)

***"Let body needs dwindle and soul decisions increase.
Diminish what you give your physical self. Your
spiritual eye will begin to open."***

The Essential Rumi, Translations by Coleman Barks with John Moyne, Chapter 6,
Controlling the Desire Body (Islam, Sufism, Words of Rumi)

When the time of Redemption nears, the Lord draws closer. And it is at this time that His great mercy is shown to the sincere soul in the form of understanding. And that which we have misunderstood is seen in the light of God's eye, and we become able to step ever higher towards his all holy mansions.

If further purification were required, then let it begin.

***"Man may dismiss compassion from his heart, but
God will never."***

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

***"Life springs into existence without a visible source
and is reabsorbed into that Infinite."***

Chuang Tsu, By Lao Tzu, (Taoism, Words of Lao Tzu)

***"The soul, stirred to its depths and maddened by
heavenward yearning, is drawn by the truly Existent
Being and pulled upward by Him."***

Philo, By Philo (Jewish Mystical Philosopher)

***"Not even through deep knowledge can the Self be
reached, unless evil ways are abandoned, and there is
rest in the senses, concentration in the mind, and
peace in one's heart . . . When the wise man rests his
mind in contemplation on our God beyond time, who
invisibly dwells in the mystery of things and in the***

heart of man, then he rises above both pleasures and sorrows."

Katha Upanishad, Translated by Juan Mascaro (Hinduism)

"People are of two natures. If they were of one kind, nothing more could be said. If there were not two natures, how could God make this thing called a human being? Everyone under heaven is divided in accordance with this divine truth of the two natures - body and spirit. One God makes both."

The Lost Sutras of Jesus, Translated by Ray Riegert and Thomas Moore
(Christianity/Taoism)

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PART THREE:

THE AFTERLIFE

EXPERIENCES

THE SECOND MONTH

CHAPTER TWELVE

Michael Jackson takes me to the Heavenly Spaces where his Music was born

The ambience was spectacular as we entered into a spacious realm in the Galactic heavens. Michael Jackson's hair was long, curly and black; tied behind his head. He was wearing all blue; a dark deep blue which reflected the space his soul was now entering in its journey. The deep blue corresponds with the third-eye chakra, the area where the psychic gifts first begin and converge in each one of us.

This is the place wherein creativity is first seeded in a person as they enter into the world as a soul. Without this third-eye chakra, the deep intense blue energy of the soul's first intercourse with God, creativity of a heavenly nature could not make its way into this realm and much of what we take for granted as the genius of human beings would not exist here in this realm, because it would have been unable to descend from heaven in the first place.

Within moments, Michael Jackson and I were

standing in a black area of endless space. But above and around us was this deep blue permeating the blackness and above us in the infinite heavens was a swirling cloud of white sparkly lights. It looked very much like a whirlpool of light but it was so huge and voluminous, Michael and I just stared at it in wonder and awe.

But what really overwhelmed me was not this unbelievably beautiful sight which surrounded us, or even the peaceful and friendly person next to me who was now beginning to feel more like a friend of mine than a distant star; but the music . . .

The music surrounded us, it filled us. I could not only hear the music, but taste it, feel it, see it and touch it.

Michael Jackson had taken me to the realm wherein much of his music had actually originated in the mind of God. It was so awesome in its splendor I can barely even express how it filled me.

This wasn't as unusual to me as it might have been to another person who had not yet experienced this. Because I had written music myself, although of a different nature than Michael Jackson, I had experienced this vast infinity before. Every time I had written a song, it had come to me in a similar way. My spirit would be taken to various realms wherein I would hear the music in its perfection, and I would attempt in my human imperfection to capture as much of the sound as I could back on earth when I returned to my body.

But because of my own limitations musically, there were many beautiful realms of music wherein I

was unable to bring back what I had heard. Symphonies of light and sound beyond the scope of my human consciousness to bring from heaven to earth.

Among the music I had brought back, I had captured only the smallest portion of what God had originally created in the heavenly realms, because of musical limitations upon the earth.

Michael Jackson, on the other hand, was so well gifted upon the earth that the music I was hearing - although it reached beyond even the splendor that Michael had managed to achieve in his earthly tour - was so close to what he had captured, I was amazed and truly honored to witness the spectacle.

Music was playing all around me, as if at the same time, but yet I was hearing everything separately at the same time. It was spectacular. In particular, I remember hearing the music to 'I'll be There' (Written by Barry Gordy, Bob Davis, Hal Davis, Willie Hutch) clearly and repetitively in a way which permeated my consciousness and really moved my soul. It was like Michael Jackson wished for these words in particular to be imprinted upon my spirit, and I really felt and was moved interiorly by them as if God was speaking them to me personally:

You and I must make a pact
 We must bring salvation back
 Where there is love, I'll be there
 I'll reach out my hand to you
 I'll have faith in all you do

Just call my name and I'll be there

And the part that would ring in my head
throughout the remainder of the night and days to
come:

I'll be there
I'll be there
Just call my name
And I'll be there

I heard Michael's voice singing this along with
the heavenly choir of angels to me over and over
again like a divine command of some kind.

The presence of God was palpable in every
pore of our beings.

Michael Jackson took my hand as he turned to
look deeply into my eyes. The heavenly choir
continued to sing all the songs of World Peace, Unity
and Love which had been written for him to sing.
This was the place where those songs had come from.
I knew instantaneously that some of his music had
come from other realms, but we were experiencing
the realm where the culmination of his message had
truly originated.

Everything playing all at once, but yet as if
separately, I said nothing but looked back at him
deeply, too. God's presence was so palpably all
around us, within us and within every sound that
seemed to touch every one of our senses.

Michael Jackson's look was intense. We both
fell to our knees in honor at this moment in unison.

For several moments, I understood the honor of this special time with Michael Jackson. Because at this exact time, I was not just realizing, but profoundly 'knowing' the origin of this music.

Perhaps I had guessed it before, but right now, I *knew* that these were God's songs and they'd originated right here in this unbelievably holy place from the heart of God, to the mouths of angels to the spirit and mind of Michael Jackson on earth. And somehow, Michael Jackson was so gifted that he was able to reproduce it almost to perfection as the original vision had been given to him by God.

Wow. This was a special moment, as I recall it my entire body is covered in goose bumps and the same special and holy feeling I'd held in the moment.

Michael Jackson very gently released my hand and nodded that it was time for me to go. The heavenly symphonies of sound were still singing in my head as I slowly returned to the physical realm in awe of what I had just seen.

"O Father, when I was blind I found not a door that led to Thee. Thou hast healed my eyes; now I discover doors everywhere: the hearts of flowers, the voices of friendship, memories of lovely experiences. Each gust of my prayer opens a new entrance to the vast temple of Thy presence."

Whispers from Eternity, By Paramahansa Yogananda (Hinduism, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Michael Jackson instills within me the Appreciation of the Most Beautiful thing in the World

My soul was entranced as I again, the very next day, returned to see Michael Jackson. But this eve he was not in the realm we had occupied before. Soaring through the space of the heavenly spheres I came upon a realm which was filled with a yellow and fine greenish light. Triangles of light seemed to shoot out from this place, yellow and fine green.

Michael Jackson appeared glorious in this heavenly realm. My first glimpse of him touched me beyond measure. Surrounded by children in heaven, Michael was wearing a glowing yellowish shirt. His hair was long, curly and black; tied behind his head as he seemed to often appear.

His smile was so wide in the presence of the children and they were literally swarming him like a father. It wasn't because he was Michael Jackson. It was because this was a very natural thing for Michael Jackson to be doing in the afterlife. In his face, the broad and glistening smile showed how much he loved these children and the particular realm he had drawn me into this eve.

What was so spectacular, however, was these triangular shooting lights, almost like diamond lights of yellow and very fine, fine green. It was a celestial high green, very light, dim - but brilliant in its splendor.

Laughing amongst the children, Michael Jackson had no appearance of someone who had undergone scandals in his life regarding them.

It appeared that he had taken on some kind of role in assisting some children who had died and he was profoundly gifted at doing this.

For quite some time, he just allowed me to watch him interacting with the children and didn't say anything to me; although he acknowledged my presence from the distance with a glance.

The realm was serene and filled with celestial versions of the natural wonders of an earthly landscape. Playing iridescently in an open fine green field, they were surrounded by glistening trees and flowers of every earthly color and many others I'd never before seen, except in heavenly realms.

Suddenly, Michael Jackson came towards me. Leaving the crowd of children behind him, he walked right up to me and said, "Do you know what the most beautiful sound in the world is?" Looking at him, I didn't respond. "It's not only the most beautiful sound in the world," he said, "but in heaven, too." I didn't answer him, but just looked at him expectantly.

Then something totally unexpected happened without warning and it literally almost knocked me off of my feet. I heard a voice calling to me. "Mommy, Mommy! I love you, can you come play with me?" It was my son. I was so taken with the sound, I fell to my feet and began looking around frantically because I suddenly realized that this was the most beautiful sound on earth and in heaven, the sound of a child's voice.

Michael Jackson smiled at me very happily. I heard the voice of my son calling me again. "Mommy, Mommy! I love you, can you play with me?"

Looking at me with understanding, Michael said, "Go to your son. You never know how long you have to hear the most beautiful thing in the world and in heaven. Go to him. Go to the most beautiful thing. Go . . . " Despite the fact that you would think that there would be deep sadness in this moment for him, because this wisdom he had just imparted to me had come from the fact that he had learned this because of his own premature death and separation from his own children, he was not sad. He was focused on my welfare and the welfare of my own children.

But I got it. His eyes conveyed to mine that I especially could not take for granted the time I might have with my children. I already had a terminal illness, and he looked at me with a gaze which made me feel that the day and hour of my passing which appeared to be already known to him would not allow me to take such things for granted.

It was such a kindness on his part, because in hearing my son's voice, I wanted so very desperately to go to him immediately. Something happened when I heard his voice, the beauty of that little voice had been energetically imparted to me. It was urgent, I had to go to him right now.

And in a final act of kindness, Michael Jackson again said, "Go, it's okay. I'm okay. Go . . . hear the most beautiful thing in the world and in heaven. Do it now." His kindness was in refusing his own sorrow to be a part of my education in this matter. The focus

was entirely on me. In hindsight even, I feel that it was so selfless on his part.

Within seconds, I was returning my body and awaking to form, anxious to go spend time with the most beautiful things in the world and in heaven and to hear those voices in a new, expanded and enlightened light.

"Your children are not your children. They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself. They come through you but not from you, and though they are with you yet they belong not to you. You may give them your love but not your thoughts, for they have their own thoughts. You may house their bodies but not their souls, for their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams."

The Prophet, By Khalil Gibran, On Children (Mystic Poet)

"The world itself rests upon the breath of the children in the schoolhouse."

The Talmudic Anthology, Edited by Louis Neumann and Samuel Spitz,
Children, Shabbat, 119b (Judaism)

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Michael Jackson's Scream in the Wilderness on his Second Round through Purgatory

"Every man, however good, has a yet better man within him. When the outer man is unfaithful to his deeper convictions, the hidden man whispers a protest. The name of this whisper in the soul is conscience."

Friedrich Heinrich Alexander Von Humboldt (Christianity) [12,000 Quotations,
Frank S. Mead]

Having awoken spiritually from my actual physical home to another home which represented my home energetically, my eyes opened in the spirit to notice that I was lying in a cabin in the mountains.

Although we live in a mountain town of about 5,000 people, we do live in town in reality. But we are truly on the verge of mountains, mesa's, canyons and every form of natural wonder within five minutes of where we live.

Our home was portrayed as in the center of a small valley between several huge peaks. It was Springtime, the time of birthing and all around us in the mountain environment was alive with life, green with new growth and bright like the morning sun. It was as if it were morning and the dew still stalked the leaves. My children were with me.

A young man entered the room who appeared to be there as an envoy of sorts. Because, as usual, I'd been a bit on the sick side, he said, "You have to learn to better balance your emotional daily needs with the unpredictable physical needs you have every day."

Looking at him, I acknowledged that I understood energetically what he was saying.

It was very difficult to manage a chronic and painful condition and try to maintain a normal life. Planning things was very difficult, and oftentimes you simply couldn't do the things you'd promised others you would. And you always felt like you were letting people down with your limitations and their expectations, especially when you're struck young with such disease and have children. He was completely correct, I would have to learn to balance these things with more grace.

As I laid there on a couch in the living room of this cabin like home which was representative of our real home, the winds kicked up with unbelievable fervor. Strengthening with every second, the winds outside became so fierce, it appeared impossible that our home could stand - it was like a typhoon.

But the young man remained calm as he already knew that our foundation was very strong. Despite storms which had rocked our family for several years now since my husband had moved out due to abuse, our foundation was rock solid. The home did not budge in the fiery winds. It stood in total stillness while nature raged outside.

The young man stood up to go and smiled. "Your foundation is strong, have no fear." He said, as he turned to go and disappeared.

Suddenly, my middle daughter and I were walking along a mountain path aside a clear and luminescent river in the mountains outside our home. The winds had died down and all was now calm.

Beside the river, we were watching the salmon who were swimming around in great number. Interestingly, just the day before, we had been sitting in the physical world right next to a pond watching a lot of ducks. We were intrigued with what their lives were like and what animals like them might actually think about.

As we watched the salmon, I heard Michael Jackson's voice. He was not yet with us, we were alone on the path, but he said, "You need to realize that you are mountain people, you really are, and you need to embrace it." Again, I understood this. Embracing the life of the mountains was embracing a life of naturalness and being much more in unity with God's creation. It allowed you to remove a lot of the noise that comes with the modern world. His words confirmed that choosing a path of silence and retreat could be destined and it was in our case.

*"I won't even stop at the valley's brook for fear that
my shadow may flow into the world."*

Moon in a Dewdrop, By Zen Master Dogen (Buddhism, Zen, Words of Dogen)

It was not in any way a condemnation of those who are called to be more in the world, but rather, a confirmation that our choice to do otherwise was also okay. It was our destiny.

Mary and I were laughing and tromping along the path watching the salmon. They were just quietly swimming because the river was very calm. They did not have to fight with or against any current, they were just in a state of simple existence.

It was beautiful out here in the mountains.

And suddenly, my spirit was transported to another home which was about an acre up the road from ours in this iridescent mountain setting. Although our cabin represented our home on earth (which was in actuality a doublewide), in the spirit, our house had been standing isolated in the middle of nowhere. But now, a new home had been built just a couple of hops, skips and a jump up the mountain valley.

Michael Jackson was standing outside looking towards the peaks in his new mountain valley home. He was alone now. He was wearing something made of gold. But his energy tonight was quite different than what I'd been allowed to see so far of him.

He was experiencing an anger and rage I'd never seen in him, but of course, I've seen it in myself many times.

In his hand was some kind of electronic device, perhaps a cell phone, I couldn't tell because he came out with such rage that he slammed it onto the railing of the deck and it was smashed. He screamed out his rage into the safe mountains where he could have this moment privately. It was reminiscent of his song 'Scream,' although he was not dressed at all like he was in that video. Again, he was wearing a garment from head to toe which was all in glistening gold.

I was actually now floating outside his second floor deck watching from an eye-level. Several things ran through my mind and I felt many different feelings. Perhaps he was finally feeling his anger about his untimely death, I could feel how untimely it truly was in that moment. Maybe he was angry about

losing the life he had with his children. But I also wondered and sincerely felt it was possible he was expressing some kind of rage also towards the technological world that had torn him apart.

By breaking the electronic device, it was almost an act of defiance against the things which had torn at him, his life and his gift. After all, we were in the middle of the quietest and most natural place you could possibly be. It was the only electronic device in the place.

"Michael," I asked him, "please tell me what you're angry about, I want to help you." He just screamed out again in rage and the expungement of some very viable and intense emotions.

I could feel the spirit was beginning to pull me away, so again, I urgently requested, "Please Michael, tell me what you're angry about before I have to go." There was no judgment here about his anger, he was in a safe place to release it. I wanted to be able to help him more specifically, but he wouldn't answer me.

For a moment, I entered into his rage. It did feel like it was a combination of all these things and possibly more. It was my turn to be there for him, and the words and music to a song of his I'd never really heard came to my mind spontaneously. 'Ben,' (Written by Walter Scharf and Don Black) emanated from my spirit to his, but I conveyed it to him using his own name:

Michael, the two of us need look no more
 We both found what we were looking for
 With my friend to call my own
 I'll never be alone

And you my friend will see,
 you've got a friend in me
 Michael, you're always running here and there
 You feel you're not wanted anywhere
 If you ever look behind and don't like what you find
 There's something you should know, you've got a
 place to go

Michael, most people would turn you away
 I don't listen to a word they say
 They don't see you as I do
 I wish they would try to
 I'm sure they'd think again if they had a friend like
 you

For a moment, Michael was silent as this energetic exchange took place between us. He looked moved, but was not ready to talk about or expunge the causes which had led to the rage he was experiencing. It was not an issue of unwillingness, but simple timing. This was some kind of rage that *had* to be let out, expressed and released. He had come to a safe place to do it in this mountain abode where only he and I dwelled. So he could feel safe in doing whatever would be necessary. And this was absolutely necessary for his purification.

"Michael," I said again urgently, as the spirit was now dragging me away quickly, "It's okay. Keep letting it out. I'll be back to help you if you need me to whenever you call. I'll help you understand and expunge this." His scream rang across the horizon as echoes rounded up on echoes.

Sometimes part of the purification path we take after death is to just let things like this out. In my heart, I knew that he was finally grasping the finality of his untimely death and all the ramifications that came with it. These powerful emotions had to now come out in the safe place he had created for us to do it together. And like my house, his home would withstand the storm to come. He had a strong enough foundation.

Within moments, regrettably, I was being pulled back into my body. It felt unfinished, but yet, I also knew it was simply necessary. And Michael had entered into another purgatory of sorts. It would be painful to watch, but necessary to move through.

"One night a man was crying, Allah! Allah! His lips grew sweet with the praising, until a cynic said, 'So! I have heard you calling out, but have you ever gotten any response?' The man had no answer to that. He quit praying and fell into a confused sleep. He dreamed he saw Khidr, the guide of souls, in a thick green foliage. 'Why did you stop praising?' 'Because I never heard anything back.' 'This longing you express IS the return message. The grief you cry out from draws you toward union. Your pure sadness that wants help is the secret cup.'"

The Essential Rumi, Translations by Coleman Barks and John Moyne, Chapter 14, The Howling Necessity: Cry Out in your Weakness (Islam, Sufism, Words of Rumi)

"An explosive shout cracks the great empty sky.

Immediately clear self-understanding."

Moon in a Dewdrop, By Zen Master Dogen (Buddhism, Zen, Words of Dogen)

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Michael Jackson's Time of Many Snows

Just one night later, the snows had already come. In this beautiful and remote mountain valley, despite the fact that it remained summer in the human world, the snows had come like a torrent in the night and there was no way out on all sides as all the passes were completely snowed out.

It was black as night, but the white of the snow was iridescent in the darkness. Not a sound remained in the air, because all had gone to sleep for the winter.

Lying on a couch in my remote cabin in the valley, several people were there in spirit to assist me in holding the vibration necessary to keep the purgatorial winds moving within the spirit of Michael Jackson.

Michael remained in his own abode which was just a short walk away from ours. But we were not able to see it as it was dark and black as night. Just a single lantern lit up the small room.

Remaining flat on my back in a deep meditative posture, my energy and Michael's were connecting on a deep level well beneath his pain. He, too, was now unconscious. The screams had been released, the anger expunged and now all was silent.

In the darkness and the cold, Michael's soul and mine were connecting on a level beneath the rage and anger he'd so skillfully expunged the night before. In this place, there was quiet pain, but no emotion. On an energetic level, we were funneling energy back and forth. He was sending the vibrations

of that pain towards my soul which in deep meditative silence would transmute it into a higher understanding.

Returning the pain to him energetically, it came back to him less pungent. There was a silence in its return.

As we continued, the energies that were coming to me from him were light blue - he was now surrounded in a light sky blue - and his energies were coming to me in that color. But my energies were a light pink and I was returning those energies to him as light pink.

Light blue is the color of the throat chakra which manifests creativity and obviously sound. His screaming the previous night had to come through his throat chakra, so we were now bringing that to another level.

In Michael Jackson's life, he obviously had to utilize the throat chakra a great deal, but he had kept a lot of his pain in the throat, as well. Much of his life involved unexpressed pain, and this was why this purification was so vital and necessary for him.

The pink energies were of a very high vibration, in reality, the high level pink of the mystics. It's a hue that is not shown on the chakric charts because it actually goes above the crown chakra and into the heavenly centers above wherein God-communication can be achieved.

As the blue energies continued to come towards me, I continually transformed them into the high pink and sent them back. At one point during this transformative process, the blue energies

encircled me like a spiral and a higher voice made known to me that it was vital that in this particular case, the pale blue energies had to be completely united to the higher pink.

It became almost like a rushing whirlwind around my soul as the pale blues continued spiraling around me, but took on the high level pink next to it creating a merging of the two paths.

Now the energies were spiraling in a singular chord of pale blue and pink together as one.

In that moment, I understood that there was something from the higher mystic realms that had to be united to this pale blue energy from the throat chakra of this highly creative individual. It was necessary.

In a rush of wind, the energies merged and began flowing into one another and up through my chakric column and above my head and off into the dark and black night towards the home shortly in the distance wherein Michael was similarly holding the meditative concentration to complete this process.

"Constant, slow movement teaches us to keep working like a small creek that stays clear, that doesn't stagnate, but finds a way through numerous details, deliberately."

The Essential Rumi, Translations by Coleman Barks and John Moyne, Chapter 24, Wished for Song: Secret Practices (Islam, Sufism, Words of Rumi)

At this moment, I understood that there was something very important about Michael's journey which had to be shared. It was not something I can feel the words for, but rather, an understanding that

went beyond the urgency of the moment to a simulation of the contraindications of his lifetime of contradiction, confusion and enlightenment - all mixed into one package.

As these energies began flowing, I felt a unity between the paths of the ancient mystics and the path that Michael Jackson had taken in his own seeking for the truth.

Interestingly, what made this fascinating was that Michael had just become a modern example of a desert father. Spending a good portion of his life caught up in desire and vice, he had given this up at some point to seek out a higher ideal. Rather than journey into a cave like the desert mystics, he had gone into his own seclusion.

Tragically, part of that seclusion involved other vices and drugs which eventually would be his downfall. But in that seclusion and pain, he had also captured the spark of humanity within his own soul that so many others lacked in their human existence.

Because he himself had felt so much pain, he had become capable of understanding and feeling the pain of others and this transcended himself and entered into his throat chakra and became music and art which inspired the world.

But alongside that kind of gift, was a deep and moving pain that comes with this kind of gift. Many of the mystics had felt this deeply in their own lives. The ability to touch into the pain of humanity brings with it heart wrenching, palpable emotion.

But it was what made Michael Jackson who he eventually came to be, a mystic. This was the spirit

which could grab a hold of him in a hotel room in Europe somewhere and fill him with the music which became 'The Earth Song' (Written by Michael Jackson) containing within it all the pain and suffering encompassed across the entire earth.

For a moment, it almost felt ridiculous, but at the same time it did not. It made perfect sense. The high pink energies coming from the mystics of old were helping me to energetically understand that in Michael's life filled with both greatness and profound pain, was the heart of a mystic.

But he had taken the path that many of his predecessors had taken before him in years past and created a living, palpable legend of the path of the spirit for the modern day - the sinner, the saint.

"The mystic who offers his special experience of living to others may be ridiculed or ignored by a materialistic epoch, but the fact is that he belongs to a continuing tradition that extends backward to the beginnings of human culture. And because this experience is rooted in what is basic and best in the human entity, the tradition will extend forward so long as any culture remains at all."

The Sensitives: Dynamics and Dangers of Mysticism, By Paul Brunton, Volume Eleven, The Notebooks of Paul Brunton (Philosophic Foundation, Words of Paul Brunton)

Buddhism's Milarepa was an evil sorcerer before he became Tibet's most beloved desert saint.

Catholicism's St. Paul participated in the martyrdom of St. Stephen before he became the greatest missionary Christianity has ever known.

But there was silence in this understanding. Michael and I never spoke, we remained in isolated meditation processing the energy back and forth quietly without a word. These understandings came quietly to me as I felt the presence of the mystics communicating to me from the highest, finest pink place of energy. And I was in awe of the respect that they held for this soul.

The whirlwinds of pale blue energy kept coming from him and into me. The cyclones of high pink energies kept coming from my interior and merging and transforming his pale blue and going back towards him in a wider, more powerful and quiet energy.

The black of the night never lifted and the white of the snow remained cold and frozen. Silently, we communicated from a distance, never seeing the other as we processed that pain, that misunderstanding and that deep, profound and meaningful heart of a man who'd been misunderstood, misjudged and mistreated.

Who we are before God has nothing to do with the judgments of men, but only with the mysterious knowledge that the Lord bears of our true soul intentions.

So I remained silent, continued processing the energies and never uttered a word.

"Ibn Khafif Shirzi tells this story: 'I heard that there were two great masters in Egypt, so I hurried to reach their presence. When I arrived I saw two magnificent teachers meditating. I greeted them three times, but they did not answer. I meditated with them for four

days. Each day I begged them to talk with me, since I had come such a long way. Finally the younger one opened his eyes. 'Ibn Khafif, life is short. Use the portion that's left to deepen yourself. Don't waste time greeting people. I asked him to give me some advice. 'Stay in the presence of those who remind you of your lord, who not only speak wisdom, but are that.' Then we went back into meditation."

The Essential Rumi, Translations by Coleman Barks and John Moyne, Chapter 15, Teaching Stories: How the Unseen Works (Islam, Sufism, Words of Rumi)

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Michael Jackson Enters Into the Great Silence

"Immortals are mortal, mortals immortal, each living the death and dying the life of the other."

Selections from Early Greek Philosophy, By Milton C. Nahm, Heraclitus
(Philosophers, Words of Heraclitus)

"I am gone like the shadow when it declineth."

The Holy Bible, King James Version, Psalm 109:23 (Christianity, Judaism)

"The living and the dead, the waking and the sleeping, the young and the old, these are the same; the former are moved about and become the latter, the latter in turn become the former."

Selections from Early Greek Philosophy, By Milton C. Nahm, Heraclitus
(Philosophers, Words of Heraclitus)

Into the great silence we descended. When the energy of this life is processed fully and completely, the silence descends like a shadow on the soul and all becomes completely quiet.

At this moment, there is nothing more to say or do. All becomes still in the presence of the all holy God.

As Michael Jackson had just expunged and processed through much of the energies of his life there was a great moment of ceasing. At this moment of ceasing, it was finished.

Once that time has passed, the soul becomes like a sleeping giant. Giant in the sense that impurities have arisen and gone, and peace has entered into the life of the soul.

What has passed is now truly passed, and what is to come has yet to be birthed. It is a moment of profound silence. The soul is as if sleeping in a peace yet undefined by the confines of any worldly thinking; a peace that is as grand as the love of God itself. There is nothing more . . .

"Just as self-love is violent, turbulent, and impetuous, so the care that comes from it is full of trouble, uneasiness, and disquiet. As love of God is sweet, peaceable, and calm."

An Introduction to the Devout Life, By St. Francis De Sales, Part III, Chapter 15
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Francis de Sales)

"This moment this love comes to rest in me, many beings in one being . . . Inside the needle's eye a turning night of stars."

The Essential Rumi, Translations by Coleman Barks with John Moyne, (Islam,
Words of Rumi)

"Wisdom is a single thing. It is to understand the mind by which all things are steered through all things."

Selections from Early Greek Philosophy, By Milton C. Nahm Heraclitus
(Philosophers. Words of Heraclitus)

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Michael Jackson Reaches Across the Great Divide

*"I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres."*

Immortal Words, Henry Vaughan (Welsh Mystic Poet) [12,000 Quotations, By Frank S. Mead]

My spirit awoke amidst the great darkness of a realm beyond the spirit world and into the heavens. Michael Jackson was standing behind me on a carpet of stars and pointing off in the distance.

In the poetry of silence, I looked in the direction of where he bid me look and I saw a young boy with light brown hair riding a bike in the blackness of space as if floating upon the carpet of heaven itself.

Waving at me, the young boy smiled with immense jubilee as suddenly, it struck me. This was Ryan White, the young boy Michael Jackson had taken an interest in as one of the first children to die of AIDS during the epidemic of the 1980's and also a victim of great prejudice because of the fear the people had at the time of contracting the illness from him.

Michael had sung a song for Ryan White when he had died and passed over the great divide from life to death called 'Gone too Soon,' (Written by Larry Grossman and Buz Kohan) Ironically, this same song was sung at Michael's memorial service when he passed.

Like A Comet
Blazing 'Cross The Evening Sky
Gone Too Soon

Like A Rainbow
Fading In The Twinkling Of An Eye
Gone Too Soon

Shiny And Sparkly
And Splendidly Bright
Here One Day
Gone One Night

Like The Loss Of Sunlight
On A Cloudy Afternoon
Gone Too Soon

Like A Castle
Built Upon A Sandy Beach
Gone Too Soon

Like A Perfect Flower
That Is Just Beyond Your Reach
Gone Too Soon

Born To Amuse, To Inspire, To Delight
Here One Day
Gone One Night

Like A Sunset
Dying With The Rising Of The Moon

Gone Too Soon
Gone Too Soon

“Wow, wouldn’t he be all grown up by now?” I asked.

In the space that Michael now occupied, he wasn’t speaking with words. But he conveyed energetically what he intended to speak. Although his mouth would never move, I would hear him speaking within my consciousness.

“Yes,” he conveyed, “Ryan is all grown up now. But he agreed to appear this way so you might see him and be able recognize who he had been.” Michael and I were very quiet with one another as we watched this playful young boy who had faced his own death at such a young age with immense courage and strength.

Michael was just so happy to watch him now. Ryan continued to ride his bike in the blackness of space beyond us. Nebula’s and star systems were visible in the distance and there was only joy.

Interiorly, I knew I was seeing only one aspect of Ryan’s soul as he obviously had traveled and evolved a great deal since he’d crossed from this world to the next so many years ago.

As we watched Ryan, Michael began conveying profound thoughts into my spirit and he urged me to write them down as he spoke them. In so doing, I had to remain connected across this great divide to Michael’s soul and reach into the physical realm to write them. And with each thought, it was necessary to then transfer my consciousness

immediately back to this place across the great divide to then retrieve his next thought.

Standing just behind me to my left, his whispers were accompanied by long delays of thinking deeply. But he was adamant that I write each individual thought down.

Staring into space, he recalled the moment of his own passing.

"When death came in
And around its alienation
There was struggle.

Much more early on, you know,
When you don't know about anything else.
It's not about you anymore."

*"What is your life? It is even a vapour, that
appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth
away."*

New Testament, King James Version, James 4:14 (Christianity)

Quietly, he began to pace very closely behind me, looking up down and around. Both of us were hovering in the stars across the great divide. All around us lay the splendor of the heavenly beauty beyond this world and into the next.

Michael Jackson had become very thoughtful and pensive. His thoughts had become deeper and he had begun to understand a great deal more about the journey of his own life. As a circumstance, his sharing was all the more intense because it held meaning for

us all. His hand was on his chin now, as he quietly conveyed.

"May the wise be 'Seen,'
It burns in the night;
And few notice its country."

Knowing he was speaking of the land where the mystics dwell, I nodded in acknowledgement of his newfound appreciation of the importance of that world.

Turning my head to face Michael, his face was whiter than it had been before, his hair straighter and he was wearing sunglasses. He had slowly morphed from the man he had been at the age of 30 or so, to a slightly older age; the person he was becoming at the time of his death. Looking up for just a moment, he gazed into my eyes. It appeared for just a moment that he was checking to make sure that I would not judge his words or his process. Instantly, he could see my yearning to understand and hear of all that he had come to know since his latest purification journey.

"On the morrow my violence shifts.
Will desire dwell a long time?"

Looking at him with gladness, I was so happy. For his violence to shift meant that he would be transforming within the day all the anger we had seen during the time of his blood-curdling scream into the purgatorial night. I nodded 'No.' His desire would not dwell for long after such a shift.

It was his deeper longing to remove all worldly attachments from his soul so that he might be able to bear the truth of all that which is eternal. Michael had struggled with lust towards women during his life, and he was now anxious to release that and let it go.

"Yellow holds us to the ground.
Yellow is the underground.
It's fond of too much getting to sit.
Rather 'Be.'

If you evict love,
Become a Child;
Your need is for life."

Off in the distance, I could see the yellow of which he spoke, it encircled the earth; the energy of the solar plexus chakra, the center of emotions. It was a deep yellow and its energy seemed to lull humanity into a profound sleep which caused them to cease seeking.

The spiritual path is ultimately a path of love, and when a soul refuses the grace to seek, they evict love from their life because they can only experience a lower love, which often manifests through lust or worldly greed.

Sitting and doing nothing is often the result, and what Michael was speaking of here was the actual energetic shift which occurs from within the interior of a soul when they simply shift from doing nothing to 'Being.' When they rather 'Be,' the energies within begin to move and life can again enliven.

"No religion can ultimately teach.
Each religion goes on undefined."

Michael's words surprised me, but I understood them. We were standing amidst the spectacle of God's glory. No religion contained what we were witnessing together in just this singular moment. The majesty of the heavens was truly undefined in this moment.

*"We have enough religion to make us hate, but not
enough to make us love one another."*

Jonathon Swift: Thoughts on Various Subjects (Christianity) [12,000 Quotations,
By Frank S. Mead]

I smiled at him, as he looked intensely into my eyes. His urgency was becoming more and more palpable. Michael Jackson was a mystic - in life and death. He was always seeking . . . but his seeking had also been undefined.

That's why he had been so misunderstood. People had never brought together all the aspects of his journey as sinner and as saint, and understood or seen the mechanism within his soul that was still churning with a profound and palpable need to know everything that was true.

"Congruencies are written on this machine,
Time releases them.
Copy,
Write them down."

His urgency pressed me to focus on his words and translate them from the realm we occupied to the earth below.

"After he processes for a time,
He lets go in a Chorus Formation."

He was looking down, pacing with his hand on his chin. Intensely focused, I tried to fathom what the 'Chorus Formation' might be. But he never said more about it. Perhaps it involved the transmutation process we had undergone together? But I didn't really know. It was a mystery to me.

Then he turned and looked right at me as he said these words. At this moment, he was speaking about me.

"You may not have true love,
But you have the bathing cup.
There is wind that reaches beyond,
The shades that blind our sight."

Interiorly, I knew exactly what he was saying. In his heart, he knew that I, too, had never experienced true love on the earth. But in his heart also, there was a part of him that really revered and honored the gift of mystical knowledge which had been given me. My 'bathing cup' was of infinitely more value in his eyes than those things which I lacked. His eyes were intense. Profound contemplation into the 'mystic eye' which had been

given me uttered from his every pore as he looked into my eyes.

At this moment, in a powerful and symbolic manner, he slowly reached towards his sunglasses and threw them off as they fell into a gravity-less float into the galactic heavens. It was not a stage moment, it was nothing like he had done on tour. It was almost an act of defiance against the vanity of what those sunglasses had meant for his image and he felt disdain for the blindness vanity had brought into his own life.

Looking down, I was humbled by his act of awareness. Reaching towards my shoulders, he continued to have the intensity you often see with a soul who is now discovering the lost pieces of their understanding of God and the meaning of their lives.

"Talk so our voice may become symmetry."

He shouted it out almost as if by command.

"There is a red principal and blue diamonds;
(Desire and its transmutation.)"

As he said this, I saw the red energies of desire and lust which had previously occupied his soul and held him to the earth. And then as suddenly as I saw the red, I saw the same space filled with hundreds of blue diamonds. They were huge, like the size of a hand and they shimmered and reflected the light from the stars and suns in the galactic heavens around us.

"What I've been taught is not to live late in comfort in your own need, but release it to a higher authority."

He was speaking at this time of his attachment to expensive and unnecessary vanities and excesses in his life.

Turning for a moment, his back was facing me.

"If there is no water in my Buddhism,
The realization would be vanquished."

*"Realization, neither general nor particular, is effort
without desire. Clear water all the way to the bottom
... "*

Moon in a Dewdrop, By Zen Master Dogen (Buddhism, Zen, Words of Dogen)

My spirit became totally silent when he said this. I was astonished at the depth of his words. The water is always representative of the spirit, and having no water in his Buddhism would indicate no spirit flowing through his understanding.

With no spirit flowing through his understanding, realization could never be attained. He was embracing the Holy Spirit in a higher way than he had during his life.

At this moment, I knew for certain that he understood the obstacles that he had placed upon his spiritual path during life.

"Grace can't say . . . lazy cannot find.
Love can find another way.
I interpreted,
To see what would happen.

It helps with the Good."

*"Our way lies where God knows and Love knows
where: We are in Love's hand today."*

Algernon Charles Swinburne: Love at Sea (Mystic Poet) [12,000 Quotations, By
Frank S. Mead]

Nodding, I acknowledged what he had realized. Grace alone cannot give what we are seeking and laziness finds nothing, but love being the personification of God Himself, can always find another way. It is our human limitation that we place upon ourselves which makes it possible not to see that this is the secret, this is the key. Love can always find another way.

And in interpreting his life, he had greatly helped his soul to transmute the misunderstandings and greatly amplify that which was good within him.

For a soul who had so much good to start out with, to transform what remained of his vices in this heavenly abode was making possible for his soul things yet undreamed of.

"And I don't really know in the hereafter,
How to feel about the play."

He said this referring to the play of life on earth.

"I feel it interferes
With the 'Seen.'"

Then he looked up at me as if to get my opinion or thoughts on this. I nodded in understanding. What he now 'saw' was beyond his wildest expectations and the wildest expectations of most human beings. He was right that the play of life interferes with the ability of humankind to 'see' the bigger picture, the greater reality, the goodness of God and the purpose of our lives on earth.

But at the same time, this is an essential part of the process because we must seek to find, knock to have the door opened and ask to be given answers. The 'play' of life around us is a distraction, but the 'seen' world comes out of hiding in the physical world at times to those who are seeking it. Unfortunately, "few notice its country."

"There is a time to be born, and a time to die, says Solomon, and it is the memento of a truly wise man; but there is an interval between these two times of infinite importance."

Lekh Richmond (Christianity) [12,000 Quotations, By Frank S. Mead]

Michael Jackson had noticed its country, he had gone there to retrieve some of the music he wrote or performed. But he had gone to another country, too, one which struggled more with the vices of the world. And this was the part of his journey he wished so deeply to better understand.

"Virtue and vice are the only things in this world, which, with our souls, are capable of surviving death."

Ethan Allen: Reason the Only Oracle of Man (Mystic Poet) [12,000 Quotations, By Frank S. Mead]

But again, it is the heart and soul of a mystic to capture not only the greatness of human existence, but its weaknesses. Michael Jackson had embraced his own 'Human Nature' (Written by Steve Borcaro and John Bettis) alongside the image of what he had hoped the world to become:

Get Me Out
 Into The Night-Time
 Four Walls Won't Hold Me Tonight
 If This Town
 Is Just An Apple
 Then Let Me Take A Bite

Why, Why, Tell 'Em That Is Human Nature
 Why, Why, Does He Do Me That Way
 If They Say -
 Why, Why, Tell 'Em That Is Human Nature
 Why, Why, Does He Do Me That Way
 I Like Livin' This Way
 I Like Lovin' This Way

Isn't this the heart of a mystic?

"The dream is his real life: the world around him is the dream."

Francis Turner Palgrave: Dream of Maxim Wledig (Christianity) [12,000
 Quotations, By Frank S. Mead]

"Mystical human experience does not alter and cannot alter from age to age. At its highest and best, it is always and ever the same. But because human intelligence is itself evolving, then our thought about such experience must evolve too. If the voice of

contemporary inspiration is to speak faithfully, it must speak in its own way and utter its own ideas."

The Sensitives: Dynamics and Dangers of Mysticism, By Paul Brunton, Volume Eleven, The Notebooks of Paul Brunton (Philosophic Foundation, Words of Paul Brunton)

Finally, Michael reached out to hug me good-bye. His face was becoming more youthful again as he approached. His face darker and his hair again more curly as it was in his thirties.

Ryan White continued to ride his bike across the galactic night sky in profound joy in the distance.

A gentle tear of farewell collapsed from the soul of Michael Jackson and floated gravityless throughout the heavens. In his eyes was a look of profound friendship and love. And he repeated:

"Talk so our voice may become symmetry.
May the wise be 'Seen,'
It burns in the night;
May many notice its country."

Within moments, my soul was soaring across the great divide to return and translate what I had just seen.

"They that love beyond the world, cannot be separated. Death cannot kill what never dies. Nor can spirits ever be divided that love and live in the same Divine Principle; the Root and Record of their Friendship. Death is but crossing the world, as Friends do the Seas, they live in one another still."

William Penn: Fruits of Solitude (Mystic Poet) [12,000 Quotations, By Frank S. Mead]

***"In death the last sleep? No, it is the last and final
awakening."***

Sir Walter Scott [12,000 Quotations, By Frank S. Mead]

***"What may we take into the vast Forever? That
marble door admits no fruit of all our long endeavor,
no fame-wreathed crown we wore."***

Edward Rowland Sil: The Future (Mystic Poet) [12,000 Quotations, By Frank S. Mead]

***"Death is the opening of a more subtle life. In the
flower, it sets free the perfume; in the chrysalis, the
butterfly; in man, the soul."***

Juliette Adam (Pseudonym - Comte Paul Vasili - Mystic Poet) [12,000 Quotations,
By Frank S. Mead]

PART FOUR

THE GREAT TRANSITION

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Michael Jackson Leaps from Realm Ten to Fourteen

Searing like a rocket into the inner depths of my core, my soul was shot into a deep and profound vibrational raising that would go on for several hours.

The vibrations rushed upwards and backwards according to what my spirit could take into itself during this process of deep magnitude.

Like a jet engine, my spirit was revved up over and over again to prepare it for something of which I did not yet know.

But the intensity of the experience gave me the distinct impression that whatever it was would be quite distant and profound because the vibrational raising went on for such a long time and I did not undergo these very frequently anymore.

Early on in the journey, it's common to go through these regularly because the spirit is being brought up higher and higher for deeper and more intense realm travel.

The fact that this was happening on such a large scale indicated that Michael Jackson had gone higher. Apparently, I needed some help to reach the vibration wherein we might be able to communicate.

"As I listened in awe to the ever expanding cosmic sound, the surging of Thy holy Name, the vibrations removed the tight cork of delusion that had long prevented the mingling of my waters and Thine."

Whispers from Eternity, Paramahansa Yogananda, Removing the Cork of Ignorance (Hinduism, Words of Paramahansa Yoganana)

After several hours of intensive vibrational work, my spirit lifted out of my body and very slowly ascended up and out of my house, into the sky and then into the star studded night.

Beyond the gravity plane of earth, I stood in the heavens while the vibrational raising continued to emanate within and through my spirit to such a degree that I felt such interior peace and calm I was wrapt in simplified contemplation.

Returning to my body, I was pulled out again later in the night. Angelic hosts showed me that they had brought me up to the tenth realm. "Michael is now residing on the fourteenth realm," they said in a unity of mind, "we are working to get your energy up to the fourteenth realm so you can continue this dialogue."

Showing me that in order to do this, I would have to isolate myself somewhat, it was clear that the presence of too many grounded people around me could impinge upon my ability to reside in the earthly realm and the higher realms spontaneously. This was absolutely vital to the continuation of our process with one another.

Nodding my understanding, I agreed to remove hindrances to this progression and focused

my mind on the fourteenth realm in hopes of making it to Michael Jackson very soon.

He'd become a close friend. And his journey was teaching me right along with him. When I was unable to see him, I missed him and the fascinating depths into which he took my soul.

I wanted to reach him as soon as possible, I would enter into solitude and quietness of mind so that I may pass through the remaining four realms between us and learn of his crossing.

"Having nothing produces provisions. Ask a difficult question, and the marvelous answer appears . . . Beauty Surrounds us, but usually we need to be walking in a garden to know it. Study them, and enjoy this being washed with a secret we sometimes know, and then not."

The Essential Rumi, Translations by Coleman Barks with John Moyne, Chapter 15, Teaching Stories: How the Unseen World Works (Islam, Sufism, Words of Rumi)

"At last, in submissive wisdom I entered the silent cave of selfless love. Lo! Thus, the Hart of Heaven, camest willingly within."

Whispers from Eternity, Paramahansa Yogananda, Heavenly Hart, I hunted Thee in the forest of consciousness (Hinduism, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)

CHAPTER NINETEEN
Michael Jackson Looks upon the Water of
Everlasting Life

*"Wisdom has built her house,
 she has set up her seven columns;
 She has dressed her meat, mixed her wine,
 yes, she has spread her table.
 She has sent out her maidens; she calls
 from the heights out over the city:
 'Let whoever is simple turn in here; to him who lacks
 understanding,' I say, 'Come, eat of my food,
 and drink of the wine I have mixed!
 Forsake foolishness that you may live; advance in the
 way of understanding.'"*

New Testament, New American Version, Proverbs 9:1-6 (Christianity, Judaism)

Summoned from the world of the living, my spirit was immediately upon the shores of a netherworld. Cloudy mists engulfed this realm as I approached at the speed of light accompanied by two angelic hosts, one on each side.

With a sudden start, we stopped dead in our tracks. The clouds were flowing quietly and silently in the blackness of space when without warning, they began to part.

Parting to reveal a scene of immense beauty, I first noticed the two young women holding cisterns filled with something I had seen before myself, the cup of live-giving water in which we shall never thirst again.

The young woman on my right was wearing a pale yellow dress down to her knees and the one on

my left was wearing a slightly paler identical dress. They both had long brown hair, were white, but not angels. They were of a different order, one which I could not define.

The angelic hosts on my sides truly were the most honorable and empiric of angels, sporting the iridescent look and feel of the angelic kingdom; large, white and spectacular wings to their sides. Raising their arms, they directed me to look around.

As the clouds had parted, it had revealed the scene of what appeared to be a beautiful woodland. Two tables were brought together in the shape of a 'V' and all the seats at these tables were taken. To my left at the far end of the table, but not the head was one empty seat which had been reserved for Michael Jackson.

But Michael was standing directly in front of me, before the two young women holding the cisterns of life-giving water. He was staring at the cisterns almost as if in a daze, his eyes would not leave the water of life for even an instant this eve.

The banquet table had been set up in a sunny oasis in the wilderness of heaven. Michael again appeared at about the age of 30, and was wearing a shirt woven with gold and black pants.

The skies were of a brightness of great brilliance which could not be dimmed, nor would I wish to dim them. A mountain was off in the far divide and the table had been set in a small grassy area in the woods.

The angelic hosts turned my attention again to the two women carrying the cisterns as they both said in unison, "Please watch the waters of eternal life."

Beginning to pour the pitchers in synchronicity, the waters poured out of them and into the ether, disappearing before the water would land or spill anywhere. It seemed to simply dissipate into the atmosphere of the fourteenth realm.

It seemed like hours that they poured these waters into the endless sky. Ether began to penetrate the winds all around those present, but the angelic hosts bade me to focus on the two young women and Michael's face which remained steady upon the falling and disappearing etheric water.

Suddenly, I heard these words uttered inside my spirit as if in unison from those who sat around the table. "Behold, the banquet feast of the lamb." I remembered this from the Bible, and my face immediately shot around the table. I was wondering if Christ was sitting at the head of the table and I wanted to see Him.

But before I could discern any further, not even a split second passed and the clouds were closing me out of this iridescent scene of beauty.

Michael's eyes never left the water of life. He was completely mesmerized by it and never noticed that I had come.

Unfortunately, the clouds closed quickly and shooting at the speed of light, the angelic hosts returned me to my physical abode to gather my senses.

"If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. (But this spake he of the Spirit which they that believe on him should receive.)"

New Testament, King James Version, John 7:37-38 (Christianity)

"And he shewed me a pure river of water life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

New Testament, King James Version, Revelations 22:1 (Christianity)

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

New Testament, King James Version, Revelations 22:17 (Christianity)

"For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

New Testament, King James Version, Revelations 7:17 (Christianity)

"Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb."

New Testament, King James Version, Revelations 19:9 (Christianity)

"Be thirsty for the ultimate water, and then be ready for what will come pouring from the spring."

The Essential Rumi, Translations by Coleman Barks with John Moyne, Chapter 15, Teaching Stories: How the Unseen World Works (Islam, Sufism, Words of Rumi)

CHAPTER TWENTY

Michael Jackson and the Souls who had Cleansed their Garments to White

My spirit had entered into yet another vibrational thrust as I was told I would need to be able to reach the sixteenth realm to see Michael Jackson in his next phase.

Entering upon what I now knew to be the sixteenth realm was far beyond anything I could have anticipated. Again I was watching from a distance, but a much further distance this time than before.

It was a white and cloudeous realm with many layers - layers upon layers. It was very hard to describe, but its beauty was stunning.

Michael Jackson was standing on a cloudy ledge about one hundred feet below and several hundred feet across where I was standing with the angelic guardians who had taken me to the sixteenth realm. Standing next to Michael Jackson was a male in a robe of white. They were so distant, I could not discern for certain who this was, only that this profoundly holy presence was guiding and teaching him on the cloudy ledge. But it appeared to be the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. And the manner in which Michael Jackson kept staring at Him would indicate that this could indeed be so.

Michael Jackson was dressed all in black which appeared to be a symbol of the period of mourning he had now undertaken himself and purification which would come from that process.

Within moments, a line of souls began walking quietly into the cloudeous realm above where Michael Jackson stood, but in line with my vision. They were all clothed completely in white robes which covered them completely even to their hoods. Each held a staff before them as they walked across the sky on the clouds on what appeared to have no ability to hold them up. But they glided effortlessly across the sixteenth realm. There appeared to be no boundary on this sky upon which they could walk. Yet they did.

The line of the cleansed ones went on for quite some time. Then it would end. But moments later, another line of souls robed in all white would again come across the horizon bearing staffs, looking straight ahead towards their goal; unaware of their visitors or those looking upon their journey this eve.

These were souls whose robes had been washed white.

"These are they which came out of the great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

New Testament, King James Version, Revelations 7: 14 (Christianity)

Not a word was spoken, but I could hear some of Michael Jackson's thoughts. I only heard for a moment thoughts passing through his mind, "Maybe this was what my mother was talking about when she spoke of . . . and when my brother told me about . . . " It wasn't specific, it seemed as though he was putting together some things loved ones had spoken to him about regarding spiritual matters during his life.

Suddenly, a vision was placed in my mind as if by the angelic guardians aside me. I saw a patch of what appeared to be a Lupus rash - maybe Vitiligo - on his shoulders. It was as if I were zooming in and looking at it as if close up. But Michael Jackson remained standing quietly unaware on his ledge with the holy host who led him.

It looked very much like the rashes I would get from my own Lupus, which was why I couldn't tell if I was seeing the first stages of his Vitiligo or his Lupus. They presented them to me almost like close-up slides of how his disease might have manifested early on.

And then there was just an outpouring of faces, people who were on his mind since his death. I couldn't recognize them because I didn't know any of his friends, family or colleagues. He seemed concerned that his loved ones know how much they were on his mind and how much he loved them. Faces, faces and more faces.

Michael Jackson was now mourning those he had left behind on earth. When a person dies, they are not coming to terms with the loss of the presence of one person in their life, but everyone they have loved. This is especially so when someone dies prematurely, young and in their prime.

If we die at an older age, many of our loved ones may have already crossed the great divide and we can look forward to seeing them. But Michael had left the world when he had young children. Most of his direct extended family had survived him on this side of the veil. He was mourning his own losses

which were grave; especially the loss of being able to parent his children.

It's difficult when we cross and those we love have to remain behind a wall of silence. The difficulty goes beyond those who are left behind sometimes, but to the deceased who has so much they wish they could now share with their loved ones but are not permitted.

There are moments with most people who cross over wherein they are given permission to make their presence known to those they love, especially when those they've left behind remain in profound pain. But to share the entirety of the journey and to be able to communicate the magnificent and sometimes difficult things they've seen is not often given.

Amongst the crowd of faces, there was the face of a woman with long brown hair, she was white with a bright smile. She didn't look like anybody I knew. She appeared to be an unknown person who held significance to him in some way. It was like he wanted me to mention her for her sake. Only she would know who she was, but the faces stopped when it came to hers. I understood.

Suddenly a profoundly beautiful tunnel opened up behind him and the being who stood with him. Cloudeous, lighted and blue, it was like a whirlpool of cloudeous light just circling and beckoning. He must have passed through it to get here and would now likely pass back through it to commence his journey.

And then a quick thought entered into my mind as I noticed the contrast between the souls who

had quietly walked by wearing all white in this beauteous white realm and the black that Michael Jackson was wearing, as if a prophecy of that which was to come from the angelic guardians who had led me here again this eve, the thought entered my mind. "He is probably getting ready to enter into yet another purification." That purification would be his own mourning process at the finality and reality of his death passing from the earthly realm.

It could also be a sign that another purgatory had yet to be traversed.

At the same moment, I couldn't help but notice the symbol of the Tao. Michael Jackson was wearing all black and everyone around was covered in white - the symbol of the yin and the yang, the Tao; the balance between the light and the darkness within the universe and each individual human being. This, too, is a symbol of purification - the purpose and domain of the mortal realms in which we reside.

"Tao means surrender... If you can surrender right now, no technique is needed."

The Spiritual Path, By Osho, Taoism (Taoism, Words of Osho)

As the tunnel continued to spin behind Michael and the holy one next to him, I tried to look deeper into that magnificent spinning tunnel as I continued to feel the sense of grief coming from Michael Jackson's soul.

"I would maintain the sanctity of human joy and human grief. I bow in reverence before the emotions of every melted heart. We have a human right to our

sorrow. To blame the deep grief which bereavement awakens, is to censure all strong human attachments.

The more intense the delight in their presence, the more poignant the impression of their absence; and you cannot destroy the anguish unless you forbid the joy. A morality which rebukes sorrow rebukes love. When the tears of bereavement have had their natural flow, they lead us again to life and love's generous joy."

James Martineau (Christian Theologian) [12,000 Quotations, By Frank S. Mead]

"If we could read the secret history of the world, we should find each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (Mystic Poet) [12,000 Quotations, By Frank S. Mead]

As the angelic hosts began to gather me to part from this realm, I saw that Michael, too, was preparing to leave. The man who stood next to him in all white robes who appeared to be Christ had placed His hands on Michael's shoulders and they had begun to turn towards the tunnel.

"And where is Christ? In heaven, enthroned at the right hand of the Father. Thus he who serves Christ must be in heaven as well, his foot placed ready to climb up; indeed before he even begins to ascend by his own efforts he is already raised up and ascending with Christ."

Philokalia, St. Gregory of Sinai, Volume IV (Christianity, Words of St. Gregory of Sinai, Early Desert Father.)

Nothing was said. And the angelic hosts instantly returned the mists to their closing and led me to return to my earthly abode.

"That's how the great mystics have always lived and spoken. These are not their own words - they are no more, they have disappeared long before - it is the whole pouring through them. Their expressions may be different, but the source is the same. The words of Jesus, Zarathustra, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Krishna, and Mohammed are not ordinary words. They are not coming from the memory; they are coming from experience. They have touched the beyond, and the moment you touch the beyond, you evaporate: you cannot exist any more. You have to die for God to be."

The Spiritual Path, By Osho, Tao, The Classic of Purity (Taoism, Words of Osho)

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

Michael Jackson Experiences the Palace of Ancient Knowledge and Embarks on Creating a New Sound in the Heavens

My soul was being pulled deeper and deeper very quickly into higher and finer vibrations of spirit by an unknown force which held me in place with strong and sure hands on my shoulders behind me.

I could not see Him, but I knew He was there. Jesus Christ was pushing me on this journey into the Galactic heavens.

My soul was pierced with the intensity of the vibrational shifts as we traveled from realm to realm, to higher and higher points of knowledge.

When you are of human origin and taken to realms beyond your own, there is a certain pressure you feel in your heart center in your spirit. The vibrations become more and more powerful. Even as you become accustomed to them over time, they become light. But when you are being thrust into them suddenly without due preparation, they feel heavy and sometimes a sense of crushing comes with them.

But I knew I was in the best hands possible and I was not going to be crushed. The journey had come upon me so suddenly, however, and I didn't have any idea where we were going.

At the speed of light we continued through the Galactic heavens and on into realms beyond them, passing the sixteenth realm and going beyond. But where we would end up in the end would surprise me.

Almost instantly, my spirit stopped. I was seated in a chair in a very earthly looking room.

Sitting in another chair in front of me was Michael Jackson, but he made no notice of my arrival. He was completely ensconced in what was all around him, piles and piles of ancient sacred texts. Angels were coming and going, bringing him new ones taking others back.

His eyes were intent on the words of an original transcript of the Holy Bible, one of the actual original scrolls kept safely in the energetic realms for all perpetuity.

For just a moment, he looked up at me and spoke as if I'd been there all along. "Wow, have you seen these?!?!" I started giggling and he continued. "They're bringing me all these scrolls and scriptures, but I don't know where they're coming from."

"Michael," I said, "You haven't seen anything yet." Looking at my eyes with deep intensity, he was questioning me to expound further. "These texts, Michael, come from 'The Palace of Ancient Knowledge.' It's a beautiful place where they keep all the sacred writings, the original documents in safekeeping." He continued to stare. "There are six floors in 'The Palace of Ancient Knowledge,'" I said, "and the building is completely white, but everything is gilded in gold."

"And the holy elder said: "That thou mayest consummate thy journey perfectly - whereto prayer and holy love dispatched me, - fly with thine eyes throughout this garden' for gazing on it will equip

thy glance better to mount through the divine ray."

The Divine Comedy, By Dante, Paradiso (Christianity, Early Medieval Christian Mystic)

Again he looked down at the biblical scroll in his hand. "How can I go there?" He asked. "Well," I said, as I paused, "I don't really know. I do know there is a secret passage that you have to be taken to by the heavenly hosts and then pass through a series of rites of passage to enter. But you only get to go there when God decides." I smiled and said, "But I wouldn't worry, I think with what I'm seeing, you're probably going to make a trip there someday. Although at the moment, it doesn't seem necessary." I giggled, but Michael didn't. He was simply in awe.

The angels kept coming and going bringing in new sacred texts and taking out the old from 'The Palace of Ancient Knowledge.' But Michael's eyes were fixed on the original copy of one of the books of Holy Scripture.

Suddenly, I heard this booming but profoundly beautiful sound coming from the heavens. Michael didn't look up, this was normal for him, but I sure did. An angelic choir had formed above us. Although we were in what appeared to be a room not dissimilar to one on earth, like many heavenly buildings, it had no roof. Above us was clear heavenly sky which had now filled with thousands of angels who were singing music which was beyond the scope of my ability to capture or even describe properly.

The beauty was mesmerizing and the words were holy words. I kept looking up at the angels and

back down to Michael in disbelief.

In my mind, I was wondering "Should I try to capture this music and bring it to earth?" But I knew it was so beyond my musical ability to do so. That made me sad because it was so stunning and profound, the sound of it made me weep.

Staring at the angels singing for quite some time, I again looked down at Michael and realized for the first time, that he was generating their song from his own thoughts. He was creating music right in front of me which was manifesting instantly in the heavenly choir above. Michael Jackson was staring at the ancient sacred document containing the words of the Holy Scriptures of Jesus Christ intently. This was not unusual to him, only me.

The hands which were on my shoulders and had led me here now boomed out with a voice so powerful, I fell to my knees. "Incessant emotions he tried to paragon." Jesus Christ said, as I turned to look upon His face after hearing the booming voice pierce my soul. I understood. Michael had tried to demonstrate human emotions in his music while on earth with perfection and he had. That was his mission.

"The first string that the musician usually touches is the bass, when he intends to put all in tune. God also plays upon this string first, when he sets the soul in tune for himself."

Pilgrim's Progress, By John Bunyan (Christianity, Protestant)

But it seemed that the Lord Jesus Christ was trying to help me understand what his further work

would now entail which was so beyond my comprehension to 'know' beauty, I was just rendered silent.

The singing of the angels were familiar and the melodious streams of light and sound were harmonized in six and seven part harmonies. What was pouring from the heart of Michael Jackson into the angels and now down into me was transformative, profoundly holy and deeply inexplicable. The beauty was beyond words.

Jesus Christ's booming voice again shot across the horizon, although he was speaking just to me. "From the ancient sacred texts his words will now spring forth, and his music will come from the land of the living beyond the music of the spheres into infinity and the realms of knowledge beyond."

"Of all earthly music that which reaches farthest into heaven is the beating of a truly loving heart."

Henry Ward Beecher (Christian Theologian) [12,000 Quotations, By Frank S. Mead]

Again my face became frozen on my saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. Michael Jackson was now creating music in the heavens of such a profound nature, I became completely at a loss to describe such an event.

Michael Jackson's energy had changed. I couldn't help but notice how transformed he had become in the presence of His Lord Jesus Christ.

Whatever his faults or flaws may have been in his earthly life, they had all dissolved in the sea of ether.

"This is the truly ineffable and inconceivable miracle wrought by our compassionate Lord: that through a single virtue, or rather, a single commandment, we can ascend straightway to heaven."

Philokalia, St. Gregory of Sinai, Volume IV (Christianity, Words of St. Gregory of Sinai, Early Desert Father.)

For a moment, I really understood something spectacular about the soul of Michael Jackson. He had undergone so many humiliations and persecutions because of many things, but probably most likely the jealousy of humankind towards one so gifted, that he had endured through incomprehensible pain.

But he did endure . . . no matter where he may have made errors, he never wavered from that still small voice within him which directed his path and his mission and he had prevailed.

"We never know how much one loves till we know how much he is willing to endure and suffer for us; and it is the suffering element that measures love. The characters that are great must, of necessity, be characters that shall be willing, patient and strong to endure for others. To hold our nature in the willing service of another, is the divine idea of manhood, of the human character."

Henry Ward Beecher (Christian Theologian)) [12,000 Quotations, By Frank S. Mead]

His focus was complete, he had eyes for nothing else but the will of the Lord. His purpose in moving forward had been set. God had another mission for Michael Jackson, and he had already begun to move about to fulfill it with the same fervor

he had done with his previous mission on the earth.

"The soul holds herself erect and strong, she gazes at the pure light [of the Godhead]; she wavers not, nor turns her glance to earth, but closes her ears and directs her eyes and all other senses within. She forgets the troubles and sorrows of earth, its joys and honors, its glory and its shame; and submits to the guidance of pure reason and strong love. For reason points out the road that must be followed, and love drives the soul forward, making the rough places smooth by its charm and constancy. And as we approach heaven and leave earth behind, the goal becomes clear and luminous - that is a foretaste of God's very self. On the road we learn His nature better; but when we reach the end, we see Him."

The Enneads, By Plotinus (Greek Philosophy, Words of Plotinus)

Looking back and forth between Michael Jackson and the face of our Lord Jesus Christ, I saw the now present peace which surpasses all understanding had permeated Michael's soul from being in the presence of the Lord.

The Lord Jesus Christ presented Himself in a majestic way this night. Oftentimes, when I'd seen Him in the past, He would come quietly, very meekly - his voice soft for my benefit. But I was seeing the conquering Christ standing next to me now. And in His eyes was a clear message.

As the angels continued to gather to and fro the texts from the room, bringing new ones, taking old ones, and Michael Jackson continued to generate a sound unfathomable on earth through the angels up

above; Jesus Christ had exonerated Michael Jackson of all misconceptions against Him. "He is mine," Jesus said in a much quieter voice, "He belongs to me."

That was all he needed to say to me before placing His magnificent and strong hands on my shoulders sending me immediately and with great force back through the heavens at the speed of light to my current bodily home.

***"'Who gathered this flower?' The gardener answered,
'The Master.' And his fellow servant held his peace."***

Epitaph, Budock Churchyard) [12,000 Quotations, By Frank S. Mead]

PART FIVE:

THE AFTERLIFE EXPERIENCES

KARMA AND GRACE

CHAPTER TWENTY TWO

Michael Jackson's Karmic Impulses

"O nobly-born, thy immediate experiences will be of momentary joys followed by momentary sorrows, of great intensity . . . Be not in the least attached to the joys nor displeased by the sorrows."

The Tibetan Book of the Dead, Translated By W.Y. Evans-Wentz, Intermediate State (Tibetan Buddhism)

"O nobly-born, at about that time, the fierce wind of karma, terrific and hard to endure, will drive thee [onwards], from behind, in dreadful gusts. Fear it not. That is thine own illusion."

The Tibetan Book of the Dead, Translated By W.Y. Evans-Wentz, Intermediate State (Tibetan Buddhism)

In the cosmic ether of space I could feel that a turn had been taken, a wind had come. This wind had carried Michael Jackson on a whirlwind through the nature of his own misunderstandings and delusionary thoughts. This was a natural part of the journey of a soul, but it was always more difficult to face head on those things which we didn't 'get' during life than the ones we had.

Entering into what seemed much like a twilight zone, I was soaring through the galactic heavens towards a cubicle white building which was hurling through space. As I approached, I was immediately permeated through the door and found myself standing on the far end in a broadcasting studio. In the studio, was the spirit of a man who during life never felt that he could do enough. He was always trying to outdo others and himself. As a result, he was still doing this in this obvious purgatorial realm, running from station to station and making sure the broadcast was still going out despite his death.

This man had also been well-known during life, and he was afraid that if he stopped, his significance would cease. But he didn't realize that it wasn't until he stopped that his significance could be realized.

I began to feel concern as I traveled through some side hallways to the other opposite extreme of the building that something had shifted on Michael Jackson's journey. It might now be the time where he would face his karmic impulses head on. And these consist of any misunderstandings he might have had about the true nature of love and life. Anything was possible at this time.

Walking quietly towards the other end of this voluminous floating building, I found that the entire unit was completely connected by various tunnels and hidden passageways so that anybody entering into the unit could visit any part of it without having to exit it.

Another woman who had died under some renown was frantically working at her desk mumbling under her breath. "They're always trying to catch me in a mistake, they're always looking for something, they're always trying to get at me . . . "

She, too, would not look up. I waved my hands across her face, tried to speak with her, but she was completely lost in her belief that everyone was out to get her and she was trying to prevent them from being able to catch her in any mistake so that they could not. She, too, did not understand that it would only be when she let go of the need to be perfect, that she would find peace in her imperfection and the opinions of others would vanish into nothingness.

Walking quietly out of the lavish office, I headed into a middle room, which appeared to be like a large and somewhat darkened warehouse. Despite this darkness, music beyond my comprehension was heard capitulating across the entire horizon. This music of the spheres had somehow been allowed into this middle room for no apparent reason. Under normal circumstances, such high caliber music would not be allowed to be heard in a purgatorial realm. It was entirely in contrast to the nature of the realm we occupied.

Capturing my breath at the awe-struck beauty of the sound, I could only tell that there was a group of musicians present off in the dark, far corner of this warehouse and somehow they didn't really belong here. But they were, so why? I couldn't help but wonder.

Michael Jackson stepped forward out of the

darkness from whence the music had come and walked right up to me.

I realized that the fact that the warehouse portion was in the direct middle of this floating cubicle in space was relevant.

"It is the way of fire (Torah), that if we stand too near it, it burns; too far away, we grow cold. What shall we do? Take the middle course and be warmed."

The Talmudic Anthology, Edited by Louis Newman and Samuel Spitz, Heat and Cold, Mekilta to Jethro (Judaism)

It became clear that this building was entirely self-sufficient. Mysterious passageways led to every nook and cranny of the place, and no one would ever have to leave the unit in order to have any of their needs met.

Clearly the three souls I'd met were afraid of outsiders.

But there were others here, too, about eight souls who appeared to be here for different reasons of which I had yet to discern.

Stepping towards me now, Michael Jackson obviously wanted to speak with me as the cosmic symphony continued behind him.

"What do you think?" He said, gazing at me with a big smile. "Well, Michael, I love the new band. What's their name?" "Anthem," Michael Jackson said, "their name is Anthem." "Love it," I said as I paused.

"Well, I'm thrilled about the band, Michael," I said, "But what's up with all this?" Spreading my hands around the room and the building, I wanted to indicate the nature of the purgatorial realm he had

obviously been drawn down to by the nature of some thoughts that had taken a hold of him.

"Walk with me, Michael." We began stepping forth together and went in the direction of these other eight or so inhabitants. It was important I gauge their purpose before I speak more about what I had discovered here and what would be required to transcend this unconscious decision he'd made by the nature of his uncontrolled thoughts.

Ill-intention surrounded these others, I immediately felt that they were all parasitic in nature.

Each of them had been given separate and very elaborate places to live in this self-contained unit which were provided to them by their hosts (Michael Jackson and the two other celebrities), but they were living 'off of the energies' of Michael Jackson and the other two celebrities, parasiting - using them.

One of them appeared to be a woman, but when I sat down to speak with her, I realized it was actually a man made up to look like a woman. I could sense some kind of contamination within this soul and inherently knew that this was the dark spirit who had energized Michael Jackson's vanity during his life and encouraged the non-essential changes in his appearance. He worked entirely on Michael Jackson's low self-esteem to effect that goal. Looking at the others, I turned my gaze to Michael and asked him to step aside and talk privately with me.

Again, we moved towards the middle room, the middle path, where the music continued to emanate around us with precision and transformative qualities. "Michael, do you know why you are here?"

"Yes," he said very quickly without hesitation, "I need protection. This place is self-contained and I'll be safe here." I felt sad, but I nodded and took his hand. Sitting down near to where 'Anthem' was continuing their musical beckon.

"Michael," I said very cautiously, "You don't need protection from such as these." I paused as he just listened. "While you were alive, Michael, you put yourself in total isolation and self-containment because you felt you had to. You were worried that everybody was out to get you, and you were right about some of them. But you also always felt like you had to outdo everyone else and probably more than anyone else, yourself." Again I paused.

It would be important for him to look in my eyes for what I needed to say next. "Michael, you don't. You were wrong about that. That's not the way it is. You don't have to keep up with anybody or anything, and you don't have to isolate yourself in order to be protected. In fact, in order to be free, these thoughts you have which are holding you in this place must disappear. Only by disappearing, will you realize where your true safety lies, in the hands of God. This is a purgatorial realm."

Ironically, he seemed to understand me almost immediately. "Michael, those people all latched onto your consciousness of fear to draw you here. They will not protect you," I said, "they never have. Through their overwhelming jealousies, they will take anything they can from you and sap you of all the gifts God has given you in order to fill their own souls rather than do the work themselves to seek God."

Pausing a moment, I finished, "The sad part is that all of that is also within their reach. But they choose it not."

"Well, how did I get here?" He asked, as I gently turned to look in the direction of the music that continued to emanate with great sounds of peace, bliss and eternal glory.

This was an unusual sight. The musicians had generously come with Michael Jackson to make sure this purgatorial turn would be short and without pause in its exit. "Your subconscious interior misunderstandings brought you here, Michael. You were in the presence of Christ. You were being taught by God Himself. You don't need them." Pointing in the direction of the parasites, I finished, "And the real truth is that you never did."

"Go back with 'Anthem' and you will immediately be liberated from this karmic thrust, these misunderstandings."

Michael Jackson remained seated and was silent. He didn't speak or say anything. Intimidated by this change in energy, the parasites started coming closer like little bugs trying to overcome their prey.

"Michael, they have no power. Their only gift to you is their emptiness, their jealousy. They want what *you* have to fill themselves up. It's that simple." He looked at them in a very detached manner.

"Even though thou shouldst flee from it, it will follow thee inseparably [from thyself]. Fear it not. Be not fond of that . . . That is the karmic path of acquired intense jealousy, which hath come to receive thee. If thou art attracted by it, thou wilt fall . . . and

have to engage in unbearable miseries . . . [That is an] interruption to obstruct thy path of liberation. Be not attracted by it. Abandon thy propensities. Be not weak."

The Tibetan Book of the Dead, Translated By W.Y. Evans-Wentz, The Bardo of the Experiencing of Reality (Tibetan Buddhism)

Michael Jackson's manner had become so detached that they pulled back in an energetic jolt. Then Michael turned towards 'Anthem.'

Darkly mysterious in the distance, I sent an energetic 'Thank You,' to them for coming here with Michael Jackson. They had descended from the Galactic Heavens when Michael had felt the karmic pull downwards. They had done this in order to ensure his safe passage through this purgatorial world, and his quick re-ascent into the Galactic Heavens upon his deliverance. This was a mercy of God that they had been allowed to come with him into this purgatorial realm, and by so doing, remain with him as the constant exit by which he could leave as soon as he understood the nature of the realm and why he had come.

"The Lord is gracious and merciful; slow to anger and great in lovingkindness. The Lord is good to all, and His mercies are all over His works."

Old Testament, New American Standard Bible, Psalm 145:7-9 (Christianity, Judaism)

Michael Jackson had his eyes fixed on the musicians now. Calmly, he stood up and walked towards them. Turning for only a moment to wave good-bye to me, he silently disappeared with the

musicians as he was walking towards them.

"Fear knocked at the door. Faith answered. No one was there."

Inscription over Mantel of Hinds' Head Hotel England [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"At that time, follow not the visions which appear to thee. Be not attracted, be not weak: if, through weakness, thou be fond of them, thou wilt have to wander . . . and suffer pain . . . Now, if thou art to hold fast to the real Truth, thou must allow thy mind to rest undistractedly in the nothing-to-do, nothing-to-hold condition of the unobscured, primordial, bright, void state of thine intellect, to which thou has been introduced."

The Tibetan Book of the Dead, Translated By W. Y. Evans Wentz, The After Death World (Tibetan Buddhism)

"At this time, thou must form, without distraction, one single resolve in thy mind. The forming of one single resolve is very important now. It is like directing the course of a horse by the use of the reins."

The Tibetan Book of the Dead, Translated By W.Y. Evans Wentz, The Process of Rebirth (Tibetan Buddhism)

In a moment I was gone.

"He who's not inflamed by things he sees, seeing forms retains his mindfulness. Not in passion's grip, just simply feels. On him clinging cannot get a hold. If he just observes the things he sees, not reacting to their shape or form, he'll pull down the pile, not build it up. Mindfully proceeding on his way, heaping up no

*store of pain and woe. Then for him Nibbana
(Liberation) is very near."*

An Anthology from the Samyutta Nikaya, By John D. Ireland, Translated by
M.O. C. Walshe, Part III, #40 (Buddhism, Words of the Buddha)

*"O nobly-born, all those are the radiances of thine
own intellectual faculties come to shine. They have
not come from any other place. Be not attracted
towards them; be not weak; be not terrified; but abide
in the mood of non-thought formation. In that state
all the forms and radiances will merge into thyself,
and Buddhahood will be obtained."*

The Tibetan Book of the Dead, Translated By W.Y. Evans Wentz, The Bardo of
the Experiencing of Reality (Tibetan Buddhism)

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

Michael Jackson's State of Grace

"God is everybody's Beloved, just as the moon is dear to every child. Everyone has the same right to pray to Him. Out of His grace He reveals Himself to all who call upon Him."

The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, By M, Disciple of Sri Ramakrishna
(Hinduism, Words of Sri Ramakrishna)

The angelic hosts had taken me around the world this night so that I might see something about the way Michael Jackson used to think and see things. We were taken on inexplicable journeys into countries and places I had never been wherein I was shown the most beautiful and the most repugnant of those societies.

Inexplicable in its essence, my journey was profoundly energetic. I was taken to various scenes where either pollution, suffering, death or destruction were taking place. Before my eyes, the nature of each of these locations would be revealed in words written on a piece of paper before my eyes. An example of one of these things would be this:

"There are too many children who are sick in the world."

But then, the words on the piece of paper would morph before my eyes and change to take on the view that Michael Jackson would've had in regard to such a thing. For instance, the previous statement in his own mind would become this:

"Jesus said, let the little children come unto me."

Immediately, I saw that he had been profoundly positive in his thinking. By seeing things the way he did, he made it all the more possible for God to guide him to use the tremendous resources given him to do profoundly helpful things with very serious problems.

"We are in the presence of Intellect undefiled. Fix it firmly, but not with the eyes of the body. You are looking upon the hearth of Reality, within is a sleepless light."

The Enneads, Plotinus, VI.2, On the Kinds of Being (Mystery Religions, Words of Plotinus)

What he had done by bringing thousands of sick children to Neverland was completely biblical. He created an oasis and became available himself to them. In his theatre, he even had beds set up aside the seats for the children who were too sick to sit up and watch a movie. For this, he had been persecuted.

But in this space, his intentions were energetically clear. He had created a profoundly loving and beautiful place for children to go who were sick and fighting disease. It was that simple, and yet, that profound. But it was clear in the light of God

...

"All the ways of a man may be pure in his own eyes, but it is the Lord who proves the spirit."

Old Testament, New American Bible, Proverbs 16:2 (Christianity, Judaism)

A series of such random negative thoughts were written on papers and shown to me regarding a lot of the horrendous states in different parts of the world. First, I would see the negative reality and read the typical words someone might use to describe it. And then I'd see how the words would change in Michael Jackson's head. But they would appear on the papers in front of me, on the paper. The letters would morph and change as if manifesting the interior of Michael Jackson's mind in some sort of physical way.

Finding this profoundly interesting, I realized that the educational value intrinsic to it was worth its weight in gold. Because he had allowed a certain way of simplistic (and biblical) thinking to permeate his day to day thinking, the good God was able to use that simplicity to create through him great complexity. God was able to communicate ways in which he could utilize his resources to offer real help to those in need.

"When I write to my Beloved, He is the Ink, the Ink-Well and the Paper. When I awaken, He is my awakeness; When I sleep, He is my dream. When I search for words to my songs, He gives rhymes to my memory; Whatever image you may paint in the mind, He is the Painter, and He is the Brush . . . Be silent, for one very side is His Light."

History of Mysticism, S. Abhayananda, Mystics of the Late Middle Ages, (Islam, Words of Rumi)

Finally, I was taken to a polluted beach somewhere in the world. I didn't know where. All around us was waste, trash, pollution and the spoils

of man's insolence.

Wherever we were, it was very depressing.

There was a singular clear pool of water about three feet wide somewhere along this beach. Michael Jackson's face reached right through the paper as I could see him saying "Look at this pond." The words on the paper morphed into his interior thoughts from the negative ramifications they bore before his transitory coming. But his words had again changed the negative reality of this. He was entranced by its beauty, and without any further words, I knew that this was, in part, where the seeds of creation came from for much of his environmental work and music on world peace.

Michael Jackson had traveled the world and seen the most beautiful places right along with the most disastrous and damaged by man. In his music and the videos that followed, he had focused on the regeneration that this pond represented. He showed the destruction, but then showed the regeneration possible if man were to choose to care.

Watching all of this was very educational for me, because I had been repeatedly shown over the years in my own mystical experiences the importance of turning negatives into positives. But this demonstrated how by so doing, new options emerged and could be birthed within us. It made our vessels more of a conduit for God's intervention and use of our gifts for His great and holy work.

"The experience of absolute Being leaves no doubt about the essential constituent of the whole structure

of creation. In diving deep within the mind the attention passes through all the subtle strata of consciousness, the different strata of creation. That is why, in the practice of transcendental meditation, not only does the inner range of consciousness unfold but the entire field of subtle creation is traversed.

Between the gross and the transcendental strata of consciousness lie all the different strata of creation.

When the mind unfolds and activates the deeper levels of consciousness it passes through all these strata of creation. This is how the mind gains an increasing ability to understand the entire universe"

The Science of Being and the Art of Living, Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, The Fulfillment of Philosophy, (Hinduism, Words of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi)

Suddenly, it occurred to me that we had all missed something that was right before our eyes while Michael Jackson was alive. Because of the afterlife experiences I'd been having about Michael Jackson, I'd also gone back and done some research and listened to some old interviews to learn more about this person I gave no heed to while living but who had become a beloved friend since his death.

In an interview with Barbara Walters, he said that he had certain 'psychic' gifts that not only had to do with his creative process in bringing in the music, but with his ability to read the needs of other people. But it was passed off . . . ignored as a passing comment.

In an interview with Jet Magazine, Michael Jackson explained the creative process he underwent and actually stated that his music came to him from 'space.' Everything he had been showing me since his

death, he had tried to explain on a small scale while living to others. But nobody understood because they weren't listening and they could not 'see.'

What I was seeing tonight was that his other unseen gift was the simplicity of his thinking, the purity of it.

Neverland, the idea of it and what it came to be, was brilliant. But the greed of others brought down something which had done so much good for children with all sorts of difficulties and illnesses.

And Michael Jackson had done brilliant things with his music about the suffering, indifference and lack of regard around the world regarding the preservation of humankind and the earth. His work was meant to bring about an awareness of our individual responsibility on so many levels regarding our fellow human beings.

He had done so by having a simple and pure heart. With that heart, God was able to move. And during his times of trial and persecution, he patiently bore it. He patiently explained what he was doing for sick children. And he patiently waited for humanity to understand.

"A patient man is better than a warrior, and he who rules his temper, than he who takes a city."

Old Testament, New American Bible, Proverbs 16:32 (Christianity, Judaism)

And people were jealous of what God did through him, and they destroyed him and took him down.

This is the definition of a tragedy:

"A serious drama typically describing a conflict between the protagonist and a superior force (as destiny) and having a sorrowful or disastrous conclusion."

Merriam Webster Dictionary, Tragedy

Michael Jackson had patiently borne through persecution after persecution while he maintained over and over again his simple desire to 'Let the little children come unto me,' as Jesus had said.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, refreshing the soul; The decree of the Lord is trustworthy, giving wisdom to the simple. The precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; The command of the Lord is clear, enlightening the eye . . . The ordinances of the Lord are true, all of them just; They are more precious than gold."

Old Testament, New American Bible, Psalms 19:8-11 (Christianity, Judaism)

Despite all of it, in the end he continued to try to live and be love - to his children, to his family, to the fans of his music and to the causes he supported. But he did so quietly and without adieu.

And this, too, was biblical . . .

"Seek eagerly after love."

New Testament, New American Bible, 1 Corinthians 14:1 (Christianity)

And that beauty which has been hidden under many misperceived and false guises - when the time of its revelation comes; is even more poignant and true because it was hidden. And that which was good was called evil . . . and who among us does not stand

convicted in this moment?

"Woe to those who call evil good, and good evil, who change darkness into light, and light into darkness."

Old Testament, New American Bible, Isaiah 5:20 (Christianity, Judaism)

Michael Jackson fought the good fight and quietly endured persecution. And now he has his reward, he is standing in the presence of the Lord Himself.

"Man of God that you are, flee from all this. Instead, seek after integrity, piety, faith, love, steadfastness, and a gentle spirit. Fight the good fight of faith. Take firm hold on the everlasting life to which you were called when you, in the presence of many witnesses, you made your noble profession of faith."

New Testament, New American Bible, 1 Timothy 6:11-13 (Christianity)

Gliding me gently back to my earthly abode, the angelic hosts made known to me that my time with my newfound friend was beginning to run out. We were wrapping things up, bringing his life to a conclusion and sending him off to do even greater things in the higher worlds.

For a moment, a profound sting in the heart could be felt at the loss that was coming.

An energetic distance was now forming, he was moving further and my job would soon be finished.

But the time I had with Michael Jackson would never be forgotten, because he had taught me so very much in his afterlife journeys and I was grateful. But

perhaps more than anything else, I had truly discovered a true friend.

And when it would be his time to part with me in these our journeys, I would miss him as if I'd known him his whole life because that life had energetically become inextricably bound to my own in this profound adventure we'd been permitted to take together by God.

Quietly, I awoke in the physical realm.

"Only a little while longer am I to be with you, then I am going away to him who sent me. You will look for me, but you will not find me; where I am you cannot come."

New Testament, New American Bible, John 7:33-34 (Christianity)

"O nobly born, that which is called death hath now come. Thou art departing from this world, but thou art not the only one; [death] cometh to all. Do not cling, in fondness and weakness, to this life. Even though thou clingest out of weakness, thou hast not the power to remain here. Thou wilt gain nothing more than wandering . . . Be not attached [to this world]."

The Tibetan Book of the Dead, Translated By W. Y. Evans Wentz, The Bardo of the Experiencing of Reality (Tibetan Buddhism)

CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR

Michael Jackson begins his Shimmering Departure

"Consecration is not wrapping one's self in a holy web in the sanctuary and then coming forth after prayer and twilight meditation and saying, 'There, I am consecrated.' Consecration is going out into the world where God Almighty is and using every power for his glory, it is taking all advantages as trust funds - as confidential debts owed to God. It is simply dedicating one's life, in its whole flow, to God's service."

Henry Ward Beecher (Christian Theologian) [12,000 Quotations, By Frank S. Mead]

"A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world."

Bendixline (Christian Mystic) [12,000 Quotations, By Frank S. Mead]

The crowds were swelling in wait for Michael Jackson's arrival in the heavenly realms, there would be no way to do justice in words to the crowds who had gathered to celebrate the life of a man they all loved. In this moment, I realized that there were just as many people who were already dead who'd been touched by Michael Jackson's life and music as there were those who remained alive on the earth.

The crowd included Christians, Muslims, Buddhists, Hindus and people of all creeds, nations and cultures, along with staggering numbers of children who were now adults in the spiritual world - some of whom may have been unaware of Michael Jackson's music during their lives, but were touched in some way by either his visits to them in

orphanages or their visits to Neverland before their deaths. Many of these children did not survive but they remembered the kindness of Michael Jackson during their short stay on earth. Since their passing, they had matured to adulthood and were present to celebrate his homecoming.

In a starry realm, people were waving banners in wait for Michael Jackson while shouting out his name and singing his songs. It was fascinating, brilliant and aw-inspiring to see, but I knew I was interiorly going to miss the moments when Michael and I had faced the holy of holies together as one.

Michael Jackson was not yet visible to them, but was standing next to me and smiled. He was a happy, happy soul. He'd lost so much, given up so much: his children, his family. But God had never abandoned him and he was grateful.

In and out, my consciousness would re-enter these celebrations of Michael's life on the other side which didn't look that much different from those which had occurred on the earthly side.

"Blessed be God who has raised you up! May he be blessed for all ages! For in you they shall praise his holy name forever."

Old Testament, New American Bible, Tobit 13: 18 (Christianity, Judaism)

He seemed to be getting tired and a time for him to rest from his great work was soon to come.

Another side of him was also coming out, the prankster. But at the same time, he deeply wanted to reach out to his family.

Michael Jackson showed me a little plate of

cakes. I don't know if they were muffins, cakes or whatever, but they were kind of like muffins, but in a rectangular shape. This made them bigger than muffins, but they were some kind of little individual cakes in rectangular form.

A whole bunch of the plate of cakes had apparently been eaten already by the people who were present, but Michael came over to me and said, "Shhhhh, be quiet. I want you to guard this one." Looking at him oddly, I noticed that there were two cakes remaining on the plate and the larger of the two he was actually asking me to watch. "Okay, Michael," I said, "Um, why?"

He was half serious, half laughing when he said, "There are blue diamonds in that one and I don't want LaToya to find them." (LaToya was one of Michael Jackson's sisters.) Then for a moment, he ripped the cake apart and sure enough there were pale blue diamonds in the cake. But it just as instantly put itself back together. 'Blue diamonds?' I thought. 'This must mean something. He's brought up blue diamonds before.' But I had no idea what that might be.

All of a sudden, my feet were feeling uncomfortable. I looked down and I was wearing some white pumps which were covered with jewels or sequins or diamonds . . . or something. They were similar in appearance to the socks that Michael Jackson wore that had clear diamond-like beading embedded on them.

Now Michael Jackson was giggling as I looked up at him oddly. I'm not a pump fan, I hate pumps. I

hate pumps because they are so uncomfortable on the feet. But it was clear he was engaging in some kind of practical joke. It seemed possible that these pumps had some personal significance with a family member, most likely LaToya. He wanted me to wear them around the room which I did to Michael Jackson's delight. Then I took them off.

Michael Jackson was gently pulled back towards the crowds, still invisible to them. My spirit was pulled with him into the center of the celebrations of his life on the other side. Despite the celebration, Michael and I could hear only silence.

It was surreal in that for a moment it felt very much like the beginning of Michael Jackson's video for 'You are Not Alone' (Written by R. Kelly) wherein he is walking in a room filled with a din of photographers. But he is presented as walking alone through the crowd unable to hear the activity going on around him. It felt very much this way.

Everyone was focused on the world of the beyond, none of them could see us. We were misting through these crowds like invisible observers.

It really hit me how many people's lives Michael Jackson had touched from every part and portion of the world, every culture, every faith. So many of them had predeceased him and were here to welcome him into the heavenly homeland.

Michael Jackson took my hand. We began walking together, he turned and smiled at me as we did so, but as previously stated, no one in this heavenly realm could see him, either. Not yet, anyway . . .

We walked together almost as if in slow motion, in silence. Motion forward . . .

Time passed and time stood still as we walked, an eternity could have passed by and I would not have felt its passage. We were gazing into the distance, awestruck by the numbers who had come to greet him home. Michael was astonished and a little overwhelmed, grateful that he was invisible right now and that this moment could be shared between two friends rather than with the entire crowd all at once. Knowing glances passed between the two of us, as we both knew what was happening. Interiorly, we knew our time together was about to end . . .

We took the time to be silent together.

And the silence passed into silence, the time into timelessness, and the vague emotions of our journey together into eternal memory.

And we continued to be silent together.

Nothing . . .

Quiet . . .

Peace . . .

Mutual Friendship . . .

Love which surpasseth all human understanding . . .

And then suddenly, Michael's face leapt towards mine in urgency.

Michael began suddenly uttering under his breath some comments and references to my family. He'd worried that the work I'd been doing with him was taking too much time away from them. Michael remained very clearly aware of my medical condition throughout our journeying together. He became

quickly urgent, and he wanted me to get back to my children . . . right now.

And then very quickly, my soul was swept away while Michael Jackson instantly became visible to his fans who had predeceased him. The inhabitants of the heavenly realm included Christians, Muslims, Buddhists, Hindus, Jews, Sikhs, etc., and Michael Jackson had represented every single one of them . . . My spirit smiled and then returned to the physical realm.

"If there is any lover in the world, O Muslim, it is I. If there is any believer, infidel, or Christian hermit, it is I. The wine, the cup-bearer, the musician, the instrument and the music, the beloved, the candle, the liquor and the inebriation, it is I. The seventy-two religious sects in the world do not really exist; I swear by God every religious sect - it is I."

History of Mysticism, S. Abhayananda, Mystics of the Late Middle Ages, S. Abhayananda, (Islam, Words of Rumi)

EPILOGUE

Michael Jackson's angelic emissaries from heaven came to show me a monument. It was placed upon the tip of a large hill. Concrete in structure, the foundation was shaped as a large square with beveled edges. A four-sided pillar ascended from the center about ten feet into the sky and was topped with a beveled point. Around the monument were children from many generations. Some of them appeared to be wearing clothing all the way back to the 1950's, and the wind was so intense that their garments and hair were blowing within it. They looked upwards towards the sky.

A voice from the heavens leveled into my consciousness. "This book shall remain as a monument to his work." I nodded.

In a powerful whisp of cosmic wind, Michael Jackson returned to confirm that our work was indeed fulfilled. However, he showed me the importance of the scriptural quotes in our work together. And he had a few he wished me to add.

Looking very carefully upon his copies of ancient Buddhist scrolls, his intensity was clear as he showed me the quotes that must be included. "This one," he said, "this one and this one." "Slow down, Michael, let me take a look at which texts these are so I can find them when I return to earth." Smiling, he said, "These . . . " He showed me many, and I took careful note and promised that I would put them in as soon as I returned.

The stilling karmic wind was pulling me away

and in a whisp of the cosmic ether, he was gone.

As the end of this period of the journey comes, there is a sadness. There is a parting. A journey taken with such heart and depth, must be split apart and given room to grow into the flowering bosom of the next life. There is nothing more sweet than that moment of liberation, and nothing more sorrowful than the parting with a friend.

But love demands this venture into the spheres of immortality. There is a time when our work on earth becomes complete, and the soul now unfettered seeks a higher and more distant shore.

A beloved friend you must release to the heavens to seek out their new life with God. And we must let go from below to entice that need.

“The Seer completes his time, intent on peace. He bore his feelings with untrammelled heart. His heart's release was like a flame's extinction.”

The Life of the Buddha, Translated By Bhikkhu Nanomoli, The Last Year - Death of the Buddha (Buddhism)

“Alone I came from the unknown and alone I must depart into the unknown.”

Songs of the Soul, By Paramahansa Yogananda, I am Lonely no More (Hinduism, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)

And so a quiet whisper detains the spirit of the seer, an angel so quickly and methodically dispels the connection between the seer and the seen. And in an instant, they are no longer one.

It is time to release . . . time to honor the journey which all must take alone with their God.

Not even a wisp of good-bye, because in eternity such things are unnecessary and undefined;

but a knowing intensity in the heart, that the matter at hand has dispelled and become yet another.

In the distant ether, a powerful bond is given away to the heavens and love is honored with the gift of freedom. And all who pass this gate, speak no more to the living. For it is not befitting for their journey to look behind them.

So we look ahead and watch their passing on into the night, into the starry heaven and the whispering world of the Lord. And we murmur our human sadness because of loss, but we accept our eternal duty. And we release . . .

And it is at this moment, that the soul becomes something more; no longer human, not yet divine.

"How should love and joy not be there, where life is generated in the very centre or midst of death, and light in the midst of darkness?"

The Aurora, By Jacob Boehme, Of the Merciful Love of God (Christianity, Words of Jacob Boehme)

What was is no more and that which is to be has not yet become. The seer must release the soul to depart into the netherworld. Sometimes to return again with further knowledge, at others to an eternity of silence until the great uniting of souls is again called into being.

It is a mysterious and unknown thing. But there is a time when the veil begins to fall between the living and the dead, and the dead remain dying no more as life has been restored to them a hundred fold.

To where they go they cannot speak, and from where they've come, they find no words. And it

becomes a peaceful, loving silence.

***"I am a sky where spirits live. Stare into this
deepening blue, while the breeze says a secret."***

The Essential Rumi, Translations by Coleman Barks and John Moyne, Chapter
12, The Sheikh: I Have Such a Teacher (Islam, Sufism, Words of Rumi)

***"A gnostic says little, but inside he is full of
mysteries, and crowded with voices. Whoever is
served that cup keeps quiet."***

The Essential Rumi, Translations by Coleman Barks and John Moyne, Chapter
15, Teaching Stories: How the Unseen World Works (Islam, Sufism, Words of
Rumi)

No longer sleeping, the spirit of the beloved one of God walks away towards eternity with only a glance behind in acknowledgement of a journey taken as one.

But the spirit of the beloved one of God has ceased rendering the tales of humanity and singing the songs of the redemption. His music strides ever off into the eternal brilliance of the night stars and his music becomes something new. Within him, the spirit of Michael Jackson is now something much more and much greater in the presence of God as each of us becomes as we approach the eternal majesty and mystery of the silent Messiah.

The music begins a different tone. The silence has borne its fruit, and the bearer of the blessings rises above the timbre of the earth into the majestic quiet of God. And there in that heart of His presence, silence is song.

"For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind

***and to melt into the sun? And what is it to cease
breathing, but to free the breath from its restless
tides, that it may rise and expand and seek God
unencumbered? Only when you drink from the river of
silence shall you indeed sing."***

The Prophet, By Khalil Gibran, On Death (Mystic Poet)

As the distant image of the one I used to know as Michael Jackson departed, the clouds came in and the angels were silent. The gifts had all been given, and as I looked upon the now emptying horizon, I resonated deeply within how profoundly those gifts to my soul had been.

Someone I'd never known while living had chosen to join paths with my soul for a time on the road of eternal life. A person I'd once judged unfairly, harshly and without merit had become a close and profoundly loved friend. In each word and image he had shared with me, he had given me something beyond measure in the realm of knowledge. In my poor attempt to help him, he had helped me infinitely more. As he'd often sang with such passion in his song, 'The Man in the Mirror' (Written by Siedah Garrett and Glen Ballard):

You gotta get it right, while you got the time
Cause when you close your heart
You can't close your, your mind

My journey with Michael Jackson had truly gifted me with the energetic understanding of what these words truly meant.

"Mind is beyond measure. Things given are beyond measure. Moreover, in giving, mind transforms the gift and the gift transforms mind."

Moon in a Dewdrop, By Zen Master Dogen (Buddhism, Zen, Words of Dogen)

What words remained to be spoken? Only a smile, a tear, an interior good-bye and the silent mourning that was to finally come with the death of Michael Jackson.

He'd become a friend *since* his death, but a profoundly beloved friend. So letting him go now was like letting him go for the first time.

From my heart, I pulled up all the love that had been generated within me because of this mutual journey and sent it to him on his way.

And I couldn't help but think of the words of Paramahansa Yogananda as I watched a whiff of the galactic winds take that love towards my partner in purification:

"With the sharpness of my will I tore to shreds the stifling chrysalis of ignorance. Now I am a butterfly of eternity, gracefully sweeping through the empyrean. Bespangled with whirling galaxies, in joy I spread my Nature wings. Behold my deathless beauty!"

Whispers from Eternity, By Paramahansa Yogananda, A Butterfly of Eternity
(Hinduism, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)

Returning to see me on the day of his burial, Michael Jackson was intense but filled with joy at the accomplishment of our work together. He was anxious to show me something he had done for me in the ether as a thank you for taking on this task.

As we glided through my home, Michael Jackson showed me huge and iridescently beautiful banners he had placed on all of my walls. Each of them was the size of the wall itself and depicted scenes of the Lord Jesus Christ as I had seen Him in our many journeys together. Standing before one he had placed in my kitchen, the Lord Jesus stood in the sixteenth realm with his arms outstretched and the beauty of the place overtaking the entirety of the wall. Violet clouds emanated from all around the Lord in splendor.

On it was a personal message of thanks from Jesus for all that the three of us had done together. It said, "Employee of the Year," with a simple signature below it. "Jesus," it said.

Inherently, I understood that Jesus was acknowledging that it took an act of obedience to do this task because it was so unusual and different from the work I had been used to doing. But over time, I realized that Jesus allowed me to see this for an important reason. It would remain a constant reminder in times to come that I had done the right thing to follow this path despite its controversial nature.

"Wow," I looked up at Michael, "Thank you for showing me these. They're stunning." Each of them carried a special message to me from the Lord Jesus regarding the completion of our task. It was such a beautiful moment after our many weeks of hard work.

Turning to Michael, he looked into my eyes deeply as he began again to fade off into the ether.

Sorrow filled me, but joy at the same time.

He began singing again the song Michael and I had heard over and over again in the realms of Galactic creation from whence it had come. 'I'll be There' (Written by Barry Gordy, Bob Davis, Hal Davis, Willie Hutch):

You and I must make a pact
 We must bring salvation back
 Where there is love, I'll be there
 I'll reach out my hand to you
 I'll have faith in all you do
 Just call my name and I'll be there

Over and over again, the melodies drifted within my spirit. There was an emotional connection that Michael and I seemed to really connect to with one another through this particular song. It was almost like his coded message to me. All I could think of was "We must bring salvation back." Michael gently released my hand as the celestial sound continued to play until I awoke in the earthly realm.

Just call my name and I'll be there
 Just call my name and I'll be there

His voice continued to echoe in my spirit.
 Farewell, for now, my friend. Until we meet again . . .

*"The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God,
 and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of
 the unwise they seemed to die: and their departure is
 taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter*

destruction: but they are in peace. For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality. And having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded: for God proved them, and found them worthy for himself."

Old Testament, Wisdom of Solomon 3:1-5 (Christianity, Judaism, Words of Solomon)

"That unestablished consciousness, not growing and not concocting, is freed: due to its freedom, it is steady: by its steadiness, it is contented: owing to its contentment, he is not troubled. Being untroubled, of himself he is perfectly tranquillized, and he knows 'Exhausted is birth, lived is the holy life, done is the task . . . "

An Anthology from the Samyutta Nikaya, By John D. Ireland, The Book of Cause, Nidana Vagga, #17 (Buddhism, Words of the Buddha)

*"What can have silenced the hundred-voiced?
What has befallen the nightingale?
Heaven's music is hushed, and the planets roll
in silence."*

Poems from the Divan of Hafiz, Translated By Gertrude Lowthian Bell (Islam)

The Dance

By Michael Jackson

"Consciousness expresses itself through creation. This world we live in is the dance of the creator. Dancers come and go in the twinkling of an eye, but the dance lives on. On many an occasion when I am dancing, I have felt touched by something sacred. In those moments, I felt my spirit soar and become one with everything that exists. I become the stars and the moon. I become the lover and the beloved. I become the victor and the vanquished. I become the master and the slave. I become the singer and the song. I become the knower and the known. I keep on dancing . . . then it is the eternal dance of creation. The creator and creation merge into one wholeness of joy. I keep on dancing . . . and dancing . . . and dancing. Until there is only . . . the dance."

Michael Jackson

From 'Dangerous,' Dedication, 1991, 2001 EPIC

"Built by oneself alone it is, this vehicle divine and unsurpassed. In it the wise are carried from the world, in it they drive to certain VICTORY."

An Anthology from the Samyutta Nikaya, By John D. Ireland, The Great Section, Maha Vagga, #65 (Buddhism, Words of the Buddha)

Michael Jackson: The Afterlife Experiences

A Theology of Michael Jackson's Life and Lyrics
By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!
<http://outofbodytravel.org>



Author, Marilyn Hughes

The Afterlife Experiences of Michael Jackson in the months following his death follow an unexpected and exciting path. Michael Jackson's Afterlife Journey becomes surprisingly relevant to all of us in our individual understanding of our own human lives and the spiritual journey underlying our every breath.

Michael Jackson shares a modern day rendering of an ancient tradition of the spiritual path in its triumph, torture and its tumultuous end. And his journey mirrors ancient mystical journeys into the world beyond, bringing to light a modern day rendering of the afterlife passage.

But Michael Jackson's Afterlife Experiences offer the TRUE Victory Tour - in the world beyond - the afterlife of Michael Jackson.

***"You are not real, Death, for I die every minute and
am reborn in the next into life infinite."***

The Book of Angelus Silesius (17th Century Zen Poet)

