

Michael Jackson's Afterlife Experiences

A Trilogy in One Volume

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

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Michael Jackson: The Afterlife
Experiences I

A Theology of Michael Jackson's Life and Lyrics

Michael Jackson: The Afterlife
Experiences II

Michael Jackson's American Dream to Heal the World

Michael Jackson: The Afterlife
Experiences III

The Confessions of Michael Jackson

Michael Jackson:

The Afterlife Experiences

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Michael Jackson in Live Appearance

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

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The Afterlife Experiences

A Theology of Michael Jackson's Life and Lyrics

By Marilyn Hughes

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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

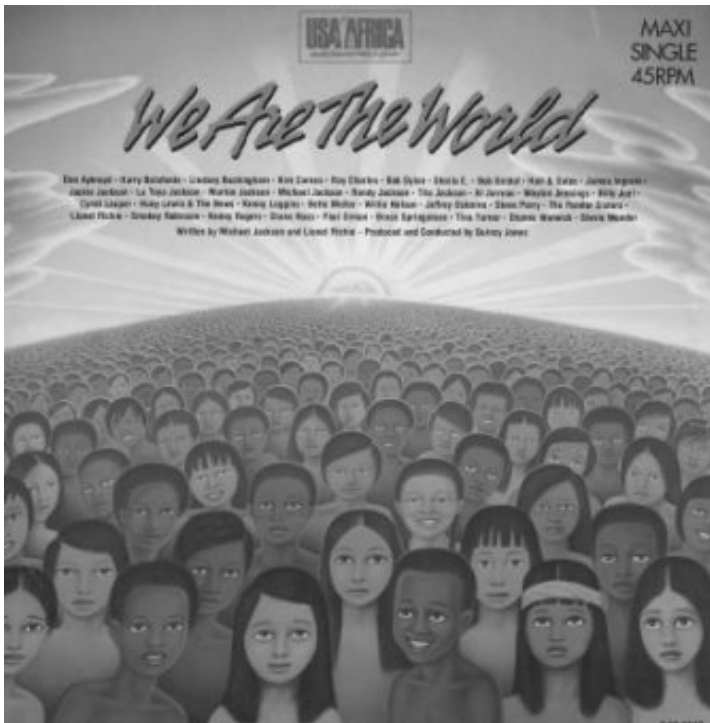
I'm starting with the man in the mirror
I'm asking him to change his ways
And no message could have been any clearer
If you wanna make the world a better place
Take a look at yourself and then make a change, yey
Na na na, na na na, na na na na oh ho

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

*"With all lowliness and meekness, with
longsuffering, forbearing one another in love;
endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the
bond of peace . . . One God and Father of all, who is
above all, and through all, and in you all."*

The Holy Bible, King James Version, Ephesians 4:2-6 (Christianity)

*"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."*

Whispers from Eternity, By Paramahansa Yogananda, Give us a True
Conception of Brotherhood (Hinduism, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)



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

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

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



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 Tzu, 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***

"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."

[illegible]

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 whisper 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)

Michael Jackson:

The Afterlife Experiences II

Michael Jackson's American Dream to Heal the World

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Michael Jackson in Live Appearance
(Photograph by MJJ Productions)

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EXCERPT FROM 'PETER PAN'

By James M. Barrie

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

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

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

From 'Peter Pan,' By James M. Barrie

Michael Jackson:

The Afterlife Experiences II

Michael Jackson's American Dream to Heal the World

INTRODUCTION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

First Secret of Fatima:

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

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

Sister Lucia, The First Secret of Our Lady of Fatima

Second Secret of Fatima:

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

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

Sister Lucia, The Second Secret of Our Lady of Fatima

Third Secret of Fatima:

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

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

Sister Lucia, The Third Secret of Our Lady of Fatima

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

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

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

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

much.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

which I knew they did not carry in real life.

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

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

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

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

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

He was a good man."

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

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

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

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

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

when suddenly a hand tapped my shoulder.

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

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

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

We were both joyfully tearful in seeing each

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

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

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

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

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

Looking at me intensely at about the age of

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PART ONE: THE AFTERLIFE EXPERIENCES

FOUR MONTHS INTO THE AFTERLIFE

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER ONE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They were all looking up at me in shocked

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The state which transcends speech and thought is mouna; it is meditation without mental activity.

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

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

CHAPTER TWO

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was at this time that I first saw Leticia.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Do not allow yourself to be distracted."

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

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

The results were shocking.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was disgusting.

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

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

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

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

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

Confusions Contradict
The Self
Do we Know Right

From Wrong

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

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

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

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

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

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

St. John Chrysostom, Adhortatio at Theodorum Lapsum

"Who sins and mends commends himself to God."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Apocrypha, 1 Maccabees 3: 18, 19

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

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

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

St. Augustine

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

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

The Dialogues of Devils, John Macgowan [Kessinger Publications]

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

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

stewardship."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

humility."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Martin Luther, Holy Week, Second Sermon

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

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

Martin Luther, Fifth Sunday after Epiphany

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

Martin Luther

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

Martin Luther, Fifth Sunday after Epiphany

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

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

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

"God, be merciful to me a sinner."

New Testament, Luke 18:13

CHAPTER THREE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

so.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

St. John Chrysostom

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sitting in the kitchen, a member of my

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Path of the Just, Rabbi Moshe Chayyim Luzzatto

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dialogues of the Devils, John Macgowan [Kessinger Publications]

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

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

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

Dialogues of the Devils, John Macgowan [Kessinger Publications]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

New Testament, New American Version, John 13:34

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER FOUR

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"By changing it rests."

Selections from Early Greek Philosophy, Heraclitus [Philosophers]

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

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

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

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

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

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

Charles Spurgeon [Christian Theologian]

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

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

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

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

Holding my chest, I rolled over and faced the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

St. John of the Cross

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

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

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

Anonymous [12,000 Inspirational Quotes, Frank Mead]

CHAPTER FIVE

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

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

Thomas Carlyle [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Who among us cannot understand?

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

precarious."

Edward Gibbon [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations]

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

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

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

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

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

"A man's character is his destiny."

Selections from Early Greek Philosophy, Heraclitus [Philosophers]

So, yes, there were profound differences

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

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

Dietrich Bonhoeffer [Christian Theologian]

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

Shakespeare [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations]

"In the dead there is no rivalry."

Lord Bacon [Philosopher, Theologian]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thomas Carlyle [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations]

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

Friedrich Halm [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations]

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER SIX

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

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

Padre Pio of Pietrelcina, Letters

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

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

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

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

I was in shock.

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

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

Not tonight.

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

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

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

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

and let the divine physician also act as surgeon."

Padre Pio of Pietrelcina, Letters

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Padre Pio of Pietrelcina, Letters

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

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

Father Benedetto to Padre Pio of Pietrelcina, Letters

PART TWO:

THE AFTERLIFE EXPERIENCES

INTO THE MYSTIC

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

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

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

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

And over that high mountain

I will smooth the path for you.

In this wall, this wall of iron,

I will hack a breach for you,

hug you with all my strength,

and take you to the place of light."

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

CHAPTER SEVEN

Michael Jackson Encourages me to Feel his 'Devastating Pain'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What could this possibly mean?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Bobcat – The animal came to symbolize clear-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"There is nothing hidden that will not be exposed,

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

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

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

John 1:5, New Testament, New American Translation

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

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

CHAPTER EIGHT

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

"Each person comes into this world with a specific destiny--he has something to fulfill, some message has to be delivered, some work has to be completed. You are not here accidentally--you are here meaningfully. There is a purpose behind you. The whole intends to do something through you."

Osho (Buddhism)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cicero: De Finibus

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

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

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

When you first entered, you expected it to be a

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

different.

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

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

Suddenly, something happened which made me think more carefully.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

cravings and desires.

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

This would help him not be lonely.

But it was a violation of eternal law.

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

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

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

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

Walking her towards the staircase to heaven,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Again, I noticed the three young men who

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

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

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

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

A. Farnese, A Wandering in the Spirit Lands

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Be not wicked in thine own esteem."

The Talmudic Anthology, Louis Newman, 310 (Judaism)

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

The Talmudic Anthology, Louis Newman, 312 (Judaism)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thich Nhat Hanh (Buddhism)

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

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

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

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

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

A. Farnese, A Wandering in the Spirit Lands

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mahatma Gandhi (Hindu, Hinduism)

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

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

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

CHAPTER NINE

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

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

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

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

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

But they did not.

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

of you is bones and sinews."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And within moments, I was no longer there.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Love is sacrifice, not self-desiring.

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

Watchman Nee, *The Spiritual Man, Desire*

And then it was done.

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

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

A. Farnese, A Wandering in the Spirit Lands

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

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

A. Farnese, A Wandering in the Spirit Lands

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

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

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

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

Chinese Proverb

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

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

CHAPTER TEN

Michael Jackson Encourages me to Feel 'Closure'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mother Teresa (Christianity, Catholic)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kahlil Gibran (Poet)

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

Michael Jackson

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Treasury of Philosophy, Epictetus [Philosophers]

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

No words.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Michael Jackson

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Mother!" Wendy cried.

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

the dream.

"Mother!"

"That's John," she said.

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

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

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

From 'Peter Pan,' By James M. Barrie

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

THE SEAL OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA

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

Our Lord to Sister Lucia, Seer of Fatima

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

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

FOOTNOTES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

age, to be the best performers we could be.

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

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

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

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

world.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mahatma Gandhi said: "The weak can never forgive.

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

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

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

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

Let that new song be the sound of children laughing.

Let that new song be the sound of children playing.

Let that new song be the sound of children singing.

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

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

Let us heal the world and blight its pain.

And may we all make beautiful music together.

God bless you, and I love you.”

Michael Jackson’s Oxford Speech, March 2001

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Michael Jackson:

The Afterlife Experiences II

Michael Jackson's American Dream to Heal the World

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

<http://outofbodytravel.org>



Author, Marilyn Hughes

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

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

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

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

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

Michael Jackson:

The Afterlife Experiences III

The Confessions of Michael Jackson

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

<http://outofbodytravel.org>



BYE

Michael Jackson

(Photograph by MJJ Productions)

Michael Jackson:

The Afterlife Experiences III

The Confessions of Michael Jackson

By Marilyn Hughes

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Michael Jackson:

The Afterlife Experiences III

The Confessions of Michael Jackson



INTRODUCTION

"Oh, my God, no . . ." was all I could think as the out-of-body visions again began about eight months after Michael Jackson's death.

What had begun was another totally different event regarding the afterlife experiences of Michael Jackson, one which made me extremely uncomfortable. "Lord Jesus," I prayed after being told the new title, "Is this really necessary? Is this your will? I am not a priest. I don't want to hear this."

Learning very quickly that Michael Jackson intended to make a confession of the things which

had remained in his life a mystery; I honestly did not want that responsibility. Even if Michael wanted to tell me the truth about certain controversial matters in his life, I wasn't sure that it was even appropriate that I or the whole world might know. What business of it was ours? Why?

"Lord, I am extremely uncomfortable going to this place. What is this; another 'Confessions of St. Augustine'? Do you really want me to do this?" I paused as Michael's information was being downloaded into me as an unwilling reception of matters I didn't want to pursue. The incessant flow of information was filled with an urgency and I knew that I must do this to fulfill God's purpose, despite my personal discomfort. "Michael, I will write down what you tell me." And I began to write.

"I said you had to do it. You said you didn't want to. We talked about it, and we agreed that maybe I could help. I said you were wrong. You insisted you were right. We held each other's hand, and right and wrong disappeared. I began crying. You began crying, too. We embraced, and between us grew a flower of peace. How I love this mystery called We!"

Michael Jackson, Dancing the Dream, I You We [Doubleday, 1992]

*"Come, now again thy woes impart,
Tell all thy sorrows, all thy sin;
We cannot heal the throbbing heart,
Till we discern the wounds within."*

George Crabbe: The Hall of Justice, Part II, 1. [12,000 Inspirational Quotations,
Frank S. Mead]

PART ONE:

THE AFTERLIFE EXPERIENCES

EIGHT MONTHS INTO THE AFTERLIFE



"Confess your sins to one another."

The Venerable Bede: Commentary on the Epistle of James [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"The confession of evil works is the first beginning of good works."

St. Augustine [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

CHAPTER ONE

Michael Jackson Discusses Children



"Loving kindness is greater than laws; and the charities of life are more than all ceremonies."

The Talmud [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

When my children were babies and toddlers, I would breastfeed them. As a result, especially with my youngest since I perfected the art by then, we often napped and cuddled together in bed up until they were four or five years of age. It was just a normal extension of breastfeeding and mothering. Much of the time, I would breastfeed my babies in bed because they would go to sleep and snuggle. With my youngest son, he would breastfeed so much that we were pretty much always together. He had a big appetite.

Oftentimes, my children would do this beyond

toddlerhood when they were sick. They would sleep in my bed or in my room (sometimes I'd take the floor) so I could monitor their fever, their breathing (my son had asthma) up until they were ten or twelve years of age. It wasn't unusual, it was just mothering.

Awaking in a vision, Michael Jackson appeared beside me lying down at about the age of eight years. He was just sleeping next to me like one of my children might have done when they were younger.

At first, I felt rather uncomfortable. It was Michael Jackson after all, even though he was appearing at the time he would've been as a child. But more importantly, he wasn't my own child.

I heard the adult Michael Jackson speaking to me in my ears from above. "That's all there was to it," Michael said, "These kids were sick."

Immediately, I had an energetic understanding in that because of the role he had taken on with so many thousands of sick and disadvantaged children, he *had* taken on a role of care giving especially with certain uniquely ill children.

No longer uncomfortable, I put my arm around the young child Michael as I would have my own children and became unconscious.

And that was all he had to say . . .

*"Behold, I do not give lectures or a little charity,
When I give I give myself."*

Walt Whitman: Leaves of Grass - Songs of Myself, XL [12,000 Inspirational
Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

CHAPTER TWO

Michael Jackson Discusses Bisexual and Homosexual Feelings



“Know this: that whatever situation you find yourself in, it is what is necessary for your development. An entity must apply in its associations from day to day a word here and a word there, one today, another tomorrow and the next day, with the understanding that from such activities in word and deed, self-development will come.”

Edgar Cayce from ‘Many Mansions,’ By Gina Cerminara, [Signet Paperbacks, 1950]

“Oh, Michael,” I said, as he had come to take me into yet another area of his life I knew nothing about. “I don’t really want to know. Why are you telling me these things?”

"Just watch," he said.

"Michael, you're with Jesus now, and that's all that I really need to know." "Yes," he said, "but watch and write . . ."

Michael was standing with two men, both of whom appeared to be dancers. It seemed that this occurred a little bit earlier in his life, maybe in the 1990's, but that would be a guess.

One of the men had introduced Michael to the other, who was shown to me as a very buff and polished dancer. He wore a hat and was obviously homosexual. Michael Jackson felt an attraction to him, he said, "I had homosexual thoughts . . . and opportunities. But though I sometimes thought about engaging in them, I was too ashamed to do so."

The young men with him were encouraging him to just have fun and not worry about how he felt about it, but he hesitated and as far as I could tell he didn't indulge this tendency. (As far as I could tell.)

"I was often attracted to dancer types," he said, "I appreciated the male body . . . its beauty . . . especially in artistic perfection." But he seemed to convey that although he had these feelings, he didn't follow up on them. He wasn't gay, he was obviously interested, attracted to and involved with women. But he occasionally had what might be considered bisexual thoughts which he didn't appear to indulge in although it was clear in what he was showing me that opportunities likely presented themselves to him often.

"I'm just telling you that the thought was there . . . that's all. I was very uncomfortable about it, but

the thought was there . . . “

“Okay, Michael.” I responded. “You really don’t have to tell me this stuff you know. It’s none of my business.” Very calmly, he restated, “Please . . . watch and write . . . “

And then he was gone.

*“We evaluate our friends with a Godlike justice, but
we want them to evaluate us with a Godlike
compassion.”*

Sydney J. Harris, Chicago Daily News [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S.
Mead]

CHAPTER THREE

Michael Jackson Discusses Lisa Marie Presley



*"Devotion wafts the mind above, but Heaven itself
descends in love."*

George Gordon, Lord Byron: The Giaour, 1. 1135 [12,000 Inspirational
Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

Michael Jackson came to me in an unusual mood. In the wafty cloudeous essence in which I saw him, he was emanating so much love towards someone who I could not initially see that I was sincerely interiorly moved by his love for this person.

Slowly, he began to lean towards this person I could not see as if he were going to kiss her. And as he did, he did so with such intense love and passion, I felt like I was watching something that was not appropriate for me to see.

Beyond the obvious deep and meaningful love was a tenderness I cannot describe. As he touched Lisa Marie Presley's lips with his own, he was so gentle. But it was like his love for her and appreciation for who she had been to him in his life had only grown in his own death.

During life, perhaps he'd felt entitled. But not in the great leveler which brings all human beings to the same level, he felt passionately what they truly had shared with one another despite how it had turned out in his life.

People mess up, they hurt the ones they love.

But he wanted her to know this, and I immediately understood that the woman with the brown hair that he had set my face upon in the Afterlife Experiences [I] was actually Lisa Marie.

Before Michael's death, I had not paid that much attention to him or his life. I was not familiar with Lisa Marie Presley, either. So when I saw her, I didn't recognize her.

But there was no question this was the person to whom he had been hoping to send this message of

love. And now, as eight months had passed since his parting from this world, it seemed that his love for her had only grown.

It was mature, responsible, gentle and kind. And beyond this, it was also very passionate. She absolutely was the love of his life, and he wanted her to know that.

As the image faded from my view, I told Michael, "I understand. You've done so much for me," I paused, "but you need me to take care of some things for you now. For whatever reason, you need to make these confessions."

As I paused to think how uncomfortable I had been when he first approached me with this new phase, and the discomfort I still felt with it, I felt a new resolve. "Okay, Michael, we're going to get this done. This whole journey made me uncomfortable from the moment we began, but we've been through a lot together now. I will trust you and the will of God and we'll just do this thing. I understand, you need to do this . . . I'll help you to do it."

A huge wave of energy came over me as I felt Michael's presence and resolve. Still not quite comfortable with the process at hand, I thought again of the image of Michael kissing Lisa Marie with such passion, love and tenderness. She needed to know this . . . and although these confessions were something I felt belonged to only him and those who loved him, I finally just understood that he was asking me to write them down for the world.

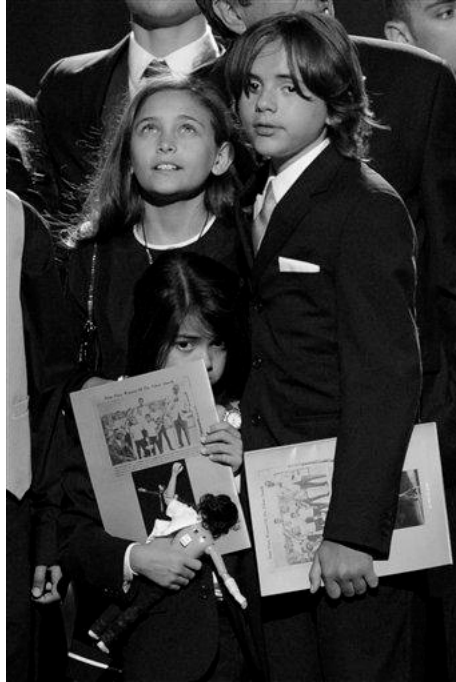
"Okay, okay, okay . . ." I thought, "God's mysterious ways . . . let's do this, Michael."

*“Love is ever the beginning of knowledge, as fire is of
light.”*

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

CHAPTER FOUR

Michael Jackson's Takes me to See his Children



"Suffering is the true cement of love."

Paul Sabatier [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

The eerie essence of the night began to emerge in a cloudeous blue substance which showed no signs of life until a sudden and intermittent light burst forth from beyond. Michael Jackson had come to take to me see someone. "Please?" he asked.

Sitting against a white wall perched upon the clouds, was Michael Jackson's eldest son. Prince

Michael was sitting on the floor looking a little down as I approached him carefully to say hello.

"Hi," I said quietly as I walked near. He looked up at me as if he knew who I was and excitedly asked, "Can you sit with me?" "Of course," I said, as I plopped myself next to him in the cloudy room. Michael Jackson was pleased that I was able to make subconscious contact with his son in a way which he was not yet able. Prince could not see his father, yet.

Janet Jackson, Michael's younger sister was off in the corner doing something to her hair and hanging out with the kids. It was very sweet; she was very much just 'being' with them.

The other two quietly came over to see what was happening, although they could not see Michael either consciously or subconsciously.

A subconscious contact is an out-of-body experience wherein the other person is likely not to remember the experience. It can sometimes be remembered as a dream, but oftentimes, it sinks deeply into the subconscious world of the dream and the person has no memory of the experience.

This is a common mechanism of the eternal with all human beings in their spiritual development during this life.

As I was sitting next to Michael Jackson's son, he said, "Can you tell me more about my father, what he's doing now?" I began telling him stories of some of the adventures Michael Jackson and I had shared in the afterlife as his children listened with great interest in this probable sub-conscious state. As his eldest son sat with me and listened, he would smile and look up

at me when I told him something funny or really interesting about the afterlife.

We actually sat for hours and when we were finished, he said, "Sitting with you makes me feel close to my Dad." "Oh, what an honor," I replied. "I can understand why you'd want to feel close to him again. It must be really tough?" "Yeah . . ." he said. His eyes indicated a strong spirit, he was going to be okay. But he just missed his father, Michael Jackson, and it seemed to help him to sit next to me and feel that presence. The other two did the same, but never spoke.

Janet was very quietly sitting in the same room doing her hair and I was surprised at how down to earth our moments together had been.

They were regular people . . . grieving. It had been an honor.

Saying good-bye to Janet, I sent a special smile to Michael Jackson's children and waved good-bye. Turning to Michael, he was entranced with the vision of his children. He could not take his eyes off of them. So I said nothing as the ethereal heavens took my soul back to the world of men.

*"If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief."*

Algernon Charles Swinburne: Love at Sea [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

CHAPTER FIVE

Michael Jackson Discusses the Prison of Self



"We are very apt to be full of ourselves, instead of Him, that made what we so much value, and but for whom we have no reason to value ourselves. For we have nothing that we can call our own, no, not ourselves; for we are all but tenants, and at will, to, of the great Lord of ourselves."

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

In the eerie darkness of the cave below the heavens, I waited as I knew something spectacular was about to arise. But what, I had no idea.

There was an opening to the left in this cave where it appeared souls may be brought in, and to the right was a cavernous interior where there had been lain a table. Upon the table was a scroll, but I was not yet allowed to see its contents. It was laid out as if

waiting to be released or revealed.

Suddenly, I heard the sounds of a child's laughter and images of the young eleven year old Michael Jackson were flitting about the cavern. I laughed with him and watched the mirage of the young Michael joyfully flit by.

To the left of the cave where the entrance of souls appeared to be, the adult Michael Jackson was led in by two guardian spirits who were dressed almost like soldiers, but all in black with bright white buttons across their uniforms. Their hats were reminiscent of the 1800's, but also in the color of black.

Michael was more unkempt than I usually see him, wearing a worn out white shirt which was not entirely tucked into his black pants. He had evidence of charcoal or ashes on his face and it appeared that he had been in deep contemplation for quite some time much like the desert fathers who would go to the caves to meditate upon God. He had evidently lost all desire to keep the vanity going, and had entered into something much more deep and profound.

He appeared, however, in the body that he would have had at the age of 50 when he died.

The eleven year old Michael Jackson romped around the room and then entered into the fifty year old Michael Jackson which brought the sacred hoop of his life together at both ends.

Michael's face was very serious and he looked at me with great intensity. He had something important to share with me and I knew it. So I kept the proper attitude of reverence and repose.

As he continued to enter the room, I felt this profound sense of the illusion of his death. It was almost as if for a moment I truly believed that the world had it all wrong. He had never died, it was all an illusion. But then, I remembered, there is a stage in the death of everyone where this illusion becomes clear and it seems that the deceased never really died although by earthly reality they indeed did pass away. It feels as though we are under a mass hallucination, and perhaps we are, since with every death this strange transition occurs where the line between the living and the dead becomes so unclear and blurry - at least for the mystic.

For a moment, I realized we were in a cave very similar to the one where Padre Pio had taken me to show me the mysteries of the Holy Eucharist years before.

Michael never spoke, but he looked at me as he now stood over the scroll which had been unrolled and summoned me to come and see. Upon the scroll were lyrics that Michael Jackson had written. No music, only words that came to life on the page about his journey in what he would call 'The Prison of Self.'

As I came over, I noticed that the area in the open part of the cave was surrounded by stars and there was no ceiling to the cavern, it was open to the universe.

In the Prison of Self
The Soul lies Awake
Capturing a Moment
Of Lies and Deceit

There is no Greater Hunger
 Than the Man Lost at Sea
 Captured by Cravings
 Or Honored by Men

When Death Comes a Calling
 A Soul Can Awake
 Or it Can Spend Aeons
Souls Encaptured
Souls Encased

The Prison of Self
 Contains no True Grace

I'm Thankful, I'm Falling
 The Lord Plucked my Pride
 And Pulled on my Heartstrings
 To Take me to His Side

Yes, a Soul can be Wandering
 For Aeons it Seems
 In the Prison of Self
 After Death if he Gleans

But I'm Grateful I Didn't
 Thanks to Help from my Friends
 And Because my Desire
 For Knowledge was Deepened

When Death Comes to You
 Beware of the Pull
 Souls Encaptured

Souls Encased
 The Prison of Self
 Must Always be Faced

Vicarious Wanderings
 Through Ego's Allure
 Can Only be Quenched
 By Freedom's Lost Fire

And Where is this Freedom
 That all Soul's Must Seek
 It is in Destiny
 And Selfless Mystique

Who are you Really?
 An Image of God
 Or are you a Fledgling
 Egomaniacal Pod?

If it is God you Image Within
 Then the Heavens Shine Forth
 From your Destiny's Dream

But if you Come Forth
 As a Parcel of Self
 You are as Nothing
 But a Reprehensible Shell

If you Could be All
 But Choose to be Some
 How can the Lord
 Support Such a Fraud

Do Never Enter
 The Prison of Self
 Rather, Enter the Tomb
 With the Christ and His Mother

In that Self-Effacing Tomb
 Lie the Secrets of Mirth
 And Beyond the Confinement
 Are Released the Wisdom of the Stars

Do Never Enter
 The Prison of Self
 Souls Encaptured
 Souls Encased

Instead Hear the Cry
 Of Everlasting Grace

Reading over the entire lyric three times, I was enraptured. The words held an energetic beauty in the heavenly realms which I cannot mimic, but they were alive. Immediately, I understood it was about how some souls will be in a prison of self for a long time after death, while others rise quickly. He was expressing gratitude that he had only been here a short time due to the prayers and well wishes of his friends and family.

But because Michael Jackson had been so honored by men, and also defamed, he had to go through this prison of self – meditate upon this prison of false thinking – in these caves where wisdom can emerge as quickly or as slowly as a soul is willing to

recognize their own selfish motivations. Michael Jackson had seen very quickly how he had entered into a prison of self in his life having become such an iconic figure, so larger than life.

Having that happen, despite all best intentions which Michael absolutely had, can still affect our ability to see ourselves clearly, through the eyes of God and to truly know from whence our motivations come.

Humble and profoundly deep, Michael's eyes conveyed a depth I had not yet seen within him as the guardians now showed us a lifeline. Upon this lifeline, was captured the past, present and future of himself and every member of his family.

Unfortunately, Michael's lifeline ended on this chart, but others in his family had rich journeys to travel and knowledge to encompass.

Michael looked concerned for Jermaine, as the lifeline showed a particular time of some possible spiritual trouble coming for him relating to the Prison of Self. Michael wanted him to know that he would be there during this trial. He would be watching over him and helping him to get through it.

*“Let not soft slumber close your eyes,
Before you’ve collected thrice
The train of action through the day!
Where have my feet chose out their way?
What have I learnt, where’er I’ve been,
From all I’ve heard, from all I’ve seen?
What have I more that’s worth the knowing?
What have I done that’s worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?”*

*What duty have I left undone,
Or into what new follies run?
These self-inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God."*

Isaac Watts: Self Examination [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"As a man goes down in self, he goes up in God."

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

CHAPTER SIX

Michael Jackson Discusses his Family and his Physical Appearance During Life



“Love is a symbol of eternity. It wipes out all sense of time, destroying all memory of a beginning and all fear of an end.”

Madame Anne Germaine de Stael: Corinne [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

The ethereal blanket began to part slowly as the spectacular image erupted before my view. Michael Jackson was wearing a bright red shirt and black pants. His hair was very much as it had been in his last days. His left hand was held up to his heart and he was standing next to the spectacular golden casket he had been buried in which was cascading with red roses.

It was a sight to see; the man, the vision, the final curtain call of his life . . .

Looking directly at me, he said, "Don't forget about the music." "I will never forget the music, Michael." I said.

In that moment as he stood next to the casket, I could sense the gratitude he had towards his family for handling his death with such honor and grace. He loved them so much. Although there were not tears in his eyes, there were tears which I could feel in his heart.

For a moment he showed me a vision within a vision regarding his brothers. They were singing something very positive and light in a car, trying to counterbalance some dark force which was relentlessly pursuing them. But they would not be conquered; they prevailed continually against this dark force as they insisted on remaining positive and light.

"I understand, Michael," I said, "Dark forces will relentlessly pursue your brothers as they did you, but the dark forces will not prevail." Michael nodded, but gave me a facial indication that I was missing something. "Oh! Yes!" I said, "They will overcome those forces not only through music and their positive attitudes . . . but by standing together." Michael smiled, "Yes," he conveyed.

Michael then began to sing, but I was not allowed to hear the sound. As he was singing, ethereal elements were forming around him and around myself. It was evident that he was trying to expand my work by bringing elements together,

uniting formerly displaced energies of light, he was helping me. I was very moved to watch this.

Quietly, as the music faded from view, Michael Jackson very quietly whispered, "Everything can be remembered." His eyes held a mystery.

"Okay," I replied, not knowing exactly what he meant. Frankly, I was speechless so I said nothing as suddenly we were gathered up by the ethereal winds and taken to another place.

Michael's appearance changed from the time of his death to a time when he was probably around forty years old. But his appearance would begin morphing as we talked into many different times in his adult life.

We were in a very casual bedroom. Although Michael was standing in the room, his words were heard almost as if he were transmitting through a phone. But he was talking a lot and there would be no way I could remember every word. He was just so excited to get to 'talk' to me without an interruption in the flow.

Ironically, this was probably the first time we were able to do this wherein we had penetrated the divide between life and death to the degree that he could really just talk without interruption and I was able to listen and hear.

Although I cannot remember his every word, he was speaking about all the things his family was doing with his work, music and estate since his death. He was so excited and happy about all that they were doing to preserve the legacy of the music. He was especially happy about a recent arrangement made

with Sony to release a lot of his music over the next decade or so. He was so pleased.

He went on and on about a whole bunch of people who were working on these projects, many of whom he had known. He mentioned many of them by name, but I couldn't remember them because there were so many. But he was talking about the producers, the women behind the scenes who organized everything and most importantly his family.

In his joy, he was giggling a lot and just talking to me as if he probably would have a friend during life. Initially, he was just walking around the room yapping away about how happy he was about the family's honorable approach to the legacy.

And it was very clear that their approach to that legacy was giving him much more peace in his afterlife experience, because he was able to rest knowing that the work he had brought in with the help of God would not be lost.

After a while he came over and sat down next to me on the side of the bed.

Still giggly, he morphed into the jacket he had worn in 'Thriller.' I never liked that video because of the dark theme but he was oblivious to that. He put his arm around me and became quiet. 'Thriller' was actually the reason I never paid any attention to him or his work while he was alive. I hated that video and it turned me off to anything he would do in the future. I thought that was kind of funny . . .

He was staring off into space now and I just sat with him as he did so.

Suddenly and without warning, Michael pounced on me in a playful desire to wrestle or have some kind of tickle fight. As he did so, he began to change his face again to different moments in his adult life. "Would you like me if I looked like this?" He said with each change. After a series of "Yes, of course, I would's", he turned into the image of who he would have been without Vitiligo and without plastic surgery - a black man. "Would you like me like this?" I paused as I realized he was really self-conscious about his true self. Looking deeply into his face, I was able to gaze upon who he was behind all the trappings of his life, his stardom, and the changes that overtook him due to illness and self-imposition. His African heritage was beautiful and I could see it almost as if I were looking into a genealogical line of honor which ran deep into his family's ancestral heritage.

He looked deeply into my eyes as an African American man almost as if he was waiting for some kind of rejection. But it was beautiful, and the lines in the ether from whence he had come were stunning and profound objects of respect, not rejection.

"Of course, I would. I love you no matter what, Michael. I will always love you, I don't care about how you looked at different times in your life. I love your soul . . ."

In a surprise move at humor, he immediately jumped away from me and morphed into a period in his later life wherein he looked maybe a little more feminine. "What about this?" He said, with a big grin on his face as he began to almost lose control of his

laughter. Looking up, I smiled. "Okay, Michael," I said, "I know you got a little carried away, but it still doesn't change anything. I'll always love you. You have my love . . . we'll always be friends if God so wills." He started cracking up and came towards me with his arms outstretched. Hugging me tightly, he seemed relieved that my care for him was unaffected, unchanging. I decided it was time for a little turnabout.

"Hey, Michael," I said, with a slightly guilty air. "Would you like me like this?" My spirit immediately began morphing into personalities from different lifetimes I'd lived. Starting out mildly, I began showing him different lifetimes as a female of many races including Native American and Asian. But then I stopped on a lifetime wherein I had been a scraggly man who died in the American West very young at the hands of some wild creature. "Would you like me like this?" I said in my scraggly male voice, with a hideous stench coming from my bedraggled body.

Michael Jackson leapt with joyous laughter. "Turnabout is fair play," I said, as we both laughed uncontrollably together.

Morphing back into my current manifestation, I said, "Michael, I hope you love me the way I love you. And that is that I see that interior temple within that beautiful spirit of yours and everything else has no meaning. My love for you is from my heart, from my soul . . . and it is for your heart and for your soul."

When Michael sought reassurances of my love, it was always that of a confidante, a friend. It wasn't a

romantic thing. Michael had a lot of love in his heart for many people who had been close friends, and he seemed to need reassurance at times that even in his brutal honesty and truth, that this friendship, this love remained. He spoke of love like that . . . in a way that some might misunderstand or misinterpret as a romantic love, but it was not that; but rather, the love of a true friend and a confidante, which was a kind of love that he honored and greatly esteemed.

Suddenly, he got really serious. "I have a present for you!" He almost shouted. "But you have to listen really carefully." "Okay," I said. He held my eyes to his, "Moriah, the pomp of Moriah." He said. "Google it . . . and you'll receive my gift to you." Nodding, I agreed as he repeated into the ethereal winds the words which had grabbed a hold of my spirit and were dragging me back to earth. "Moriah, Moriah . . ."

When I returned, I did as he'd asked. Finding a hymn, I was rendered speechless by their words. When I tried to search for it later, it did not come up.

"We rear not a temple like Judah's of old; whose portals were marble, whose vaultings were gold. No incense is lighted, no victims are slain, no monarch kneels praying to hallow the fane. More simple and lowly, the walls that we raise. And humbler the pomp of procession and praise. Where the heart is the altar whence incense shall roll, and Messiah the King who shall pray for the soul. O Father, come in, but not in the cloud, which filled the bright courts where thy chosen ones bowed. But come in that spirit of glory

and grace, which beams on the soul and illumines the race. O come in the power of life-giving Word. And reveal to each heart its Redeemer and Lord. Till faith bring the peace to the penitent given, and love fill the air with the fragrance of heaven. The pomp of Moriah has long passed away, and soon shall our frailer erection decay. But the souls that are builded in worship and love, shall be temples to God everlasting above" Henry Ware, Jr., *Hymn Studies*, Methodist Episcopal Church

***"Human things must be known to be loved: but
Divine things must be loved to be known."***

Blaise Pascal [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"Life bears Love's cross, death brings Love's crown."

Dinah Maria Muock Craik: Lettice [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

CHAPTER SEVEN

Michael Jackson Discusses Male Domination



"It's fun to believe in yourself, but don't be too easily convinced."

T. Harry Thompson: Sales Management [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

The night wind heralded an issue of discomfort for me as I realized suddenly why Michael

had been so adamant in regards to making sure our friendship was secure. He had been preparing to touch on an issue that was personal to me, and he was about to reveal something I didn't know about him which would give me pause.

Our journey tonight began in the Muslim world where Michael had spent some time later in life. "I'm ashamed to admit it, but I was attracted to Bahrain because the society offered a few things for me." Michael Jackson said. "In the beginning, it was attractive to be able to hide under the Abaya and to live in a society which allowed for the supremacy of men . . . frankly, you may not realize this, but I was very dominant in my life. I'm not proud of it, because I never wanted to do some of those things my father did to my mother. But I was domineering with both of my wives in a way which would likely shock you. Just take a look at the painting I had done in my Neverland home and then you'll understand. It was not enough to be the King of Pop; I had to be the King of my castle, too. And I heralded my stardom and financial power over my wives . . . and I'm ashamed to say, other people . . . during my life."

"In the beginning, going to Bahrain seemed attractive to me because the society would support this in me . . . or at least I thought they would. But then I started to get to know some of the people . . . " He turned to look at me, "Maybe you can talk to them . . . then you'll understand."

Suddenly, I was sitting in the front seat of a truck with a Muslim woman who was very nervous to be speaking with me. She was not wearing the

traditional black Abaya, but rather, a white one with some flowers on it.

"In our country," she said, "there is a required subjection of women to men." She paused, looking fearfully around her. "It's almost a form of 'male worship.'" She said. "But it really affects the children negatively because the men and their wants and desires come first and sometimes the children don't get everything that they need because the men are so demanding." "In what ways?" I asked, naively. "In every way." She replied. "The finances go to fulfill their every whim before they go to the needs of the children, and sometimes there's not enough left. But it goes into every aspect of life; sexuality, the submission of women in the home, but the bottom line is this dominance of men in our society is very hard on women and children."

As she spoke, I could see the faces of some of these pampered men and it was pretty narcissistic. (Disclaimer: Obviously, this is only my experience which Michael wished for me to see this evening. This is not a reflection on Bahrain or any Muslim country as a whole. I am only sharing what Michael asked me to see this night.)

Continuing to look around her with great paranoia to make sure no one could hear what she was telling me, she began to disappear slowly.

And an ethereal wind pulled me back to Michael Jackson.

"When I saw this around me in Bahrain, I thought of my mother. Although in the United States, such subjection is not sanctioned openly by society . . .

many women still face it. My mother lived with this and handled it with such grace." He paused. "And my wives lived with it, too, even though I never wanted to be that way." He turned to look me in the eyes very deeply. "I *was* that way."

"In the United States, women can get out of these kinds of relationships. But I was able to see in Bahrain how this male domination became a slavery. And it was heart wrenching to me, because of several things. It reminded me of my mother, which of course really hurt my heart. But it also allowed me to see how bad this was for the children."

He reached up to wipe a tear from his eyes.

"So I came back to the United States, because I missed my mother. But I never got it right . . . " He looked pensively off into the distance. "I think I got it right with my children, but not with the others . . . my family, my wives . . . " Pausing, he looked down. "I did that to many people I loved and cared about."

He stopped. I looked up at him and said, "Wow, I had no idea . . . but then, I wouldn't since I've only known you since you passed away. There is something unique about relationships with those who have crossed over. They're already in the self-examination mode, they're different. Some of those things are not immediately evident."

Michael knew that I had personal feelings about this issue because of my own father and husband. This was a difficult thing for me to accept about him, because it was contrary to the Michael I had known since his death, but it made sense. "Michael, I appreciate your honesty about this. And I

know this was hard to say, but I also know that your honesty in this area will help a lot of people to see this in their own lives. So I'm glad you brought it up. It really is important for people to see how this male dominance has destroyed families, women and children."

He was very, very quiet. Very reflective . . . I took his hand and we began to walk down the ether highway where he would eventually return me to my physical body. "It's okay," I said, as I prepared to leave him to re-enter the world of the living, "It's all okay now. Just keep going with the will of Jesus Christ in this, and all will be exactly as it should be."

*"My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea, so
hardened with sin and distress. Till I heard a sweet
voice saying make me your choice, and I entered a
haven of rest! I've anchored my soul in the haven of
rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more. I yielded myself
to his tender embrace and faith taking hold of the
Word. My fetters fell off and I anchored my soul, the
haven of rest is my Lord."*

Haven of Rest, Hymn by George D. Moore [Unfading Treasures, A Compilation of Sacred Songs and Hymns]

*"God has placed the genius of women in their hearts;
because the works of this genius are always works of
love."*

Alfonse De Lamartine [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

CHAPTER EIGHT

Michael Jackson Discusses his Childhood



"Let no man despise thy youth."

New Testament: I Timothy 4:12

Imaged before me was the young Michael Jackson at about the age of eleven. Standing in what appeared to be the living room of a house, Michael was smiling. Next to him on the floor was a large yellow Tonka dump truck.

Whether this was symbolic or literal, I did not know. Michael Jackson's adult voice began speaking behind me sounding just a little ashamed. "I *did* have a childhood." He said. "Yes, our childhood was different than some kids but I don't think I realized how so many of the benefits which were given to us

because of what we did actually allowed my childhood to be extended well into my adult life."

I was watching the young Michael Jackson who, despite all, appeared to be a happy child.

"What I truly resented was the violent stuff that my father did . . ." He paused. "That's what I really missed out on, feeling safe and loved by my father when I was younger. When I got older, I think I did understand better that he had come from some hard livin'. *He* didn't have much of a childhood, always scraping and scratching to get by."

As I continued to watch the young Michael Jackson playing with his truck, he continued. "We got so much from such a young age, that I honestly believed that I had missed out on a lot. When in fact, I had been given so many more benefits during my childhood than most people get, but I didn't see that. I just saw the hard work, not the fruit of it and stuff. My anger was at my father, but I think I focused that anger towards not having a childhood. But it was the violence that I was grieving about, the difficult relationship with my father."

I didn't turn or see the adult Michael, I just listened.

"But God allowed me to channel that sense of a lost childhood into creating a beautiful experience for so many other children who were sick or poor who would never have had those kinds of experiences, either. And I don't think I realized what a great blessing this was to be able to do such a thing for God. Now I do . . . I was very blessed that God inspired me to do this and He gave me the means to

do it."

"But I *did* have a childhood, Marilyn, my mother was wonderful. And it's funny how time allows us to understand. I don't approve of or agree with how my father raised us, but I did forgive him and I love him, too."

Nodding, the ethereal winds began pulling me away from the eleven year old Michael standing next to his Tonka Truck.

"A man protesting against error is on the way toward uniting himself with all men that believe in truth."

Thomas Carlyle: Heroes and Hero Worship [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"Our object in life should be to accumulate a great number of grand questions to be asked and resolved in eternity. Now we ask the sage, the genius, the philosopher, the divine, but none can tell; but we will open our queries to other respondents - we will ask angels, redeemed spirits and God."

John Foster [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

PART TWO:

THE AFTERLIFE EXPERIENCES

"I WILL SPEAK THROUGH THE ANIMALS"



After my own father's passing, Michael Jackson gave me a respite to deal with my loss and to join my family in grieving his loss. On the night before we were to return home after the funeral, Michael returned.

Wearing all red, he was covered in red sequins even wearing a red sequined hat. His energy was very respectful of my process, but he was also demonstrating something different. He was very lively and joyful.

Indicating very clearly that we were going to

be getting back to work now that I had dealt with my own loss, he looked at me and said "I will now speak to you through the animals." I smiled.

Since Michael Jackson had come into our lives, we'd felt inspired to add a few more creatures to our home. We'd already had one dog and cat, but we had adopted a lame kitty who we had named Blessed Margaret of Castello after the lame saint who became an incorruptible. We had also acquired two new hamsters. They'd added so much life to our home; I had begun to understand Michael Jackson's love of animals and realized how important they can be to children, as well.

"Some die without having really lived, while others continue to live, in spite of the fact that they have died."

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

"Death and Love are two wings which bear men from earth to heaven."

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

CHAPTER NINE

Michael Jackson Discusses Destiny



"If by fate anyone means the will or power of God, let him keep his meaning but mend his language; for fate commonly means a necessary process which will have its way apart from the will of God and of men."

St. Augustine: The City of God [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

The radiance of the night was befalling me as the distant echo of a familiar voice began to come

upon me. It was so nice to hear that voice again, as there had been a delay in our work together. I'd missed hearing from Michael Jackson.

"Tonight," he said, "I came to talk to you about the pressure I felt during my life." Hearing his voice, I turned around desperately looking to see his face and from whence his voice was coming. But it was distant; he was further away in the heavens. It was harder for him to make it all the way through to me in this ménage of worlds we had to cross to continue our communication.

In that realization, I also knew another thing. Michael Jackson was moving further away, and in time, all those who have passed move further away from those on earth in order to fulfill the work of their new lives in the heavenly spheres. Our work would be finished soon.

Whatever we might share in these final months would likely be the last. This would be the wrapping up of a huge adventure and a beloved friendship that I had the honor to share with Michael beyond the grave. It was sad, but yet, necessary.

"Don't worry," his echoing voice came across the horizon, "you won't be able to see me this time. I'm calling out to you from very far away. Listen . . . I will try to tell you what I want to share with those who loved me." "Yes, Michael," I said, "I'm listening . . ." The echo and the distance was palpable, and I knew that this journey was going to become more difficult as we neared completion. And when it came to its final end, it may well be from a great distance.

Because he was so close to the earth plane

shortly after his death, the process had been quite different for the first book of Michael Jackson's Afterlife Experiences. The second again had taken it to another level, but still closer. Now, we were moving into the final episodes of his life between worlds. The distance was deafening, it was sorrowful . . . sorrowful because I'd enjoyed his presence for well over ten months now, and I knew in my heart he was moving further and further away.

His presence had caused me so much joy. Michael Jackson was a spirit filled with so much love. Love for life, love for the Lord, love for his family and friends. Having him around had given me a sense of never being alone, and his presence was intoxicating.

But it was beginning to wane . . . and that meant only one thing. Our connection in this life would have to end, and I would have to let him go. Although this sense was already becoming clear, when that final parting would come, it would be an adjustment for me.

But there was no time to think of such things. So I perked up my spiritual ears and began to listen . .

In the distance, although I could not see Michael, I could feel his pensive thought process. "During my life," he said, "I had this constant feeling." "What was that feeling, Michael?" I asked. "I had this constant feeling of being pushed twice." He paused.

"Can you tell me what you mean by 'being pushed twice?'" I asked. "It was my work and my family," he said, "but it was more than that. What made it difficult for me was that it was hard for my

family to understand. But I really want them to understand." There was a momentary silence as he began thinking. Suddenly, he shared a random thought. "I have a feeling you know these two pressures." "Yes, Michael, I have a sense of what you might be referring to, but go ahead, explain it to me."

"There was the first pressure which came from my family," he said, "which had to do with the family business, following the direction of those who were trying to help our careers and the pressure to keep the family working together because that was how it all started." Again, a pause. "But that pressure was understandable, and I loved my family. You'll know what I mean after I explain the other one."

"Okay, Michael," I said, "go ahead, it all makes sense." "The second pressure was all that was going on inside of me, things that some of my family and friends couldn't understand yet. I really believe they understand it now, and they understood it later on in my life. But early on, it was a mystery - to them, but also to me. But it was God . . . " "Aaaaaawwww, I *do* understand."

"God was calling me inside and many of the things I just *knew* I had to do didn't make much sense to some of them at the time. But there was this force of my destiny pushing me forward. And it broke my heart, because that destiny didn't include everyone. It was something that only I could do because only I understood it because it was inside of me. It was not only a force beyond my control, but it was a force which demanded its accomplishment. I *had* to do it. If I hadn't, I would've denied the destiny which God

had given me."

"Many of those things came about almost effortlessly. Although I worked a lot, almost all the time, I knew that my destiny was doing the work. It was like that destiny had embodied me, like the Holy Spirit directed everything I did, and as long as I just allowed it to do what it had to do, everything fell into place."

As he paused, I said, "Michael, I completely understand this. My destiny embodies me, as well. And I've been told by angels that certain loved ones would never understand this, and so far, this has proven to be true. I had to accept their condemnation in order to fulfill the call of my own destiny because to deny that destiny would be like denying breath. It was heartbreaking, but at the same time, I never once looked back because the power of that destiny could not be denied. It was something which was almost like an act of nature . . . to deny it would be to deny Christ. Something I would never do . . . Although I had the choice at any time to say 'no' to this destiny, to do so was unthinkable."

Michael interrupted, "Because that destiny is known to you . . . in some strange way." "Yes." I replied and then continued. "You may not know where it will lead, but you do have a sense. The spirit of God pulls so deeply within you, that you just know this is your nature, it is what you are. It is what you must be, what you must do . . . at any cost to yourself."

"And there is always a misunderstanding of such things." Michael said. "Absolutely . . . yes." I

replied.

"You *do* understand." Michael said. Nodding that I did, I remained silent.

"So I lived with this constant feeling of being pushed twice - my destiny and my family who didn't always understand how this was happening. I think they sometimes thought I was being selfish. And sometimes I was . . . but in other ways. In this way, I was defending the destiny which was born into me."

"I understand that Michael, well said, 'defending the destiny.'"

"One of the reasons I love animals so much," Michael said, "is because they simply live out the destiny which is inborn within them. They are so simple, they don't fight what they are. Sometimes people do . . ."

A long pause filled the night sky. And then the presence from afar simply drifted further into silence.

"Look at the birds in the sky. They do not sow or reap, they gather nothing into barns; yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are not you more important than they?"

New Testament: Gospel of Matthew 6:26

"As for clothes, why be concerned? Learn a lesson from the way the wildflowers grow. They do not work; they do not spin. Yet I assure you, not even Solomon in all his splendor was arrayed like one of these. If God can clothe in such splendor the grass of the field, which blooms today and is thrown on the fire tomorrow, will He not provide much more for you, O weak in faith! Stop worrying, then, over

questions like, "What are we to eat, or what are we to drink, or what are we to wear?" The unbelievers are always running after these things. Your heavenly Father knows all that you need. Seek first His kingship over you, His way of holiness, and all these things will be given you besides. Enough, then, of worrying about tomorrow. Let tomorrow take care of itself. Today has troubles enough of its own."

New Testament: Gospel of Matthew 6:26

CHAPTER TEN

Michael Jackson Discusses Rumors, Work, Opulence and the Love he has for his Mother



"The mother in her office holds the key of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin of character and makes the being who would be a savage, but for her gentle cares, a Christian man!"

Old Play [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

A gathering of people had come into the kitchen and dining area of this rather large mansion where a lot of food was laid out. My soul had been taken into a large home. Walking around the building, I noticed there were very big rooms and lots of extra unused bedrooms. It appeared to be a mansion of some sort.

Immediately, I noticed that Michael was sitting

on the wall . . . yes, the wall . . . just hovering in the dining room listening to what the people were saying. Rumors and ideas that people had about Michael Jackson were being shared by the many who had come this night. Looking up towards Michael, I observed the funniest thing.

During life, the crazy things people said about him really hurt him. But right now he was just cracking up in a hilarious belly laugh. Continuing to hover on the wall listening to the claims being made about him since his death - both positive and negative - he nodded his head in the ridiculousness of some of it, looked right at me and said, "It's just not true." Returning his nod, I smiled.

Interiorly, I understood that he was trying to convey that many of the nice things which were being said about him were just as equally untrue as the negatives. Somehow, the world had just gotten him all wrong. But it didn't matter anymore . . .

There was a profound irony in it and that was why he was laughing. Portrayed as having been mysterious during his life, Michael was amused because he didn't see himself as being mysterious at all. Rather, he saw himself as a very ordinary human being. And in truth, he had been. He was so much like the rest of us that seeing this speculation really was pretty hilarious. We laughed together.

Amongst the crowd were a few who were claiming to have intimate contact with him beyond the grave. "They don't . . . " he said in a mixture of laughter and quiet frustration.

"Another of the reasons I loved animals so

much is that they don't think that way," he said, "animals see nothing but how you treat them. They don't care if you're famous or not, they don't have any inborn nature to either raise you up or tear you down. They just are what they are and they see us that way, too." No response was necessary, I looked at him with an 'Aha, yes' kind of look in my eyes.

Certain souls of whom I'd been working were present in whom I had grave concerns due to issues within the moral life which I had attempted to direct them on an alternative path. Speaking to me personally about some of the issues which were going on, he confirmed that my direction towards them had been correct and was very supportive and caring. "You can't fix stuff like that," he said, "you can't save them. Your responsibility right now remains with God."

Appreciating so much his help regarding this, his guidance seemed to free me up from the misperception I often carried that the paths others may choose which might be harmful or astray were directly my responsibility - which negated their own free will. His guidance was freeing.

Relieved, I thanked him for caring about what was going on in my life and taking the time to help me out with it.

Before I could realize what was happening, my spirit was swept away into a time not long ago, but long enough. Michael Jackson took me on a whirlwind tour of his life as a working artist.

Our tour did begin in his childhood wherein he gave credit where credit was absolutely due, to his

brothers and his father. But the focus of this journey was on the hard work it took for them to only make it as the Jackson Five, but beyond that, the incredible amount of work, effort and divine gift it had taken to bring about the career he had later in life and the status of pop icon.

Watching a relentless journey of endless practice, writing, creating, reworking and more, I observed how much effort, time and simply work had to be done to make this all happen; by himself, and by many others.

"Do you understand what I'm showing you?" He said, "You, too, have had to work really hard, almost day and night for decades, to build the work you do. But so many people think it just 'happened' for you somehow. That's what I had to do, too. And it seems that many people think it just happened or something, but that wasn't how it was . . . it just wasn't. As kids we worked day and night, and when I became a solo artist, that continued . . . I had to work really hard to make use of the gifts God had given me. It didn't just happen. I think a lot of people today think that's how it happens, and they don't understand that the gift by itself is not enough. You have to really be willing to work."

Looking with understanding into his eyes, I said, "Yes, you are absolutely right. You have to be willing to work really hard, do whatever it takes to make it happen. The divine destiny is only the beginning . . . it cannot come to pass without working really, really hard and doing everything which must be done to make it a reality."

Continuing to watch the years pass by, I observed Michael's endless hours of work behind the scenes to make all that eventually came to be a reality. It was a mind-numbing amount of work.

"Animals are smart that way," Michael said, "Animals know what must be done innately and they just do it. Human beings can become complacent, they procrastinate . . . and they think something great will come of little effort."

But it was profoundly clear as I watched the decades pass by that an unimaginable amount of work went into what Michael Jackson had become. And it seemed that the point of this journey of observing the amount of work required to make Michael Jackson what he had become as artist was simply to remind people that procrastination destroys destinies.

Although there are times when a careful and calculated pulling back in what we do will always be necessary, procrastinating when the clear internal impetus is otherwise can completely derail that which God intends for us and our lives. We must be willing to do the work . . . "That's where the personal satisfaction comes from," Michael said. "From knowing that you're doing the work, you're putting out the effort to make it the best it can be, to use your gift in its highest expression."

"And animals do that innately," I replied, "They are always exactly what they are meant to be. It's innate!" I finished and he smiled.

Ringin in the background was the chorus line to the song, 'Ghost,' which sang, 'Are you the ghost of

jealousy." I understood. Many envied the success he was able to have, but they didn't understand the work behind it. Nor, did they understand the intention. It was an intricate combination of destiny, intention and a huge amount of work, which brought about his incredible professional success. It was no act of God, nor was it an accident. He worked really hard for it.

Excerpt from 'Ghosts' (Written by Michael Jackson)

And who gave you the right to scare my family?
 And who gave you the right to scare my baby, she needs
 me
 And who gave you the right to shake my family tree?
 And who gave you the right to take intrusion, to see me?
 And who gave you the right to shake my family?
 And who gave you the right to hurt my baby, she needs
 me
 And who gave you the right to shake my family tree?
 You put a knife in my back,
 Shot an arrow in me!
 Tell me are you the ghost of jealousy
 A suckin' ghost of jealousy
 Aaow!

Don't Understand it!
 Don't Understand it!

"I was always really bummed when we had to fire somebody," he broke in, "when somebody broke off because they couldn't keep up with what we needed, I was just so sad about it." "Yeah, I imagine those were tough days." I said. "Back up musicians can be backbiting . . . competitive. I hope that they

know we had to be true to the vision . . . to the work." "I think they do, Michael." I said. "I really think they do."

Shift. Suddenly, Michael and I were standing in a large walk-in closet. Actively cleaning through it, the music continued in the background "Are you the ghost of jealousy." It was clear that by doing these confessions, he was 'cleaning out his closet' so to speak. And it was also clear that those who had been jealous of what he had attained to in life, had missed the point of the sheer force of work he had done in order accomplish it.

"I wonder if animals get jealous of each other?" He randomly blurted out. Laughing, I had no answer to that.

Michael Jackson stopped what he was doing in the closet and turned to look again at me. "I should have embraced simpler stuff," he said, "not extravagant." Understanding, I said nothing as he had a very contemplative look in his eyes and didn't want to interrupt. Clearly, he understood that he had wasted money on things which perhaps he shouldn't have, and understood this now.

But again his face changed as he walked closer to me and sat down next to me. His energy became so serious, that I took note of this and prepared to listen.

Tears fell down his face suddenly and unexpectedly as he began to tell me of his mother, Katherine. An image of her as the triumphant matriarch of the family who had stood by and suffered through so much for her family and every one of her children with a steadfast faith and courage

flashed across my view. When I *felt* it, I began to cry, too.

Katherine was a remarkable woman of faith, of this there was no doubt. Michael's tears continued to flow as his heart conveyed to mine the depth of his love for her. "I love my mother so much," he said, "and I have such a deeper respect for my mother since I have crossed over, I love my mother so much."

Tears continued to fall as he spoke to me of her steadfast love, of her unending loyalty, of her strength in times of trouble and her unbelievable motherly love towards all of her children and grandchildren.

It was clear beyond any doubt that Katherine had been the moral compass for the entire family, never wavering, always true to her love of Jesus Christ. And it was Katherine . . . without question, who had given Michael his own faith. Even in the times when he had done things which she would not have approved of, her motherly vigilance and love could not be severed.

She was a rock of love and the granite upon which the sufferings of the family had all been borne.

Seeing images of his mother standing by his side during the trial, Michael looked up and said, "Maybe we all set out to do a lot, but we also carried a lot . . . but she carried it with me, she always carried it with me."

In silence, I listened. In my heart, I could feel how much he cherished, loved and honored her, especially now. Deeply, I felt that he missed her profoundly and that he fully knew how much she had to do with his own salvation after death.

In this moment, there was nothing for me to say. Taking Michael's hand, I just held it and shared the love he had for her. I was in awe and could only hope and pray that my own children would have a similar depth of affection, love, respect and honor for me when they grew up.

After seeing this, my view of Katherine would be forever changed, and my view of her had already been one of the highest esteem and regard.

"We sat up and cried a lot together during those times." Michael said referring to the trial, as I could feel how important that support had been to him during what were most likely the worst days of his life.

"The people in the jails were really insensitive," he said, as the chorus line of "Ghost" again began echoing through the closet - "Are you the ghosts of jealousy." Recalling little about that time, I hadn't followed the news when it was happening. Because I knew so little, I didn't have much to say about it. "Were they?" I replied. "They treated me like I was a real criminal." Conveying, he seemed to indicate that sometimes the treatment appeared to be different than that given to the others who may have actually been real criminals and that he was singled out because of who he had been.

"Be loving enough to absorb evil."

Martin Luther King Jr., 1929 - 1968 [African American Quotations, 2000]

Occurring to me that some of the ill-treatment may very well have sprung up from illegitimate jealousy, the song rang behind me and continued to

echo. Perhaps some of those involved had gone out of their way to humble 'The King of Pop' . . . out of nothing more than jealousy that he was indeed one of the most famous men in the world.

Excerpt from 'Ghosts' (Written by Michael Jackson)

And who gave you the right to scare my family?
 And who gave you the right to scare my baby, she needs
 me
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 And who gave you the right to take intrusion, to see me?
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 And who gave you the right to hurt my baby, she needs
 me
 And who gave you the right to shake my family tree?
 You put a knife in my back,
 Shot an arrow in me!
 Tell me are you the ghost of jealousy
 A suckin' ghost of jealousy
 Aaow!

Don't Understand it!
 Don't Understand it!

"That was when I became dead . . . " Michael said, as I held onto his hand in sorrow. Conveying to me that this spiritual state of affairs had come about due to a sequence of events which had begun with the first false accusation against him and culminating at the time of his arrest, jailing and subsequent trial, I could only shudder at the what the rest of the story might be.

Through prayer, I'd been asking Michael to tell

me about the drug addiction. It felt at this moment as if he might eventually explain.

But out of this moment sprung again an image of his mother, Katherine, her vision hovering above us as if in hologram and Michael took his hand from mine and laid both of his own hands upon his heart, looked up at her with deep devotion.

"Motherhood is an act of the great divine," he said, "Even the animals will give all including life itself to take care of their children." Smiling at him, I felt my soul being pulled away and I waved into the ether as my soul was ripped back into the earthly realm.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."

Old Testament: Ezekiel 16:44 [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"The instruction received at the mother's knee, and the paternal lessons, together with the pious and sweet souvenirs of the fireside, are never effaced entirely from the soul."

Abbe' Felicite' Robert de Lamennais [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"A mother's love is indeed the golden link that binds youth to age; and he is still but a child, however time may furrowed his cheek, or silvered his brow, who can yet recall, with a softened heart, the fond devotion, or the gentle chidings, of the best friend that God ever gives us."

Christian Nestell Bovee [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Michael Jackson Discusses Chosenlessness



"For one living in the world beyond this world does not exist, and for one living in this world the world beyond does not exist. He shows: all are annihilated just where they are."

The Discourse on the Fruits of Reclusership, The Samannaphala Sutta and its Commentaries, Translated from the Pali by Bikkhu Bodhi [Buddhist Publication Society, 1989]

In the mists of the night, Michael again came to me but in yet another sphere of energy which he intended to share in its fullness.

Unable to discern the nature of where he was taking me, I could feel the profound quiet and solitude into which he was taking me. A vibration of silence and peace filled me as a spirit of absolute

nothingness emerged around me.

Michael Jackson had entered into a completely different realm of . . . what should I call it? Not a realm of existence . . . that would not be accurate; perhaps a realm of *practice*.

In what would become a very profoundly meaningful night, Michael showed me his body lying in a casket. Above his head was something made of gold. In the words he was about to say was nothing meant to deny the loving honor his family had given him at the time of his burial, but rather, a deeper look at the opulence he had embraced during his life which he was now seeing in a very different way.

As he directed my gaze upon this golden object above his head lying in his casket, it appeared to be a gold chain of some kind and it shimmered as it was of a high grade of gold.

"It must be a *gold* chain in relation to Michael," Michael said facetiously. His body looked at peace in the casket, his face serene. But his spirit stood aside the casket very detached from who he had once been. For the very first time I began to see and feel an enhanced level of detachment from his former existence. Michael Jackson was no longer *becoming* something else, he had become it.

But what he had become was not really something, but rather, nothing. It was very hard to express, but very important and relevant in his development as a soul.

Gathering my gaze again towards the golden object in his casket, "It must be a *gold* chain to a now reluctant Michael," he said. Nodding, I understood

that he was rejecting the false opulence he'd embraced during life, but there was really nothing to say so I remained silent.

Michael Jackson looked at me intently, as if he understood something new about me which he had not as of yet understood. In his eyes, I saw the recognition within him which indicated he now understood that I had already understood this; I already knew this about him. What he was realizing, I had already realized years ago.

Very quietly, he stepped forward. Saying nothing, he looked deeply into my eyes and suddenly 'grasped' the meaning within them.

"I remember in past kalpas, when to seek the Great Law - though I was a king in the world . . . I proclaimed to the four quarters: 'Whoever possesses the Great Law, if he will expound it to me, To him I will become servant . . . Then there was the sage Asita, who came and said to the great king: 'I possess the wonderful LAW rarely heard in the world. If you are able to practice it, I will preach it to you.'"

The Threefold Lotus Sutra, Devadatta [Kosei Publishing Company, Tokyo]

"Therefore, when the Way is expressed verbally, we say such things as 'how bland and tasteless it is!' We look for it, but there is not enough to be seen. We listen for it, but there is not enough to be heard. Yet, when put to use, it is inexhaustible."

Tao Te Ching, Lao Tzu, Translated by Victor Mair, 79 [Bantam Books]

Turning my visions to observe the space about us, I noticed that Michael Jackson and I were in a cave, with the feel almost of a tomb. Having observed

his casket and the gold within it from inside this tomb, I was surprised when Michael directed my view to a previously unnoticed door which stood out in this cavern *because* of its simplicity. Exhibiting a plain wooden door with a latch, Michael pointed at it and said, "It is a door that I have chosen." "Oh," I looked with interest. Michael finished, "It is a door of chosenlessness."

Looking up at Michael's face, I saw within it a wisdom and maturity which had not previously been present within him. "Chosenlessness, Michael. Wow, I'm so excited about your choice."

"The self is the master of the self. Who else can that master be? With the self fully subdued, one obtains the sublime refuge which is very difficult to achieve."

Dhammapada, Translation by Harischandra Kaviratna, Canto XII, 160

[Theosophical University Press]

Chosenlessness was the direct opposite of that which he had been during life, choosing to be a humble unknown slave of the Lord living in complete obscurity as His servant.

He had chosen this, it seemed, because in life he had been given the pomp and circumstance of his calling, and now he wished to serve the Lord in the quiet recesses of his heart, in a way which could remain unseen.

And indeed Michael Jackson was now in a very unseen world. Having left behind those crowds of people in the afterlife who had welcomed him and cheered his arrival, he had renounced all of his fame, opulence and splendor for a completely solitary life of

meditation and service to the Lord Jesus Christ.

There was a strain of Buddhism in his practice, but he clearly continued to serve the Lord Jesus Christ. Attaining to these higher energies of solitude and meditation, I felt enlivened and thrilled to feel his sense of mental formation and discipline.

My entire spirit was buzzing with the energies of the realization he was achieving and in full seriousness, Michael pointed to his rear end and said, "We are all the same." Smiling, I replied, "I understand, Michael. You really do now also understand."

"Having abandoned improper ways of seeking . . . he is content through the highest effacement."

The Discourse on the Fruits of Reclusheship, The Samannaphala Sutta and its Commentaries, Translated from the Pali by Bikkhu Bodhi [Buddhist Publication Society, 1989]

Walking towards the door of chosenlessness, Michael quietly opened the door and directed me with his hands to walk through before him. As I did so, I was filled with light and simplicity. No one was here, but the light of God, the light of Our Lord Jesus Christ was invariably present within each and every particle of the room. And the particles emanated the sound of the eternal 'Aum.'

Speaking of the time of his death, he quietly said, "Between then and now, it's like waking from a dream."

In this room, I could feel the direct cognition of God. And it was important for Michael to embrace this solitude at this time in his afterlife experiences. Clearly, in this place, he could sincerely reflect upon

his life in a way which could be done in no other room.

"Inferential knowledge, analogy, implication of meaning, etc. are rejected, because the Exalted Buddhas have only one source of knowledge. For them everything is known by direct cognition, through the movement of their unimpeded faculty of knowledge."

The Discourse on the Fruits of Reclusership, The Samannaphala Sutta and its Commentaries, Translated from the Pali by Bikkhu Bodhi [Buddhist Publication Society, 1989]

"Your love must be sincere. Detest what is evil, cling to what is good. Love one another with the affection of brothers. Anticipate each other in showing respect. Do not grow slack but be fervent in spirit; he whom you serve is the Lord. Rejoice in hope, be patient under trial, persevere in prayer. Look on the needs of the saints as your own; be generous in offering hospitality. Bless your persecutors; bless and do not curse them. Rejoice with those who rejoice, weep with those who weep. Have the same attitude toward all. Put away ambitious thoughts and associate with those who are lowly. Do not be wise in your own estimation. Never repay injury with injury. See that your conduct is honorable in the eyes of all. If possible, live peaceably with everyone . . . Do not be conquered by evil but conquer evil with good."

The New American Bible, St. Joseph Edition, Romans, 12:9 - 21

Sitting down, he randomly began to talk to me about various sins he had committed during life of which he was ashamed. Appearing frustrated with

himself, he was detached at the same time.

Speaking in particular about some things which he had realized since his death he was particularly sorry for, I felt hesitant to share them, but he asked me to do so several times.

"Michael," I said, "Is this really helpful? I'm feeling very intrusive right now." "Please, I know," Michael said, "but I'm asking you because I know I can trust you with this. And it needs to be said. Please . . . help me. It will help me if you write it . . ."

Still uncomfortable, I agreed. Speaking about two of the most beloved people in his life - Lisa Marie Presley, his first wife and Katherine, his mother - he shared two profound regrets of his life.

Feeling really low, he relayed to me his sorrow over having married someone else so soon after divorcing Lisa Marie, and the harsh pressures he had put on her which led to their parting. He truly loved her, but his feelings of entitlement had led him to engage in behaviors he'd regretted. He nodded as if to say "No," in a show of shame regarding his behavior towards her and he'd wished he'd been less domineering and more patient towards the love of his life. He was very ashamed of this and had deep regrets about hurting her so much.

Turning to face me, he said, "My poor mother . . ." he paused and looked down in shame as he thought about what he was about to reveal to me. Revealing his regret through his eyes, Michael conveyed his regret at having hurt his mother. "I had a 'fake' mom, a pageant mom." He said, referring to Diana Ross. In his ignorant youth, he'd idolized Diana

almost as a second mother because of her glamour.

In this place beyond all such vanities, Michael knew the pain this had caused his dearly beloved mother who had always been the real deal. No matter how much he also loved Diana, which he did with profound depth, his mother was the only true object of his *maternal* affection in the afterlife and he regretted that she had to go through these periods wherein she felt she was in competition with another. When in truth, there could be no truer mother than Katherine.

Frankly, in the eyes of God, Katherine's true beauty, which was both physical and spiritual, could be overshadowed by very few.

"Michael," I said, "I know you obviously feel so badly about this, but are you sure you don't want to keep this right here?" He was looking down, tearful, but adamant. "No, it must be said. This hurt my them so much . . . I'm so, so sorry about this."

"Owe no debt to anyone except the debt that binds us to love one another. He who loves his neighbor has fulfilled the law."

The New American Bible, St. Joseph Edition, Romans, 13:8

Quietly sitting down next to Michael, we stayed in this energetic vibration for a very long time as I could feel its soothing balm upon my face. My entire being was alit with wonderment and absolute peace. The energies felt soothing and warm.

Michael had chosen the greater part, to sit and learn at the feed of Our Lord as a hidden servant. And it was bearing much fruit in his soul.

"Between then and now," he repeated himself, "It's like waking from a dream."

Pausing, he said, "It is a door of chosenlessness." Directing his hand so that I might look again upon the door, he said, "You cannot stay here long, this door is for those who have crossed over from the grave . . . but you will see me again." Smiling, I replied, "I understand. Until then . . ."

Leaping to his feet, Michael grabbed my hand and thrust me through the door as he noticed that it had begun to quietly and slowly close. He knew I must be outside before the door would shut.

And suddenly, my vibrating spirit was slowly awaking into the earthly realm. But its emergence was slow because the energy of this door of chosenlessness had been one of such profundity; it remained with me for hours after my return. I had no wish to let the vibration go . . .

"I closed my eyes and saw the skies of dim opalescent infinity spread round me. The grey sky-chariot of the dawn of awakening displaying searchlight eyes came and took me away. I zoomed through space, boring through the ether of mystery. I passed through age-hidden spiral nebulae. Willy-nilly I went on and on, left, right, north, south, above and below. I found no landing. I went through many tailspins of distractions, but I spun through limitlessness. I whirled through an eternal furnace of lights. At last, bit by bit, my plane melted in that transmuting flame; and then, bit by bit, my body melted in that purifying fire. Bit by bit my thoughts melted - my feelings

became pure liquid light."

Songs of the Soul, Paramahansa Yogananda, Flight [Self-Realization Fellowship,
1983]

*"Passed on, beyond our mortal vision,
But now the thought is robbed of gloom. Within the
Father's many mansions still dwelling in another
room. The one whose going left us lonely is scaling
heights undreamed of yore. And guided on by Love's
unfolding, has gone upstairs and shut the door."*

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

CHAPTER TWELVE

Michael Jackson Discusses the Sufferings of the World and his Special Love for Africa and Begins to Feel the Pain of Letting Go



"And the mistake of the best men through generation after generation, has been the great one of thinking to help the poor by almsgiving, and by preaching of patience or of hope, and by every other means, emollient or consolatory, except the one thing which God orders for them, justice."

John Ruskin [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

The voluptuous desert landscape overtook my spirit as I flew towards a continent I had never walked upon in human life. Reaching my destination, my spirit was taken into a small hut which was to be my home for the next few weeks in astral time, one night earthly time.

Finding myself in a small African town, huts were scattered about, round and circular. None of them were completely safe from the elements and they were all very simple and bare with dirt floors and there were very few items inside to fulfill the needs of those who lived within them.

Given an interesting gift of insight, the Lord bade me to see within the souls of those who were here and those who had come to abide among them and live amongst their ways - relief workers, missionaries, etc.

One of the first things I found was that the people were very close to one another and they all seemed to live such a simple lifestyle that there was a genuine happiness despite what would be perceived as want by people in my part of the world.

In the souls of the relief workers I saw many different things. Most of them were pure and simple, here for the right reasons. Some had come for the adventure and had no attachment to the goals or purpose of the organization who had sent them. And still others were clearly ruled by various vices - the most prominent among them being lust - and had come in search of sexual adventures.

These were the ones who stood out to me. A sense of surrender to the way things were filled me, but I could see who they were, I knew them and they couldn't hide.

And it was the intention of those who had come which was important to God.

But amongst the people was such a strong faith, regardless of the religion they held - because

they held it with a fierce loyalty which was so true in its interior elements that I could see how happy this made the Lord.

Staying there for what seemed like a couple of weeks, I was made aware that at the end of my journey, I would be meeting up with Michael Jackson. I couldn't help but look forward to that, but in the meanwhile, I got to know many of my African friends and enjoyed what seemed to be such a simple but happy lifestyle, despite privations.

Eventually, the time had come for Michael and I to hook up, and an elder black man wearing only a wrap around his middle and a staff took my hand without a word and we began walking.

There was a hill off in the distance, a brown, dirty type of hill with no shrubbery or greenery upon it which we were heading towards. Michael Jackson was waiting for me somewhere along the road to this place.

For some reason, during this journey, I never lost my energy. I felt so healthy that all of this had been easy for me to do, despite my ill health in physical waking life.

Looking up ahead, I noticed that Michael was waiting on the path. He was wearing his black pants along with a red shirt, but no hat. "Interesting choice of places not to wear a hat," I thought. After all, it was very direct, bright and hot sun.

Noticing from a distance, Michael seemed very sad and depressed. Looking towards the black man who had escorted me, he indicated that he didn't know why Michael was looking this way and gave

my hand to Michael's mid-path and quietly turned to go.

Looking into Michael's face, I had difficulty understanding what I should say or do. He seemed so depressed and I had just come from spending so much really fun time with these people who had really lifted my spirits. My enthusiasm right now was not appropriate, so I had to tone it down immediately.

Michael Jackson held my hand and walked along this dirty path which seemed to continue a long distance towards that hillock. Something was wrong, something was really bothering Michael.

It became evident to me that during life, Michael may have been prone to depression, but there was more to this . . . it would be only a short time before I would understand.

He would begin to speak, but then stop. Then he would act as if he was ready to express what was on his mind and then just not do so.

Finally, he stopped walking and turned to look me in the eye.

As he tried to convey to me the sorrow in his eyes, I realized that he was frustrated.

Suddenly, a wave of energy came over me. Michael couldn't speak and never did. A wave of emotion for the African people fell upon me like a heavy and profound burden. It was clear that Michael felt more needed to be done for Africa than was currently happening, but there was also the knowledge that time was running out . . . soon he would be going for good. But again, I didn't know

this yet . . .

There was a hidden mystery in his profound sorrow . . . something was afoot of which I had yet no clue. It would be revealed soon enough, but in this moment, I didn't understand.

And beyond this unseen mystery, there was one thing I could discern with great clarity. Michael Jackson loved the African people and their country. He loved with such a profound emotion, he couldn't even speak of it.

As we stood hand in hand, I felt all that he had felt for Africa and the peoples of the world. Beyond this, I felt his constant concern - but there was something else, something more, something he could not yet tell me for whatever reason . . . but I would learn of it soon enough.

Tears were coming down his face, his malaise never lifted. As he held my hands and allowed me to feel this stream of energy from his heart to mine, my spirit began to disappear into the ether from whence it had come and emerge in the physical waking realm.

That sad expression on Michael's face remained with me, haunting me.

*"This sorrow's heavenly, it strikes where it doth
love."*

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

*"I believe that the oppression of injured Africa has
come up before the majesty of heaven."*

Maria W. Stewart, Lecturer [African American Quotations, 2000]

"The wise man speaks little, but his whole life is a

religion acted out."

Ramakrishna [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

Returning the subsequent night, Michael did not speak of the mystery behind his sadness. But he had words of advice to share with me, to help me in my own walk of life to avoid making simple but harmful mistakes in my actions and perceptions.

"You're using food too much in the place of affection." Michael said, referring to the fact that I'd been eating out more often with the kids as a way to make up for the fact that there was a flawed relationship in my life. He wasn't referring to the amount of food I ate, because I didn't eat much due to my illnesses. But he was referring to the fact that I utilized going out to eat as a means of comfort, for myself and my kids, because of our circumstances.

Despite the fact that I remained married, I'd been separated for years. In most senses, I was single. My husband and I remained co-parents and friends, but he had his own home. Because of my serious illness, getting divorced was not a financial possibility.

"You're attempting to fulfill cravings of the heart through the tongue because of your marital status." Michael said. He knew that going out to eat a lot was not something I could truly afford, and he was upset with me for doing it anyway. He was right.

"Marilynn, you're a good cook." Michael said. "You can make something just as good, and you always make it in ways that are very good for you and your family. Going out as much as you have been is a waste of money . . . and it's disordered." Michael

looked genuinely concerned about this as a health issue for both me and my children and I took him very seriously.

Immediately, I understood how correct he was, as his demeanor never changed. Serious to the end, Michael was not being a hypocrite. He knew he had not always spent money well during his life, but he also had a lot more to spend. Obviously, he gave much away, too. Nodding to Michael, I understood.

Looking at him very seriously, I replied, "I completely accept this as true. I do." Pausing, I looked down, "Perhaps the challenge will remain in keeping my eyes on the Lord despite my situation upon the earth. And rather than utilizing other physical cravings to fill what is lacking, I must always remember - always, not most of the time - that God is my only food, my only sustenance and my only true affection."

Michael nodded that this was correct. He seemed to feel badly that it was his task to tell me this, but in the context of my visit to Africa, it only made that make much more sense. In America, we can feel almost entitled to ease our discomforts with luxuries even though we know other countries of the world look at our discomforts as luxuries and seem perfectly content in their want and need.

It only makes it that much more important that we are aware of what we do, whether it be ordered or disordered, whether it be moderate or excessive, whether it is taking away from our means to assist others . . .

"Thank you, Michael." I said. He still looked

very serious, I felt badly. I felt like I'd let him down. But Michael seemed to be feeling badly himself. He understood the loneliness, he'd lived with it, too, as a single father.

Suddenly, he showed me some of the other things I'd considered doing recently because my children wished them, such as trying to move to the country even though I knew it wasn't the right thing for us to do, financially or otherwise. "Are you doing these things because your kids want them?" Michael asked. "Yes, yes," I said. "Are they ruining your life, these decisions you are making based on what they want rather than what is wise or feasible?" Michael asked. "Yes, yes, they are . . . " In that moment, I realized that I was trying very hard to compensate for the one thing I could never compensate for, the situation with their father in their lives. But I needed to stop doing that; it wasn't helping them or me.

Looking up at me very seriously, directly and almost detachedly, Michael's gaze was steady as the etheric winds began to pull me away. It was clear that Michael was uncomfortable having to correct others, but he had done his job well. And he should be feeling very good about it.

"It's curious what takes courage and what doesn't. When I step out on stage in front of thousands of people, I don't feel that I'm being brave. It can take much more courage to express true feelings to one person."

Michael Jackson, *Dancing the Dream, On Courage* [Doubleday, 1992]

The following night, my spirit was taken to an

island nation of which I'd never heard. It was also a very poor nation of mostly Asian looking people who were in the middle of a bloody civil war to fight for their rights as individuals. Sacrifice was all around, as I watched men allowing themselves to be used in battle in ways where death would be certain. But they made this sacrifice without a second thought, because this was the nature of these people. Profoundly poor, but courageous, they complained about nothing.

People who gave all with the expectation of nothing in return, huge sacrifices, and they did it simply because they must.

Watching in horror, young men were being tossed through the air from the ocean below onto the island cliffs above by a catapult into certain death. But they did so with no hesitation, because it was necessary to win the freedom for the people - even though none of those freedoms would ever be theirs.

As I watched, a voice from behind me called it a 'Blood Festival.' I cringed in the horror of it, but also knew that the depiction was accurate, this was indeed what I was seeing.

Bodies were thrown in old white trucks of the people who were dying in their fight for equality; in this case it was freedom against white people who also inhabited this small country.

Although Michael Jackson was not present at this time, it appeared that he might be trying to show me the hardships of others around the world and the many benefits of life I take for granted.

As I was watching the horror around me, a middle-aged man with red hair wearing light tan

pants and an island shirt led me to sit at a table with him. Immediately, I knew that he had a message of importance to impart to me and there were lines of people gathered before the table awaiting their own turn for him to tell them things they needed to know about themselves but did not yet see.

Having written notes down about all that I had seen this night, he handed them to me. And then he looked deeply into my eyes with not a hint of judgment and said, "You are hollow and stingy, hollow and stingy . . . " Pausing, he repeated himself again, "You are hollow and stingy, hollow and stingy . . . " "Okay," I said, "I hear you, please help me to understand this more deeply." But there would be no more . . .

In light of all that I'd seen this evening, it appeared clear how hollow and stingy I had been. Simply by the nature of not knowing the sufferings, sacrifices and circumstances of those of my brothers and sisters in other countries and living in the benefits of my own in the United States, I could easily be deemed hollow and stingy.

Awaking from the depths of the mystical malaise, I began to pray.

"Where there is sorrow, there is holy ground."

Oscar Wilde: De Profundis [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

And on the next subsequent night, my spirit was taken to a Middle Eastern country wherein a young man had mistakenly come upon the notes of a known terrorist. In those notes, were handwritten details of seventeen terrorist attacks and the moment

those involved realized he had seen the papers; he became a man on the run.

Following this man as he ran through the cities in many disguises, mostly those of veiled women, he was given no peace. His life was in constant danger no matter how far he seemed to get away from his pursuers. Although they found him several times, he managed to slip through their fingers yet again, and attempt yet other disguises.

It was a world wherein the evil held reign over the good. At any moment or time, a group of these kinds of men could enter into a restaurant, a business, a sweatshop, an assembly line and cause terror amidst the people.

Awaking, I had experienced from this final sojourn what it was like to live in a country wherein justice did not yet prevail, and evil held reign. It was a terrifying night . . . one of which I would not soon forget.

After my three journeys into different lands, I realized just how blessed I was to live in a free country filled with the abundance and riches of life.

It became clear how hollow and stingy many of the things those of us in countries like my own routinely complain about, not realizing that our concerns are but a petty unwillingness to endure even the simplest of inconveniences. Hollow and stingy . . . the truth was clear to me about myself. I was ashamed.

"We have to heal our wounded world. The chaos, despair, and senseless destruction we see today are a

result of the alienation that people feel from each other and their environment."

Michael Jackson, *Dancing the Dream, On Children of the World* [Doubleday, 1992]

"Think truly, and thy thoughts shall the world's famine feed. Speak truly, and each word of thine shall be a fruitful seed. Live truly, and thy life shall be a great and noble creed."

Horatius Bonar: *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, P. 113 [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"I am my mother's daughter, and the drums of Africa still beat in my heart. They will not let me rest while there's a single Negro boy or girl without a chance to prove his worth."

Mary McLeod Bethune, *Educator* [African American Quotations, 2000]

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The Ancestors



Joseph and Katherine Jackson



Prince Scuse, père de
Katherine

Prince Scuse Father of Katherine as a Young Man

***"Sometimes the ancestors deem certain information
so important that they send it to the subconscious
mind without being consciously asked."***

Luisah Teish, New Orleans Yoruba Priest [African American Quotations, 2000]

"Sometimes providences, like Hebrew letters, must be read backward."

John Flavel [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

As the mists enveloped my soul, an angel in the form of a young man made in the nature of light with bright and large wings upon his back came to take me somewhere. His wings were very large in proportion to his manifestation as perhaps in his late teens. Taking my hand, we walked quietly and without a word through the mists exiting in an unknown place.

Having arrived rather quickly, the angel without speaking made known to me to whence we had come. In my heart, I felt a profound honor and surprise that I had been summoned to this place.

It was an old farm, but this farm was different than other farms. In order to enter into this, you had to go through a few safety mechanisms - almost like secret entrances which had the ability to judge your intention - and if you were not there in pure motivation, you could not enter.

Inside this farm, was an ancestor of Michael Jackson, and it also contained some artifacts from their history.

Considering the efforts, we were making to enter the farm, I was surprised when we made it through all the screening processes and exited into a very humble but pleasant place. Only one person had come to greet me, an older black man whom I felt was likely Michael Jackson's grandfather on his mother's side, but he never really said for sure. But he did make it clear that he was an ancestor.

He had very little hair, was almost bald and the little bit of it which remained gray was closely cropped to his head. A large man, he was dressed in the garb of a farm worker and appeared to be very strong. Wearing a pair of old jeans and a light blue shirt, he had a pair of suspenders on, as well. Work boots adorned his feet.

Instantly, he treated me with great respect because he knew that I would not have been allowed to come had I not been brought by the angel, nor if I had not passed through the intention barrier. In a sense, he knew I was sincere and for real.

However, despite this very respectful attitude, he had some questions for me which surprised me.

"How is it that you've already written three books about Michael, it seems awfully fast?" "Oh," I said, "I can see why it might look that way. But actually, we wrote the first one from June through September, the second from September through December and this third one we're still not quite done with it, but that's been going on since about February, I think. And it is May now." He seemed very satisfied with that answer and then he said, "Well, is it all true?" Looking up, I was surprised because I had assumed he would already know. "I have no question myself that all my experiences were true," I said, "but that's easy for me because I've had them. I always give others the right to decide for themselves what they think about them. Anyone has a right to disagree . . ."

Looking into my eyes very seriously, he instantly dropped whatever concerns he initially

seemed to have.

Immediately, he put his arm around me and began walking me around the farm. He treated me like I was a member of the family.

"We keep some things here to remember the past," he said. "Would you like to see some of them?" "Oh, yes," I said, "I'd be very honored." As we walked along the farmland, he showed me an area where he said some of the ancestors had practiced their shooting back in the day. It was a small hillock where target practice had been done.

The angel never spoke but followed right behind the two of us, and interestingly, I never saw anyone but this man who I believed might have been Katherine's father.

Taking me into what might have been an old barn, as soon as we entered, it became a very modern metal building. Shelves were built on the sides and things were displayed around the room. Nothing in here had to do with Michael Jackson or the Jackson 5, but rather, further back.

At the same time, it was very clear to me that this man was not only quite aware but very protective of his descendant, Michael Jackson, and his legacy.

But this was a place where the past overshadowed the present in a way which was powerful because it demonstrated the manner in which all of us stand on the shoulders of so many ancestors who braved difficulties and odds which opened the way for things we could never have done without them.

Michael Jackson was no different, he came

from people who had worked hard, lived in grave poverty and remained strong.

Michael Jackson's accomplishments for African American people took the world over, but in the United States especially, they were not his own. In this building, I saw old farm equipment, sewing machines and a lot of tools. Energetically, it held within it a knowledge of an ancestral line of destiny.

Every one of those who had come before him had played a part, albeit unknowingly while alive, in bringing forward the possibilities which culminated in Michael's life and career.

And in this place, I felt energetically how all of them were aware of this line of destiny. Maybe they were not while alive on the earth, but beyond the earth, they were carefully overseeing the progression that the African American people were making through this particular ancestral line. They were all equally credited for Michael Jackson's accomplishments.

It was a line of destiny . . . a sincere and honest look at the shoulders Michael stood upon when he came into the world; the ground which had been laid by those before him which created fertile ground for so many things previously never done by a Black American to finally occur.

Guiding me over to an unusual object which was displayed on the wall, I inherently felt drawn to go touch it. It was an obviously homemade desk or table of some sort, and it was painted a dark, but bright blue. Very small, I had difficulty envisioning it as a desk, but the man said very clearly, "This was a

desk."

Holding my hands over it, I could feel the past emerging within me, that ancestral line. "Who did this belong to?" I asked. "It was Katherine's," he said, "her father made it for her." But again, although I suspected that he was her father, he never said so, nor did he tell me who he was . . .

Because of this, I questioned my initial supposition. Perhaps he went further back. Maybe he was a great, or a great, great . . . grandfather. But the way he spoke about Katherine's desk felt familiar somehow.

Observing the unique color which had been chosen to paint it, I didn't know if this was a real desk which had been owned by Katherine as a small child or if it represented something energetically.

Taking my hand, the man who never gave me a name or a clue to his identity other than the desk, began walking with me. The angel was smiling behind us.

The man walked with me across the flatlands of this farm continuing to treat me as if I were family. I was very honored by this. Heading towards the exit again, I wondered where the others were . . . or was this a special realm which he occupied?

Although he seemed very much aware of his descendant, Michael Jackson, he seemed to be in a different place, a different sphere. This made me think and wonder if there was a reason he didn't immediately know very much about Michael's afterlife journeys.

Was this ancestor of Michael Jackson stuck in a

realm he had created of his own past which prevented him from ascending to the heights I knew Michael had attained? Maybe he needed help?

Looking deeply into his eyes, he seemed content here, but yet he was all alone with his relics. Those relics definitely served an important purpose. Within them the energetic line of succession was clearly imprinted, and seeing them had given me an interior understanding of the line of destiny which had made Michael's path possible.

But he was alone here, and it seemed to be such a peaceful and quiet place. Looking towards the angel, he continued to smile as the older man placed my hand in his.

Before being whisked away, I turned and said, "Thank you so much for sharing all of this with me." He smiled a big smile, happy to have someone to share it with who truly cared to know. It was clear that this was a place which did not receive a lot of visitors.

Befuddled and a bit concerned, I accepted the hand of the silent angel who heralded my journey back to my body. Awakening, I couldn't help but wonder if Michael had sent me to him . . . I did not yet know.

"So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life is but the shadow of God's providence."

John Greenleaf Whittier: Tauler, 1. 79 [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S.

"I once asked a hermit in Italy how he could venture to live alone, in a single cottage, on the top of a mountain, a mile from any habitation? He replied,

that Providence was his next door neighbor."

Laurence Sterne [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

Later that evening, I was quickly summoned into the depths of the spirit with a flash of lightning heralding a rushing spiritual wind which took my soul on a flight deep into the recesses of the place I had just departed from earlier that day.

In the distance, I noticed the same 'grandfather' who had honored me with a visit earlier in the day standing on a hill; watching and observing. Michael stood next to him for just a moment, and they both laughed. Instantly, from this distance, Michael communicated to me. "He knew who you were all along." He communicated to me through thought. "He just wanted to see how you would handle those kinds of questions, because he knows you might get them from others." Smiling at them, they both giggled about their little ruse, but this moment was not to last. His 'grandfather' remained as a strong sentinel upon the hill while Michael disappeared.

"A man must be at home somewhere before he can feel at home everywhere."

Howard Thurman, Minister [African American Quotations, 2000]

Everything began moving very quickly all of a sudden as instantly, I was watching a series of rushing, cascading and fastly moving clamps. The clamps would shut down around the upper arm, not unlike slave shackles, but they were a more modern form of the same kind of bondage.

The lines of Bondage washed by my vision,

forty of them, like a steel tower of clamps. It was a vision which seared through the ages and into the blood and marrow, flesh and bones of Michael Jackson's ancestral line.

Michael's face appeared in the sky very boldly. And his roaring voice shot from the heavens towards me as a stormy, rush of wind billowed past me. "I want you to travel through my blood." He said. The music of 'Era,' the song called the 'Mass,' was blaring into the now raging sky around me. It was the same music that Michael Jackson had used on his HIStory Tour to promote its coming. "How ironic . . . " I thought.

As I watched, the clamps fell down on the arms of many men and women in Michael Jackson's ancestral line, one after another from all sides of his family tree - each one had been a slave, an indentured servant, a sharecropper, a factory worker, a worker in a sweat shop, a soldier . . . but my vision stopped on the face of a young black man.

"I am a member of the politburo, with plenty of power in my hands. And I am the man who has to pay his 'debt of blood' to my people, dying slowly in a forced labor camp. My joy is like spring, so warm it makes flowers bloom in all walks of life. My pain is like a river of tears, so full it fills up the four oceans. Please call me by my true names, so I can hear all my cries and my laughs at once, so I can see that my joy and pain are one."

Thich Naht Hahn, Being Peace, Chapter Five [Parallax Press, 1987]

"If physical death is the price I must pay to free my

white brothers and sisters from the permanent death of the spirit, then nothing could be more redemptive."

Martin Luther King Jr., Civil Rights Activist, Nobel Laureate [African American Quotations, 2000]

Looking up at me, he was wearing only what might be considered a loincloth. His skin was dark but very ebony, his hair was tightly cropped to his head. A clamp, a shackle had been placed around his arm and it was as I noticed that he was seated in a tiny compartment made of wood in a very dark and cavernous place that I felt the swaying of what appeared to be a boat of some kind. But it was dark where we were, I couldn't see much. I could see his eyes . . . those eyes pierced into my soul, he looked at me and *knew* me. His eyes seemed to say, "*Know me, too . . .*"

Unable to take my gaze off of his face, we stared at one another as the boat seemed to become more unstable and the winds overtook the sea.

Lightning struck . . .

"Death is a slave's freedom."

Nikki Giovanni, Poet [African American Quotations, 2000]

"Africa to me is more than a glamorous fact. It is a historical truth. No man can know where he is going unless he knows exactly where he has been and exactly how he arrived at his present place."

Maya Angelou, Novelist and Poet [African American Quotations, 2000]

My spirit was standing at a distance from Michael's 'grandfather' on the hill. "We want you to travel through Michael's blood and marrow . . . the

flesh and bones of his ancestral line . . ." he said. Looking at him with seriousness in my eyes, I just nodded, "Yes."

My mind could not remove the image of the face of the man in shackles traveling on what appeared to be a slave ship from my eyes.

Now I understood that 'something more' which I had seen in Michael Jackson's eyes, his face . . . the inexplicable sorrow he shared with me about Africa and the suffering of the world.

The winds increased. Michael's 'grandfather' reached his hand out towards me from the long and winding distance . . . and instantly I was standing before him with my hand in his. With seriousness in his eyes, he looked at me intensely. It appeared that he wanted to make sure that we didn't lose our eye contact, because it was through him that my spirit was able to travel through time and space to make these journeys. "You," he said, very seriously, "you call me 'grandfather' from now on . . ." Shocked, I swallowed nervously and nodded, "Yes, okay," I said sheepishly.

Looking at me with great seriousness, he said, "Are you ready?" Lightning struck with great force, our hands were parted, and I was thrust back into my body. The power of the moment had left me overwhelmed and just a little afraid.

"When I dare . . . to use my strength in the service of my vision, then it becomes less and less important whether I am afraid."

Audre Lorde, Writer [African American Quotations, 2000]

"Your ancestors took the lash, the branding iron, humiliations, and oppression because one day they believed you would come along to flesh out the dream."

Maya Angelou, Novelist and Poet [African American Quotations, 2000]

"And so our mothers and grandmothers have, more often than not anonymously, handed on the creative spark, the seed of the flower they themselves never hoped to see."

Alice Walker, Writer [African American Quotations, 2000]

"Family faces are . . . mirrors. Looking at people who belong to us, we see the past, present, and future."

Gail Lumet Buckley, Writer [African American Quotations, 2000]



Michael Jackson with his Mother Katherine and Grandfather Prince Albert Scruse, 1907 -1997

(Picture Found After this Chapter was Written.)

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

**Michael Jackson Discusses Overspending,
Pornography, Drugs, the Manner of his Death, his
Profound Love for his Children, Various Thoughts
on Other Things and his Final Walk into Eternity**



*"My winged thoughts do ceaseless beat
The sky of time, and race to meet
Thy Presence sweet, on distant throne,
Somewhere beyond the manifest, alone."*

Songs of the Soul, Paramahansa Yogananda, The Ever New [Self-Realization
Fellowship, 1983

Having been torn from the body, my spirit was hovering in a lighted realm above the spheres of the earth. In the distance I saw an odd screen coming towards me. It was depicted as a television screen which displayed a picture of Michael Jackson upon it, but only half of the image was shown. The full image was of his profile; head, face and shoulders. He was wearing a slightly darker than sky blue shirt. His hair was very much as it would have been in his earlier years as the curly black.

A resolute look had taken the place of the profound depression. He knew what must be done, and he was now ready to do it.

The image faded back and forth between half of him and the full image and Michael began speaking through the screen. "The full image of myself will be known someday," he said, "but not now . . ."

And it was then that he stepped out of the screen and sat before me in the clouds and began to talk. "I don't want to talk about myself anymore." He said. "So much about me is self-evident."

"Okay," I said, "I understand." I'd been starting to feel that the time had been coming when it would be imperative for Michael to go. Just as every soul who crosses over eventually must do after wrapping up loose ends upon the earth. If they do not, they can get caught up in things which are of the earth, and it slows their progression in the afterlife.

Although some people do stay to watch over the ones they love, they do this from a distance. They are given 'windows' so to speak into the lives of their

loved ones and 'permissions' to intervene or make their presence known at particular times of need. But for the most part they are focused on their continuing progression.

As a soul in purgatory once told me, "We have to create a wall between the living and the dead . . . " Because if they don't their progress is hindered.

"Yeah, there's a lot of things that I did that I believe are self-evident. Pornography . . . I now know how evil that is . . . what can I say about that?" "Not much, Michael," I replied, "It is what it is." "Yeah, and the overspending . . . I had no idea, no idea." "Uh huh." I said.

"And everyone knows about the drugs . . . " "Yeah, they do, Michael, but are you ever going to tell us about them?" "Marilynn, you have your own theory about it, right?" "Yes, I do." "Well, you're right, so just tell them that. You were right on."

"Okay," I said a little puzzled. Michael had become much less talkative, and was obviously in a different place. This indicated that he was finalizing, finishing up . . . no longer depressed but resigned to that separation which was inevitable and coming.

My own theory about Michael's drug use had been a simple one. It began when he had the burn injury and he got addicted to pain medications, it intensified when he was accused of child molestation. His Lupus related insomnia and the high intensity stress levels of his work which made the insomnia worse, elevated it to new heights. When the trial for a second child molestation charge came to pass, he was likely in such a deep pit that the drugs had become

his way of coping. And even after the trial was over, he never recovered . . . his soul had been wounded and he handled it in a very self-destructive way. In his own words, he had told me that this was when he had become 'dead.'

But this is not a judgment on the way he handled it, because if you look at the nature of the trials and tribulations he was put through, this would be a likely resort that many would take. It's unfortunate that Michael Jackson was so publicly calumniated. Perhaps, if he had not been such a public figure, he might have sought out a different kind of help. I believe that even today with the heightening awareness of the dangers of drug addiction in the lives of celebrities that it has become easier to seek drug addiction intervention and therapeutic help than it was when Michael first began the journey with drugs which would eventually lead to his death.

Michael was publicly labeled a pedophile. To whom could he go to deal with that? That was my theory. I was not excusing his choice to use the drugs, but I felt it was important to try to understand it.

Michael started rambling under his breath, hesitant to say much about this next subject, "You know the doctor," he said, as I immediately knew he was speaking of the doctor who was ultimately held responsibility for his death, "he came into this really late." He didn't want to say more but I knew what he was trying to say. The drug addiction had been going on for many, many years before this person had even come onto the scene.

Although I personally had a great deal of anger at this doctor for what I considered to be profound recklessness, Michael seemed to wish to make no further statement on this. He had no anger about it, either. I didn't push it, this was all he wished to say.

"A lot of people did say they tried really hard to help me to get off of drugs." Michael said, referring to some of those in the inner circle who others have accused of enabling him. "No, they didn't." But again, he said this with no judgment. He took full responsibility for his drug addiction. It was his own.

His statement was simple, some in his inner circle including physicians were enabling him and not making efforts to help him with his real problem, drug addiction. Instead, they supplied him. This was not helpful, it caused his death.

Turning to his side, Michael picked something up and turned back towards me with a smile on his face. In his hand, was a little rat. Immediately, I knew this to be his former pet. It was now a heavenly creature, streaming with golden fur, the light of heaven emanating from his essence. Michael smiled so big and let me hold his little friend which I did for several minutes.

When I was a child, I had raised mice, sometimes I had up to thirty or forty mice at a time. Love of rodents was something Michael Jackson and I shared in common.

"You don't need to worry about me doing wrong," Michael said, "I've always tried to do what's right. Maybe this is what people want to know and maybe it isn't," he continued, "But I don't want to talk

about it anymore."

"Tell them to pay attention to the living." Michael Jackson said. He took a black blindfold and put it around his eyes and head. "This is how most people on the earth see," Michael said, "I never pursued the witch hunts. Why would they think so? Tell them to take off the blindfold and pay attention to the living."

"You're starting to feel the pressure, the pull, aren't you, Michael?" I asked. Looking at me with knowing in his eyes, he said, "Yeah."

"I understand this." I replied. "It happens to all those who cross over. There comes a time, when it's just time to go . . . is that what is starting to happen?"

"Yes." Michael Jackson said. "There is so much more, so much more . . . for me to tell you. But what purpose?"

"I understand." I replied.

"Sunglasses are cool," he smiled, "I think about my little sister alot (Janet); she came onto the scene very quickly (after my death). She's been hurt a lot. Gay rumors upset me. My diet was really good and the woman who did the cooking for us really should be featured in healthy cooking magazines. Raising children takes a lot I hope my mother knows I understand. She can't do everything I would've done." Pausing, it appeared that he was becoming increasingly aware of how trivial many of life's points become in the afterlife context.

"I was like the animals," he said, "I did whatever I had to do . . . " I understood, remained quiet and continued to listen.

"You're right, Marilyn," he said, "I need to go away . . . I'll be going to another place, another school. But I am going away." I understood that he would be remaining close to the earth only until the anniversary of his death when he would be pulled in closer to the hearts of those who loved him but then his perimeter would definitively change.

He would be truly leaving, his work here was done and his work in the beyond had only begun. He *had* to move further away, it was necessary for him.

"When I was alive I always said 'Yes,'" Michael said, "to any request made by others (fans, sick children, friends, etc.) . . . but now it is time for me to say 'No' because I am leaving."

"Tell people to focus on their own stuff (sin); don't call it out in others." Michael said.

"You know from where I now sit in the presence of God I can look down upon the earth and watch young people . . . young girls and young men . . . just breathing Satan into their soul. And I can actually see their foreheads being marked with a 'B' (for Beelzebub)." Michael said. "Tell them not to do that . . . tell them NOT to do that." He looked down, and tears welled up in his eyes as he covered his mouth with his hands and mumbled under his tearful breath.

"I love my kids." Michael said with deep emotion. "I miss them in my heart." He took his hand and placed it over his chest. "I can't really talk about it . . . hurts so much." I put my arm around his back and wept with him very quietly. There was nothing to say.

Many moments passed by in silence . . .

And many more . . .

And then he looked up.

"Tell them," he said, referring to the people of the world who loved him and still grieved his passing, "Take that ache . . . take that ache you feel in your soul for me, and realize that it's God that you sensed in me that you long for, it's God." He went on to explain that you must redirect your grief by connecting with the Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ was the Presence that you felt in Michael Who directed him throughout his life . . . by turning your gaze towards the Lord, healing will come.

That's why Michael was so luminous to the world, because he served the Lord Jesus Christ.

People don't realize that it was this divine love within him that draws them to Michael. But although Michael must go, the Lord Jesus Christ is with us always, even until the end of time.

***"Teach them to carry out everything I have
commanded you. And know that I am with you
always, until the end of the world!"***

New American Bible, New Testament: Gospel of Matthew 28:20-26

Take that ache, and turn it towards God. And that is where you will find both healing and purpose.

Michael often said that he felt the purpose of his gifts was to help others to discover their own gifts. The legacy you must leave for Michael is to discover your own gifts and utilize them in a way which honors him and all that he stood for, which is the love of humanity, the earth and the Lord.

Take that love you have for him and love God with all your heart. And then you'll heal and find purpose again . . . because you will take on that mystery that Michael Jackson held within him. It really wasn't so mysterious at all, it was a love and faith in Jesus Christ.

And again, it is especially important for loved ones to know that this 'going' is as I said before. It does not mean they do not watch and see your lives from a distance, or that they will never have permission to move in closer when the need arises. It means they must go and learn from the Lord and their presence will be felt less frequently. They are moving further away because the need has arisen.

In my hand, I was carrying a rosary. Every night before I went to bed at night, I wrapped this rosary around my hand before going off to sleep and entering into the mystical realms. It was a golden colored rosary which had been given to me by a beloved friend a few years back. And tonight, the rosary accompanied me on my mystical journey and was visible in my hand.

Gently taking my hand, Michael specifically took the rosary and held it with me. He was holding it up, in a sense.

Suddenly, in a thunderous uprising, the cloudy mists around us began to open and before us appeared Michael Jackson's crypt.

Immediately, I noticed that the crypt had not yet been closed or sealed although the coffin was clearly shut.

Two large female angels appeared on either

side of the crypt, both white apparitions with shimmering, majestic and huge wings.

Turning to look at Michael and me, they both spoke in unison with a powerful voice and the sound of authority. "Tell the people of the world this." they said in almost a magnetic unison, "Michael Jackson gave you all, he has no more to give here." With those words, they turned their very serious gaze to the crypt and immediately closed it. After it was closed, it was sealed with the sign of the Lord.

Instantly, they and the crypt disappeared.

But the skies all around us began to light up with the eminence of the heavens and a sense of impending movement. God's call was upon Michael . . . I could feel it.

Looking up towards heaven, Michael gazed upon the light of God which had opened up in the heavenly sky and quietly acknowledged its profound beauty. Turning to face me with no emotion, he had heard that call and had instantly become resolute. "Tell them," Michael Jackson said, "I'm going and I'm no longer coming back." Nodding, I said, "I will."

Exchanging a look of good-bye, it was no longer emotional in the sense that it had been in previous journeys. There was pain, but it was a diffuse pain, the kind of pain experienced when one knows that they must proceed with something but that they must lose something in order to proceed.

Michael's depression had lifted, he was ready. We both were. There was no way to deny what had to happen now, and to do so would cause more pain than to allow that which must be . . . to be.

It was necessary that this day should come . . . elsewise, we would now begin holding each other back rather than lifting one another up.

In a sense, it was like holding onto a tiny thread between worlds, perhaps between continents - an ocean now forming between us. That thread and its fragility had to be let go, the distance between the two oceans was becoming too great to travel, to bear, to exceed. But rather than it being an ocean, it was more like an aeon, a sphere . . . it was a great divide. And it was ever clear that it had to close between us.

Some journeys are taken for a while, some for a lifetime, and others for just a moment in time . . . but those journeys are all relevant. Our journey had been an adventure and an amazing look into the afterlife experiences of an individual soul. More than this, it had been the beginning and the culmination of a profound friendship. But friends do what is best for one another. And this ache . . . and this ache . . . I could feel it. The thread was aching to be let loose.

So many souls wanted to hold him to the earth because of their love for him, but they, too, would be required to let him go. Let him drift closer to God alone . . .

Although there would be pain, there would also be relief. Relief? Why? Why relief?

Because it had to happen. Michael was moving so much further out into the aeons in his spiritual journey, that he was ever cascading further and further away from earthly reality. It was painful for him to journey to and fro from the world which had become his to a world which no longer belonged to

him.

And to the mystic . . . that pain seared through my heart.

The thread had to be let loose.

Michael was like a kite, and once I let that thread go, he would fly to the highest heavenly spheres. But I had to let that thread go . . .

Would I? Could I? Did I have it in me?

I thought about what he said to me just a few minutes earlier. It echoed in my mind "I was like the animals," Michael had said, "I did whatever I had to do . . ." There was wisdom in the innate knowing of animals, in their ability to respond simply to that which was necessary to their nature.

With a look of resolution in his eyes, Michael suddenly let go of the Rosary and my hand. And as he did so, a surging rush of energy overtook my soul as I was thrust back into my body without warning and the rosary silently but yet with great noise fell as if in slow motion onto the floor.

As my eyes slowly reopened to the physical realm, I could see the rosary gleaming from a distance but my body remained so tired as to be unable to reach out for it.

In a moment of sadness, I acknowledged the meaning of the moment, the silence of the rush of wind, the absence of my friend who had been with me on and off for almost a year. And as a lone tear dropped down from my eyes, I closed them again in the hopes of catching one last glimpse of my beloved friend. But he was no longer there. All had faded to black . . .

Opening them, I reached forward to the floor to grasp a hold of the rosary, grateful he had held it with me. As I held it in my hands and allowed the reality of all that had come to pass enter into my awareness, it occurred to me that his choice to hold the rosary with me was a significant one.

In holding it with me, he was acknowledging and engaging the profound religious and spiritual nature of our journey together. And in letting it go, he was celebrating its culmination. Symbolic in its grace, the herald of my rosary soaring to the floor was an incitement to the wonder of the unique religious experience we had been allowed to share with one another.

But it was something more . . . and I knew this. My gratitude was immense that we held the rosary together before I would have to do what I must do now. Because in my heart I knew that the love of the Lord demanded something of me which would be hard to give.

Rolling over and trying to take in the finality of the moment, I whispered my assent to let him go now in peace . . . and though I could no longer see him, I imagined him flying to the heights of heaven and leaving all that was worldly behind to discover all that the Lord held in wait for his gentle soul.

In chosenlessness, he would now be unseen.

It was like a candle blowing out . . .

It was finished . . .

"Humility is probably the greatest power that one can study, to understand that you didn't create

anything. God created it all."

Melba Moore, Singer [African American Quotations, 2000]

"Only God's an expert."

Charles Barclay, On the Jay Leno Show, May 18, 2010

"I have given you glory on earth by finishing the work you gave me to do . . . I have made your name known to those you gave me out of the world. These men you gave me were yours; they have kept your word. Now they realize that all that you gave me comes from you. I entrusted to them the message you entrusted to me, and they received it. They have known that in truth I came from you, they have believed it was you who sent me . . . I am in the world no more, but these are in the world . . . O Father most holy, protect them with your name."

New American Bible, New Testament: Gospel of John 17:4 - 8

"Now it is finished.' Then he bowed his head, and delivered over his spirit."

New American Bible, New Testament: Gospel of John 19:30

***"When I take the vow of silence
To remain enlocked with my Beloved
In the arms of His everywhere-ness,
I shall be busy listening to His symphony
Of creation's bliss songs, and beholding hidden
wondrous visions.
Yet I shall not be oblivious of you at all.
I shall mutely watch over you
Walking o'er me in the fresh grass-blades
And seeing me in my living leafy presences.
I shall behold you with mothering tenderness
Through every crimson blossom***

*That wears a blush of love to bring you delight.
 I shall caress you with the enfolding breeze
 To relieve your worries and fears;
 And enwrap you in sun warmth
 When the chill of delusive loneliness strays into your
 heart.*

*When you gaze at the ocean
 You will be looking right at me,
 United with the Beloved on the altar of the horizon,
 Sky-canopied with silver rays o'er the azure
 wavy hazy sanctuary.*

*I shall not speak except through your reason,
 Nor scold except through your conscience.
 I shall persuade you only through your love
 And your heart's longing to seek the Beloved only.
 I shall tempt you - but with the sole temptation
 To enjoy the Beloved's love alone.
 Forget me if you will, but not my Beloved!
 Remembering him, you cannot forget me."*

Songs of the Soul, Paramahansa Yogananda, When I Take the Vow of Silence
 [Self-Realization Fellowship, 1983]

*"Like anybody, I would like to live a long life.
 Longevity has its place. But I'm not concerned about
 that now. I just want to do God's will, and he's
 allowed me to go up to the mountain. And I've looked
 over. And I've seen the promised land."*

Martin Luther King Jr., Civil Rights Activist, Nobel Laureate [African American
 Quotations, 2000]

Michael Jackson:

The Afterlife Experiences III

The Confessions of Michael Jackson

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

<http://outofbodytravel.org>



Author, Marilyn Hughes

MICHAEL JACKSON'S AFTERLIFE EXPERIENCES III - The Confessions of Michael Jackson: Returning to give a confession regarding those things in his life which have remained a mystery, the afterlife experiences of Michael Jackson continue as Michael engages in an open self-examination. Sometimes surprising, sometimes touching . . . Michael Jackson opens up about the personal issues (and the things the world perceived as issues which perhaps were not so much) in a very forthcoming manner.

This journey is fun at times, uncomfortable at others. But it is a journey which Michael insisted on sharing. Reach into the personal thoughts Michael Jackson has had since the time of his death regarding the controversial and uncontroversial matters of his life. This is a new Michael who is no longer afraid of such self-examination nor of sharing it publicly because he knows that this personal sharing has redemptive value for the world.

