

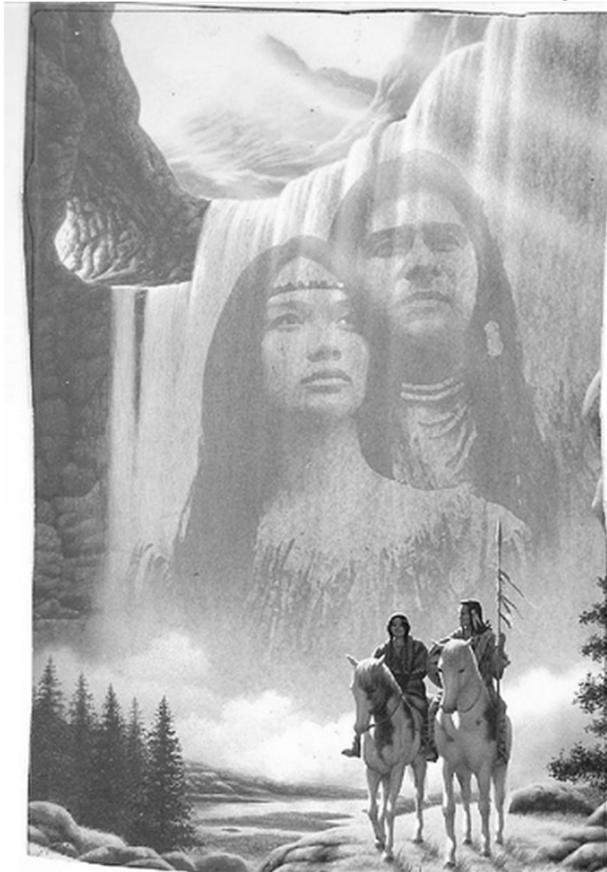
# Reincarnation and Karma

Mystic Knowledge Series

Compiled and Written by Marilyn Hughes

*The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!*

[www.outofbodytravel.org](http://www.outofbodytravel.org)



By Laughing Spirit, 1920



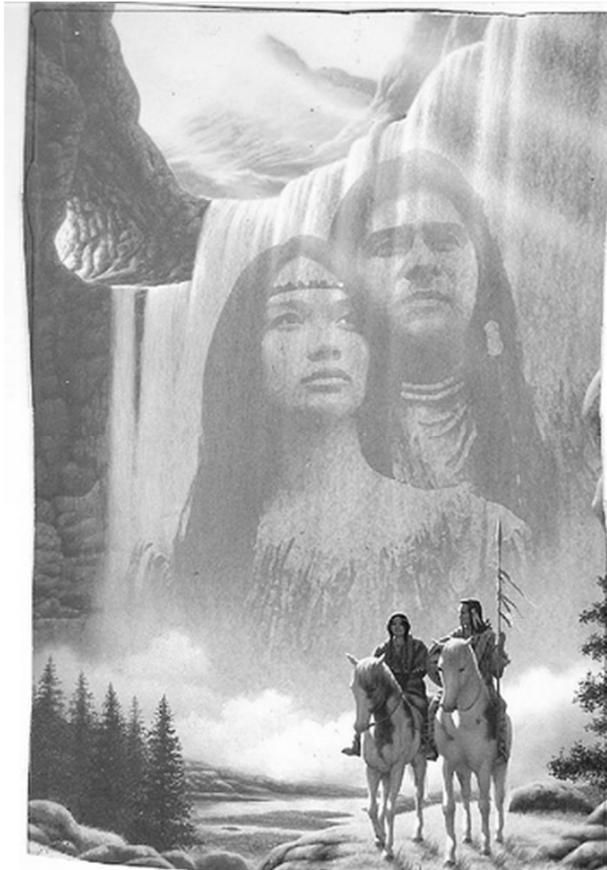
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If this book is unavailable from your local bookseller, it may be obtained directly from the Out-of-Body Travel Foundation by going to [www.outofbodytravel.org](http://www.outofbodytravel.org).

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

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**INTRODUCTION:**

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

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

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

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by the Nails: A Karmic Journey Revealed,' 'Suffering: The Fruits of Utter Desolation,' and a few other published and unpublished sources.

**CHAPTER ONE****Various Past Lives, Red Jacket, Man in Battle, Atonements, China, Courtesan, Seven Deadly Sins and their Corresponding Virtues, Gray Robe, Thread Bare, Mobster Lifetime, Prairie Ranch, Roman Soldier, Request for Forgiveness from the Past.**

\*\*\*\*\*

Transported to a beautiful mansion in Europe, I noted that although the language being spoken was not English, I understood it. With my connection to knowledge which followed me on all my episodic events, information was usually available to me as it proved necessary.

A woman lived in this big mansion all alone, and immediately I knew that she had been my mother in a previous life, which was interesting considering I hadn't yet really thought much about reincarnation. Her present lifetime had no connection to me at all. Widowed and bitter, I could feel the sadness that enveloped her soul as if it were my own. Having a boyfriend living with her in her home, her adult son lived next door. The son had just come over to see his mother, and I was intrigued, because, after all, in a certain sense he was a brother of mine. Wearing a blue, polyester suit, I went over to him to try to make him aware of my presence, forgetting my immaterial nature. For a moment, he looked towards me confusedly as if he felt my presence, but then he blew it off and turned away. Journeying forward, I found myself in another place.

\*\*\*\*\*

After rolling out of form, I found myself looking upon a strange tunnel I had not yet seen. Dark and

mysterious, a bright light burst forth at the end. Drawn almost incomprehensibly toward it, I began shooting down the tunnel at what seemed like light speed and suddenly began falling DOWN.

Having been dropped into a man's body, I noticed that I was wearing the form of a soldier sitting behind a rock barricade waiting for an impending battle. The uniform he wore was reminiscent of the Cavalry, but I didn't know when this war had occurred.

And despite my previous view which had not truly considered reincarnation one way or the other, I immediately KNEW that it was true, without doubt or fear. It was as if this journey had opened my soul to remembering such things in a distant way.

***"I remember as many eons as there are atoms in a hundred lands."***

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 39, Entry into the Realm of Reality, Page 1426, Stanza 2, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

My attention turned to the captain now instructing us on the upcoming battle. Informed that we would start shooting when we were told and continue for a certain stretch of time and then we were to stop, and all would count their wins and losses. It would all be over, for a time.

Calm and accepting of my duty to perform this act of violence; I was surprised when, without any understandable warning, I was overcome with holy rage. My mind was full of terrifying thoughts of the injuries I could inflict or sustain, and the lives that would be lost. For what? For that brief moment, I KNEW the terror of a man in battle, and it was profound.

Running over to the other men, I screamed to them, "We don't have to do this; we don't have to kill each other! They can't force us to pull the trigger!" Walking away, I deserted my brigade with three men

following. Holing up in a nearby house, the shooting began, and with it; the screams, carnage, dying, suffering, barbarism. We cried uncontrollably.

Overwhelmed with grief and emotion, the spirits of the Lord quickly pulled me up and back through the tunnel through time, and led me to the present day. Moved, the power of God was working on my soul deeply, profoundly, in a way I could not yet understand.

***"The immature run after sense pleasures and fall into the widespread net of death. But the wise, knowing the Self as deathless, Seek not the changeless in the world of change."***

*The Upanishads, Katha Upanishad, Part II, (I), No. 2,  
Paragaph 2, Page 90, (Hinduism, Translation: Eknath  
Easwaran)*

\*\*\*\*\*

Becoming aware of another presence around me, I mistakenly took it for a lost soul because of the uncomfortable feelings I had about his presence. Becoming clear that this soul was desperately trying to receive forgiveness from his wife and child, I didn't understand why I couldn't get him to leave or to go to the light. Over time, I began feeling a certain conflicted love for this soul, and begged it to reveal to me its purpose. In response to my inquiries, I was taken on a journey a few nights later.

Tossed through the time-tunnel, I felt the presence of a Native American. Conveying his name to be Red Jacket, my spirit was suddenly crashing into a different time and place.

Hurled into the 1800's, we looked from above at an old Native American camp which was sparsely populated. Several teepees were scattered around and a fire pit was burning in the middle of camp. Very poor, the people were scavenging for food to feed their children. The men were absent, and the women and

children were trying to fend for themselves during the time of the Indian wars. Autumn winds were blowing in, and I couldn't help but feel the tremendous cold they would soon be facing in winter. Intense suffering was apparent on all of their faces.

And then I remembered something, I felt it. Intense love filled my soul. Although the feelings were quite powerful, memory was coming only in flashes. Red Jacket and I had been together in some distant time and place, but for some reason we were separated.

It came to me in a flash of knowing. Red Jacket could not leave his people in these conditions, and I could not bring myself to join them and give up the comforts of the white man's world in which I had lived.

*"All life and all existence here, with all its joys and all its woe, rests on a single state of mind, and quick passes that moment by . . . Out of the unseen did they rise, into the unseen do they pass, just as the lightning flashes forth, so do they flash and pass away."*

*Path to Deliverance, C Wisdom (Panna), Page 175, Middle, Stanza 1 and 6, (Buddhism, Theravadan, Author: Nyanatiloka)*

\*\*\*\*\*

Emmanuel's (My spirit Guide) eyes turned to the right, and suddenly my spirit was swirling away from this place back into the time-tunnel, all black with a bright light at the end. Red Jacket's voice was heard in the ether, calling me to go with him. As he reached his hand to me, I took it.

Soaring at light speed, I suddenly became aware that I was now falling down. With a loud thud, I entered into a body. My immediate instinct was to look down, which gave me many clues as to where I had entered. Wearing a long dress with a petticoat, I noticed how heavy these clothes felt. Walking along some dirt roads towards a dingy bar, it occurred to me that my current

self was overlapping another life, and that I was here to observe . . . not interfere.

The bar was like an old barn with the front doors opened wide. Inside, a man whom I knew to be my husband was arm wrestling with a group of men who were very loud and boisterous. He wasn't a big man, being slightly shorter than myself with straight sandy-brown hair. Two men near him were very large and unusually dirty. Sporting wavy black hair and mustaches, I supposed they might be Mexican. All the men were wearing dirty brown pants with suspenders and soiled shirts that apparently used to be white. Some had old cowboy hats on. My husband ordered me to leave as soon as he saw me, for this was no place for a woman, and they were busy with men-folk talk. Angry, I turned to go.

On the way back to our home, I noticed that I was walking around a western fort. Prisoners quarters made out of sandstone rock sported windows with metal bars. A young Indian boy's face motioned to me. "We are very hungry, they do not feed us. Can you help?" He said. Promising that I would return with food, I went upon my way.

Returning to the prison later, I took note that the guards were quite intoxicated. One had fallen asleep and was lying in the dirt smelling strongly of whiskey. The other stood against the prison wall in his blue cavalry uniform, holding his rifle upright. Bottle in hand, it wouldn't be long before he joined his friend on the ground.

"Sir," I said with a curtsy, "I would just like to bring the prisoners some food for their bodies and perhaps some food for their soul." I said. "I've prepared something for them to eat, and I know that they will be ready to hear about the Lord on a full stomach. I'd be

mighty appreciative if you would let me help these poor souls enter into heaven." Flippantly, the guard moved away from the door, unlocking it. "Well, ma'am, that's mighty Christian of you. Good luck to you and God bless," he said.

Walking into the door, there was a short flight of steps going down to the disgustingly filthy room which was about 10' X 10' and housed about fifteen prisoners. There were other cells, but I didn't venture into them. Apparently, some of the more dangerous prisoners were kept in those privately locked cells.

Appreciative of the food, the young boy ate voraciously, although the others remained suspicious. At this moment, I realized that this was the moment I had made the decision in that lifetime that I was going to help the Indians. Ascending the rock stairs, a flash of light pulled me out and shot me back home to my present life.

***"You and I have passed through many births, Arjuna. You have forgotten, but I remember them all."***

*Bhagavad Gita, Chapter 4, Verse 5, (Hinduism, Words of Krishna, Translation: Eknath Easwaran)*

\*\*\*\*\*

Entering the dream of a handicapped man in a veteran's hospital, we talked for a short period of time. The young man had a bandage around his forehead with only a little bit of brown hair showing. Apparently, he had few visitors and was very lonely.

Offering universal love and acceptance to him, we talked for quite some time before he suddenly burst out, "You aren't from here, are you, Ute?" I didn't know what to say. He continued. "Like, I mean, you're a spirit aren't you?" Red Jacket immediately pulled me out of his dream.

My confused glance held an unknowing as I asked him, "Why did he call me Ute?" Red Jacket didn't

even pause before he answered, "Because that is who you are." Upon return, I discovered that it was a tribe of Indians in the western United States.

\*\*\*\*\*

An old friend from ten years prior appeared to me in another dimension, apparently brought here for an atonement. We'd gone to school together and been very cruel to one another as children. It was apparent that we had been brought to this space to work things out. Apologizing for his cruelty, he bade me to know that he truly did love me very much, and that his actions were not at all reflective of his true feelings. This surprised me, but gave me great joy, as well. Sharing my own confession of guilt, I apologized in return for my own acts of uncaring towards him. Embracing, all that remained between us now was unconditional forgiveness and love. This person I'd literally not thought of for years, who had seemed such an insignificant part of my life, was now pulsating within my heart in such a powerfully loving way. From this experience, I realized that even when people's feelings are hurt by another, it is very often an expression of love trying to understand itself. Our small piece of karma had been worked out, and we were now atoned.

As I began to meet many people from my past, I found that working out these seemingly small events in my life, allowed my spirit to become more open to receiving love from God. Because the nature of these hurts is rejection, a soul can close itself off, through the actions of others and itself, to believing it is not worthy of love. Because of this, every interaction we have with one another becomes important.

*"A man in this world will not be able to be pure of sins; for if he is pure of one, he will not be able to be pure of another . . . For this cause, therefore, I have rent myself*

***asunder and have brought the mysteries into the world,  
because all are under sin and all are in need of the gift  
of the mysteries."***

*Pistis Sophia, Fourth Book, Page 292, Paragraph 2,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

\*\*\*\*\*

Red Jacket took me to a beautiful prairie. Tumbleweeds blew by as we rode separate horses towards an awesome mountain ahead. A third horse appeared with a young Indian boy riding. Instantly, I knew that this was our son. Disappearing as quickly as he had come, Red Jacket waved his arms and we were no longer there.

As he hovered above, I was now in the body of an Indian woman sitting in a small camp. Two teepees could be clearly seen in the firelight, and they were painted with a red jagged line around the bottom of them. Many more teepees were shadowed by the night. Sitting by the fire, the forest serenaded me with the sounds of the blowing wind and the calling of the night animals. Instinctively, I knew this had been my home somewhere in time.

Taking Red Jacket's hand, I was quickly pulled away.

***"I will see the hand of God in all that happens to me,  
attributing nothing to individual people, who are but  
instruments used by Him in the work of my  
sanctification."***

*The Voice of the Saints, Chapter 3, Page 17, No. 3,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Blessed Raphaela Mary)*

\*\*\*\*\*

Outside of form, my soul was traveling quickly towards a most majestic mountain range. Red Jacket was speaking behind me as I traveled through the ether. Three mountains were in sight, two smaller ones surrounding a snow-capped beauty in the middle.

"There is a being," he said, "who is at ONE with these mountains. The animals and the trees are her friends, and she speaks with all life. In her heart, she has lived here for centuries."

Reaching the mountain, I looked up to notice a horse had been carved into the bluish rock which appeared to be in motion. Soaring to the midsection, my spirit was directly before the horse's heart, listening to its rhythmic beat. "And you, my friend, are Heart of the Horse!" Red Jacket said, "It is your name, it is your legacy."

*"Because mountains are high and broad, the way of riding the clouds is always reached in the mountains; the inconceivable power of soaring in the wind comes freely from the mountains."*

*Moon in a Dewdrop, Mountain and Waters Sutra (Sansui-Kyo), No. 2, (Buddhism, Zen, Words of Zen Master Dogen)*

\*\*\*\*\*

Having many, many atonements which all ended in a beautiful display of love and forgiveness, I was surprised when I found myself embroiled in two separate instances wherein those I had sought forgiveness from, were not yet ready to give it. Leaving them with my apologies for their hurt feelings, I told them we'd meet again when and if they chose to be ready to atone.

Much later, one of them appeared to me in an empty theatre. Occupying the first seat in the second row of chairs, a brilliant red curtain completely closed off the stage. Behind the curtain, you could hear the sounds of a performance. Sitting behind him, he turned to me and smiled, "As the curtain conceals the illusion, I am ready to discard my own." Conveying that he was now at peace, I thanked him for his understanding and again was overwhelmed with a rush of love and forgiveness.

Moments later, I was pulled away.

***"Hazardous and slow is the path to the Unrevealed, difficult for physical man to tread. But they for whom I am the supreme goal, who do all work renouncing self for me and meditate on me with single-hearted devotion, these I will swiftly rescue from the fragment's cycle of birth and death, for their consciousness has entered me."***

*The Bhagavad Gita, Chapter 12, No.'s 5-7, (Hinduism,  
Words of Krishna, Translation: Eknath Easwaran)*

\*\*\*\*\*

During an intensive vibrational raising, I began to see a globe of purple and white light rotating. As this occurred, Red Jacket spoke in my ear:

"I am like the great tree,  
who after bearing witness  
to day and night for hundreds of years,  
cries silently to the Great Spirit,  
'Oh, I understand!  
There is oneness between light and dark!'  
The tree silently and peacefully dies . . .  
making room for new life,  
and becomes one with all that is."

***"God has also set the one over against the other; the good against the evil, and the evil against the good; the good proceeds from the good, and the evil from the evil; the good purifies the bad, and the bad the good . . . "***

*Sepher Yezirah, Chapter VI, Section V, (Judaism)*

\*\*\*\*\*

Entering the time-tunnel, I began falling into another time. Again, I emerged in what appeared to be the Cavalry lifetime, crossing a river over a swinging bridge.

Across this river was a large prison community which consisted of a few small shacks surrounded by

wooden fences. Stone shacks with leaky grass roofs were guarded by armed men at the entrances to prevent escape.

Bringing food to the prisoners had eventually led to helping them with other tasks, like washing clothes. Used to my frequent visits, the guards let me pass without a word. A young Indian woman met me at the gate, which was highly secured because many escapes had occurred amongst the Indian prisoners.

Three Indian men lived in one of these huts, who called themselves brothers, but I knew they were not biologically related. A special bond existed between me and these brothers; we were close friends and confidantes. Red Jacket was one of these brothers, and there was an obvious attraction between us. Five women lived in the shack next door, all who would escape but one, who died from the cold during the winter.

Pushing a large wheelbarrow containing food, blankets and clean clothes, Red Jacket jumped in as soon as we were safely in the hut. Dirty cloths and blankets were used to cover him. At that moment, I realized I was responsible for the escapes.

On my way out with the prisoner, I ran into my husband who was entertaining three guests. Trying to impress his guests with lavish gifts, they were celebrating one of the men's recent graduations from a military school. "Why don't you join us in our celebrating, honey?" He asked, as I nervously looked down upon my cart. "In a moment," I replied, "Let me put my cart in the house and I will meet you at the general store." Turning to leave, they acknowledged that they would meet me there. At that moment, I realized that the soul of my husband in that life was the same soul as in my present. Although they looked nothing alike, there was a recognition that went beyond the flesh, deep

into the windows of another kind of knowing.

Hiding Red Jacket in an old abandoned log cabin, he stayed in a closet until nightfall, as all the other prison escapees had done. Formerly an old storefront, the old cabin was nailed shut after going out of business and no one went in there. Bringing the cart to my home, I headed for the general store.

Many people went to this log building to socialize. Inside, a man of about fifty-five with gray hair was smoking a pipe and catering to my husband who was buying expensive cigars for everyone. There was a wooden counter with a very old version of a cash register. A big selection of rifles was hanging on the walls. Annoyed at my husband who was much too concerned with wasting money on people who didn't need it, I slipped into the background. Talk turned to the current Indian escapes, and after expressing my outrage, I excused myself to leave.

Later as night had fallen, I slipped off while my husband was at the bar. Red Jacket was ready to go, but before he did, he unexpectedly pulled me close to him. After spending some very intimate time together, he looked at me very seriously. "You are one of us, and do not belong here. Come with me and we will share our lives with each other. The Indian people will accept you and love you!" A big part of me wanted to go, but I didn't have the courage to make such a hasty decision. Night was upon us and he had to leave. "No," I said, "I love you very much, but I can't leave . . . not yet, anyway." Embracing me, he said, "I love you with all my heart." Moments later, he was gone. Crying softly as he departed, I pulled myself together so as not to arouse suspicion.

Returning to form, I was shocked to realize I had done this.

*"For whoever has the courage to conquer his passions, to subdue his appetites, and repulse even the least motions of his own will, performs an action more meritorious in the sight of God than if, without this, he should tear his flesh with the sharpest disciplines, fast with greater austerity than the ancient Fathers of the Desert, or convert multitudes of sinners."*

*The Spiritual Combat, Chapter 1, Page 6, Paragraph 3,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: Dom Lorenzo Scupoli)*

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Swept through the tunnel of time, I found myself in a small house with several Chinese men and women. All of us were living with an aging master who we called 'Little Chinaman.' Very thin and bald, he was a gentle soul who taught us of the Way.

My current husband was a young Chinese man with jet black hair that shone in the light, a beautiful smile and very tall and muscular. Three other disciples lived with us, but Andy was Little Chinaman's prize student and friend, who took care of the house and grounds in exchange for his teachings.

Discussing our lessons, two other disciples and I approached Andy to ask him questions. As I approached, however, his aura became bright red and yellow, his rage obvious. Immediately, my over-self, which was observing from inside my former body, became aware that this sub-conscious anger resulted from our past lifetime during the Cavalry days.

Little Chinaman was in town for the day leaving our studies in the care of Andy, who responded to my presence by ordering me to do extreme and strenuous physical labor. Becoming very tired over time, I begged him to let me stop, but he pushed and pushed as his auric red intensified with every order. Unexpectedly and suddenly, I went into cardiac arrest and died.

Shocked, this had not been his intent, and for

years Little Chinaman tried to help him to get over what he had done, for he had no conscious desire for me to die. But Little Chinaman was wise and knew of our past life, and he helped Andy to overcome some of his rage during that lifetime and begin to forgive.

***"Some lands are dirty, some are pure; Pleasant or painful, each is different. This comes from the inconceivable ocean of acts: Cyclic phenomena are always like this."***

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 4, The Formation of the Worlds, Page 190, Stanza 3, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

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Having traveled again through the time-tunnel, I found myself lying in a field of grass wearing a pale blue gown. Deeply in love, the object of my affection laid beside me, wearing the traditional knickers with stockings, black lace shoes, a vest and a puffy shirt. Telling me of a home he had bought for me, I didn't hear what he was saying due to my obsession with his piercing green eyes framed by locks of dark wavy hair.

But it suddenly became apparent to me that he was married and I was his mistress, a courtesan sometime in the 17th century. Intending to 'keep' me, he wanted to provide me with a home and all my other needs. Angered that he had not consulted with me in choosing a home, we began to argue, but I eventually agreed to move into the home he had chosen for me.

Before I could make the move, however, a sudden and unexplained break-up had occurred. It appeared that it was possible his wife had found out about us, and demanded that it stop. Never hearing from him again, I was heartbroken, and didn't marry in that lifetime.

Dropped into a later time in the same life as an old dying woman, I passed over to the other side and wandered aimlessly as a lost soul for several years. But

at the very moment when I called out to God for help, an angel appeared and led me to a door. Inside, my lost love sat next to another man who appeared to be his son. Many people were gathered in the room, all of them appearing very young. As I floated in, I tried very hard to keep my hoop skirts quiet so as not to arouse attention, but they made no noise in the spirit wind.

When I came into view, my lost love turned and flashed a big smile, sending me an energy of great love. Drawing me to him, everyone was watching an event on the earth-plane below. Introducing me to his son, the grown man looked up in surprise. "So you are the woman my father loved so much!" Surprised by this, I acknowledged that it was mutual.

A very elaborate funeral was going on below, and I was unsure as to what the fuss was all about. Overflowing with joy, my lost love chimed, "My son, of whom I am very proud, was an important man!" Looking to see if I could recognize him, I was surprised to notice that he was a historical figure. A beautifully carved beige basket was lowered into the ground as the mourners cried.

As we watched, the angel conveyed to me that he could not have left his wife without a scandal, and they had stayed together for proprieties sake. Despite this, he had loved me very much and that love was real. Finally, she revealed that this was the same soul as that of Red Jacket. A light went on in my soul.

Taking my hand, we soared away. From the mind of the woman I used to be, I never considered my acts as immoral, because I was so lost in love that I never even considered the pain of those I'd hurt. Because of this fog I had chosen to live in, at the time of my death I became lost.

*"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 in this Sangsara (illusion). Be not attached (to this world); . . ."*

*The Tibetan Book of the Dead, Book I, Part II, Page 103, Paragraph 2, (Buddhism, Tibetan)*

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***"But if you are able to confess, I wish you to do so, and if you are able, and do not, you will be deprived of the fruit of the Blood."***

*The Dialogue of St. Catherine of Siena, A Treatise of Prayer, Page 173, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of God as Received in Ecstatic Vision, Author: St. Catherine of Siena)*

And so it came to pass that I was taken into many past lives, all of which I confess to you now. For all of my lifetimes were seemingly stained with the sin of lust. And it appeared that the three key players (myself, my husband and the soul of Red Jacket) remained the same. For time immemorial, we had been incarnating over and over again, never understanding or transforming this horrid pattern of betrayal and lust. Further, Andy's greed and control issues remained a constant, also remaining unaddressed for aeons.

The seven deadly sins are a very important part of purification and they are as follows: Gluttony, Lust, Greed, Pride, Sloth, Vanity and Avarice. We all incarnate with certain stains upon our souls that have yet to be purified, and most of us have one prominent vice. For me, it was lust, for Andy, greed.

It is not the conscious desire of most souls to cause harm, and yet they do. Why? And how do we end the cycle of pain? The answer is purification, which comes about through a very involved eternal process to awaken the soul to its own delusions about the true nature of love, transform those perceptions, and alter the

stimulus response through eternal understanding.

*"The world, however, is given to pleasure, delighted with pleasure, enchanted with pleasure. Truly, such beings will hardly understand the law of conditionality, the Dependent Origination of everything; incomprehensible to them will also be the end of all formations, the forsaking of every substratum of rebirth, the fading away of craving, detachment, extinction, Nibbana."*

*The Word of the Buddha, Page 2, Paragraph 2, (Buddhism, Theravadan, Author: Nyanatiloka)*

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Soaring through time, I ended up in the body of an Indian woman on a reservation around the early 1900's. Living with my seven-year-old child, my Indian mother had died, and my father, an aristocratic white with gray wavy hair, was making one of his infrequent visits to see us. I felt nothing for this man, as he had not raised me.

Located near a small forest, our small square homes were built around each other in an almost circular fashion. Every night, the community would gather around the campfire to talk and share stories. My husband and the father of my little girl, was fighting in the war, and we missed him greatly.

Going to the commissary, we were stocking up on supplies. In the distance, I thought I saw a familiar face. "Gray Robe! Is that you?!" I called out, running towards the Indian man, but as he turned I could tell that he was trying to conceal concern. Somberly, the man replied, "Gray Robe has just been reported as Missing in Action." Beginning to cry, he continued, "We were good friends. He was very brave and he loved you and your little girl very much." Carrying the supplies, we returned together to the reservation.

At camp circle that evening, I remained silent.

Standing up during the gathering, the man told the others of my husband's status. Our chief took me aside and patiently placed his hands on my shoulder.

Being very much in touch with the spirit world, he explained to me what had happened. "Gray Robe was in a healing lifetime," he said, "his aura was filled with the color green. Giving back to those he has taken from in the past, he chose to move on." Suddenly, it became clear to me that Gray Robe was an incarnation of Red Jacket, and he had given his life to pay back for the lives he had taken during the Indian wars. "Hold his love within your heart, and set him free." His wisdom was peaceful, and I knew he was right. Raising our hands to the sky, we both chimed to the heavens, "In our love we set you free, Gray Robe." While gazing upon the full-moon, I drifted away from the past and soared back to my current life.

*"Perhaps I have lived before, In some strange world  
where first my soul was shaped. And all this  
passionate love, and joy, and pain, that come, I know  
not whence, and sway my deeds, are old imperious  
memories, blind yet strong, that this world stirs within  
me."*

*Reincarnation - An East-West Anthology, Western  
Thinkers, British, Page 146, The Spanish Gypsy*

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Traveling to a point in time which appeared to be several hundred years ago, I lived as a woman named Thread Bare in an Indian camp with my father, Night Bear. Our camp had split into three factions due to three differing perceptions: Night Bear led a group that believed in war and strength, the man I loved led a group that believed in unity through music, and I led a faction which believed in birth. Unable to meld our perceptions into one, we became separate.

Surrounded by mountains and pines, several

women in our camp were preparing to give birth. Going into labor one clear dark night, a woman gave birth at the very moment that a lightning-bolt struck a tree. In honor of this exalted sign of birth, we named the baby, 'Lighted Pine.'

With the child's birth, we realized the stupidity of our separate ways, and we summoned the other camp leaders for a gathering to reconcile our differences. Radiating immense love, a woman from the camp of music spoke to me. "Now we can share our music with you, our way of perceiving." Smiling, I replied, "I would love to hear your music, it's wonderful that Lighted Pine has opened us to perceiving in many ways." Her gaze became serious, "It is good that you want to hear our music, as it is all written by our leader and they are all love songs written for you." Turning, she walked away, as a huge pine began to glow in the center of our camp. Becoming the center of unity for the people, it reminded us that the Lord shares differing gifts with differing people, and that when we close ourselves off to only our own, we lose a part of the wholeness which is God.

***"The door of the lodge is soon opened for the second time, representing the coming of the purifying Power of the north, and also we see the light which destroys darkness, just as wisdom drives away ignorance."***

*The Sacred Pipe, Black Elk's Account of the Seven Rites of the Oglala Sioux, Chapter III, Inipi, Page 40, Paragraph 3,  
(Tribal, Oglala Sioux, Words of Black Elk)*

***"Which is the way to the dwelling place of the light, and where is the abode of darkness, that you may take them to their boundaries and set them on their homeward paths?"***

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Job 38: 19-20,  
(Judaism, Christianity)*

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Leaving form and soaring through the time

tunnel, I was dropped into the body of a brassy, short-haired blonde wearing a red cocktail dress which appeared to be from the twenties. My husband, who I immediately knew to be Andy, was wearing a hat and a gray suit which appeared to be from the same time frame, and he was mingling with guests across the room. We were at a big party being held in a red brick mansion with white pillars and a circular driveway. About 100 people were in attendance. Parked in front of the house were two model-T cars.

Very suddenly and from behind, I felt something being pressed to my back which I immediately knew to be a gun. Dragged to an empty room, I heard shots being fired in the room I had just left. The two men who had taken me here beat me and then shot me in the chest three times, and then rushed away from the scene of the crime.

Amazingly, I was still alive as the paramedics placed my body on a stretcher and took me to catch an awaiting ambulance. As we exited through the main room of the house, the coroner laid over my dead husband's body. Guests were watching anxiously as we were removed from the home.

Lying quietly in my hospital room, I knew I was close to death. Trying to phone the police to tell them who my attackers were, I didn't have the strength to call before losing consciousness, and I realized that they would never know that it was a mob hit.

When I returned to consciousness, I could still feel the pain from the gunshots. As Andy woke up, he asked me what was wrong. When I told him, he looked at me strangely and said, "I just had the exact same dream!"

*"Resentment and anger, these are foul things, too, and a sinner is a master at them both. Whoever exacts*

*vengeance will experience the vengeance of the Lord,  
who keeps strict account of sin."*

*The New Jerusalem Bible, Old Testament, Ecclesiasticus  
28:1, (Judaism)*

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Traveling through the time tunnel, my spirit plummeted into the body of a woman, who was living on a ranch in the prairie in what appeared to be the 1800's Ranch. With hair of light brown, I wore a blue flower print dress with a matching bonnet, while my husband, a thin small man with long black wavy hair, a weathered cowboy hat, brown leather pants and a vest, stood next to me. Walking outside to meet our two children, a four year old girl and a two year old boy, I noticed the small three room cabin with a pillared porch behind us as we approached two farm hands who were working with the animals.

Suddenly, the sounds of galloping horses could be heard from the distance and before we could look up or respond, gunfire rang out. Three outlaws sped through in a flash, killing the two workmen and myself.

Continuing to observe from above, my husband was walking away from a freshly dug grave. Feeling a peaceful surrender, my spirit was calm in knowing that I had to go, and thus, I did.

*"So we are always courageous, although we know that while we are at home in the body we are away from the Lord, for we walk by faith, not by sight. Yet we are courageous, and we would rather leave the body and go home to the Lord. Therefore, we aspire to please Him, whether we are at home or away."*

*New American Bible, New Testament, 2 Corinthians 5:6,  
(Christianity, Catholic)*

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Thrust through the time tunnel, I found myself surrounded by souls from the mob lifetime. Quite

scared, I didn't know what to expect, and when they did absolutely nothing, I didn't know what to think. One of the murderers spoke, "We want you to know that we are very sorry that we killed you and your husband. As you know, our actions came as a result of our illusion and we have all grown and evolved since that time. We do love you very much, and we hope you can forgive us and let this go."

Energetically, I knew that this was sincere . . . without doubt, without fear. Although this felt somewhat strange, I accepted their apology and thanked them for taking the time to work this out with me.

***"Remember the last things, and stop hating, corruption and death, and be faithful to the commandments.***

***Remember the commandments, and do not bear your fellow ill-will, remember the covenant of the Most High, and ignore the offence."***

*The New Jerusalem Bible, Old Testament, Ecclesiasticus  
28:6-7, (Judaism)*

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Sucked into another place and time, my spirit entered the body of a dark-haired woman, a blonde man with a very muscular physique standing beside me. Holding my arms, I had just been captured and brought to an illegal slave labor camp where women worked in the fields until they were sold to wealthy men as servants.

Appearing very Romanesque, I recognized this spirit as the soul of Red Jacket, who was apparently one in the same. I remembered how he had appeared to me in both ways in the coliseum to show me the connection.

Known for messing around with a lot of female inmates, I ignored his advances and pretty much blew him off. As a result, he began coming into my hut and talking with me for hours at a time, and eventually we

developed a deeper friendship and love for one another. My life became easier as a result as he became more and more protective of me, giving me easier jobs and finding things I could do to help him with his work.

At some point, the illegal operation was discovered by proper authorities, who arranged for a siege on the camp to free the women. Women were running everywhere during the uproar, and amidst the chaos, I decided that I, too, must go.

Waiting for him to come with me for quite some time, I finally turned to leave before it was too late. Frantically running, I was at a safe distance when I heard his voice calling me. Turning, I saw him motioning for me to return, but there were also guards coming to retrieve me. This was my only chance at freedom and I took it. Staying to defend his world, I took off to find what was left of mine.

In a flash, I was no longer in the body, but watching from above as I observed him sitting in my hut with incredible sadness and tears showing upon his face. Surprised, I hadn't realized his feelings for me had been so strong. The spirit of Red Jacket appeared beside me, as I observed the irony of this switching of roles as prisoner and keeper.

***"He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity."***

*King James Bible, New Testament, Revelation 13:10,*

*(Christianity)*

***"As you have done, so shall it be done to you, your deed shall come back upon your own head."***

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Obadiah 1:15,*

*(Christianity, Catholic)*

## CHAPTER TWO

**Considering Reincarnation in Religions, Running from the Crow, Evil Past Lives, Avoiding Present Death by Agreeing to Atonement for Past Life Debt, Cave Man, Dove Song and the Massacre, Gridimaria, Slave Dancer, Man with the Rose, Long Hair, Dark Maggots Exiting Body, Kusokway, Juliosa, Life with the Inca as the Deity of Ayacucho, Oil Baron, Reunion of Spirits from Hundreds of Past Lives, Original Sin from Parents, Mysteries of Reincarnation Demonstrated in the Ark.**

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Shall we pause for a moment to consider reincarnation? Reincarnation is an accepted tenet of many Eastern faiths, such as the Hindu's and Buddhists, and some western faiths including the Mystical Cabalists of the Jews, the Sufi's of Islam and the Gnostics of Christianity. Some of the Early Church Fathers taught this doctrine before it was declared heretical at the Council of Nicaea in the fourth century. Jesus spoke of reincarnation in the bible, but He spoke more deeply on the subject in the Pistis Sophia and other Gnostic Gospels.

*"Jesus answered and said to him, 'Amen, amen, I say to you, no one can see the kingdom of God without being born from above.' Nicodemus said to him, 'How can a person once grown old be born again? Surely he cannot re-enter his mother's womb and be born again, can he?' Jesus answered, 'Amen, amen, I say to you, no one can enter the kingdom of God without being born of water and Spirit. What is born of flesh is flesh and what is born of spirit is spirit . . . Nicodemus answered and said to him, 'How can this happen?' Jesus answered and*

*said to him, 'You are the teacher of Israel and you do not understand this? Amen, amen, I say to you, we speak of what we know and we testify to what we have seen, but you people do not accept our testimony. If I tell you about earthly things and you do not believe, how will you believe if I tell you about heavenly things? No one has gone up to heaven except the one who has come down from heaven, the Son of Man. And just as Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so must the Son of Man be lifted up, so that everyone who believes in him may have eternal life.'*

*New American Bible, New Testament, John 3:3-15,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

*"Is it not rational that souls should be introduced into bodies, in accordance with their merits and previous deeds . . ."*

*"Every soul . . . comes into this world strengthened by the victories or weakened by the defeats of its previous life. Its place in this world as a vessel appointed to honor or dishonor is determined by its previous merits or demerits. Its work in this world determines its place in the world which is to follow this."*

*Reincarnation - An East-West Anthology, Page 36, Early Church Fathers, Contra Celsum, De Principiis, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Origen)*

*"It is absolutely necessary that the soul should be healed and purified, and if this does not take place during its life on earth it must be accomplished in future lives."*

*Reincarnation - An East-West Anthology, Christianity, Early Church Father, Page 36, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Gregory)*

*"Mary answered and said unto the Saviour: 'My Lord, before thou didst come to the region of the rulers and before thou didst come down into the world, hath no soul entered into the Light?' The Saviour answered and*

*said unto Mary: 'Amen, amen, I say unto you: Before I did come into the world, no soul hath entered into the Light. And now, therefore, when I am come, I have opened the gates of the Light and opened the ways which lead to the Light. And now, therefore, let him who shall do what is worthy of the mysteries, receive the mysteries and enter into the Light.' Mary continued and said: 'But, my Lord, I have heard that the prophets have entered into the Light.' The Saviour continued and said unto Mary: 'Amen, amen, I say unto you: No prophet hath entered into the Light; but the rulers of the aeons have discoursed with them out of the aeons and given them the mystery of the aeons. And when I came to the regions of the aeons, I have turned Elias and sent him into the body of John the Baptizer, and the rest also I turned into righteous bodies, which will find the mysteries of the Light, go on high and inherit the Light-kingdom . . . The rest of the patriarchs and of the righteous from the time of Adam unto now, who are in the aeons and all the orders of the rulers, when I came to the region of the aeons, I have through the Virgin of Light made to turn into bodies which will all be righteous,- those which will find the mysteries of the Light, enter in and inherit the Light-kingdom.'* (Elias is the Greek form of Elijah)

*Pistis Sophia, Fourth Book, Page 293-294, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

**"Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord."**

*King James Bible, Old Testament, Malachi 4:5, Old Testament, (Christianity)*

**"And his disciples asked him, saying, 'Why then say the scribes that Elias must first come?' And Jesus answered and said unto them, 'Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things. But I say unto you, that Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done**

*unto him whatsoever they listed. Likewise shall also the Son of man suffer of them.' Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist."*

King James Bible, New Testament, Matthew 17:10-13,  
(Christianity, Words of Christ)

*"Naked I came forth from my mother's womb, and naked shall I go back again."*

New American Bible, Old Testament, Job 2:21, (Christianity,  
Catholic)

*"The victor I will make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he will never leave it again.*

New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 3:12,  
(Christianity, Catholic)

*"And then cometh Yaluham, the receiver of Sabaoth, the Adamas, who handeth the souls the cup of forgetfulness, and he bringeth a cup filled with the water of forgetfulness and handeth it to the soul, and it drinketh it and forgetteth all regions and all the regions to which it hath gone. And they cast it down into a body which will spend its time continually troubled in its heart. This is the chastisement of the curser."*

Pistis Sophia, Sixth Book, Page 315, Paragraph 2,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)

*"And these hand it over to their receivers, in order that they may lead their souls out of the bodies, - they hand over to them the peculiarity of the seals, in order that they may know the time when they are to lead the souls out of the bodies, and in order that they may know the time when they are to bring to birth the body."*

Pistis Sophia, Fourth Book, Page 288, Paragraph 1,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)

*"For many are the pleasant forms which exist in numerous sins, and incontinencies, and disgraceful passions, and fleeting pleasures, which men embrace until they become sober and go up to their resting place.*

***And they will find me there, and they will live, and they will not die again."***

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Thunder: Perfect Mind, Page 303, Stanza 2, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

***"Whoever knows that he has lived before, and sees heaven and hell, and has arrived at the destruction of birth, him I call a brahman."***

*The Group of Discourses II, III. The Great Chapter, 647, Page 73, No. 647, (Buddhism, Theravadan)*

***"I mind not if I must pass through sextillions of lives, undergoing the throes of birth and the pangs of death; leaving behind me a heap of my mangled fleshly forms - if at last I find thee."***

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 21, Paragraph 2, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

***"A single soul can be reincarnated a number of times in different bodies, and in this manner, it can rectify the damage done in previous incarnations. Similarly, it can also achieve perfection that was not attained in its previous incarnations. The soul is then ultimately judged at the end of all these incarnations. Its judgment will depend on everything that took place in all its incarnations, as well as its status as an individual in each one."***

*The Way of God, Part II, Chapter 3, No. 10, Paragraph 2-3, (Judaism, Author: Rabbi Moshe Chayim Luzzatto)*

***"The first light that God created was so bright that the worlds could not endure it. God therefore made another light as a vestment to this one, and so with all the other lights, until all the worlds could endure the light without being dissolved. Hence grades were evolved and lights were wrapped in one another . . ."***

*The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume V, Balak (Numbers), Page 301, Bottom, (Judaism)*

***"You were without life and He gave you life? Again, He will cause you to die and again bring you to life, then***

***you shall be brought back to Him."***

*The Holy Quran, Part 1, Chapter 2, Section 3, No. 28,  
(Islam, Words of Mohammed)*

***"I died as a mineral and became a plant, I died as a plant and rose to animal, I died as animal and I was man. Why should I fear? When was I less by dying?"***

*Coming Back, Chapter 1, Page 4, (Hinduism), Quotation from Rumi, Poet and Mystic by R.A. Nicholson, 1950, Page 103, (Islam, Words of Sufi Poet Rumi)*

***"In the third chapter of St. John, in the verses three to nine, we find another incident which clearly refers to the rebirth of the Soul. Here Jesus is telling how important it is for a man to be born again in order that he may enter the Kingdom of God. Nothing is said as to how many times or how often a person must be reborn in order to purge the being of its sins and attain that purification which would admit one to the Spiritual Kingdom."***

*Mansions of the Soul, Chapter XII, Page 169, Paragraph 2,  
(Mystery Religions, Rosicrucian, Author: H. Spencer Lewis)*

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Riding a horse frantically through a small western town, I was rapidly escaping the white men who followed. My long black braids flew in the winds and my buffalo dress was warm in the fall air. Up ahead, I saw three Crow Indian men and rode towards them, hoping they might help. As they turned and galloped away, I followed them, riding through the prairie grass and entering a plot of woods. "Why didn't they wait for me?" I wondered, but continued to follow. Losing them in the woods, I turned around and got off of my horse. Bending over, one of the Indian men placed an ax in my back. Searing pain enveloped me as I tried to leave my body, but I hadn't yet died. Only moments passed, however, before my body fell to the ground and I passed.

Meeting me on the astral plane, the Indian

responsible asked forgiveness. Conveying that he had been misled by the white man to go against his own people, I knew that his words were true and sincere and accepted. Suddenly, I recognized this man as the same man who had shown me the map of my spiritual journey. "Of course I forgive you, and I thank you for the help you are giving me now." Relieved, he hugged me and left.

***"If you have drawn your sword on a friend, do not despair; there is a way back."***

*The New Jerusalem Bible, Old Testament, Ecclesiasticus  
22:21, (Judaism)*

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Kutahey appeared to me as an ancient priest in a white foggy realm. Many souls were present from a particular time when a tyrannical ruler had lived. Due to this man's incredible obsession with obtaining power, many atrocities were committed and lives lost. All the people in the room were victims of this terrible man, and I listened carefully as they spoke.

Moments later, Kutahey had each of us line up so that he could tell us who we were at that time. Waiting patiently, my turn came rather abruptly when Kutahey spoke quietly. Giving me a familiar name, one I remembered hearing from history although I knew nothing specific about this person's life, he smiled and said, "A man with sarcastic humor." Having no idea who this was, I asked him to tell me more and he said, "Hangaroo." Panicking, I asked, "Did I hang people?" Kutahey bent over and wrote the horrid name down on a piece of paper. "That is for you to find out, my dear one."

***"For there is no part of the World void of the devil, which entering in privately, sowed the seed of his own proper operation, and the mind did make pregnant, or did bring forth that which was sown, Adulteries,***

***Murders, Striking of Parents, Sacrileges, Impieties, Stranglings, throwing down headlong, and all other things, which are the works of Evil Demons."***

*The Divine Pymander of Hermes, Thirteenth Book, No. 44, (Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Hermes)*

Returning to my body, I was dumbstruck that my soul could have ever been in such a state of evil. Upon researching the name, I found it was all true, he had been an ancient tyrannical ruler who had done atrocious things.

Bowing in shame, I knew this experience was to teach humility. Our souls have journeyed a great walk, in days of glory and days of evil. No soul can be purified until it is willing to see the darkness within itself, and no soul can comprehend evolution until it absolves within itself the long ago and darkened past from which it came, with the present day seeker who absolves to know only God. If a soul were *not* in darkness from incarnations past, it would no longer be required to walk of the earth, a place where darkness purifies itself to become compatible to the light of God. Those who walk here, walk because their soul still retains the shadows, mysterious and deeply hidden. A soul must lift up outside of itself in order to see clearly, so that the greater part of itself may take dominance over the soul's flight.

***"From that which was deficient in itself there came those things which came into being from his thought and his arrogance, but from that which is perfect in him he left it and raised himself up."***

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Tripartite Tractate, The Imperfect Begetting by the Logos, Page 73, Paragraph 6, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Going to the front yard, I noticed a black thought-form sports car descending from the sky driven by a tall stocky man from India with short curly black hair.

Motioning me to enter, I reluctantly did. "I am the messenger," he said, "I have come to tell you of my return." Confused, I responded, "What return?" He became very serious. "I will return for you in a short time. At this time, you will leave everything behind and come with me." Angry, I protested. "What, are you crazy? My husband and child would never forgive me if I died now." Waving his arms to the air, he began to show me aspects of this date of my death, and it appeared to be in the summertime. "But there is so much more to do." I said, after watching the thought-forms. "When I come to take you, you will have manifested everything you planned. We need you for other matters." I didn't say anything. "The spirit world is preparing for your return. Your tasks have just begun. You will know when I am coming for you." Looking down, I said, "But I just don't know. My family will be mad at me. A big part of me wants to go, but another would like to stay and watch the manifesting." Smiling, he replied, "Ultimately . . . it will be your choice when to go, Marilyn. Remember that you have known all your life that your stay could be short. However, you can change that decision and create something new." Returning to my body, I had a migraine. I had a big decision to make.

*"My soul, confined in a fragile frame, cried for release.  
Within the fenced garden of the charming senses no  
more I loved to abide."*

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 157, Paragraph 2, (Hinduism,  
Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

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It was about two weeks from the present, and I was about to witness from above what would be my future death. Three big men grabbed me in a crowded parking lot and threw me into their car. Driving for several hours, we ended up in the mid-west somewhere.

A bunch of rednecks, they didn't do anything to hurt me, but they were careless drivers and we all died in a head-on collision on the highway. There was no pain, only freedom, but after I left my body, I was upset that my loved ones still in physical form could not hear or see me. Trying to communicate with them, I channeled, poked, jumped on their backs and put my hands over their face, but all to no avail. Looking at the angelic guardians awaiting me, I asked, "They won't be able to communicate with me?" Calmly, they replied, "They are not yet ready to do that, Marilynn. Do you now remember why you chose to incarnate?" Laughing, I said, "Probably so I could get them to pay attention to me." "Exactly, it is much easier to manifest with a physical point of power on the earth-plane. You chose to return for that very reason. This is also why you chose to create this possible time of departure; you never liked the limitedness of the physical plane." The angelic spirit chuckled. "Well, I've changed my mind." I said. "If I can't communicate with them from here, then I have to go back." Then it occurred to me that the reason the car carrying the messenger had been black was because my death would not have been pure, but still stained from unresolved karma if I had left at this early juncture. "Are you sure that is what you want to do?" They asked. "Yes, there is too much to be done for me to bow out now." The spirit reiterated. "You are making your final decision now, are you SURE?!" "Yes, I am." I said confidently.

Looking at the three guys who kidnapped me, I asked, "Is it okay if we call it even? We can all go back and agree that our karma is balanced." Agreeing wholeheartedly, they nodded their acceptance of my offer, and with that my potential death was altered. I raised my face to heaven, and gave a prayer of

thanksgiving to the Lord.

***"I have seen God, face to face, and my life has been saved."***

*The Five Books of Moses, The Schocken Bible Volume 1,  
Genesis, 32:31, (Judaism)*

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Entering the body of a young cave man, my father was at my side. Long grayish-black hair framed his old and tattered face, and he wore a small piece of animal hide around his midsection. Standing in a small plot of dirt, a cliff lay to my right and a small hill was in front of me. Very little vegetation was in the area, only a few small trees and bushes. In my hand was a long spear, and about twenty feet in front of me was a huge Mastodon.

The beast was intensely gazing my way, and I knew that I would have to make a move soon. It was imminent; it would be either him or us. My father whispered in my ear some words which came from a language I didn't recognize, but at the time, understood. "You must spear him in the heart," he said, "and you must get it right the first time. There will be no chance for a second try!" We were in grave danger.

Suddenly, the Mastodon got up, his thick legs and armor showing strength that I could not hope to match. Instinct took over, however, as the creature lunged forward. Pushing the spear in the direction of his heart, my father and I leapt back as he continued our way. It seemed clear that I had missed as the animal prepared to smash us with a single swipe of his front legs, but suddenly, he bent backwards and began to die. A small wound near the heart was evident when he rolled over. My father was very proud.

***"The Master said, A man can enlarge his Way; but there is no Way that can enlarge a man."***

*The Analects of Confucius, Book XV, No. 28, Page 199,*

*(Buddhism, Confucianism, Words of Confucius)*

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Gently guided into the body of a peaceful native woman from a long time ago, I was married to the chief of this small band of the Ute tribe, whose people had not yet been exposed to the white man. My name was Dove Song. Young and naive, we lived a very peaceful life until the white men eventually came.

On the occasion of the white man's arrival, our tribe threw a big party and danced for them, but the white men had come in military dress. In a completely unexpected move, they began firing at random at our people during the dancing and six were killed.

Taking myself and twenty warriors with him, the chief journeyed into the camp of the white man, still convinced that their harm was accidental and their intentions were good. The chief thought it might have been a misunderstanding, but just in case, we did bring a war party in addition to the twenty warriors which hid in the hills behind us, in case he was wrong.

Entering the camp, the white men led the chief inside a tent to talk. As soon as he was out of sight, the soldiers approached us. Holding a knife to the throat of each one of our warriors, a woman came towards me and held a knife to my stomach. In moments a command was given to kill each of us simultaneously. After she shoved the knife into my stomach, my body lay upon the ground dying, as she scalped my long black hair while I was still alive.

When the chief emerged from the tent, he screamed! "My beautiful Dove Song!" As his war cry began roaring across the sky-tops, havoc ensued as the hidden war party emerged. The chief died only moments later not far from my side. Remembering this now, I knew that this was the beginning, the first sign

that the white man had come to do harm.

***"It is time for all to seek deliverance from the pains of birth, death, old age, and sickness. Outflows of depravity and defilement are everywhere, and there is nothing in which you can find true joy."***

*The Three Pure Land Sutras, The larger Sutra, No. 33, Paragraph 3, (Buddhism, Pure Land, Words of the Buddha)*

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And so it came to pass that I traveled more and more into literally dozens of past-lives. Many of my lifetimes dealt with lust issues, unrequited love, danger, and unfulfilled dreams. From the ancient days of Maya when I was a queen, to my many lifetimes among the prairie as an Indian man and woman, to the medieval lifetime as Queen Gridimaria, a hermit who lived all alone in castles of stone. In fact, I was made to know of a legendary song which spoke of her, "She lives all alone, in castles of stone, who is this Queen . . . Gridimaria."

Performing with a troupe of actors in the middle ages, I never fulfilled my potential completely, and again was unrequited to the love of my life. An accomplished dancer from a poor family, I became a servant to a rich family whose man of the house often raped the help. Escaping with a man who loved me, I was free, but unable to fulfill my life dream as a dancer. A Jewish girl during the Second World War, I was spared the torment that so many Jews suffered in concentration camps, when I was shot fleeing from German guards. Many lives, as men, women, rich, poor, healthy, handicapped, from every culture of the world . . . but each bore the mark of karmic stain. And throughout this process, I underwent hundreds of vibrational raisings, and assisted scores of lost and sub-conscious souls.

***"All these things arise dependently, from causes, yet they are neither existent nor nonexistent. Therein is neither ego, nor experiencer, nor doer, yet no action,***

***good or evil, loses its effects. Such is your teaching."***

*The Holy Teaching of Vimalakurti, Chapter 1, Page 13,  
Stanza 4, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

***"You associate with living beings by frequenting their  
migrations. Yet your mind is liberated  
from all migrations."***

*The Holy Teaching of Vimalakurti, Chapter 1, Page 15,  
Stanza 3, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

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Nestled in the sky was a huge city of light built within the mountains. As I entered, I followed the huge corridors which led in every direction, watching thousands of souls fraternize. A meeting place of some sort; spirits were introducing themselves to one another and then walking off together. Many musical and creative souls were here, and everyone wore interesting clothing. Underneath a see-through illuminated gown, they wore a robe spun in colors and design that represented aspects of their soul, and those with similar designs seemed to be drawn to one another in their interests. Wearing a white gown with a very large coral pink rose emblazoned on the back, another friend was present who wore a gold-tone gown.

Continuing our journey through the city, we noticed that there were no true ceilings as the walls of light seemed to go on into infinity. Many of the hallways were of different colors and designs, but all of them glowed with the luminescent light of love. Turning a corridor, I noticed someone with a very familiar feeling wearing a similar rose who was talking to another male spirit adorned in blue. Observing a woman who was a vocalist in a band called 'Galaxy' wearing a gown of pastel colors vibrating together, she was spectacular.

Turning to leave, my friend wanted to explore another part of the city alone and we waved good-bye.

Instincts led me to a spiritual compound, a place

to rest my soul. Finding somewhere to rest, I closed my eyes and absorbed the light. Suddenly, I felt a hand on my shoulder and opened my eyes to find the man with the rose standing above me smiling. Wavy brown hair framed his illuminating face, and his green eyes glowed like emeralds in his spiritual form. There was almost a blooming quality to his eyes which was very unique and mystical.

Standing up to greet him, he was initially very kind and polite, but suddenly his demeanor changed.

"By the way," he said, "I saw your friend stealing from you. I just thought you would like to be aware of what kind of person she really is." First I was angry, but then I calmed. "There is nothing for her to steal from me here. If it were true, it would not matter as all that I have is truly the property of the all that is, the oneness, which we are all part of. Everything belongs to all of us as there is plenty of abundance for everyone." The man with the rose smiled widely. "Very good," he said, "you are learning trust!"

Reaching to my hand, he guided me back to the heart of the city of light. "Surrender to trust and love," he said, as he stopped in the middle of a large corridor and raised his arms to the heavens, "we will meet again!" Looking into his deep emerald eyes, I nodded as I was then whisked through the heavens to my home.

***"So let one's mind be guarded. Let one's domain be right thought. By putting right view to the forefront . . . a bhikku will forsake all bad destinations."***

*The Udana, Chapter 4, 4.2, Page 57, Stanza 1, (Buddhism, Theravadan, Words of the Buddha)*

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Emerging upon a city of light, I ascended a crystal staircase permeated with white light and walked through a long hallway before I entered a distant back room awaiting the entry of someone. Many people were

waiting in this room, talking openly about their various roles in the manifestation of the work I was to bring into the earth, but as he entered . . . all became silent. Absolutely peaceful, his long black hair went all the way down his back and he wore a red buffalo skin. Speaking at the other side of the room, his very way was of calmness and serenity.

Moments later, he floated over to me, very quietly putting his hands on my shoulders. For a few moments, we just stared into each others eyes, feeling the intensity of this soul's vibration.

Communicating intense eternal love, I witnessed the way of the peaceful spirit. Wanting to touch his long black hair, he knew my innermost thoughts. "Please, touch my hair." Slowly, I lifted my hand to his hair. "It's so soft." I said. "And it's so long! Your whole being is so beautiful." Nervously, I moved back, but he came towards me. "You may call me Long Hair. Surrender your reality to spirit and flow within the now." Mesmerized by his entrancing gaze, he said, "My dear loved one. Once you experience truth, you cannot split yourself between the physical and the spiritual. You exist spiritually in the spirit realm, and commence physical illusory reality when you return to your body. You have transcended the illusion, and must bring reality into your illusion. You can no longer act according to illusion . . . anywhere."

Hugging me, he took my hand and placed it on his hair, again. Feelings surged through me as I felt his hair, memories of many days among the Indians, memories of my love for their ways. "Remembrance is food for the spirit, drink of it often. What I represent before you is a part of you that will never die. Feelings such as these flow into eternity, just as we who watch you from the sky fly with you always. Never doubt our

love for you. Our separation is temporary, and our love is eternal. One such as you may find it difficult living in a reality devoid of intensity as you know it. Know that such intensity exists in the world of surrender, the world of truth. The world of spirit, my world, is yours, as it is every soul's." Cautiously, I looked up and he continued. "Surrender. Follow the longings of your spirit, once you let go, you will let us in. That is the time that I will return. An open spirit is an open sieve for us to travel. We are with you always, but it is when you flow with the river of surrender that you become aware of us." Warmly embracing me, he turned to leave.

Another Indian man walked in the room, this one with short black hair. Searing eyes met mine, as everyone else left the room as he entered. "Do you remember who I am?" he asked, as he approached me. Saying nothing, I nodded; 'No.' Waving his arms, the room that we were in became a clear starry night sky.

Pointing to a galaxy in the distance, he took my hand and we soared towards it. Reaching a planet in the galaxy, we hovered above. A lifetime in this world played before my eyes, a love unrequited due to circumstance. He'd been an android, but a conscious form of life, and I was human. A union between our two forms of life was not possible. Although I loved him deeply, I knew that our differences were irreconcilable, so I let him go. Finding him a female android, they eventually fell in love.

"We have been together other times," he said, "the manifestations I show you now should be familiar." I couldn't remember no matter how hard I tried, but I could FEEL, and my spirit remembered the deep and true love between our souls. "That was a beautiful gift of love you gave to me in that lifetime," he said, referring to the lifetime on another world, "I am returning those gifts

to you now. I am helping . . . we are all helping you to bring in so many things. You still cling to illusions, however, rather than surrendering to the wind of spirit."

Pausing, he looked into my eyes with a passion that made me feel inner conflict. "Try to remember the days when we walked the plains together, or the days of ancient Maya when you were my queen. We are who you think we are, but will not believe. Allow our Odyssey to descend and let Marilyn go, for she is but a vehicle. Our love is vast, indeed!" Intense eyes looking into mine, he suddenly was gone.

Entering into the body of an Indian woman, I was sewing a dress made of buffalo skin. Noticing my dark skin and long black hair which flowed forward when I bent over, I suddenly looked up to see an Indian man. Outside of the teepee arguing with his mother, she was trying to warn us that we were in danger. Living outside the Cheyenne encampment because I was from another tribe, one which the Cheyenne abhorred, she warned us of an impending attack.

In the night wind, we heard the sounds of distant drumming and the Cheyenne war call. "Whatever happens," my Cheyenne husband said, "KNOW that I love you." Quietly, I responded, "And I, you."

About twenty Cheyenne armed with knives and tomahawks burst into the teepee as a young brave grabbed my husband, slashing his hand. Feeling intense pain, I watched as he was taken away. Instantly . . . I felt absolute terror.

Running through the woods the next moment, the war party was chasing me, as within minutes my violent death occurred. Leaving the body as I hung upside down from a tree, slashed and bleeding, I could still feel the penetration of the knives as I returned to form.

***"Taken by the waves of afflictions, sunk in the torrents, they are tormented by a hundred miseries in the triple world, wrapped up in the clusters, thinking of them as self - For their sake we strive, to release them from pain."***

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, The Ten Stages, Page 720, Stanza 5, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

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Soaring, hundreds of maggots began exiting my body through the bottoms of my feet. Knowing that these disgusting little things were there because of old beliefs, negative thoughts, and delusional thinking, it appeared that some of that darkness of my karmic journey was beginning to be released.

As they fell out into the sky, they would slowly extinguish into non-existence and disappear. Apparently, it wasn't necessary to analyze each piece of darkness, just to allow it to dissipate.

Watching them fall, images of past lives were presented to me like a vision within a vision . . . a lifetime as a highway robber; a bedraggled man riding a mule in the desert looking for his next victim . . . a lifetime bound in a wheelchair . . . other lives of suffering through poverty, disease and injury.

Less than a millisecond passed before I was now looking upon a marble temple, the steps leading to its pinnacle at my feet. A group of souls was listening to a white-robed teacher, "All of you who have come today are bringing in changes," he said, "I have only one word for you, and that is love." Lowering his head, everyone began to feel an intense energy of love beyond words, and they immediately understood what he had meant.

***"Hence virtue is perpetually feeble, the great strength of evil being extremely intense, and except for a Fully Awakening Mind by what other virtue will it be overcome?"***

*A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Chapter 1, No. 6,  
(Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Shantideva)*

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Re-entering the spiritual spheres, I popped into the time tunnel.

Entering the body of a young Indian woman, I was holding a tiny newborn baby. Another woman lay on the ground recovering from labor. "Will you raise my baby?" she asked, "her father does not know that she is his and I will not tell him." "You should tell him, Clear Heart," I responded, "Kusokway will change for his baby." "No," she quietly retorted, "he will not know she is his. He lives in another camp and will never find out." Pausing a moment, she looked intently with great anxiety into my eyes. "Please, Lone Wolf Child, will you take my child and raise it as your own?" Noticing the tears in her eyes at such a heartrending request, I put my hand in hers. "It is an honor to be asked, and I will take this child as my own." Her face shone with relief as she looked at me with love and thanks. Moments later, she turned to sleep from the fatigue of labor.

Kusokway was a wild spirit who enjoyed many women and his freedom. A very handsome man, it was easy for him to get away with it.

Lone Wolf Child was my name in part because of my appearance. Not terribly pretty, I had a large bone structure which made me awkward, and my face was covered in pock marks from a bad case of acne. Consequently, I spent much time alone as men were not often attracted to me. Deep inside, however, I was terribly in love with Kusokway, though I always had known he would never have any interest in one such as myself. Nevertheless, the feelings I had whenever I was near him made me unable to let go of this love I held for his soul. Clear Heart had known this. Giving me

Kusokway's baby, even under these circumstances, was an act of honoring my love for her *and* the baby's father. Having no desire to raise the child, she'd known that I did.

About six months after the child was born, I was unexpectedly needed in another camp. My skills as a midwife had become well-known, so I packed Wet Eyes (My child was named for her excessive crying) onto my back in a papoose, waiting for my escort to arrive before leaving for the other camp. Many Clouds, an old and wise man, was coming to protect me on my journey.

The three-day journey gave us much time to talk, and Many Clouds had known of my secret love for Kusokway and the birthright of this child. "You must tell Kusokway of his child," he said with exasperation, "we will be in his camp and he must know of the love you have offered his child." "But I am ugly," I said, "Kusokway will have no interest in me." Many Clouds looked at me with love and held my hand, "What I see is beauty of the spirit, perhaps you are not meant to be a Lone Wolf Child any longer. Promise me that you will at least tell him of his child." Thinking a moment, I lowered my head, "I will tell him of his child, but that is all."

As we arrived at the camp, the woman was very close to birth and my plans of speaking with Kusokway were postponed. Shortly after the child was born, however, an opportunity presented itself. In my confusion after the delivery, I took Wet Eyes and entered into a teepee, thinking that it was the one set up for us. To my surprise, however, I had walked into Kusokway's teepee. Sitting on the floor, he'd motioned for me to come over. "How is Corn of Light?" He asked regarding the condition of the woman who had just given birth. "They are both fine." I said. "She had a boy."

Turning to leave, he quickly stopped me, "Please don't go. I'm lonely and would welcome company." Nervously, I sat down, removing the papoose from my back. Holding Wet Eyes in my arms, I began rocking her to sleep. Kusokway tickled her feet, "What a tiny little baby, so much beauty in such a tiny package." Pausing, I quietly said, "I . . . I have something . . ." Kusokway interrupted me with a kiss. Putting the baby down to sleep on her blankets, Kusokway took me in his arms and pulled me beside him. Surprised, I hugged him intensely and returned his kiss when Kusokway got very nervous. "I hope you know that this is all there will ever be." He said, "There could never be more with you. I need a . . . uh . . ." Finishing his words for him, I said, "Pretty woman, I know and I don't care." As I was kissing his neck, he was suddenly in a different state of mind. Looking almost sickened by what he had said to me, we sat in silence for a few moments. "That is a horrible thing to say . . . or believe." Kusokway said. Replying nonchalantly, I said, "But I know I'm not attractive, it doesn't surprise me."

Suddenly, Many Clouds entered the teepee, and I began to sweat in fear. Looking at my child, I was afraid that I might lose her. Picking Wet Eyes up, I tried to remain calm for what may very well be the last time I could hold her. Many Clouds sat down, looking at me with expectancy. "I have something to tell you," I said to Kusokway, but Many Clouds jumped in, "The child, Wet Eyes, was born to Clear Heart and given to Lone Wolf Child at birth to raise. This child is yours Kusokway." Handing Wet Eyes to Kusokway, I tearfully got up to leave. "No!" Kusokway shouted. "Wait! You have taken care of my child. I am grateful. But why? Clear Heart is not dead." I couldn't say anything, so Many Clouds spoke for me. "It is out of love for you Kusokway. In

your limited vision, you could only see what lay on the outside. But deep inside of Lone Wolf Child is a spirit filled with love for you and your child. When Clear Heart gave her your baby, she saw it as a great gift."

Kusokway now looked down upon the child which lay in his arms. "I will call you Kimosabi, for you are a friend I had lost, but have now rediscovered." Looking at me, he said, "You are no longer Lone Wolf Child, for I know who you are. You are Starlight! The Great Spirit has sent you to me in this way to teach me. I have looked in the wrong places to find love, and now love presents itself to me in a star, which in my limited vision, I saw only as a Lone Wolf Child." Taking my hand, he embraced me. "Will you join me in union, Starlight?" "Yes," I quietly said, "It would be an honor."

Flown to view a period later in time, I witnessed the entire family of Kusokway, Starlight, and Kimosabi happily going through life together, and I realized that Kusokway bore the spirit of my current husband, as Kimosabi bore the soul of my eldest daughter in this current life.

***"The host of thieves who are my own disturbing conceptions will search for a good opportunity; Having found it they will steal my virtue and destroy (the attainment of) life in a happy realm. Therefore I shall never let mindfulness depart from the doorway of my mind. If it goes, I should recall the misery of the lower realms and firmly re-establish it there."***

*A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Chapter V, No. 28-29, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Shantideva)*

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Traveling to the overlapping village around our home, a familiar Native American man with short black hair loomed in the distance. Tall and wearing a business suit, he stood out because all the other natives wore tradition Native American dress. Remembering him as

the one who'd talked of our days among the prairie and of ancient Maya when I was his queen, I felt deep love for his soul as conflict was emerging in my conscious self.

An old woman approached and quietly placed her hand on my shoulder. "I know of a person you should see." She said. "There is a woman who can tell you of your future." Leading me to a teepee, I waited outside. Two other women approached of whom I felt immediate remembrance. Hugging me, they said, "Did you see him, yet?" They seemed excited. "Yes, but it doesn't matter." I replied. Sighing heavily, they gave each other wearied looks. "Don't you know who he is?" They said in unison. Looking behind me, they shouted, "Oh, here he comes!"

Before I could respond, the man came from behind, putting his hand on my shoulder and smiling; but he continued moving and in a moment was gone. "Don't you see," they said, "he loves you!" Confused by their seeming obsession with this, I replied, "All he did was smile." The old woman returned and led me into the teepee.

A large old medicine woman with curly hair stood waiting. Motioning me to sit down she gazed deeply into my eyes. Taking my hand, she finally spoke. "Juliosa is coming." I immediately knew she spoke of the man I'd just seen. "He waits for your readiness, but he is coming." Saying nothing, I stared at her. "This is your future, my child, are you ready?" "I don't know." I said in astonishment. "How can this be?" "Juliosa wears a business suit because he has business to attend to." She said. "Will you allow yourself to experience the teaching of Juliosa?" Nodding hesitantly, I quietly said yes. Smiling, she motioned me to stand and led me out of the teepee. "Go now, my child, we will await your return."

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Leaving form, I heard the phone ring. "Are you coming to our party?" The voice on the other end asked. Crossing through to the tribal community, a celebration was in progress. A group of people came towards me, staring at me with obvious interest. Each person in the group looked at me for a few minutes, and then moved aside to another behind him. When they reached the end of the crowd, my heart began racing as Juliosa stood waiting for me, wearing a business suit of white. "Who are you?" I asked as he came closer, not yet recognizing him. Quietly and slowly he approached. Putting his hands on my shoulders, and gazing into my eyes, I asked again, "Who are you?" He did not answer, but slowly walked away.

Sitting alone by a tree, I was lost in my conflicted thoughts, as the man approached again from behind and sat next to me. Hugging me tightly, I looked into his face, "Oh, my God!" I said, "You're Juliosa!" He still said nothing, but it was clear that he was happy that I'd recognized him. Taking my hand, he held it tightly and closed his eyes, as he began sending me the energy of remembrance. Feeling very uneasy with remembering such things, I jumped up and began to run away. "Don't go!" were his first words to me, but although I couldn't understand my reaction, I had to go!

Jumping into the rock tunnel, I soared through to the third dimension. "Why?" I thought to myself, "Why did I leave him?" Sending him my telepathic sorrow, I thought, "I'm sorry, Juliosa. I will come back; I do not know why I left." "It is okay," the return came, "you will understand soon enough." As the morning star arose on my horizon, I mourned my own fear and the loss of time with this unusually mesmerizing soul.

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Juliosa stood amongst the clouds immersed in

white light holding his arms to me. Coming closer, remembrance began to seethe. "I remember you." I said to him. "Yes, you remember me now." He replied. "But why do I fear you so much, Juliosa?" Hugging me tightly, he pointed to the tunnel of time. "The answers you seek will be found through the tunnel."

Entering into the body of a young woman, I was dressed in a fireman's uniform. Driving to work, a tall man with light-brown hair of medium build was sitting next to me. Immediately, I knew it was Juliosa, but his name at this point in time was Kenneth. As we were both firemen, I was giving him a ride to work. The firehouse had two fire trucks, and there was a large open area used for daily training activities in climbing and rescue. Pulling my long blonde hair back, I secured it in a barrette.

Ken had been joking around about quitting his job and he looked at me flirtatiously. "Well, if you're going to be working here, then I'm not quitting my job." Over time, our playfulness developed into a deep love and we became inseparable.

One day, an incredibly bad fire was reported and we responded quickly to the massive building which was totally ensconced in flames. Fighting from different locations, Ken and I were part of a rescue team which went inside the building to help the remaining victims emerge. But soon after we got the last of them out, an explosion rocked the entire building before he and I were secured. I blacked out.

Waking in a hospital, my conscious mind was alert, but my body was in a coma. Listening to everyone around me, I never left my body, but I was able to see through my spiritual eyes. Feeling guilty that I couldn't make myself wake up, I listened with expectation to everyone who came to tend my wounds, hoping that

somebody would speak of Ken's fate and give me a reason to wake up. No one spoke of him for days and I assumed the worst, my will to live decreasing with each hour. I sunk deeper into my coma.

A few days later, Ken was wheeled into my room, paralyzed from the waist down. As I watched him observe my lifeless form, I saw a need in his eyes, a reason to wake up. Trying very hard to return, I still couldn't, but I twitched and made slight movement, enough to gently touch his hand. Both of us knew at this moment that I would come back; it was just a matter of time.

Pulled from the body, I soared back through the tunnel to the space above my bedroom where Juliosa awaited me. "What a beautiful love we had, Juliosa." I said. "Yes," he replied, "and it forever lingers." After a long gaze, he smiled one last smile, and simply vanished.

God is love. Therefore, all that I now felt was God. I had an epiphany. My love IS God. Whenever we feel this sort of eternal love, we are feeling the true, unfathomable presence of Our Lord . . . God.

So there were two definite strands of karma, one linked to the soul of Red Jacket, and the other to Juliosa. I made note of this in my mind.

*"A person who is constantly engaged in devotional service to Krsna and who chants His holy name becomes so transcendently attached to the chanting that his heart becomes softened without extraneous endeavor. When this happens, he exhibits transcendental ecstasies and sometimes laughs, sometimes cries, sings and dances - not exactly in an artistic way, but just like a madman."*

*The Teachings of Lord Caitanya, Chapter 19, Page 208,  
Paragraph 1, (Hinduism, Bhakti Yoga, Author: A.C.  
Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)*

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Entering into an Incan lifetime by the edge of Lake Titicaca, I lived with my husband in a small home by the lake. Few of the people were allowed to live outside the city gates, but because I was considered a 'deity,' it was permitted that my husband (who was my present day husband, Andy) and I could do so. Sensitive to spiritual presences, some of the Incans were able to see them. As I was adept at astral flight, my task was to fly about the city doing what could be considered astral dance. A form of praise to God, my spiritual gift was honored.

Other townspeople lived in small huts cloistered around a great stone sun temple where the king lived. (He was an aspect of the soul of Red Jacket) Very few people had been inside this grand palace.

Flying about the city on a daily basis, I would sit in the lotus position on a stone pedestal, where my body would remain as my spirit flew. Because of my special gift and the unique beliefs of the Incans, I was revered as a princess of the Gods, so to speak. At the same time, they feared me, calling me the 'Deity of Ayacucho.'

Arriving on our continent and camping far outside of our cities, the Spaniards had become a controlling force and were greatly feared.

One day while performing my art, something happened. Returning to my body, the king was waiting at my side. "I want you in my temple!" He said. "I have admired you and I find you beautiful." With respect, I said, "But my great king, I am already communed with another soul." Taking my hand without reply, he led me inside the temple.

Having never been inside the temple, the hallway was painted orange. Faces of many kinds were painted in brilliant colors on the high ceilings and walls, between

them were images of suns. Taking me to a room with stone steps leading to a platform, the kind said, "I will take care of the matter of your husband." Leaving me under heavy guard, he was gone.

Concerned by his words, I was unable to leave the temple physically, so I went into trance and left form. Taking a very large fish net held together by bamboo poles with him, the king had gone off to see my husband, asking him to repair a few broken strings. Climbing in the net to repair it, the king quickly tied him to it and threw him in the lake to drown. Calling to his brother for help as he happened to walk by, he turned the other way and didn't respond. No one dared to interfere with the king, not even one's own family.

Heartbroken, I turned and flew back to my body. Interestingly, however, I found that this type of random violence and murder was an accepted and understood practice. Despite my sorrow, I accepted it.

When the king returned, a group of Spanish soldiers had arrived. Outside of the temple they had organized the Incan people for some strange practice which was called the 'seven-pick.' Everyone was terrified because this meant that the Spaniards would choose seven people for random killing.

A fat man with a beard, moustache and a wrap about his head, led the brigade. Terribly cruel and sick, he enjoyed instilling fear.

Begging the king to interfere, he said, "You are now my queen, say what you wish." Having picked a member of an albino family, who were unique in that they were all born with blonde hair and red eyes giving them the status of deities, they chose the eldest daughter who was a beautiful woman with long white hair. Approaching the Spaniard in anger, I said, "You will not touch her, she is a princess." Looking into my eyes with

a sick glare, he replied, "I will kill who I want, we are here for our seven." Grabbing him, I repeated loudly, "YOU WILL NOT TOUCH HER!" My eyes were almost touching his, but he didn't recognize me, because if he had, he would have backed off.

Spaniards feared me because they were highly superstitious and they knew that the 'Deity of Ayacucho' was a 'bearer' of powers from the other side. In their eyes, I would have been something of a witch, although their perception was quite untrue.

Another Spaniard released the albino. "Take her back you coward!" The leader called to him, but he refused. "You may want to make an enemy of the deity," he replied, "but I do not." Pulling back, the fat man finally recognized me. "Aye Ammente!" I said, as an unseen force began to push them back. Although they couldn't see it, I was able to see a conglomeration of angels who had pulled together and formed an energy field. Placing my hand on his shoulder, I said, "You can deal with me personally if you do not leave now!" In fear, they ran, but we knew they would return.

Praying to God to thank him, the people then returned to their daily routine. Over time, I fell deeply in love with the king who was very clearly the same soul as that of Red Jacket, despite the horrid act that he had committed, which remained as the greatest conflict I had during that lifetime. I found this very strange to remember.

*"Between heaven and earth, the five realms are clearly distinguishable. They are vast and deep, extending boundlessly. In return for good or evil deeds, happiness or misery ensues. The result of one's karma must be borne by oneself alone and no one else can take one's place. This is the natural law.*

*Misfortune follows evil deeds as their retribution, which is impossible to avoid."*

*The Three Pure Land Sutras, Larger Sutra, No. 39, Page 300,  
Paragraph 3, (Buddhism, Pure Land)*

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Hovering amongst the tunnels of time, my soul was rendered into a time when Andy was my father, a rich oil baron, controlling and difficult. A man who bore the soul of Red Jacket worked for him, and we had fallen in love. Thinking that this man was not good enough for his daughter, my father plotted to have Red Jacket killed.

At one of the pipeline's where Red Jacket often worked, he planted an explosive device. I'll never forget the shocked expression on my father's face when the bomb went off, for he hadn't known that I was with Red Jacket at that moment, and it was already too late. Both of us died.

*"Hence, because of the natural working of karma, there are innumerable kinds of suffering in the three evil realms through which wicked beings must pass, life after life, for many kalpas, with no end in sight. It is indeed difficult for them to gain release, and the pain they must undergo is indescribable."*

*The Three Pure Land Sutras, Larger Sutra, No. 39, Page 301,  
Paragraph 1, (Buddhism, Pure Land)*

*"Love does indeed occur apart from wisdom, but this love is characteristic of human beings, not of the Lord. Wisdom too occurs apart from love, and while this wisdom is from the Lord, it does not have the Lord within it. It is like winter's light which does indeed come from the sun, and yet the essence of the sun, which is warmth, is not within it."*

*Divine Love and Wisdom, No. 139, Paragraph 2,  
(Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel  
Swedenborg)*

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Passing through the doorways of time, I experienced a peaceful death and was swept away to a

reunion of spirits from hundreds of my past lifetimes. Emotions were high in seeing so many souls who held such importance to me although, in most cases, I could not place my memories of them.

While enjoying this reunion with so many familiar souls, a friend pulled out a very physical book. Solid and colorful, my friend said, "Your destiny awaits, you must return to the other side." Allowing me to peruse the title, it said, 'Red Jacket Reunion.' I didn't understand.

Looking around and beginning to feel the timeless nature of existence, I peered upon the faces of those I'd known throughout all the ages. Emmanuel appeared and sat down next to me, his face tearful. Taking the book from my hands, he opened it and began conveying that the contents of the book held my future. Beyond this, he conveyed that I would be unable to return to the hereafter until the book's contents were fulfilled. "Who among us knows the name, of timeless veils linger call, reach through distance, tender tide, prepare to catch the fallen souls." Emmanuel said this as hundreds of contractual agreements fell into my lap of souls I must aid. "You'll be a sieve through which knowledge moves," he said, as he pointed out that I was again wearing a wedding gown. "You are to reach the ascension in this lifetime."

Nodding and confused, I said, "I don't know if I'm worthy of that . . . I don't know if I'm able . . ." With tears in his eyes, he said, "You *must* make the choice now, as to whether or not you will achieve the marriage of spirit to matter in this lifetime!" "Okay," I said, cautiously, "I will do everything I can to reach this ascension you speak of, please teach me and hold me in check so that I will not falter from the path to attaining it." Nodding, he wiped a tear from his face. Holding

back something he knew, there was something he wasn't able to tell me about . . . something to come.

Uneasy, I slowly walked away from timelessness towards time. Emmanuel called to me from a distance just before he disappeared, "Contemplating the night and all that it means, the rhythms of life, the movement of streams, the flow everlasting, entry to form. Go . . . find your pathway, and then come quickly home." Tears filling my own eyes, his image dissipated into the ether.

***"Lord, I consider Your Lordship to be eternal time, the supreme controller, without beginning and end, the all-pervasive one. In distributing your mercy, you are equal to everyone. The dissensions between living beings are due to social intercourse."***

*The Teachings of Queen Kunti, Chapter 11, Page 71, Srimad Bhagavatam 1.8.28, (Hinduism, Bhakti Yoga, Author: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)*

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"Go," said the woman who now stood with me in a cornfield, as a huge tunnel loomed in the sky, "you're ready for the 'House of the Mysteries.'" Stone steps led to a huge cavernous tunnel. Stones surrounded the entrance like a rock wall. "The door is deceiving," the woman said, "it appears very large, but it will change. It will shrink and become very small, but you mustn't fear it, if you wish to see Eden."

Proceeding with care, I noticed that other people were within the tunnel, but despite their presence, I felt absolutely alone. As the tunnel began to meander, my spirit was its back as if riding down river. Closing in on me now, the tunnel began to shrink just as I'd been warned and within moments, it was only a tiny ribbed cage with an unusual white substance flowing like a river. Claustrophobic, it took an act of will to not be afraid.

As suddenly as it started to shrink, it began to

open up again, and I saw the gate to the House of the Mysteries in the distance. Walking through the gate, I was surprised to realize that I had entered some kind of floating gazebo. Up in the air, I saw the Garden of Eden floating.

Given entry, I walked into the bounteous garden and was greeted by a spirit who pointed out that you could see the Earth from this place in the heavens. Speaking of original sin, the spirit conveyed that it is not the sin of Adam and Eve for which we are accountable, but our own sins which we have been born into, via our karmic entanglements in past-lives. Original sin is the sum of our own actions which follow us as we journey the repetitious cycle of transmigration. Original sin is karma. Represented symbolically in the story of Adam and Eve by their failure to obey God, this sin is the root of all sin, which is the essence of karma.

Beyond this, I was given understanding into the concept of the sins of the father's having been visited upon the sons. Through example, the seeds of a parent's particular vice are naturally amended into their children. Although you are not accountable for the sins of your parents, you *are* accountable for the aspects of your parent's vice that you embrace. By the nature of the laws of existence, you take on some of the dark influx that your parents have within them, and you become subject to the laws of cause and effect in regard to their actions. Therefore, parent's sins can be visited upon the children.

Parents are chosen because of the knowledge they can impart to the soul. Sometimes they teach virtue, sometimes they teach vice, all depending upon the needs and spiritual condition of the souls involved. If you are born into darkness, the purpose remains rebirth into the light, rather than an acceptance of wrong view, karmic circling, and backwards motion.

Being an upperworld, the Garden of Eden existed in the ether above the Earth, and down below I could see the underworlds residing in their own spheres. "The garden is a gateway," the spirit said, "a place where the mortal ignite immortal paths."

*"O Adam, look at that garden of joy and at this earth of toil, and behold the angels who are in the garden - that is full of them, and see thyself alone on this earth, with Satan whom thou didst obey. Yet, if thou hadst submitted, and been obedient to Me, and hadst kept My Word, thou dost be with My angels in My garden. But when thou didst transgress and hearken to Satan, thou didst become his guest among his angels, that are full of wickedness; and thou camest to this earth, that brings forth to thee thorns and thistles."*

*The Lost Books of the Bible and the Forgotten Books of Eden, Adam and Eve, Chapter LVI, Verses 2-4, (Christianity, Judaism)*

*"Gardens of perpetuity, wherein flow rivers, to abide therein. And such is the reward of him who purifies himself."*

*The Holy Qur'an, Part XVI, Chapter 20, Section 3, No. 76, (Islam, Words of Mohammad)*

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When Andy awoke, he conveyed a story of how he had been taken to a glorious Native American temple. Given his true name, 'Tree of the Rainbow,' an old man appeared in a fetal position. Hundreds of lighted hands were motioning Andy to come closer, and as he did, the old man became the sacred Indian chief. Embracing, the two became one. Celebrations ensued.

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And so it came to pass that I was initiated into the mysteries of the ark (Noah's ark) which is the key to crossing the ages, and is linked to reincarnation. Pyramidal elements appear, forming a vortex, placing

the soul upon the ark to find its successive link of existence. Very complex and difficult to describe, I watched the mystical process of a soul reincarnating into another lifetime.

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### CHAPTER THREE

**Karma Hits the Ground, Red Horse, Sacajawea Guides Across the Great Divide Between Karma and Knowledge, Pleiadian Ships Descend with Faces of all of my Existences, Essence, Karmic Memory, Spiritual Ether, Katharine - Spy, Red Horse Lifetime, Lemuria, Appreciation of Role in Seeing Who People Really Are, Spanish Woman, Toam Arrives to Guide, Nature of Karma, Scotland, Knife of the Emerald, Ancestral Hand, Nature of Karma, Scotland, Knife of the Emerald.**

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Leading me to a bus that was waiting outside, an Indian man was staring at me whose name was 'Red Horse.' (Although I didn't know it at the time, he appeared to me in the manner in which he was presently incarnate, and this was the soul of Red Jacket.) 'Red Jacket Reunion' splashed through my head like a torrential flood. Taking one last glance at this mysterious man, I walked away.

While awaking, my spirit became conscious while my body was deep in vibration. Hearing a knock inside of my head, I telepathically conveyed, "Please, please come into my spirit." A sudden torrent of energy burst and exploded inside of me as a very high celestial being began its entrance into my form. "I am timeless, a being of God." The voice sounded like that of a very old woman. "I am you," she said, "the highest part."

*"Heaven's peace, being something Divine which most deeply touches with blessedness the good itself which is in angels, does not reach their conscious perception except as follows: through a pleasure of heart when they are engaged in the good proper to their lives, through a sense of fitness when they hear something*

*true that is in harmony with their good, and through an exhilaration of mind when they perceive their bonding."*  
*Heaven & Hell, Chapter 32, No. 288, Page 211-212, Bottom & Top, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)*

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Rotting at their foundation, holes had formed in spots amongst the walls that now surrounded Andy as he desperately tried to repair them where the light was shining through. Opening in more and more places, he couldn't do it, and huge block letters appeared forming the words, 'Dont's' and 'Should's.' Fighting internal programs which were blocking out the inflow from heaven, they made it difficult for him to accept or experience love.

A rainbow pathway appeared beckoning both of us to travel its road, but he couldn't yet go. "I'm sorry, Andy, I'm moving on." I said, as I grabbed hold of the movement.

Up ahead, was a woman that I remembered seeing with the Chief upon the cliff, the one with the gift of the purple rose. Holding a book and sitting in lotus position, a message was encoded above her head in petroglyphs. Horizontally, a line of symbols appeared; a series of three rectangles, one triangle, three rectangles, one triangle . . . etc. The rectangles represented Earthly lives, while the triangles represented transcendence. Triangles represent the karmic journey of a soul in that the bottom base is the symbol of multiplicity and separation, while the top-point is the symbol of unity and oneness with God. The wide base of the triangle represents the view of many lifetimes and an unfocused chaotic perception, while the top-point holds a single focus on God. Everything in-between represents the journey of the soul from multiplicity to oneness, showing the gradual narrowing of view to the one cause.

Calling herself 'Sacagawea,' because her purpose was to lead souls across the great divide, she conveyed that I must lead Andy to her. Directing me to look upon the rainbow path, she said, "I come in disguise, the rainbow my form, the path of the rainbow, leads sleeping to dawn. Those dwelling in fear may stall throughout time, but those seeking redemption, must cross this line." Pointing out the yellow band upon the rainbow, she said that I must now seek the path of illumination. Thrust upon this pathway in a frenzy, I looked behind me.

Andy had borne through his wall and met Sacagawea. Stroking her long black hair, it seemed that this action held energetic purpose in freeing the soul. Looking upon a triangular pyramid, she directed him to fly from the base of multiplicity through the top-point of one in one tremendous surge of power.

***"In time Unity will perfect the spaces. It is within Unity that each one will attain himself; within knowledge he will purify himself from multiplicity into Unity, consuming matter within himself like fire, and darkness by light, death by life."***

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Gospel of Truth, No. 25,  
Verse 9-20, (Christianity/Gnostic)*

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Led to a forest by invisible spirits, I kneeled in a glen and glanced at the full moon above. "You live under my essence." The moon replied. "You hear the voice of the birds." Taken aback by the moon communicating with me, I listened with intrigue. "The violates won't listen so you must become my voice. The laws of nature must be followed and respected. Man likes to control everything, including life, so I need you to help me. The initiate must make an oath to all that is of the light. Your higher self awaits in the stars."

Bowing my head lightly, I called out instinctually, "I make this promise to the moon in the sky.

I will hold nature most high and sacred. And I shall only use the power of the light with the purest of intentions."

Opening grandly, the skies were filled with Pleiadian vessels which approached from all directions as cloudbursts exploded, lightning cried out and faces began forming right in the sky. Understanding that these faces were all my own, I was witnessing a panoramic display of my many lifetimes upon the Earth. A voice came from the space vessels, "These faces are you and they join you right now." Knowledge of each lifetime entered me. "I'm ready!" I shouted to them, "All that I am, and all that I will be relies on this moment. Let Odyssey descend." (Odyssey was the name of my highest self)

Everything began to calm as the mother ship began to glow and a beam began emanating from its bottom. Watching from the side, Andy said, "I'm proud of you honey, go take the next step." Looking above me, I replied, "All that I am, and all I will be, relies on this moment, reuniting with the Pleiades." Odyssey appeared as an old woman with a bun in her hair, but as she descended, her image changed into many forms, encompassing all who had lived and died under her herald. As she entered my spirit, she said, "The memory of all you have been is now back. Hold your oath to the moon sacred, forevermore."

Falling through a large luminous tunnel together, we re-entered the earth.

***"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?"***

*King James Bible, Old Testament, Job 38:31, (Christianity)*

***"He found that, at the very same time that the Dragon Star (The North Star) was in alignment with the Descending Passage (On the Great Pyramid), that beautiful and much admired little stellar cluster, the Pleiades or Seven Sisters in the Constellation of Taurus***

***(The Bull), was in alignment with the scored lines."***

***(Ascending Passage)***

*Pyramidology, Book I, Chapter VI, Page 92, (Christianity,  
Pyramidology, Author: Adam Rutherford)*

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And so it came to pass that the four elementals returned to me with three more to teach me of the process of death and re-birth. Meeting 'Essence,' 'Karmic Memory,' and 'Spiritual Ether,' I learned that Fire, Earth, Water and Air are elementals of the earth, while the remaining three serve the function of karmic re-birth. The Essence creates astral fragments, Karmic Memory stores karmic data, and Spiritual Ether blends matter with spirit to create re-birth. The elementals are the choreographers of earthly existence.

***"The sacred seven, reminders of the galactic origins of Mayan culture, are also the seven isosceles triangles we see each year . . . in Chichen Itza, Yucatan. There, the masters teach us in a living way, and you and I can experience the sacred moment when***

***Kukulcan/Quetzalcoatl arrives to imbue us with cosmic energy. At that moment, we feel the vibration of Hunab K'u as the only giver of life."***

*Secrets of Mayan Science/Religion, Chapter 5, Page 121,  
Paragraph 5, (Tribal, Mayan, Author: Hunbatz Men)*

***"Say all these things with fire and spirit, until completing the first utterance; then, similarly, begin the second, until you complete the seven immortal gods of the world. When you have said these things, you will hear thundering and shaking in the surrounding realm."***

*The Ancient Mysteries, Chapter 7, The Roman Mysteries of Mithras, The Mithras Liturgy, Page 216, No. 615-620,  
(Mystery Religions, Mediterranean)*

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***"Many object to the doctrine of Re-Birth on the ground that the experiences of each life, not being remembered,***

*must be useless and without value. This is an erroneous view of the subject, for while such experiences may not be fully remembered, yet they are not lost to us at all, but really form a part of the material of which our minds are composed. They exist in essence in the form of feelings, characteristics, attractions, repulsions, etc."*

*The Secret Doctrine of the Rosicrucians, Metempsychosis, Page 177, Paragraph 1, (Mystery Religions, Rosicrucian)*

*"Thou must still be tried upon the earth, and be exercised in many things. Consolation shall from time to time be given thee, but abundant satisfying shall not be granted. Be strong therefore . . . thou must put on a new man, and be changed into another man."*

*The Imitation of Christ, The Third Book, Chapter XLIX, No. 4, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Thomas A Kempis)*

Standing at the ancient burial site, a familiar face could be seen approaching from the distance. Red Horse approached slowly, carrying something in his hands. Looking deeply into my eyes, his gaze did not cease to meet mine at any point during his slow approach. When he arrived, he placed the animal skin he had held in his hands over my shoulders. "This is my gift to you." He said. Looking up, I noticed Long Hair standing beside a tree in the distance, watching the interaction on this dark night.

*"With the young woman's feet planted in the slanting doorway where an older female relative could see them, the man would cover their shoulders and heads with a special courting robe and make his case."*

*Walking in the Sacred Manner, Chapter 4, Adulthood, Page 78-79, (Tribal, Plains)*

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Plummeting into the body of a blonde woman named Katharine; I was sitting in the woods somewhere in South American being briefed on the next assignment.

Involved in a covert operation in the jungles, there was great danger here. Sitting next to me was a man with dark piercing brown eyes which revealed his true identity, that of Red Jacket. But at this time, his name was Dave.

Concerned about a woman being involved in such a dangerous operation, I shrugged all of them off. "Having a woman around will only make our cover more believable." I said. "But you don't look like a woman from these parts," the crew leader said, because most of those on our team were dark-skinned. Looking at Dave, I said, "Well, Dave doesn't look very South American, either." "That's true." They replied. "But that doesn't mean he isn't handsome in his own special way." I added, knowing that he was shy, and I was bold.

Spying on some sort of illegal activity in the jungles, we hid our camps among the thickest brush. Tripping and spraining my ankle one day, Dave rushed to my aid. But he wasn't a big man and was unable to carry me. Angry, he yelled at me. "I want to get you out of this operation! This work is dangerous. A time will come when I can no longer take care of you." Rather angry at his attitude, I was also confused by his apparent sense of impending death. "Come on, Dave, you're not going to die! Besides you'd be surprised what I can do in an emergency." Releasing his arm, I ran off into the woods on my injured foot. Laughing, he followed.

Spending many nights around the campfire talking about our dreams, we had obvious deep feelings for one another. One evening while sitting around the fire, he looked up at me very seriously. "If we ever get out of here alive, I'm going to marry you." Taken aback, I asked, "What's holding you back, now?" "I can't," he said, "not when I don't know what will happen, if I'll leave you behind. I worry about you being with us, I

couldn't stand it if you . . . nothing." Moving closer, I hugged him. "That's the nature of this business, sweetie."

Suddenly, we heard something which sounded like a vehicle approaching. Dave looked up, "I have a bad feeling," he whispered, "on your back!" Diving immediately beneath a tree, machine gun fire ripped at us as the hooded driver aimed for us. Moments later, it was over. My leg was grazed but otherwise I was fine. Looking up to see how Dave had fared . . . my scream echoed through the night wind, as the blood oozed slowly down his back.

Shot in the back, it appeared very serious but he was still alive . . . just barely. "Oh, my God," I cried out, as I noticed that the others were miraculously unharmed because their shelters were skillfully hidden behind huge rocks and barriers. Dave tried to speak but his words were a jumble, "I can't take care of you anymore." "Shut up!" I yelled at him angrily. "I don't need you to take care of me! I'm going to take care of you." Trying to make him more comfortable, I turned him over but couldn't move him. Whispering in his ear, I said, "You're going to be okay, I'm going to heal you . . ." Breathlessly, he replied, "I believe you could," but we both knew he was dying.

Leaving his side to speak with the group, we were trying to make decisions about our next move because our whereabouts were obviously no longer a secret. A terrible feeling came over me, but before I could ascertain its cause, shots began to ring out again. Running back to Dave as the others screamed for me to stay where it was say, they shouted, "No! You can't help him now!"

Holding his bullet riddled body in my arms; tears were streaming down my cheeks. Crying out, I shouted,

"You're free now!" But in my profound grief, I hadn't noticed one minor thing, as suddenly a big smile came over my face. Blood dribbled down my chest where the searing bullet had entered, and there was no pain as I released the ghost. "Hang on! I'm coming with you!"

Moments later, my present fragment, Marilyn, hovered tearfully over the scene of their deaths. Katharine rose to greet me, her short blonde hair framing her dying smile. "Oh, don't cry," she said, "Remembering is good, even though it sometimes evokes pain."

***"May my life merge in the Immortal when my body is reduced to ashes. O mind, meditate on the eternal Brahman. Remember the deeds of the past, Remember, O mind, remember."***

*The Upanishads, The Isha Upanishad, No. 17, Page 210,  
(Hinduism, Translation: Eknath Easwaran)*

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The grand convention was about to begin and all the natives were gathering for the festivities at the coliseum. My family was not to be involved, however, because father didn't like to mingle with the natives of Lemuria, because he felt that dignitaries should be above the native people. Wandering off, I'd gone towards the beach.

Sitting in a lotus position, his black hair framed his honey colored skin, but he was far away . . . in a trance of some sort. Submerging his legs with each wave, the ocean went back and forth out to sea. Beginning to chant a mystical song, I walked slowly closer. Sitting down far behind him, I was very quiet, but he knew I was there. Turning without pause in his chant, he motioned me to join him. Coming closer, I sat near him, closing my eyes and joining in his meditation. Looking at me with expectancy, it was as if he'd expected me to come.

Inviting me to join him at the coliseum later for a sun ceremony, I entered alone to observe the huge

monoliths of stone that cascaded into the sky. Sitting in the distance with a woman, he beckoned me to join them, as I suddenly realized that this man carried the soul of Red Jacket. His name in this lifetime was 'Red Horse.'

As the sun prepared to set, the native people wore elaborate feathered outfits with masked faces which depicted the many moods of the Earth. Wearing a gleaming sun on her head, one woman danced to a shamanic drumbeat in a wild frenzy of primeval power.

Meeting secretly, Red Horse and I became close friends, but never more. He was married, and his wife knew nothing of our friendship. Heartbroken that he would repress his feelings for me when others were around, I was unsure of how he felt. My feelings for him clearly crossed the line.

"Hurry up, let's go," my mother was shouting for me to pack my bags. Lemuria was experiencing many changes; earthquakes, minor volcanic eruptions, and weather disturbances that led the inhabitants to believe that the continent was in the beginning stages of destruction. Special boats had been prepared for the dignitaries and their families, and after they were all evacuated, they planned to retrieve more ships to evacuate the remaining tribes.

Grabbing my stuff, our family began its walk to the docks. Hundreds of people were evacuating, and long lines of native people were hurrying around the boat docks. "You'd think they could keep those unkempt dark people away from us." Mother said. "Darnet, Mother!" I shouted. "I'm getting really tired of your attitude about these people!" Laughing hysterically, she said, "Well, that doesn't surprise me with the way you've been seeing one of those silly people behind our backs!" Shocked, my jaw dropped because I'd thought no one knew. "How long have you known?" "Long enough to

know it's time we got you off this island before he ruins you." Another line of tribe's people blocked our path. "How can these dirty people live with themselves?" Mother said, as I lost my temper. "These *people* are the ones who are evacuating people like *you* before themselves!!!" "Well," she said, "it doesn't change the fact that they are disgusting! And you, you're so taken with one of them, it almost makes me sick. He's not even interested in you, he's got a wife! But that's how desperate you've become in this country." "That's it, Mama!" I yelled. Running towards a boat, my brother followed me, agreeing with my stance. "You're on your own, Mother; you know nothing about me or what I feel!" She and my father continued towards the larger boat and dock which was further away, completely unmoved.

Rumbling began without warning, and we knew that we had to get off the boat because it was shaking and wrenching against the land and the docks. Calling to my brother, I said, "The boat is too close to the land, it will shatter if the earthquake gets worse. Come with me!" Running towards the exit, I was now at the top of the steps on the verge of escape, but my brother laughed and motioned me to go without him. A thunderous movement was felt as the earth shook with ferocity. Bursting apart, the walls of the boat started to crumble as my brother fell to the ground, his leg bleeding badly because a beam had ripped through it. Running to grab him, I pulled him off the sinking boat through the might of adrenaline, but he couldn't walk and I had to get us to safe ground.

Looking for the large boat my parents had boarded, I knew they would have doctors aboard. Only half-conscious now, his wound was bleeding badly as I ran and ran with no clear focus as to where to go. Up

ahead in the near distance, I saw Red Horse with his wife at his side. Tearful, I called out to him, but stopped myself not wishing to interfere. But he'd looked my way and was horrified as he saw our dramatic condition. Running quickly to my aid, he picked my brother up and threw him over his shoulder. Taking my hand, he began running in the direction of the dock. Confused, his wife followed. "No, Red Horse," I said, "Just point us in the right direction and we'll find it. You belong with your wife." Refusing to stop, he ran until he got my brother safely aboard the large boat preparing to leave the shattering nation.

Forcefully directing me to board the ship before it was too late to evacuate, I turned to him in confusion. "Go!" he shouted, "You will be safe now!" Below my breath, I replied, "Come with me!" Turning to glance at his wife who was now far behind, he said, "I can't." Looking down in shame, I quickly apologized. "No, it's not that, our marriage was arranged. I can't get on that boat, I don't have passage. Go!" Pushing me forcefully, I began to walk slowly towards the boat, but as I did I turned to watch him. Eyes looking up to meet mine, I blew him a kiss but realized that there was no invitation to stay.

Shouting at me to hurry, my shipmates were getting annoyed at my delays. But I continued to watch him and slowly, Red Horse lifted his arms and opened them in welcome. Turning to my shipmates, I said, "I'm staying, go without me." Amidst their protests, I ran to Red Horse as he hugged and tossed me in the air. Taking my hand, he danced me around in circles. As the boat pulled away from the land, the vibrations of the earth slowly ceased. Red Horse's wife walked slowly away, not appearing at all distraught, as if she knew all along.

Sitting quietly in the stone amphitheater some

time later, a rehearsal was in progress. Red Horse was an actor, and I, a playwright. Juliosa was lingering around the stage, and he approached. "The play is good, huh?" I nodded, 'yes.' "There is something you must know." He said with a pause. "Spinoza." Looking at him, I repeated his word, "Spinoza," but I didn't know what it meant. "Remember this," he said, "Spinoza means, *your writing lives!*" Whoosh! Falling through space, I landed in my body.

Although I didn't know it at the time, Spinoza was an ancient Jewish philosopher whose writings do indeed still live.

***"We should, in the same way, reflect on courage as a means of overcoming fear; the ordinary dangers of life should frequently be brought to mind and imagined, together with the means whereby through readiness of resource and strength of mind we can avoid and overcome them."***

*The Ethics of Spinoza, On the Power of the Intellect, Passions and Intelligence, Page 144, Paragraph 2, (Judaism, Author: Baruch Spinoza)*

***"A writer says of the character of the civilization of Lemuria: 'Life in Lemuria is described as being principally concerned with the physical senses and sensual enjoyment, only a few developed souls having broken through the fetters of materiality and reached the beginnings of the mental and spiritual planes of life.'"***

*The Secret Doctrine of the Rosicrucians, Part XI, Page 197, Paragraph 1, (Mystery Religions, Rosicrucian)*

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Running wildly on the sandy beach, the gunfire was getting ever closer as I quickly boarded the nearest boat. Hiding behind a wall, another thunderous bullet rang out from the beach. What was happening? Sudden movement knocked me to the floor of the boat as I heard

the sound of its bottom scraping against the boulders on shore. "Oh, my God!" I thought, "We're setting sail!" Peering around the corner, the beach was now a good hundred feet away. "Hey!" A voice called from behind me, "What are you doing on this boat?!" My heart fell as the Indian man approached. My long dress had been soiled and I brushed my hands against the spots to make myself presentable. "Are you a stowaway?!" He called, as I stuttered no answer. Coming closer, his energy toward me changed. "Oh, my God, you're a woman." He exclaimed. Bowing shyly, I didn't reply. "Women aren't allowed on this boat, don't you know that?" "There was a gunfight on the beach, and I ran from them, I'm so sorry, sir." Putting his arms around me, he said, "Don't cry, honey, it'll be okay." And he made sure that it was.

Leading me to a small room, he gave me a place to stay and food to eat as long as I promised to stay out of the way of the sailors. The ship was some kind of coal barge and our destination was a small island not terribly far away. Coming to see me often, many hours passed as we talked and talked. A storm slowed the boats progress, and then it was damaged when it hit a rock near the reef of an island, delaying it even more.

After a time, we became very close, and fell deeply in love. It was only after this that he mentioned that he was married. "But she's no threat to you," he said, "we married to make things right. But let's not talk about that, she's far away and you're close to my heart." Despite this revelation, we remained close.

"Where am I!" I shouted. Looking down, I was in a hospital bed and appeared to be very pregnant. Looking out the window, I knew it to be winter. "How about some warm milk on this cold November day?" A nurse had entered the room. "What am I doing here?" I asked. "Honey, don't be scared, the baby's fine, you just

had a little fall." Confused, I looked around at the other pregnant women who shared the room with me. "Red Horse!" I screamed, "Where is Red Horse?!" Giving me a serious look, the nurse calmed me. "Now, honey, he's right outside, but you can't see him now. The baby's not due until December 19th, more than a month away. You need some rest, and then we'll see about visitors."

An energy whoosh was felt and heard as I suddenly sat up in bed. Looking down I realized that I'd re-entered the present, a cold November day in 1989. What was to be birthed into my reality on December 19th?

***"A person can sometimes receive information and knowledge about his future in this manner. This occurs as a result of God's decree."***

*The Way of God, Part III, Chapter 1, No. 6, Page 183,  
Bottom, (Judaism, Author: Rabbi Moshe Chayim Luzzatto)*

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Long Hair was waiting in the wild forest glade holding a large medicine wheel. Five lines separated the circle into sections. "We are Elohim," he said, and I immediately understood him to mean brothers in the Lord. "There are several cycles of time in the creation of this reunion." "Reunion?" I asked. Serious and direct, he said, "with Red Horse." I remembered, 'Red Jacket Reunion.'

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Riding atop a white horse overlooking a luminous valley, Red Jacket said, "We are going to Wakadgeri, the land of the union."

***"The taking-out and bringing-in actions are to be understood as actions of creator-spirit using humans as a form of creative expression."***

*Being and Vibration, Chapter 4, Chanting and the Breath,  
Paragraph 4, (Tribal, Tiwa, Author: Joseph Rael)*

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Wandering into sleep as visions flowed through his mind, Andy and I were attending a native ceremony taking place on the astral plane. Approaching with a basket of beads, Red Jacket handed each of us a gift.

Responding my clawing Red Jacket's hand, as the moments passed, the energies calmed. Grasping each others hands in union, an image of the sun rose behind them.

Now at peace, Andy saw the Chief approach, showing him a large medicine wheel and indicating that he was now embarking upon the East, illumination. As they embraced a luminous temple erected itself upon the ethereal plane behind them.

*"The direction of the East, the mental, number one on the wheel, is the direction where there is unity in all things. Then we go to the South, the emotional, which then becomes step number two, where we deal with polarities or opposites, like hot and cold or male and female. Then we move to the West, the physical, step three, the place of reconciliation of the opposites. Then to the North, the spiritual, step number four, where one finds direction and purpose. Finally, one comes to the Center, step five, which completes the circle and is the place of transformation possibilities."*

*Being and Vibration, Chapter 3, Page 91, Paragraph 1,  
(Tribal, Tiwa)*

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Standing among a vast expanse of land, the Native American ancestors became present in waves. As their bones began to emerge from the ground, I looked upon the faces of the many generations. "Help us, help us!" Long Hair had appeared and now stood by my side as a coffin emerged from the ground. "This one lies sleeping, but he must awake," he said. Directing me to open it, I gently lifted the lid. Red Horse lay sleeping, but quickly opened his eyes and emerged. 'Again, I walk

the earth in your name. I am Red Horse, he who aids the sleeping in slumber. I hear the call of my people and I awoken to the journey within.'

As he paused, I spoke, "You don't remember me, do you?" Deeply piercing eyes looked into mine, "Aaaaah, but I do," he said. Long Hair spoke, "When searching for wisdom, pay heed to the source, tranquility glistening, is there love or remorse? Mysteries lay hidden beneath cloudy veils, but answers forthcoming come in many mirrors. The past holds the answers you seek in the now, are you willing to listen, or will you bow out? In love, we do call, the destiny fire, but first you must find us, we hide in our mirror."

*"We shall walk the path of life, carrying in one hand the sacred pipe which You have given us, and in the other hand will be our children. In this way the generations will come and go and will live in a holy manner."*

*The Sacred Pipe, Chapter VIII, Page 132, Paragraph 3,  
(Tribal, Oglala Sioux)*

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"We are in Ingwaupapa, the time of waiting." Red Jacket said.

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Coming with a shocking revelation, December 19th, the date of birth in my vision, heralded a meeting which occurred when I entered a small building and came face to face with the very image of Red Horse in my waking world. Looking exactly as he had been prophesied in many a vision, we both seemed a bit taken aback when our eyes met for the first time on the ground. Our karma would now cease its trembling and begin the quaking descent into our lives on the ground.

*"For evil has many details, effects and influences, both in its intrinsic existence and in its relationship to man. Through all these, man is affected by evil and placed in*

***its midst in such a way that he can overcome it, release himself from its fetters, and eventually conquer it completely."***

*The Way of God, Part IV, Chapter 4, No. 1, Paragraph 12,  
Page 261, (Judaism, Author: Rabbi Moshe Chayim  
Luzzatto)*

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Wearing all white, the angel was sparkling in light as she spoke. "You are allowing more and more love into your reality. It is beautiful." Sometimes we must be led into that which we don't understand, in order to be freed of it. Karmic purification is like this.

And so it came to pass that Andy and I separated and divorced for a time. Red Horse came into my life and quickly departed from it, because that was his nature. Because of this, there were always unresolved feelings. And so it is when something is left unfinished, it leaves the future caught in the trap of the past. Such is the nature of karma; such is the nature of delusion.

***"There is no fire like passion; there is no stranglehold like hatred; there is no snare like delusion; there is no torrent like craving."***

*Dhammapada, Canto XVIII - Impurity, No. 251, (Buddhism)*

Sometimes a soul must journey into their own delusions, in order to be purified of them. Purification requires a change within one's thoughts, as well as, actions, but a true and complete purification from vice culminates in the soul no longer having the desire to indulge in them.

***"You have heard that it was said, 'You shall not commit adultery.' But I say to you, everyone who looks at a woman with lust has already committed adultery with her in his heart."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 5:27-28,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

If a soul truly wishes to attain to this level, the

Lord sends his angels right into the abyss, to guide that soul back to God's salvation. And the angels pick you up . . . and pick you up . . . and pick you up again . . . until you set yourself aright of your own accord.

*"(The story is) that while I was asleep (one night) there came to me a person (in the dream) who asked me to stand up. (So I stood up) and he caught hold of my hand and I walked along with him, and, lo, I found some paths on my left and I was about to set out upon them. Thereupon, he said to me: Do not set yourself on (them) for these are the paths of the leftists (denizens of hell-fire). Then there were paths leading to the right side, whereupon he said: Set yourself on these paths. We came across a hill and he said to me: Climb up, and I attempted to climb up that I fell upon my buttocks. I made several attempts (but failed to succeed). He led until he came to a pillar (so high) that its upper end touched the sky and its base was in the earth. And there was a handhold at its upper end. He said to me: Climb over it. I said: How can I climb upon it, as its upper end touches the sky? He caught hold of my hand and pushed me up and I found myself suspended with the handhold. He then struck the pillar and it fell down, but I remained attached to that handhold until it was morning . . ."*

*Sahih Muslim (The Hadith), Volume IV, Kitab Fada'il Al-Sahabah, Chapter MXXV, Page 1325, Paragraph 2, (Islam, Words of Mohammad)*

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Standing atop a burial ground, I watched as grave robbers dug up the people. Beginning to cry, a small hole appeared in my heart and began to bleed. The part of me that was dead was being resurrected through an intricate divine plan; and as with all karma, it hurt. No one about me could see my pain but Red Horse, who placed his hand over my heart and healed it.

***"Woe to you who hope in the flesh and in the prison  
that will perish!"***

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Book of Thomas the  
Contender, Page 205, Paragraph 1-2, (Christianity,  
Gnostic/Essene)*

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Red Jacket descended in a spiral of energy. "Why do you mourn for that which you have not lost?" Looking into his deep loving eyes, I realized that love is never lost, no matter what the circumstance. Love . . . remains.

***"When you wish to contract something, you must momentarily expand it; When you wish to weaken something, you must momentarily strengthen it; When you wish to reject something, you must momentarily join with it; When you wish to seize something, you must momentarily give it up. This is called 'subtle insight.'"***

*Tao Te Ching, No. 80, (Buddhism, Taoism, Words of Lao  
Tzu, Translation: Victor H. Mair)*

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***"The holy angels gain a knowledge of God not by the spoken word but by the presence in their souls of that immutable Truth which is the only-begotten Word of God . . . Therefore, in the sense I have explained above, the knowledge which they have in Him is as clear as daylight, whereas what they have in themselves is like the twilight."***

*City of God, Chapter 29, Paragraph 1-2, (Christianity,  
Catholic, Author: St. Augustine)*

***"So, through us, life becomes aware, because life wants to experience itself through us, through our awareness. Life experiences beauty through the way. The way means being inside the purity of lifting, beyond time awareness, so that what we see and work is the beauty around us."***

*Being and Vibration, Chapter 3, Page 89, Paragraph 2,  
(Tribal, Tiwa, Author: Joseph Rael)*

Flying to an encampment near the bank of the ocean, I saw two women drowning in the vast sea. Jumping in, I saved them both. All of my friends were watching, and they approached me with deep loving vibrations quelling about them. Red Jacket appeared and put his arms around me. "My dear spirit, why do you judge yourself?" In frustration, I cried out, "I couldn't reach them!" There were many souls I'd guardianed on the ground, who seemed not to have accepted the hand of the eternal in their lives. At that moment, I noticed several of these special souls waiting for me. Red Jacket began to read a poem that Odysseus had written.

#### ODYSSEY

*I see illusions  
All in form  
I see frustrations  
And lingering pain*

*Beneath the facade  
The essence is clear  
And in my heart  
It's always near  
True connections  
Are all I see  
That is the beauty  
About me*

One of them said, "Though *we* may not feel our true connections in form, you should perceive your ability to do so as a beautiful gift to us. We love you for your purity of knowing. Don't you realize that to us, you are one of the very few who perceive only our light rather than our illusion? There is no greater gift than

this!" Smiling at their kindness, Red Jacket was now holding two gold medals in his hands. "These are the gold medals of courage and bravery. It takes a strong and loving spirit to enter these realities." Pointing to the ocean, he continued, "You have pulled them from the depths of illusion and shown them light."

In a flash, my spirit was at a wilderness retreat as an old man wearing white robes came to hand me a chart of my spiritual journey. On it were pictures, and the heading read, "Path to Angels Twilight." A picture of the old man who had come was on the chart, and beneath his image, his name was written. 'Toam,' it said, 'he who comes to aid the angel's journey into twilight.' Immediately, I knew that the twilight . . . is karma. The next picture was of myself as a lighted being, an angel. Below it was my name, 'Odyssey,' and below my name were three words, 'Nurse - Nun - Eve.' In italics next to the picture, it said, 'Will become capable of materializing in and out of realities, and become truly transparent.'

Suddenly, several angels appeared around me, whispering over and over, "Angel's twilight, angel's twilight . . ." Staring in awe of their essence, they whispered again, "Angels in form operate in the twilight, for their light is veiled by the illusion. Angels in twilight must enter the underworld without shadowing the essence of their angelic purpose." Some angels do incarnate for the sole purpose of mirroring to others the true eternal nature of love, and these angels are called, 'Angels Twilight Gleaming.' But even souls who operate in the twilight of karma can perform the work of angels. Through their own delusions, they may function as mirrors to those who seek to see their own vice more clearly. Much knowledge is achieved experientially, and a soul must recognize its own darkness, before it can comprehend the true nature of the light. Souls such as

these are the Angels in the Twilight.

Do not be ignorant of those who teach these more difficult lessons in life, for they *will* come. Some will lie, cheat, betray, dominate . . . some may love you and leave you . . . all of them will take from you, whether it be belongings, someone you love, or even your heart. Only the true seeker will realize the exchange . . . some seekers, if they are quite honest, will begin to view their own selves more clearly. Most of us do not always recognize the pain that we cause, only that which we sustain, as this is the selfishness of karma. But something is given amidst the treachery, as you are performing a heavenly function on each other's behalf, though neither of you may be aware of it. You are providing a mirror . . .

To everything there is a season, and our lessons in life come in God's divine timing, and so, too, do they end. Be not like unto the soul who weeps, but never raises its head to the knowledge coming from above. Be not like those who would mourn, but not listen to the voice of wisdom that guides them away from their troubles. For in every sorrow, there is an epiphany. In every epiphany, humility is birthed. The all merciful Lord protects us in our ignorance for a time, but when that time passes, if we have not listened, the Lord does withdraw and leave us to withstand the true consequences of our mistakes.

***"Your Lordship is my only means of getting out of this darkest region of ignorance because You are my transcendental eye, which, by Your mercy only, I have attained after many, many births."***

*The Teachings of Lord Kapila, Chapter 6, Text 8, (Hinduism,  
Author: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)*

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Soaring through time, I entered the body of a Spanish woman in South America. Living in the hills very close to the former land of the Incas, a relic of what

once was remained in this place, a worn down amphitheater with a stone podium. Having been Incan land, the people living here were very superstitious about the ghosts of the ancient Incans and never went near the relic.

In certain ways, this lifetime was resonant of the time when I was the 'Deity of Ayacucho.' Every night, I went to the podium to chant and pray for the souls of those who had once walked the land. Wearing a wispy white blouse with a flowing red skirt, I danced about the spot just as the Deity of Ayacucho had danced across these very skies hundreds of years before. Around my neck I wore a string of beads, costume jewelry which held absolutely no significance.

On my way home through the mountains, I usually stopped to buy bakery goods from a local woman. Hysterically one day, she told me that she had seen a woman dancing in the amphitheatre and she was afraid satanic worship might be at hand. Leading me to a back window, the podium was in view of her house. "Should I call in the authorities?" She asked. "What do you think is going on?" Calming her, I replied, "I really don't think you need to worry about it, honey." "But don't you know that that was the place where the Incans made sacrifices?" Surprised, I hadn't known this, and I began to feel a compelling sadness for the suffering of those who had experienced such a horrendous fate. But before I left, she noticed my beads and commented on how unusual and pretty they were.

Several friends joined me over time in my prayers for the souls of the dead who had been sacrificed in such a horrific manner in this place. Living in a small secluded area, the only other people I had regular contact with were two Spanish families who lived next door. One day while walking home, I ran into one of my neighbors who

immediately touched my beads and pulled away, afraid. "Devil woman!" he said loudly. "What's wrong, my friend?" Fear emanated from him, as he froze in his spot. "Why do you call me devil woman?" "You," he stuttered, "you wear the beads." "It is just a necklace, my friend." "We will get them, and then you will have no more power." Violently, he grabbed my neck.

Turning to run, I went in the other direction for miles. Catching up to the Incan spot, I knew that I would be safe there for a little while because the people were afraid to come here. Several of my friends were there, and we concluded that someone had seen my beads which identified me as the spirit dancer, and attributed 'power' to them.

Called in to aid in our capture, Red Jacket was one of the lawmen who came looking for us. Considering me the leader, they truly believed that if they could just get the beads I wore that my 'power' would be nullified.

Arranging to meet our pursuers alone in places they wouldn't anticipate, Red Jacket was the one who came to meet me. He was a midsize Spanish man who wore a gray suit most of the time which was very dusty from travel. Stern and serious, I would try to make him laugh, and I could continue this because as long as I wore the beads he was afraid to approach me for capture.

Over time, however, Red Jacket's curiosity got the better of him. Strongly attracted to each other, we began arranging secret meetings while I was on the run. Meeting in the mountains, in caves, or in vast woodlands, his stern composure would change to a smile, as we became very close. "I understand you now, and I know that what the people have said is untrue. But if I can just have the beads, then the people will be convinced that you have been stripped of your powers."

Laughing, I ripped them from my neck. "Here, take them, it will make you a hero and you deserve that." Taking my beads, he reached around his neck retrieving a locket. Silver and very old, there was a picture of him inside which showed the stern glaze, a part of him that I rarely saw. "This is yours to remember me by."

Pulled out of the lifetime, Red Jacket awaited me in the spirit world. Still holding the locket, the picture began to change as the stern look changed to a smile. "This is what you gave me," Red Jacket said, "moments of smiles. That is the most beautiful gift you can give." Not realizing the importance of his words at that time, 'moments' was the key. Holding the locket to my heart, Red Jacket said, "In this life, we are giving each other the same gift, moments of smiles and happiness."

***"Through being attached to living beings I am completely obscured from the perfect reality, my disillusionment (with cyclic existence) perishes and in the end I am tortured by sorrow."***

*The Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Chapter 8, No. 7,  
(Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Shantideva)*

Sitting amidst an office because there was business to attend to, an angel stood aside the image of a person who flickered in and out of this reality. Immediately knowing him to be an aspect of Juliosa, he looked different, but was wearing a business suit. One wrapped and the other unwrapped, two gifts laid on the desk. Red Horse had already given his gift to my soul which was demonstrated in the unwrapped gift, but the other wrapped gift had not yet been given.

"There she is," the three women shouted excitedly as they entered the room and began to pamper me. "He has asked us to all take care of you until he is ready to come into your reality." Flickering in and out again, I could feel the love that this person bore my soul. Handing me the wrapped gift, one of the women said,

"This is for you, but you can't open it until you meet him on the earth-plane in three weeks. Now that you've answered all the questions of your spirit with love, you have magnetized love." Understanding nothing, I nodded and disappeared from the realm.

***"The nearer you come to God the less you are disposed to question and reason When you come up to Him, when you behold Him as the Reality, then all noise, all disputations are at an end."***

*Teachings of Sri Ramakrishna, Disputation, No. 568,  
Paragraph 2, (Hinduism)*

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Toam arrived to take me into the energy of Red Jacket's fragment on the ground, Red Horse, because my spirit was having difficulty letting him go. After all, I'd never done it in hundreds of lives, what should make it different this time around? Looking at me lovingly, Red Horse asked, "What do you see when you look at me?" Silently, I replied, "I love you." Many thought-forms began to appear of horrid and violent scenes. "It's my spirit you love, do you not? You see only my spirit?" Nodding, I conveyed that this was true. "You say you understand me, but do you . . . really?" "I don't know," I replied, as suddenly the fearful images began to come to life with a fury.

Samurai swordsmen chased me, and a pile of battered and bloody people appeared, screaming for help. Appearing beside him was my father, drunk and violent, and images of the man who had raped me years before. Crouching to the ground, I began to cry, "I don't know! I don't know!" All of the images suddenly jumped up and came after me, but I didn't move for I was unable to respond.

Red Horse came in and carried me out of the mess and with deep love in his eyes, he said, "Don't you see what I represent to you now? I am all your fears in

one package. I am the man who uses you and hurts you; I am the family who cannot love you because you are different. I am your father . . . the violent and drunken one. I am the warrior energy, which you *do not understand*, and you *fear*." Crying, I knew he was right.

Red Jacket appeared in the center of the spiral. "Your job is not to be understood, but to be *understanding*. Nothing anyone does is rejection of you, but of their self. In order to resolve this karma, you must be able to know from within, that Red Horse loves you underneath all his illusions, and you cannot wait to hear it from him. You must *know* it because it is true."

Toam appeared and showed me Red Horse's bowie knife. "You are about to see the energy of the knife, a side of him you haven't yet seen." Watching as Red Horse got into a fight with people in a bar, I went into a severe asthma attack. Offering me an emetic to purge this energy from my system, I shouted, "I don't need it!" Not wanting to let him go even now, Toam replied, "Are you going to give everything up for him?" "No, but I love him!" I shouted. "How can I leave him behind?" Touching my heart, he said, "He'll always be right here. Red Horse still operates from the same frequency of his lifetime as Red Jacket." Beginning to understand, I remembered that there was a side of Red Jacket I'd never really been a party to, the violent part of him that made him one of the most wanted Indians because of his skill in battle. "You are afraid of his twinness. The violence you see is his illusion trying to understand its own nature. You don't understand each other because he follows the path of the warrior, and you follow the path of peace; but the irony is that both paths eventually lead to love. Don't be afraid of the warrior within him . . . seek to understand it."

Within a few days, I witnessed this face of Red

Horse in my waking life, on the ground. Horrified, I hadn't previously allowed myself to see his violent nature, though signs of it were evident and in clear view. You can love someone's soul but be incompatible with their personality. Love was much larger than me, and its meaning was something I didn't yet fully understand.

Red Jacket interjected, "You have thrown the rope in the water, now he must either drown or grab hold of it." Having shown him another direction he could take, it was now entirely up to him as to whether he would seek it. A vast difference exists between karmic and eternal relationships as souls come together to teach each other about the true and false natures of love. By recognizing what is true, we slowly begin to assimilate what is false. By recognizing what is false, we slowly begin to assimilate what is true. Because of their purpose, most karmic relationships are momentary, arriving very powerfully at an important juncture in our lives, and just as quickly disappearing. Eternal relationships are usually of a more lasting quality.

The nature of karma is to try to *force* things to become what you think they should be, whereas, the nature of the eternal is to *allow* things to unfold into what they are becoming. Because of these differences, karmic relationships tend to be quite chaotic with many highs and lows, whereas, eternal relationships that have reached fruition become peaceful and serene staying more along the middle ground. Karma is selfish and seeks for its own gratification, while that which is eternal is selfless and seeks for God's gratification. Karmic relationships diminish the individuals involved in them, whereas eternal relationships are ordained by the Lord for the very reason that they energize the potentials within them, making the two greater together than they are apart. Karma is chaos, while that which is eternal is

peace.

Ironically, the insatiable emptiness that drives us in search of other people and things is truly sparked by the soul's thirst for union with God. Herein lies the greatest delusion that can be attributed to all karma, it seeks in the wrong direction for its fulfillment. Lustfully chasing after the whole of creation, the lost one does not find peace. Only by seeking the *source* of all creation can a soul attain liberation from elusive drives. Only in God, can a soul find peace.

*"Seek thou not what is pleasant and advantageous to thyself, but what is acceptable and honourable unto Me; for if thou judgest rightly, thou must choose and follow after My appointment rather than thine own desire . . . Already thou longest to be in the glorious liberty of the children of God . . . but the hour is not yet come there remaineth still another season, even a season of warfare, a season of labour and probation. Thou desirest to be filled with the Chief Good, but thou canst not attain it immediately. I AM that Good; wait for Me, until the Kingdom of God shall come."*

*The Imitation of Christ, The Third Book, Chapter XLIX, No. 3, (Christianity, Author: Thomas A Kempis)*

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Taken to see Red Horse in the astral state, he was manifesting as sub-conscious astral, meaning he was asleep in his dream. Without my control, my spirit began materializing in the room, and he saw me. "How do you do all this?" He asked. "I've told you that I follow a very pure path of spirit, but you did not believe me." Panicking, I cried out, "I've gotta get out of here!" Looking for an avenue of escape, he stopped me and quietly asked, "May I get a leather tie for your hair?" A sign of reconciliation, I accepted it. (There are many different levels of existence upon which a soul can manifest astrally. In this case, as in others where I

mention materializing, I am not speaking about a physical materialization; but rather, a materialization from a higher frequency than the dreamer, to the frequency of the dream, wherein the dreamer can then see me within his dream. It is not uncommon for my soul to be given transparency in the status of dreams, for the purpose of observation.)

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Pulling me into a deep vibrational state, Red Jacket spoke, "I'm bringing you back," he said, "you haven't even noticed half of the improvements I've given to you, have you? I'm bringing you back, restoring your vibration. Notice what we've done for each other, the gifts were mutual." My vibrations were raised well above the sinking abyss I had flung myself into, and I vowed never again to leave the heavenly abode, losing myself in another.

*"In the flash of light are the ashes that fly us beyond us in wisdom and into memory, placing us into the here of vigilance and the now of seeking. In the beginning was a flash of light in which everything was known and seen. In that moment was the beginning, the end and everything in between."*

*Being and Vibration, Chapter Three, Page 76, Paragraph 2,  
(Tribal, Tiwa, Author Joseph Rael)*

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And so it came to pass that the prophecy in regards to a manifestation of Juliosa coming into my life . . . occurred. But I had also met another person that I had decided not to get to know better, which was the subject of the following experience.

Gently lifting my spirit to a realm of white filled with books, Toam led me to a room where a small old woman awaited my arrival. In the hall of records, the lady was holding a very ancient text. "It is the 'Tamadra.'" Toam said.

"Why would you avoid the lesson? What do you fear?" the woman asked very compassionately. Confused, I didn't know what she meant. Flipping through the pages of my personal Tamadra, she came to a section titled by the name of this person I'd just met of whom I had no intention of getting to know further. Pointing to a section she wanted me to read, it said, 'Further instruction in the warrior energy.' "It is your choice," she said, "but you are turning down many lessons for your spirit by choosing not to see him again. It is in your spirits highest interest to recognize the connection." "Come with me," Toam said, as he took my hand and returned me to my body.

And so it came to pass that the very next day this person contacted me, wanting to get together. Choosing to spend some time with him, I quickly realized that he was exactly like Red Jacket in the sense of aggression. Realizing that the same type of behavior in any other soul repulsed me, it became clear that it was the love I held for Red Jacket's soul which made me blind to his true ways on the ground.

***"Approach not integrity with a double heart; nor be associated with double-minded men: but walk, my children, in righteousness, which will conduct you in good paths; and be truth your companion."***

*The Book of Enoch, Chapter XC. (Sect. XVIII), No. 5, Page 146, (Judaism, Christianity)*

***"Seek peace and pursue it."***

*The Talmudic Anthology, No. 244, Stanza 2, Y. Peah, 1, 1, (Judaism)*

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"The ancestral hand has been held out to you, but it will not reach to you, you must reach to it." Pondering this message I'd been asked to convey to Red Horse, it continued, "The Red energy is the essence of the Earth and the path of the Earth's transformation. The ways of

old burn inside and yearn to be remembered. The essence of Native American spirituality must be reintegrated within. What has been forgotten will surface in an open heart. Your true nature, that of your spirit, knows the ways of old and can bring them back." Preparing to deliver the message, I knew that he would not receive it well. Hesitating, the eternal reminded me that it was my task to serve his soul, not his personality. Understanding, I sent him the message.

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Very agitated, Red Horse almost screamed at me in the astral. "Where did you get that message?" I didn't respond. Seething, I felt the energy of his confusion and conflict. Beginning to chase me, I ran through the woods. "Where did you get that message?" Laughing and playing with him, I said, "I don't know." Catching up, he remained angry. "If only you believed, you would know." I said. "It tugs and tugs at you, but you refuse to listen when I tell you where it truly comes from. You won't believe in Red Jacket, you won't believe in your true self." For a moment, he was calm. "I'm so sorry that you're going through this now, but sometimes one must muddle through the confusion in order to reach the light." Looking at me with confusion, he phased to a different level of consciousness in his dream and I was gone.

***"He who strives to attain that which is not for him loses that which was intended for him."***

*The Talmudic Anthology, No. 242, Stanza 1, (Judaism)*

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Juliosa's aspect on the ground was becoming a very important part of my life, and we shared deep friendship and love. Although the innocence and simplicity of our friendship was something I needed at the time, I knew that it would not be a lasting union; for

this fragment of Juliosa on the ground was not on a spiritual path, and eventually, I knew that this would tear us apart.

***"So long as we are immersed in body consciousness, we are like strangers in a foreign country,' the Master said. 'Our native land is Omnipresence.'"***

*Sayings of Paramahansa Yogananda, Page 86, Stanza 2, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

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Flying into the depths of space, I entered a star system that was vastly familiar, yet unremembered within my soul. Floating in the midst of it, I watched as star systems were converging, and a being with two head connected by a V-shaped body was floating very joyously in the spacious ethereal realm.

"Please let me look at you and make sure this is really happening." I said. "Welcome to the galaxies Alpha Centauri, Alpha Omega, X, Y, and Z! Welcome to the constellation of star systems known as 'One.' I am he who writes with you the book of the angels." Starting to laugh with joy, I said, "You're the one who's helping me write about the mirroring stage of karma?" "Yes," he replied, "we've been working together very well." Dancing with joy, I said, "It must be so easy to write about angels here." He smiled again. "You are welcome to come here anytime. Does it inspire you to be with us?" "Oh yes!" I cried out, "Oh, yes!"

The magnetic stars chimed as they circled in their display of oneness. Galaxies were circling in the distance and I was awestruck from the view. But suddenly, coral pink roses began blossoming in the skies above me, burgeoning into a beautiful bloom. "Juliosa!" I called out into the heavens. He appeared, as I realized that the man with the rose had been an aspect of himself. Only for a moment, he appeared, and then he was gone.

***"Buddha said, 'All things are ultimately liberated."***

*There is nowhere that they abide.' You should know that even though all things are liberated and not tied to anything, they abide in their own phenomenal expression. However, when most human beings see water they only see that it flows unceasingly. This is a limited human view; there are actually many kinds of flowing."*

*Moon in a Dewdrop, Mountains and Waters Sutra, Sansui-Kyo, No. 13, (Buddhism, Zen, Words of Zen Master Dogen)*

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"You have become very free in your life, this is beautiful." Toam said in the ancient coliseum, "but you must be more understanding of those who await in their own bondage." Showing me an image of my ex-husband, Andy, I saw that I had been harsh to him. When we were married, he had been very controlling and I resented him for this. "When you learn to detach from his controlling behavior, knowing it is something that he must go through, you will find forgiveness." There was much more for which I needed his forgiveness, than he would need of mine. Forgiving him, I smiled at Toam in gratitude, and relished the friendship which Andy and I had retained despite our divorce.

*"People talk of errors and superstitions and pride themselves upon book-learning. But the sincere devotee finds the Loving Lord ever ready to lend him a helping hand. It matters not that he had been for a time walking along a wrong path. The Lord knows what he wants and in the end fulfills the desire of his heart."*

*Teachings of Sri Ramakrishna, Spiritual Practice, No. 451, (Hinduism, Words of Sri Ramakrishna)*

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Pummeled through the time tunnel, I dropped into the body of a young woman with brown hair dressed in an exquisite gown. *Knowing* I was in Scotland, we were trying to cross the borders as turmoil had

overtaken the country. Walls protected the city and you could only leave at a certain time of day, else wise you could be shot. Juliosa was my husband, and he had short reddish hair with a medium size build. Wearing tails and navy blue baggy stretch pants, he was a very jealous man. My brother and sister, who were very dear to me, were also with us. As the walls opened, the crowds poured through the gates, trying to escape this war torn land. Noticing a column of soldiers in front of the wall, their coldness frightened me. Rachel, my sister, was lingering behind, and I worried about her.

Crossing the wall with no problems, we waited patiently for my sister to catch up, but our contentment was short-lived as shots rang out from the other side of the wall. Determined to find my sister, I ran towards the shots as a familiar face captured my attention. Flirting with me often, a man who enraged Juliosa snuck up from behind me, placing his arm around my waist. Asking him about Rachel, he nonchalantly replied, "Oh, you didn't know? She didn't make it across." "What do you mean?!" I yelled out. He was so drunk he had no sensitivity to the gravity of the situation. Taking my hand, he pointed me in the direction of the shots. In the distance, the bullet-riddled body of my sister lay with many others.

Breaking down into tears, I asked him to take me back to Juliosa. As I was very distraught, he put his arm around my waist as he escorted me as Juliosa turned to look our way. Noticing my distraught condition, he jumped to the conclusion that this man was hurting me and challenged him to a fight over my honor. Despite my vehement protests, he wouldn't let it go.

Smaller than the other man and obviously outmatched, Juliosa was determined to prove his manhood. People gathered around as they prepared to

fist fight. From my former perspective, I had no other alternative than to sit with the women, angered and embarrassed that he was making such a scene. Pretty well beaten a couple of minutes into the fight, Juliosa knew this, so in a surprise (and stupid) move, he pulled out his sword. An expert swordsman, I figured he would probably nick the man and leave it at that, but the man he was fighting with was drunk, and he was playing for real.

Seconds into the fight, the drunken man plunged his sword directly through Juliosa's heart. Falling back, I screamed in terror; shocked, in tears, sobbing. Knowing there was no hope, I held him in my arms. Passing from this world, I stared in numb disbelief. Several women caught me as I fell to the ground in shock. Because he chose to risk his life for something so stupid, I was very angry inside. I mourned.

Juliosa appeared in the sky, waving his arms to send me to another lifetime.

Entering the body of black woman, my husband and I were sharecroppers on a large plantation with our two children. Juliosa didn't have a good relationship with the owner of the plantation, and in a fit of rage, he confronted him and was literally whipped to death.

Speaking to Juliosa immediately upon my return, I said, "It seems that I always lose the one I love." "You understand the pattern," he said.

***"When thou was under My control, all creatures yielded to thee; but after thou hast transgressed My commandment, they all rise over thee."***

*The Lost Books of the Bible and the Forgotten Books of Eden,  
Adam and Eve, Chapter XLV, Verse 2-4, (Christianity,  
Judaism)*

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The fragment of Juliosa on the ground was very nourishing to my soul, but there was no way around the

fact that we were incompatible; he an earnest dreamer, and myself a dreamer seeking reality. My spiritual journey could not be held back, and his had not yet begun.

Juliosa hovered again in the clouds. "Our paths are going to part, aren't they?" I said. He nodded, 'Yes.' Our paths were no longer parallel. Our souls had come together because of love, and now they would part . . . because of love.

*"These three vertical levels are called natural, spiritual and heavenly . . . they grow along a continuum, gaining information and getting discernment thereby, ultimately reaching that highest level of discernment called a 'rational faculty.' This in itself, however, does not serve to open the second level, which is called spiritual. This is opened by a love of useful activities which stems from elements of discernment . . . Again, though, these in themselves do not serve to open the third level, which is called heavenly. This is opened rather by means of a heavenly love of useful activity, and this love is a love for the Lord."*

*Divine Love and Wisdom, No. 237, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)*

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Having no entrance, the enclosed circular structure presented a challenge to the beckoning soul. "It is the Secret Garden." A voice said. Soaring at close range, a glimmering green sword emanated from the stone about four feet from the ground. "The Knife of the Emerald!" I instinctively remembered. On the next stone step there was an image of a small tomato box. The Knife of the Emerald was symbolic of courage to enter the garden, while the tomato box served the purpose of extracting seeds of knowing and planting them in fertile ground. Taking the tools, I soared to the wall, becoming transparent to enter.

Flying through the wall, a flowery garden with plants of all kinds existed along with a rock pathway which expanded into a path which consisted of scores of music from throughout time etched in stone. Showing me that in previous existences, Andy had brought some of these works into the earth-plane; more music remained on the pathway that had yet to be brought into reality which I allowed to enter into my soul.

Someone was coming, and the sacredness of the garden made me feel as if I should hide for I didn't feel worthy to be here. But the spirit flew by, smiling, "I know you're here and am glad of it." Soaring home, my time was finished.

Knowing how to read music and play the piano, I began to teach myself how to play the guitar and write music so that I might preserve that which was given to me in the world beyond.

***"The Master said, 'Only common people wait till they are advanced in ritual and music (before taking office)."***

*The Analects of Confucius, Book XI, No. 1, (Buddhism,  
Taoism, Confucianism)*

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Soaring through time, my spirit flew into the body of a young white woman, my dress tattered and covered in mud, I was running, breathless, through the thick of the woods. Lost and alone, I stopped, sitting on a moss-covered rock to catch my breath. Several Indian men appeared from behind trees and rocks, some on foot and others on horse. Running Wolf was their leader, and he directed them to take me as a prisoner.

Going with them, I felt no fear for they were kind to me. When I entered their camp I was given new clothes to wear; a buckskin dress and moccasins. Within a short period of time, I became one of them.

As our tribe was continually moving, and I was

not as fit as the other women, I oftentimes lagged behind the traveling band trying to catch up before long. But one afternoon as I fell further behind than normal, I stopped for a moment to catch my breath. My tribe was far in the foreground and out of view. A Shawnee war party came behind me, and I was captured.

Taking me back to their camp, Red Horse awaited my arrival. Having already claimed me as his own, they brought me to him as another man hit me on the head, knocking me out. My spirit heard the words of Red Horse's anger as he ran towards him. "We agreed that there would be no violence against her!" Picking my limp body from the ground, he carried me into the woods.

Coming to, I felt as though I were wavering in and out of realities. Going deeper and deeper into the woods, he carried me to a special spot of which only he and I knew. On the side of a tree, a hole appeared. Light and crystals glimmered from within, as he reached his hand inside the small crevice. "Do you know what this is?" He asked. "I sure do," I said with tears in my eyes as I quietly placed my hand next to his inside the tree. "Let us take the ancestral hand together." Although I knew this was a sub-conscious experience for him, it was still quite relevant to his journey as a soul.

Light poured through both of us, and before he was to go he looked at me one last time. "I would die for you," he said. It was finished.

*"There are two birds, two sweet friends, who dwell on the self-same tree. The one eats the fruits thereof, and the other looks on in silence. The first is the human soul who, resting on that tree, though active, feels sad in his unwisdom. But on beholding the power and glory of the higher Spirit, he becomes free from sorrow."*

*The Upanishads, Mundaka Upanishad, Part 3, Chapter 1,*

*Paragraph 1-2, (Hinduism, Translation: Juan Mascaro)*

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## CHAPTER FOUR

**Lighted Golden Pyramid, Masculine Part of my Soul, Golden Sphinx Emerges, Fifty Levels of Illusion on the Earthly Mountain, the Eternal Flame, Heaven Dawn, Magical Lace, Chimney through Frequencies, Secrets of the Earthly Realms, Eternal Cloth, Psychadelic Stew, Yraknin - Goddess of Truth, Alpha Centaurian Visitors, Knights of the Three Melodies, Become that which you Seek.**

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Awaking in bed, I looked up to notice a lighted figure of a man standing at the foot of my bed. "Andy?" I called out to no reply. Fear swept over me, as I yelled out, "Who are you, who's here?!" The lighted image swept up to the ceiling and exploded into a lighted golden pyramid.

*"Difficult is it to be born as a human being; difficult is the existence of mortals; difficult is the hearing of the Sublime Truth; rare is the appearance of the Enlightened Ones . . ."*

*Dhammapada, Canto XIV - The Enlightened One, No. 182, Page 73, (Buddhism)*

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Floating to a river where a female guide was waiting, she took my hand. "It is time to embark upon your eternal path," she said. "Okay," I agreed, as a man appeared next to her. Rising to meet my gaze, I asked, "Who is he?" "The masculine part of you," she replied. Familiar and intense, I could not truly remember him.

Soaring, we stopped at a lake of iridescent blue surrounded by mountains. Peering into his eyes, he calmly reached his hand to me and said, "I have loved you forever." My heart reached to him, "And I, you."

Conveying telepathically to us, the woman said, "This Lake is no ordinary lake, for it is filled with all the minerals of the Universe. As you submerge yourselves into it, you will completely change the molecular structure of your bodies, and you will become one." Quietly . . . hand in hand . . . we walked into the water.

***"Therefore, water is not just earth, water, fire, wind, space, or consciousness. Water is not blue, yellow, red, white, or black. Water is not forms, sounds smells, tastes, touchables, or mind-objects. But water as earth, water, fire, wind, and space realizes itself."***

*Moon in a Dewdrop, Mountains and Waters Sutra, No. 12, Page 102, Paragraph 4, (Buddhism, Zen, Words of Zen Master Dogen)*

***"Those who are beyond the dualities that arise from doubts . . . achieve liberation in the Supreme."***

*The Bhagavad Gita, Chapter 5, Verse 25, (Hinduism, Translation: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)*

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***"Sometimes a way seems right to a man, but the end of it leads to death. Even in laughter the heart may be sad and the end of joy may be sorrow. The scoundrel suffers the consequences of his ways . . ."***

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs, Chapter 14, Verse 12-14*

***"Who can say, 'I have made my heart clean, I am cleansed of my sin?'"***

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs 20, Verse 9*

***"Now I am overwhelmed that in accord with your instruction I assumed the garment of flesh and have to endure the fact that my own members, who are bound to me by the sacrament of baptism, should turn away from me and fall victim to the son of corruption and revere him. Yet I bring home again those among them who have fallen. But I reject those who remain rebellious and cling to evil."***

*Book of Divine Works, Vision Ten: 34, Page 260, Paragraph 2, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Hildegard of Bingen, Words of Christ)*

The coliseum was dim at twilight, as the tribesmen scurried about to complete its construction. Watching from the eyes of my spirit, I hovered over the scene in a state of timelessness regarding the message of the ancients and its impact on my present life. Suddenly amongst the raucous, something began emerging from the center of the coliseum.

"What is that?" I thought deeply to myself, as the image in the center of the coliseum continued to grow. Appearing to be a large golden pyramid, a sphinx was emerging from its crest. A wind stream passed by my senses. "The golden sphinx is emerging," it conveyed. Linked to the mysteries of life, death and re-birth, the sphinx represented the death from karmic delusion and rebirth into the light of God, the energy of creation in progress.

*"What is the cause of the cosmos? Is it Brahman? From where do we come? By what live? Where shall we find peace at last? What power governs the duality of pleasure and pain by which we are driven."*

*The Upanishads, Shvetashvatara Upanishad, Part I, No. 1, (Hinduism, Translation: Eknath Easwaran)*

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Walking towards me, the ancient Egyptian man approached in the windswept desert. Disappearing behind his back, his hands emerged holding two objects: a statue of a phoenix, and a winged horse. Choosing the winged horse, I placed it on my heart as it exploded into a diamond light. "This is the energy of St. Harmony Crystal Fire; it is now a part of you."

Handing me the phoenix, I admired the wingspan and majesty of the bird and began to hold it to my heart. But for no apparent reason, I suddenly threw

it to the ground, shattering it into thousands of pieces. Looking up at the man who'd given it to me, he said, "Congratulations! You have shattered the myth, and entered the knowing of the mysteries."

*"And if thou wilt even break the whole, and see those things that are without the world (if there be anything without), thou mayest. Behold, how great power, how great swiftness thou hast!"*

*The Divine Pyramander of Hermes, Book 10, No. 123-124,  
(Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic)*

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Taken to a majestic wanton lake, I was invited to begin ice-skating on its frozen surface. Despite the frozen ice, flowers were in bloom all around the lake and many crowds were there to witness this moment. A beautiful lady descended from the sky wearing a golden crown of flowers, "I give you my daughter, Odyssey!" she said. Dancing on the ice, I began to feel the freedom of my soul, as my dull and drab outfit changed into that of a light, flowing and airy white gown. Around my waist was a beautiful golden butterfly. Speaking again, the beautiful lady looked into my eyes with depth. "The butterfly is what you've become; you've emerged from the cocoon of karma."

Taken to a distant mountain where a secret waited to be revealed, I boarded an elevator which could take you to any of fifty different levels on the holy mountain which mirrored the many levels of illusion on the earth. Traveling to several levels, I found that level thirty-five was the place where jealous women would claw at each other in sexually competitive games with one another. Level forty-one held the images of those who wore false faces, as each had a mask to cover their true image, and each had two names, one for their false self, and one which personified reality.

"Take me to the level where only truth lies." I

called to the elevator as it soared above the crest of the mountain and into the sky. An island floated in the air covered in vegetation, flowers and waterfalls of light. As I got off of the elevator, a man was waiting for me with his arms outstretched and singing.

Sitting down to speak, he told me many things about music and how it emerges into a soul who brings melody into the earth. All beautiful things that come into the earth originate from heaven, or the eternal, which is an all-inclusive name for the forces of the Lord. As we spoke, a flame began emerging from the soil. Panicking, I ran to put it out, "The people on the mountain must be protected," I said. Walking over to the waterfall, he filled a small bucket with water as the flames had become a large circle around us. Still spreading, he gently poured the water on it to put out the excess. The flame was now in perfect order.

"It is the eternal flame," the man said, "and it can only be found above the mountain of illusion. Those on the mountain do not need protection from it for it will not go where they reside." Pausing, he sat down again. "But you must hold the eternal flame in your heart, for as you enter the different levels of illusion, you offer remembrance of this place to those within the mountain. But remember, as well, that you cannot remain on the different levels of the mountain for long. You can visit these places, but they are not who you are and you will be unable to stay long. Visit these places with love . . . but know when it is time for you to return to your own home." My home was this place *above* the mountain of illusion.

Getting up, he told me about level fifty, where most of my friends lived. "Level fifty is the threshold, those living within illusion who choose to rise above it. Those in this space visit this island often and have

learned to bring much of the flame into the mountain." Watching him, I began to disappear.

Slow re-entering form and preparing to wake, I opened my eyes to notice the familiar form at the foot of my bed, a man made of light. Walking closer to me, he stopped when he was directly in front of my face. "Who are you?" I asked, fearful, but intrigued. Beginning to swirl as before, he turned into a lighted golden pyramid before disappearing.

***"Mountains have been the abode of great sages from the limitless past to the limitless present. Wise people and sages all have mountains as their inner chamber, as their body and mind. Because of wise people and sages, mountains appear."***

*Moon in a Dewdrop, Mountain and Waters Sutra, No. 17,  
Page 105, Paragraph 1, (Buddhism, Zen, Words of Zen  
Master Dogen)*

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Overlooking a river, a rock bridge was my destination as I noticed that two places within it were split open and incomplete. Standing on the side of the water, I looked across the river to notice a man standing on the other side. Waving me to cross, I was frightened as the bridge did not seem complete. At that moment, a dark-haired scantily clad Egyptian man joined me where I was standing. As he appeared, fruit began growing on the trees all around me. "The fertile ground has been presented," he said, "but you must complete the bridge before you can pass." Pointing to the man across the river, he said, "You are drawing him into your reality with the energy of the Sphinx. His name is Heaven Dawn." Psychedelic eyes penetrated my psyche. Heaven Dawn was the masculine aspect of my higher self.

***"Such is the greatness of this Day that the Hour itself is seized with perturbation, and all heavenly Scriptures bear evidence to its overpowering majesty."***

*The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Chapter 17, Page 237, Paragraph  
2, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

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Flying to a faerie realm to meet Odyssey, it was lighted in the essence of purple, as a small faerie with violet wings appeared who obviously knew me well. Landing here and there on my fingers or arm, she was playful and happy in this rhythm of the spheres. Twinkling with the colors of pink, purple and gold, the sky held light particles which flashed through the astral airways while Odyssey was at my side. "It is time to begin energizing the Eternal Flame," she said.

Slowly re-entering form and awaking, I opened my eyes to notice a familiar form at the foot of my bed, a man made of light. Walking closer to the head of my bed, he stopped when he was directly in front of my face. "Who are you?" I asked as he began swirling and again turned into a lighted golden pyramid.

*"And after seeing in his dream the gold-colored one,  
him who displayed a hundred hallowed signs, he hears  
the law, whereafter he preaches it in the assembly.*

*Such is his dream."*

*Saddharma-Pundarika or the Lotus of the True Law, Chapter  
XIII, No. 68, (Buddhism, Nepalese, Words of the Buddha)*

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Odyssey stood by my side as I looked upon those people who would be left behind in my journey to seek God. Beginning to hunch over, my body began to take on a burdened appearance because of my hesitation in letting them go. Taking hold of me, Odyssey stood me up straight. As she did, a massive beam of light surged through my form turning me into total light. "Stand tall and BE the light!" she said, "for as you do this, the light fills you and evolves you into a higher being. By doing this you will become a magnet to others who are raising their vibration, as well."

As my sleepy eyes rolled open, the man of light again appeared in my doorway. Calmly, I was no longer afraid of him. "Hi, you're back." Nodding, he was obviously happy that I was no longer afraid, but he made no attempt to come closer or communicate. Staring for five minutes or more, he simply disappeared.

An angelic presence appeared at the side of my bed and I observed as she began forming a new energy center directly in front of my heart chakra; a second, more highly developed one.

***"When a spiritual guest enters the house, like a bright flame, he must be received well."***

*The Upanishads, Katha Upanishad, No. 7, (Hinduism,  
Translation: Eknath Easwaran)*

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Meeting Heaven Dawn in an ancient coliseum, the stone encasements were blurred from the winds of time. Walking towards me, we embraced. "You are now ready for the mysteries of your higher self to reveal themselves." A gale wind blew us apart.

As my sleepy eyes rolled open, the golden man again appeared in my doorway. Calmly, "Hi," I said quietly, "you're back." Again, he nodded but no attempt to come closer or communicate more. Five minutes passed before he turned into a lighted golden pyramid and was gone.

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And so it came to pass that many mysteries were revealed to me which held energetic currents that could free a soul from karmic bondage, past, present or future. These included the 'Magical Lace,' which frees a soul and its parallels from the bondage of childhood trauma; the 'Phoenix' which energizes the soul's change from karmic activity to eternal activity; and the 'Chimney through Frequencies' which enlivens the soul's energy beyond

any karmic ties which continue to hold it back.

As I passed through these rites, I was taken deeper into my own psyche to understand my delusions and fears and all the hidden sin which held me back from union with God.

***"Drag it to the light at once and say - 'My God, I have been guilty there.' If you don't, hardness will come all through."***

*My Utmost for His Highest, Page 76, March 16th, Middle,  
(Christianity, Author: Oswald Chambers)*

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Entering a horrid space, I was witnessing childhood nightmares of long ago. Violent, decadent, deviant and dark, the place held the energy of fear and despair. Observing a violent episode wherein a father was assaulting his daughter, his son had no choice but to defend his sister, which traumatized his soul and changed the relationship between sister and brother into their adult lives. Because they'd come from such darkness, they had to cut him and his vice completely out of their lives in order to recover or progress beyond it.

Immediately, light began to flash incessantly about as Odysseus entered. Waving her arms wildly, she manifested new clothes for the young man and his little sister, whose garments had been torn in the battle. Staring in shock, the little girl was rocking back and forth.

Seeing images of them as adults, I realized that they had grown up but the trauma of this experience had remained within them. Becoming afraid of losing people in her life, the young woman had assumed she'd never had the love of her father because of his behavior; or that of her brother, because she was a reminder of the trauma he'd chosen to forget. Odysseus looked at me, "Change

it. Change this into a more beautiful reality."

As the little girl was now adorned in a pastel pink gown emblazoned with a beautiful lace which appeared to have been made by the angels, it was about six inches thick and held images of every beautiful creation of the Lord; angels, butterflies, winged horses, flowers, gnomes, faeries, blue skies, clouds, everything! Darting towards the little girl, I remembered the secret of the 'Magic Lace!'

The lace of the angels could free a soul from parallel spaces caught in bondage or suffering. Removing a small piece of the lace from the dress, I cried out, "I remember!" Running to the brave young man, I said, "I'm going to change the energy of your past." Waving the white lace around the sky, light began flickering as I looked at the sad little girl. "No more, I am freeing you both from the bonds of your past, I'm changing it."

In a qualified moment, we were surrounded by a wondrous land filled with all the beauty of the lace. The young man was no longer wearing tattered clothing, but shimmering in a veil of white, while the little girl was dancing with an elf. Two-foot high shamrocks and clovers were growing about them and faeries were flitting about playfully. All the joyous things of the universe existed in this faerie realm, as the Magic Lace had actually taken the energy of the little girl and boy out of the circular karmic nightmare trapped within time, and moved them into a new energy.

Looking upon the adult versions of these souls, their burden seemed to be lessened, although it was not completely removed. Lessening their burden, Odyssey assured me, would give them impetus to break free of the remaining chains of their father's sin. For the sins of the father had been visited upon this son and daughter;

but by the grace of God those chains could eventually be removed.

Sending an intense vibration through my soul, vibrations surged and grew in intensity as I was suddenly wearing a white wedding gown. "It is for the marriage of you to your soul." Odysseus said.

***"The three qualities - goodness, passion, and darkness  
also - are always acting  
unperceived."***

*The Anugita, Chapter XXIV, Page 331, Middle, (Hinduism)*

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Flying into the lands of the ancient people, Odysseus and I were admiring their ways as we entered the energetic realities of native villages which remained existent above the physical places in which they had once roamed. Dressed brightly in garments with diamond-shaped blocks of color sewn skillfully upon glittering fabrics, it almost appeared metallic, but was filled with rainbows of colors. Many of the people were wearing hats rounded about the sides and flat on top, copperish to gold in color. Monkeys were everywhere, and seemed to be some type of pet. Homes were carved in the cliffs and huts were erected along the flat mesas.

Gathering people together to listen to music, a woman was playing something similar to a xylophone, although it was different. Sounding like resonant bells which echoed through the heavens, a mystical quality emerged creating expectancy in the air.

Calling energy into action, a shadow darted across the sky generating 'Oooh's' and 'Aaah's' from everyone. Flitting with abandon, a small bird with a tail that seemed to go on into infinity flew around us in a powerful display of beauty. "It is the phoenix," Odysseus said, "the inspirer of change." Humming, the bird landed on Odysseus's arm as I was able to notice that it was made

from blue starry light which emanated from within. "Whenever you need help in making a change or going higher," Odysseus said, "Hum. Hum a happy tune, think of the phoenix and he will come to you." The phoenix had the function of transforming karmic energies, karmic thrusts, and karmic delusions, and I began to enter into a liquid state wherein my soul became motile for transformation. Distant is the word I would use to describe the way I felt, as my soul felt unattached to my life, which was a very different feeling from the karmic energies which were scattered, confused, disoriented, compulsive, obsessive and almost neurotic.

***"Command it to fly into Heaven, and it will not need no wings, neither shall anything hinder it, not the fire of the Sun, not the Aether, not the turning of Spheres, not the bodies of any other Stars, but cutting through all, it will fly up to the last and furthest body."***

*The Divine Pyramider of Hermes, Tenth Book, No. 122,  
(Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Hermes)*

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Painted upon the wall, Odysseus stood beside a huge mural. "This mural holds the secrets of the earthly realms." Odysseus said. A mountain scene lay before me with each aspect labeled with symbolic understanding of a level of Earthly (mortal) evolution. Nine categories existed which exhibited, but there were hundreds of steps between each level of perceiving:

- 1) UTS - Underground Level - Total darkness, very often evil with intent. All there is, is physical life.
- 2) BOOMSOIL - Ground Level - Primary darkness, and tends to engage in evil acts, although it is usually out of ignorance rather than intent. If there is a God, He is to be feared.
- 3) RAD - Flower and Plant Level - Total illusion, engaging in dark acts out of ignorance, but less geared

towards actual evil. God is to be feared.

4) LOTU - Bush Level, Leafy Plants - Reside in illusion and reality, engaging in ignorance *and* moments of genuine kindness and inspiration, but beginning to approach cause and effect. Pertaining to God, you get what you deserve.

5) MORKAR - Small Tree Level - Karmic circling, people can get stuck here for ages, literally, until karmic purification begins, but there is a higher curiosity and examination of God which usually remains self-serving.

6) SENDU - Tall Tree Level - A threshold, residing in the world of form and spirit, no longer completely encased in karmic delusion, but unable to yet comprehend the higher, finer frequencies of existence. Intellectual view of God, rather than emotion, love or experience based.

7) PLENTU - Air above Tall Tree and Below Mountain Level - Do unto others as you would have them do unto you, state of perception. Because karma is still impure, the tendency remains to cause some harm to others out of ignorance, but there is greater knowledge of cause and effect. God is experienced as a loving God.

8) CELESTI - Mountaintop Level - Master of Creation. The knowledge of the mechanism of creation is encompassed in mortal realms, although they still make many mistakes out of an ignorance that is slowly becoming less karmic and more focused. God is just.

9) TRINAD - Air above Mountain Level - Karmic purification is almost complete, and therefore, the soul is in training to serve the Lord. Higher levels of knowledge are reaching a balance between self-creation vs. the will of God, etc. Trinad is the *gateway* to the ascension, but you are not there yet. When karmic purification is achieved, the ascension process does complete itself. God is.

10.) TAO - Ascension achieved.

There are two major bodies of mortal knowledge to be attained beyond the TAO (which are encompassed in the Alteration and Absolution Pathways.) Between the levels of UTS, multiplicity, and TRINAD, oneness, there are many varying degrees of unity which epiphanize at TRINAD and become the knowledge attained at TAO.

As you reach higher, you mirror varying levels of perception into the physical realm. Showing me that my husband was at the top of the tree level (SENDU), I was peering from the air above the mountain (TRINAD). Below both Andy and I was a trail of light extending all the way down into UTS, showing that we had attained understanding of those points. Above my head was a small surge of light trailing from the top of my head up into the heavens, as well. Odyssey conveyed that this represented the synergy of my soul to achieve greater heights. Some souls had this synergistic light, but some did not, and among those who had the light trail above, their trail below was brighter than the one above because the trail below had been traveled more often. In essence, they were working harder on the spiritual path.

Communicating with my light trail at the SENDU level, Andy and I apparently perceived through very different eyes at this moment in time. But his trail above was ignited which indicated continuing growth.

*"We are connected with them when we place ourselves at the top of this highest mountain which is made up of vibration composed of slowed down light that has crystallized into meaning."*

*Being and Vibration, Chapter 3, Page 111, Top, (Tribal, Tiwa, Author: Joseph Rael)*

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Destination silent, large walnut trees hovered around me as Odyssey appeared and I spoke. "I am seeking the purity of truth." Pointing to a large ragged brown building which had now appeared and was

hovering in midair, a ladder rose from the ground to the entry. "Follow the river of truth," she said, "it will show you the secrets of yourself."

Beginning to climb the ladder, a resonant voice echoed across the sky. "Climb up the ladder, there's beauty inside, a river of substance to warm your insides. Few will traverse, the spiral path, it will lead you straight inward, to the core of yourself. The path starts quite slowly, but there's a point of escape, just in case you're not ready, to take this big step. When the flow slows its speed, you'll stop 'round a bend, there's a door of escape, to forget about this path. But if you want truth, push your soul down the path, your speed will pick up and your fears will come back."

Entering the ragged building, a spiraling river of a pink and gaseous substance ran through an enclosed tunnel. Just as I'd been told by the voice, the descent began slowly, and it slowed even more as I went around the first bend as it suddenly stopped. A trap door was present at this intersection in the spiral, and I knew I could end my journey now, but I shoved myself past the door, determined. Floating in midair, it began going very fast, making me dizzy and suddenly hurling me the ground.

Earthly delusions began pouring out of me and appearing as thought-forms around me. Violence, rejection, fears, stupidity, loss . . . Merging into one big mass of smoky gray energy which was removed from my innards, it landed at my feet in a big clunk.

Skies now opening up before me, I saw a man and a woman. Resonating truth, a voice said, "There is only one man and one woman . . ." Even though I didn't quite understand this yet, it gave me peace.

*"There being no duality, pluralism is untrue. Until duality is transcended and at-one-ment realized,*

***Enlightenment cannot be obtained."***

*The Tibetan Book of the Great Liberation, The Seeing of Reality, Page 206, Paragraph 4-5, (Buddhism, Tibetan)*

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Soaring through the heavens, Heaven Dawn beckoned to me from a distance, and when I arrived he had a gift for me. Handing me a box of what he called 'spongy creatures,' hundreds of little sponges were contained within it shaped like hearts, circles and octagons. Living creatures, they smiled at me. "These beings absorb love," he said, "I've filled these creatures with my love for you." Pulling out a heart, he said, "These represent the love that fills us," a circle was next, "and these represent completion of the soul," and finally, the octagon, "these are the immortal, the eights."

Understanding that there were eight levels of development which a soul must undertake in karmic purification, he expressed them; 1) awakening, 2) co-creation, 3) surrender, 4) rites of passage, initiation into the mysteries, 5) emergence of karma, 6) mirroring of karma, and 7) igniting of the eternal flame, and 8) ascension. Although there are very significant passages beyond these, I was unaware of them at this point.

Heaven Dawn turned to leave, but paused and looked at me again, "One more thing," he said, "The man who appears in your room at night, his name is Lavelle." ***"Surely We have sent thee with the Truth as a bearer of good news . . ."***

*The Holy Qur'an, Part I, Chapter 2, Section 14, No. 119,  
(Islam, Words of Mohammad)*

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Waiting at the depths of the ocean, Odyssey had given me a silver ring upon which she was looking. Noticing that it had been transformed into an eight-sided diamond, she handed me a thin white stick of incense. With a breath, Odyssey lit the incense, which began

burning an eternal flame.

Surrounded by fear mists, Red Jacket approached me. "Do not fear my essence because my fragment is immersed in karma. Your feelings were real . . ." Red Jacket disappeared.

Appearing out of the ether, Lavelle, the one who had been appearing by my bed had manifested. "Okay," I said calmly, "I'm not going to be afraid of you, please show me the reason you've been coming to me." Amused, he turned into a big yellow bird and began dancing around the room. Understanding that he was trying to show me how ridiculous it was to be afraid of him, I laughed. "Okay, but please tell me your purpose with me, don't leave me in suspense." Nodding, 'No,' he disappeared into the ether.

***"He it is Who sends blessings on you, and (so do) His angels, that he may bring you forth out of darkness into light. And He is ever Merciful to the believers."***

*The Holy Qur'an, Part XXII, Chapter 33, Section 6, No. 43,  
(Islam, Words of Mohammad)*

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Entering a space filled with colorful spheres, Red Horse was manifesting sub-consciously up ahead, desperately wanting to see me and running away from me at the same time. Odyssey appeared. "Remember the 'Chimney through Frequencies.'" Handing me a piece of clay, I began molding it into a chimney, adding jewels and jade, and finishing it with a candle on each side as tall as the chimney itself. Lighting them, the chimney grew until it was about eight feet tall. In the fire pit, a murky white substance flowed which I immediately jumped into. Emerging on the other end, I was suddenly far away. Red Horse seemed so far away, like an ancient memory and somehow I'd traveled beyond him, my past and my delusions.

Holding a blanket with many symbols sewn on

it, Odyssey appeared. The symbols represented moments of my life. "Red Horse represents four short lines," she said, "attach the past to this cloth, and it no longer has freedom to reign in your present." Sewing the four oblong lines onto the cloth, I began to feel as if that part of my life no longer even real. "Your 'Eternal Cloth' holds the past tight, so your future can be free." Odyssey said. A small gnome approached. "You've put it to rest," he said, "your future is bright indeed."

Immediately returned to the faerie realm, I placed my Eternal Cloth back into Odyssey's hands, and walked quietly away from the past.

*"The tenth stage is called the Great Truth Cloud (Dharmamegha) . . . Only the Tathagatas can realise its perfect Imagelessness and Oneness and Solitude. It is . . . the land of Far Distances; surrounding and surpassing the lesser worlds of form and desire (kharmadhatu), in which the Bodhisattva will find himself at-one-ment."*

*A Buddhist Bible, Lankavatara Scripture, Chapter XI, Page 343, Paragraph1, (Buddhism)*

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Hovering in silence, Odyssey appeared bringing with her a pulsation of light. Shaking from the vibrations, they continued to grow with intensity because of her presence as angels and heavenly hosts began appearing all around us. "Look, the ascension energy," a consensus consciousness voice said, as Odyssey continued to send light through my spirit.

Ancient drumming beckoned my spirit, as I immediately soared to a small tribal village. Leaving me in the care of an Arabian man in a pink heart-shaped tent, Heaven Dawn was in the distance, watching and waiting. Sitting on a pillow with puffy bright hearts, I watched the man in the tent as he stirred up a pot. Calling it, 'Psychedelic Stew,' he said it contained within

it the psychedelic essence of the eternal. "Because you perceive yourself as unworthy of Heaven Dawn, we give you this stew which will help you relinquish control and doubt." Preparing to serve it up, he said, "You may feel rather high." Swirling of its own accord, many colors revolved within it.

Beginning to slowly sip it, I liked how it tasted and began to drink very quickly. Changing drastically, my point of perception lifted *up* as if out of a fog. Happiness, joy and a certain sense of abandon filled me as my self-doubt disappeared. Heaven Dawn entered the tent sitting right next to me. "You're perfect to me," he said.

A shooting star took me to the location of an ancient beat which was echoing through the stars. Two medicine women were drumming around me, chanting around a blazing fire. Handing me a doll, a large flame had been lit in its center, and a synergistic energy rose like an electric storms as lightning flashed. Grabbing my hands, the women said, "Be ONE with the flame." Shoving my hand into the flame in the center of the doll, the dress began to glow outward and grow. "You have lit the eternal flame; it now burns inside of you." As I couldn't yet see this flame within myself, they assured me that it would grow, but that it must be synergized with knowledge to achieve full radiance.

***"Jesus said, 'Whoever is near me is near the fire, and whoever is far from me is far from the kingdom.'"***

*The Gospel of Thomas, No. 82, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

***"Know thou moreover that every created thing is continually brought forth and returned at the bidding of thy Lord, the God of power and might."***

*Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Suri-i-vafa, Page 183, Paragraph 3, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

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***"For love that seeks aught but the disclosure of its own mystery is not love but a net cast forth: and only the unprofitable is caught."***

*The Prophet, On Friendship, Page 71, Paragraph 4,  
(Christianity, Author: Kahlil Gibran)*

Outside of form, I called out, "I want the knowledge that will give me clarity and truth." As I did so, a goddess appeared before me sitting on a golden throne. "The first thing you must do to find truth and clarity is to call me by my name. My name is Yraknin, Goddess of truth." "Yraknin, I am honored, thank you for answering my prayer for wisdom. I ask you, Goddess Yraknin, what is the knowledge that I seek that will fill me with clarity and truth?" Heaven Dawn appeared before the Goddess. "Lavelle," he said, "Do you want to know?" "Yes!" I said.

Soaring towards the Assisi Mountains beyond the star tunnel, the familiar Assisi Marauder was awaiting my arrival, a white-winged horse at his side. Deep eyes piercing mine, his cape flew wildly in the wind. "I am Lavelle," he said, "the one who appears to you. I've come to watch over my Eternal Flame. Heaven Dawn and I are ONE. I've shown you many faces. If you remember our pasts, every man you've known has held an image of us. In order to find us, we've had to search deep within self. Now we can become one." Approaching me, Lavelle tried to touch me, but a force began pulling us apart. "You ARE my fantasy," he said, "let me in . . . let me in."

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Suddenly, Lavelle and I were surrounded by vessels from Alpha Centauri. Light beings came from inside the crafts and began spreading sparkly energy all around us. "Energizing," they said, "energizing eternal things."

Transported to Alpha Centauri, we were on a planet encompassed in different shades of violet. Everything was bright, cheery and vibrant with light. Music began emanating from all around us manifesting into sparkly light, as our eyes became psychedelic lights. "You must SEE music, before you hear it!" a light being said. Legions of angels descended as they handed me a gift; a statue of an angel. "Yes, I understand, Lord." I conveyed, as I allowed the musical part of my mission to fill me.

***"O virtuous one, you have only once seen My person, and this is just to increase your desire for Me, because the more you hanker for Me, the more you will be freed from all material desires."***

*Srimad Bhagavatam, First Canto - Part One, Chapter 6, Text 22, (Hinduism)*

***"And with a great voice he said: When love beckons to you, follow him, though his ways are hard and steep. And when his wings enfold you yield to him, though the sword hidden among his pinions may wound you. And when he speaks to you believe in him, though his voice may shatter your dreams as the north wind lays waste the garden."***

*The Prophet, On Love, Page 11, (Christianity, Author: Kahlil Gibran)*

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Entering a cave, the Goddess Yraknin stood ready to enhance further clarity and truth, as my shame over having made the same mistake over and over throughout many lifetimes was made manifest. Yraknin intervened. "You never thought you would allow yourself to love a man filled with hate like your father, but your father didn't hate you . . . he hated himself, and released his anger on those around him. Neither did Red Jacket hate you. Distorted love . . . is still real, though not eternal." Pausing, she added, "Loving others is never

wrong." Yraknin said. "In order to choose life, you must release your shame and let it all go." "I will," I replied, "I will let this go."

***"And Aaron said to Moses, 'Oh my Lord, account not to us the sin' (Num. 12:11). He said to him, 'Since we sinned inadvertently, forgive us. It was not deliberate.'"***

*The Classic Midrash, Numbers, Page 261, Paragraph 3,  
(Judaism)*

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Descending around my body and soul as I lay sleeping, a lighted dome had formed with hundreds of small little rings of light. Odyssey appeared. "It is the energy of protection, the ringlets." She said. "The what?" "As you energize the eternal flame, the role of the masculine energy is to surround the feminine in protection. Heaven Dawn has energized this field of protection." "Oh," I said, "that's kind of nice." "An eternal connection takes time, as the energies must be aligned perfectly." Odyssey replied.

***"To hear Thee, O Guardian Angel of All, with soft touches of love I tuned my intuition radio."***

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 186, Stanza 4, (Hinduism,  
Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

***"See then how He returns, not in actual flesh and blood, but, as I have said, building the road of His doctrine, with His power, which road cannot be destroyed or taken away from him who wishes to follow it, because it is firm and stable, and proceeds from Me, who am immoveable."***

*The Dialogue of St. Catherine of Siena, A Treatise of  
Discretion, Page 88, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic,  
Author: St. Catherine of Siena)*

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Holding swords in a circular pattern towards the heavenly hosts above, three knights held their swords so

that the points might meet in the center. Decorated with religious symbols from throughout the ages, their armor displayed majesty. As their swords met, majestic energy soared straight up into the cosmos, falling gracefully into the top of my head, my crown chakra. Hovering in the heavens behind them was the secret garden. "We are the three melodies." The knights said. "Synergized, we are music. You are the chalice that we fill." Their sword touched my head lightly, "Melody, harmony and words." Then they were gone.

Juliosa appeared in the empty black space as the intensity of his eyes held familiarity. Beginning to change form, I was confused. "Juliosa?" I whispered, "Yes, it is I." Appearing in another image, he said, "Did you forget that we had business to do?" Admittedly, I had. "It's time to remember." He was gone, and suddenly I was in another time and place . . .

Dying, my wounds were bleeding profusely and I knew I had little time left to live. Our farm had been taken over by vengeful marauders. Taking my father, sister and I to the back fields, they shot each of us once in the chest.

Juliosa and I had been close; he was a field hand and had just found us lying in the grass dying. Wanting to say, 'I love you,' the words were directly on my mouth, but I was too weak to speak them. An angelic voice began singing in my brain:

"Dreamer, dreamer, dreamer  
 Tell him, I love you  
 Dreamer, dreamer, dreamer  
 Tell him, he'll know it's true  
 Dreamer, dreamer, dreamer  
 Tell him before the life's drained out of you  
 Dreamer, dreamer, dreamer

Tell him, he'll know your love is true"

Moments passed as I began slipping away into the realm where the angel's voices originated. Trying, reaching, yearning, pulling towards him, no words came. "God, I love you!" My thoughts cried out. "Why can't he hear me anymore?" Calmly, I whispered, hoping that a spirit wind would breathe these words to him from beyond the veil of death:

"In the wind, you'll feel my presence  
 In the stars, you'll see my breath  
 In the night, you'll hold the memory  
 Of a love I won't forget"

As my death neared completion, he never heard those words. Heaven Dawn was at my side, and I instantly knew that Juliosa and he were one. One man . . . one woman. "In one breath, lies all existence, in one moment, every moment. In one moment . . . lies all eternity." Heaven Dawn whispered.

***"Hear me, you hearers, and learn of my words, you who know me. I am the hearing that is attainable to everything; I am the speech that cannot be grasped. I am the name of the sound and the sound of the name. I am the sign of the letter and the designation of the division."***

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Thunder: Perfect Mind,  
 Page 302, Stanza 3*

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An unexpected message came to me in a dream when I was told that I would be hearing from Juliosa's fragment on a particular day. Our paths had parted long before, so such contact would be unusual. But on that prophesied day, it was not he who called, but my father from whom I'd not heard in years. Telling me that he loved me, I realized a great truth in this moment.

**"A dream that is uninterpreted is like a letter that is unread."**

*The Talmudic Anthology, No. 66, Stanza 2, (Judaism)*

Even those who hurt the ones they love . . . do love, it's just that their love is immature. Flawed love remains true, although not eternal. Earthly love is often ruled by karma, only becoming eternal by an intricate set of choices made by *both* parties on the ground.

**'Evil has been committed by me,' thinking thus, he repents. Having taken the path of evil he repents even more."**

*Dhammapada, Canto 1 -The Twin Verses, No. 15 & 17,  
(Buddhism)*

**"For even as love crowns you so shall he crucify you. Even as he is for your growth so is he for your pruning."**

*The Prophet, On Love, Page 11, Bottom, (Christianity,  
Author: Kahlil Gibran)*

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"You will find the answer lies within," Odyssey said, "in order to find wholeness, you must *become* that which you seek. You are not yet that which you seek."

Always entertaining a delusion of someone left behind, focusing on a love that was not present, in my past, and therefore, dead, I was unable to love that which stood right before my eyes. Relationships serve purposes that reside within proper time/space continuums, and are often meant to impart a 'quality' to our soul. Thinking of many souls who had walked life's path with me, I realized that I'd been unable to 'see' many of them because I was obsessed with those who were not around. Unrequited love is a clever way to manifest fears of intimacy, because you are always in love with someone who isn't there. Someone who is not present does not have to be *real*; they are very much a *fantasy*. In my quest to seek fantasies, I'd lost opportunities for realities because I simply didn't see them. But they were there . .

***"He does not crave the object of desire because of any intrinsic value it may possess, but simply because it is perceived as something beyond his reach."***

*Strive for Truth, Lovingkindness, Page 137, Paragraph 5,  
(Judaism, Author: Rabbi Eliyahu E. Dessler)*

Contained within my own soul is the eternal flame, it is not outside of me. In reality, we are never truly separated from those we love, because we are united in the spirit. Overcome by a majesty of knowing, it became evident that all things were a part of me, and that I was a part of all things. Everyman, everywoman . . . was one with me. Every face . . . was my own. There had never been a moment when my soul had not been completely loved by God.

Knowing that I would remain powerless only as long as my focus was not in the present moment, it became known to me that for everything there is a season, and when that season has passed, the soul must move forward. For who among us has not loved and lost, who has never known death, been afraid, felt lost, and who, I beg of you to tell me, who has never fallen from grace, even for a moment, in thought, word or deed? If you have not, you have no need of these words, but if you have . . .

***"No one can be withdrawn from his evil unless he has first been brought into it."***

*Marital Love, The Lust for Variety, No. 510, Emanuel Swedenborg, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism)*

***"Let the sinner not be afraid to approach Me. The flames of mercy are burning Me - clamoring to be spent. I want to pour them out upon these souls."***

*Divine Mercy, Notebook 1, Page 24, No. 50, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

And so continues the karmic journey of a soul, long, arduous, filled with pitfalls and error, but when all

has passed, if a soul reaches higher for the everlasting light of God, it will begin its ascent to the divine altar of ascension, the first step on the long and winding stairway to heaven. So as the soul begins its ascent, let it awaken to the silence of knowing, which is the place where unconditional love resides. Silence takes form in love, and love takes form in silence. Knowing must become wisdom, and wisdom always retains silence.

***"All hail! this is the Knowing of the Mind, the Seeing of Reality, Self-Liberation. For the sake of future generations who shall be born during the Age of Darkness, these essential aphorisms, necessarily brief and concise, herein set forth, were written down . . ."***

*The Tibetan Book of the Great Liberation, The Seeing of Reality, Page 238, Paragraph 6-7, (Buddhism, Tibetan)*

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There he was again, the fragment of Juliosa, watching from the sub-conscious astral state . . . always watching. "Why is it that I continue to see you everywhere I seem to go . . . beyond the physical realm, but yet we are not connected in the physical realm at all?" Juliosa appeared and overlapped him. "In one breath . . . lies all existence; in one moment, every moment. In one moment lies all eternity." "Okay, yeah?" "What we have together in one realm is not diminished by another. Can you love my soul for all that I am, even though this physical fragment is sleeping? Will you sacrifice the magnitude of a soul, because the tiny fragment of that soul is not awake?" "Well, no, of course not. You know I love you." "Perhaps that is all that it means; that there is love. We are one; we have been united beyond the veil. We will forever meet, wherever it may be, whatever time, space or reality . . . because we are not separate, because I love you, and you love me. Some parts of me have forgotten, some parts of you have forgotten, but our souls are forever one." "Thank you, Juliosa," I said. "My

fragment will be in school for three more years." Juliosa added. "Okay," I replied. Exactly three years passed as my soul guardianed him from sub-conscious levels of sleep, and then my unseen work with his soul was finished.

*"Of course it is bewildering, O soul of the universe, that You work, though You are inactive, and that You take birth, though You are the vital force and the unborn. You Yourself descend among animals, men, sages, and aquatics. Verily, this is bewildering."*

*Teachings of Queen Kunti, Chapter 13, (Hinduism)*

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Coming quickly, the spirit reached his hand to mine as he imparted his message quietly. "Someday true love is going to hit you." He said. "Do you really think so?" I responded. "Of course," he replied, "if it doesn't, then sadness exhumes the soul."

*"True marital love increasingly unites two into one human being . . . And because true marital love persists to eternity, it follows that a wife becomes more a wife, and a husband more and more a husband. The ultimate reason is that in a marriage of true marital love each becomes a more and more interior human being."*

*Marital Love, No. 200, Page 277, Top, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)*

## CHAPTER FIVE

**Palestinian Master, Civil War and a Family  
Named Saggerro, Book of the Drain of the  
Dragons, Silken Angels, Merging of the Red  
Jackets, Land of Passage to Enter Eternity, To  
Retrieve a Golden Angel, Flatliner Dance,  
Meeting the Council, Native American Life in the  
West, Lavelle, Underwater Temple, the Old Ones  
and the Falling of the Veil.**

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Soaring through the echoing waves of time, my spirit landed in an ancient village outside of Palestine. A large, turbaned man with a cape wrapped around his shoulders approached. "I am the Palestinian Master. Now that I have been all that is good, and all that is bad, I find that I am in essence the same." "And what is it that you are, master?" I asked. "What is it that *you* are?" He replied calmly, "Are you not merely a manifestation of energy, and energy a manifestation of love?" Nodding, I said, "Then, I am love?" "In our purest form, we are all love . . . but what is love?" He asked. "Love is all that is." I sighed. "So if you choose to become all that you truly are, then you must become purely love?" he asked, as I became exasperated. "Yes, yes, that must be true." "Then it is time for you to take another step . . . atonement."

Stepping back from the intensity of what he said, I asked, "But what is atonement, really?" With a final sway of his robes, he replied, "All must become of the *one*." Disintegrating, he was gone.

*"It is uncreated and indivisible, utterly purged, purified of the two extremes, definitively liberated from the obscurations three - the defilements, ideational knowledge and blockages to meditative mastery: stainless, completely beyond concept, and through*

*being the domain of the Yogi . . . essentially pure, it is clarity."*

*The Changeless Nature, Enlightenment, Page 90, No. 212-213, (Buddhism, Words of Arya Maitreya, Author: Acarya Asanga)*

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The guns were no longer firing, the battle had stopped, but here on the mountain the lone soldier stood atop his horse dealing with the greatest battle of all . . . that of grief. Barely marked, the grave was hardly noticeable in the windswept dried grass, but it was here that they lay, his wife and their unborn child. What had once been a working farm was no more. All that remained was the wooden cross which bore the family name, 'Sagrerro.' A plaintive wail tore across the horizon.

Peering through time, I knew the grieving man to be an aspect of Red Jacket. Memory returning of how he had gone to war, in his absence, robbers had come to the farm, burned everything to the ground, and left me to die in the searing flames.

"Nooooooooo! Nooooooooo!" I heard the distant cries of my mother-in-law as the flames consumed everything including my life and the life of our unborn child who had been six months along. Burying me on the hill, not far from the rubble of what had once been our home; this was only the beginning of its hauntings.

Beginning to torment my soul, the memory of this time was unwilling to leave my consciousness, unwilling to leave me in peace.

*"List ye, O man, drink of my wisdom, learn ye the secret, that is Master of TIME. Learn ye how those ye call Masters, are able to remember the lives of the past."*

*The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean, Tablet XIII, Page 71, Paragraph 4, (Mystery Religions,*

*Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Thoth)*

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Yelling and screaming, the woman's face was clearly in view in my dreaming, but what was it she was so upset about? Gray hair pulled back into a bun, her plump body was neatly dressed in a flower print blue dress. "What?" I called out in the ether. Though her lips moved, I couldn't hear her. Suddenly, they were there, the four men responsible for my untimely demise. Desperately afraid of them, my screams filled the horizon. "No! Don't do it!"

Moments later, I stood before four brothers (who were not the same four men) in a different time. Holding a maternity dress made of cream-colored yarn and decorated with violet; it was long to the floor and drew me into the memory of a happier time. Smiling in remembrance, I put it on and was immediately transported back to the farmhouse.

Running across the plain, the house was on fire, the barn was ablaze and the renegades had run through our little settlement on the hill, robbing, raping and killing in their wake. Unable to run fast because I was six months pregnant, I was determined to get to the barn and save the horses from a fiery death. My husband's mother was running towards me with fear in her eyes. "No!" She screamed. "Don't go in there, it's too dangerous. No! Don't do it!" Ignoring her, I ran in.

Ensnared in flames, I opened the stalls, but one of the horses in his frenzy, kicked me in the stomach. Falling over, I tried to get up but I was hemorrhaging. It was too late, the smoke was thick. Coughing, I passed out in the smoke and passed away.

*"The door of memories swings open. Among the motley  
I look for Thee but Thou appearest not. Halt, ye  
throng of countless thoughts and experiences past!  
Come not into my sanctuary."*

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 46, Stanza 2, (Hinduism,  
Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

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Crying at the table, the Civil War was raging and I was dressed in black. My husband had been aboard a boat that had gone on a daring mission, many had been killed and I'd been told that there was no way he could've survived. Tears streaming down my face, I heard the sound of the front door. Looking up, I was stunned as my husband walked in. In elation and joy, I ran to greet him. He was alive! On this short one day leave, I got pregnant. Six months later, I died at the hands of highway robbers.

When awakening, I felt detached, as if I was no longer a part of the emotional turmoil of this haunting time. In a state of observation, I looked into it with a certain, 'I'm beginning to understand, Lord.'

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Lying in bed, six months pregnant, I was alone in the farmhouse. Banging on the door with vigor, the renegade robbers knocked the door down and came barreling into the house. At this moment, I *knew* I was going to be raped. Again, I witnessed their attack, the fires, my mother-in-law's screams, and my own death.

The medicine man was chanting and shaking his rattles over the scene of my death. "My dear one," he said, "you felt cheated that he was taken from you by the war and when you presumed him dead. Now you must accept the choices he made. He chose to leave. This is what you must understand and embrace, that it was his choice. Release it!"

***"That bhikkhu who has crossed the mire, crushed the thorn of sensual desire and reached the destruction of delusion, is not perturbed by pleasures and pains."***

*The Udana, Chapter 3, 3.2, Page39, Stanza 1, (Buddhism,  
Theravadan, Words of the Buddha)*

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***"Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received gifts for men: yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them."***

*King James Bible, Old Testament, Psalms 68:18,  
(Christianity)*

Entering the body of a woman in an ancient time, I was sitting next to my husband, who was a king, and our three children. Concerned about the Amazons, a race of women who lived on a nearby island that seemed to have the secrets to power and knowledge, many people from our kingdom had gone to the island never to return. Assuming they'd all been killed, the Amazonian women were reputed to be monstrous in size and very strong.

Local mythology spoke of a sacred book which explained the secrets that they knew, but no one knew its name or what it really contained. Interested in finding this book to learn more about the Amazons, I agreed to cross the ocean path, find the sacred book, and bring it back to him.

I never returned.

A floating pathway to the island had been built by the Amazons, but the last stretch of about twenty-five feet was left unfinished. Raging ocean waters prevented those of impure heart from crossing, because in order to get to the island you had to swim in water infested with water dragons. Getting to the island was not much of a problem as the dragons rarely bothered those coming in, but were very hard on those going out. While I had been washing ashore, I noticed the size and might of the dragons and ran quickly into shore to escape their huge talons.

After arriving, I was surprised that the Amazon women were not big at all. In fact, most of them displayed very soft and feminine features. Walking

around naked, their faces held a purity, solemnity and grace that I admired, because their strength was not physical, but spiritual.

Running into a soul who kept changing identities from male to female, I bowed to show my respect. "I am the Dragon Master, and I carry the sacred book." "I remember you," I said with surprise, as my current self, Marilyn began to overlap. "The Dragon Master, you were my teacher." "Yes," he said, "Come, I have messages for you . . . and the sacred book."

Traveling deep into the brush of the inner island, we sat beside a waterway which extended into the sea. A special place of teaching, a protective crystal enclosure was set up to protect pupils from the wrath of the dragons. From particle energy, the Dragon Master manifested a book and handed it to me, 'The Book of the Drain of the Dragons.' Taking it with the utmost of respect, the dragons in the water began to stir. "Do not worry," he said, "one of the secrets of the dragons is that they can only see your auric field. The Amazonian women have learned to draw in their energy around the shore so they will not be seen. We are protected by the crystal enclosure until you learn this technique, as well."

Wanting to open the book, it seemed to be stuck. "The book is not of words, but of energy. This is a book of memory." Taking my hands, the Dragon Master sent a wave of light through them, and then from his third eye to mine. A powerful energy began entering and I felt and saw images of beautiful things. "The silken angels!" I shouted, "Where are the silken angels?" Laughing, he held one of my hands and led me to a temple. "You remember quickly, my daughter." Prancing through the wilderness, we came upon the gateway to the Amazon regime. Silken pink angels immersed the entire city in a sensuous warm glow.

Allowing my consciousness to expand, I remembered that the Amazons were a spiritually evolved, predominantly female society, protected by the power of their high thoughts and the silken angels who allowed no harm to come to them. Those who had never returned had not been killed, but had either chosen to stay with them, or died at the hands of a dragon while trying to bring back secrets to a society that could not understand them and might misuse them. Wearing no clothing was a sign of their purity and looking down at myself, I realized that I, too, was undressed. Taking me to the temple, the Dragon Master said, "You carry the sword of sacred duty." Brushing his before my third eye, memories surfaced as I relived them.

Having never returned during that lifetime, my family thought I'd been killed. Desperately, I'd tried to find a way to return, but found that you can never turn back. Teaching me much, the Dragon Master helped me to pass through the Amazonian rites more and more every day. But I missed my husband and children.

One day while walking along the water lost in thoughts of my husband, I'd forgotten to pull my auric field into myself. Another woman who was just arriving was walking along the shore, as a huge green tentacled dragon surfaced and immediately grabbed her. Running to her, the Dragon Master's voice rang in my head, "You now carry the sacred sword." Manifesting in my hand was a tool very much like a screwdriver, but different. The thought of hurting the dragon repelled me, but I knew there was no other way. Taking the sword, I plunged it directly into the dragon's third eye.

Feeling the pain of transformation, my hands were bleeding profusely as the dragon had sent his claws directly through my wrist, but the woman, though badly injured, would survive. Holding her injured form in my

hands, I watched in disbelief as the dragon who'd appeared dead, was now stirring and changing form. Energies of purple were soaring around his talons and his tentacles were no longer solid. A whiz of energy gyrated throughout and exploded in pink light as the dragon became a silken angel! (An allegory of the karmic soul who achieves purification.)

Standing at the new angel's side, the Dragon Master said, "You've remembered the secret of the sacred 'Book of the Drain of the Dragons.' You have drained the negativity of your dragon and transformed it into a silken angel of love." Walking forward into my soul, the silken angel became one with me, as the woman who'd been hurt just got up and walked away. Being an actress, she'd played her part well because she was not truly injured. My tears were pink as I remembered the Amazonian secrets. "The dragon?" He asked. "My unfulfilled potential." I replied. "The silken angel?" He asked. "Potentials fulfilled." "Very good, when you look in the eyes of the dragon, you fear the part of you that has yet to be transformed, but it takes courage to bring potential to fulfillment." Approaching me, his face became serious. "As a bearer of the sacred sword, I now ask of you to bear service to another." "Yes," I replied, "whatever you ask, I will do. You've shared with me the gift of memory." "I have a message for one who follows."

Although the message was for someone in particular, it was truly a message for all. Holding a stick of incense which blazed at the tip he said, "Many masters have shared techniques, doorways into the sacred spaces." I knew he spoke of the many forms of meditation, mantras, contemplatives, prayer, masses, etc. "But the ritual is not the *truth*, it is the *door*. Use the technique for the purpose of opening the door, not as an end in itself. You must open the door in order to find

sacred memory." Nodding, I understood him. "Tell my honored friend this." He paused as a rainbow gyrated above the incense.

*"Brethren, there are monks who are keen on Dhamma and they disparage those monks who are meditators, saying: 'Look at those monks! They think 'We are meditating, we are meditating,' and so they meditate and meditate, meditating up and down, to and fro!*

*What, then, do they meditate and why do they meditate?' Thereby, neither these monks keen on Dhamma will be pleased nor the meditators. (By acting in that way,) their life will not be conducive to the welfare and happiness of the people, nor to the benefit of the multitude."*

*Anguttara Nikaya 1-3, Part II, Book of the Fives, No. 24, Paragraph 2, (Buddhism, Theravadan)*

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Another person came into my life for a period of time, who exhibited the same personality qualities demonstrated in the Red Jacket lifetimes. Despite many nudgings to go towards the light, he was choosing an alternate path.

Odyssey came to show me what happens to the souls of those who run out of time in karmic circling, and are held accountable for that which they do. Apparently, this fragment had lived a lie, using deception and dishonesty to get what he wanted in life. Receiving several opportunities for grace, he had denied them all.

A dark cloudy vortex encompassed him, and the power of it was unfathomable and frightening. Watching as he became consumed in the raging clouds of the backwards flow, Odyssey said, "He has refused the hand of the eternal, he will now experience some of the darkest times of his life."

*"There are five mistakes: faint-heartedness, contempt for those of lesser ability, to believe in the false, to*

*Speak about the true nature badly and to cherish oneself above all else. The ultimate true nature is always devoid of any thing compounded: so it is said that defilements, karma and their full ripening are like a cloud etc. The defilements are said to be like clouds." The Changeless Nature, Buddha Nature, Page 70, No. 157-160, (Buddhism, Words of Arya Maitreya, Author: Acarya Asanga)*

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Odyssey handed me a stick of incense with a label that read, "Pathway of Ascension."

Standing gracefully, I awaited the entrance of somebody unknown, although I felt the ominous importance of the moment to come. Red Jacket entered the room and at his side, Red Horse. At his side, the most recent fragment joined. At his side, other manifestations of this soul began to appear, each from different lifetimes. Joining hands, they were showing a link between them, one to another. Looking at me with expectancy, I said, "I understand, they all come on behalf of the same karma." There's only one man and one woman . . . Red Jacket stepped forward. "You *have* to understand!" He said with great urgency. "You have to let this go *now*. I will love you forever, but you must see clearly not only what is true *beyond* illusion, but what is true *within* illusion. Immortality is forever, I will always be a moment." I was beginning to understand. Just because you have karma, or a connection to another person, doesn't mean you have to do something about it. Interestingly, those who truly follow the precepts taught in the major religions are sometimes able to rise above karmic impetus, making former lifetimes less relevant. After all, these matters do involve choice.

Gazing at Red Jacket and his counterparts, I said, "I will honor your soul, I will walk away." Red Jacket embraced me, looking deeply into my eyes. "I love you

now more than ever," he said, "because you love me enough to serve my soul." They disappeared, as I cried.

***"He is convinced that his happiness depends on his attaining this particular object and that if he would only achieve this goal he would be happy ever after. If he only realized how deluded he was about this he would soon cease his pursuit."***

*Strive for Truth, Volume 1, Lovingkindness, Page 139, Top,  
(Judaism, Author: Rabbi Eliyahu E. Dessler)*

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"Marilynn, you are resistant to love." The angel said to me. "I know you're right," I answered, "but I don't think I understand."

Surrounding my form in a whirlwind of light, my consciousness waned but resurfaced in a dark and dank graveyard. Tombstones carried the names of the dead, and those who hadn't yet been buried lay on the ground covered in sheets. This dark place didn't frighten me, but it didn't feel very good to walk within its midst, so I began searching for an exit through which I could leave.

In the distance, I could see a doorway. Light was pouring through the cracks and I knew that it was my destination. Walking towards it, the corpses covered in sheets were scattered everywhere and I had to be very careful to avoid stepping upon them. But as I walked, a hand came from under a sheet and grabbed my thigh, trying desperately to hold me in the graveyard.

Gently, I picked up the hand and placed it back under its sheet, but as I did so, I had accidentally moved the part which covered this dead person's face. "Oh, my God!" I thought, "It's him." Eyes showing sadness, Red Jacket's most recent fragment remained content in this dark place, as the vortex had overcome his soul. A rush of emotion urged me on towards the door where a security officer awaited me. "This is the place for the spiritually dead," he said, "those who have forgotten the

eternal for momentary gains that aren't real. Leave this place, and as you go, shed the armor you have taken on to protect yourself from those who are not living. Those who do not live do not love. Those who do not love do not live. Shatter your illusion that one as yourself mustn't deserve love because a dead man cannot return your love. A DEAD MAN HAS NOTHING TO GIVE!" Deceased in the spirit, though not of the flesh, thunder roared across the horizon.

***"Jesus said, 'Look to the living one as long as you live, or you might die and then try to see the living one, and you will be unable to see.'"***

*The Gospel of Thomas, No. 59, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene,  
Words of Christ)*

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Taken aboard a bus, Andy and I were going on a journey to a land of passage. Several different bus trips were to be taken to complete this journey, and with each trip a successive rite of passage.

On the first bus, a man who wore a jacket depicting the many faces of the Earth greeted us. Conveying to us that we would have only a short period of time to complete the passage, if we didn't make it . . . we couldn't continue.

Exiting the bus at the first passage, we noticed a mausoleum and went towards it. Instinctively we knew that there would be ancient sacred statues which contained energies needed to energize an eternal program. Walking in the doorway, however, we suddenly stood atop a magnificent snow-topped mountain.

Sacred statues were strewn amongst the wintry wilderness, and we could see the next bus waiting at the bottom of the mountain. Urging me to hurry, Andy was concerned that we reach the bottom in time; but the snow was high and slushy, and despite my thigh-high rubber

boots, I kept falling into puddles and snow-drifts. Although he only wore tennis shoes, Andy had no trouble with this. Andy had a much higher degree of physical skill, and I was able to continue because of his help. After what seemed like a long time, we both reached the bottom in time to board the next bus. Another guide awaited us.

Holding two small statues, one held the image of an Indian man, and the other an ancient priest. Indicating that we needed to find the hieroglyphic signs upon each statue in order to continue our journey, Andy picked them up but could not find any signs. "No, Andy," I said, "the sign would be at the base of the statues, the foundation, where all things must begin." Turning them to their base, we found the mysterious sign which was on the 'Book of the Eights.' Realizing that I had a higher degree of spiritual skill than Andy, he was able to continue because of my help.

Showing these signs to the guide, he quietly said, "Yes, now we go to 'Nightmare house.' A psychedelic van will be waiting to pick you up, and it will be very difficult to make it in time." "Nightmare house?" I said, conveying my displeasure at this uninviting title. But he said nothing more as he dropped us off at the eerie old mansion, which looked to be haunted by all sorts of nasty things.

Greeted at the door by a small woman, she had a dog. A short balding man with a terrorizing demeanor spoke like an echo in your mind. Leading us to a small room on the left side of the house, it contained frightening elements from our lives, and aspects of memory which had had laid down limiting patterns on our souls.

Overwhelmed by the energy of what I saw of my own past, Andy volunteered to walk in first to assist me

with my nightmare, but as he entered, he disappeared, and in what seemed to be the will of God, I was left alone to overcome it. Exhausted and confused, the first thing that caught my eye was a mangled tricycle which had been run over by a car. Inspiring a long ago memory of an accident, it had become a symbol of my fears. Walking towards it, I owned my own memory, touched it, and was immediately transported to the other side of the house.

Completely immersed in obsessive cleaning, Andy was not yet released from his past. I saw the old man laughing in my mind, his eeriness never waning. From the corner of my eye, I noticed that the woman was fleeing the premises. "What's going on?" I thought. Looking out the window, I saw three men in revolutionary war attire coming towards the house with fiery torches. Somehow knowing that they were going to burn down 'Nightmare House' in order to transform our karmic past, I realized that if we didn't get out of here first, we would spiritual die in the fire of karma. "Andy!" I shouted. "We have to go! They're going to set this house on fire." Andy, still trapped within his prison, was unable to respond to my words.

Grabbing his arm, we ran towards the side door which led into a vast maze. Realizing that the time to catch the van was nigh, I dragged him behind me as we tried to decipher this unusual conglomeration of tunnels. Behind us, the home was ablaze and the fire was spreading into this maze of illusions. Hot on our trail were the three men, who followed us because it was their mission to hold us in our karmic past and keep us from making passage.

Up ahead was a small bridge across a divide which was about four feet wide with a white hazy void below it. Not knowing what lay beyond that void, I

knew we needed to cross quickly and then remove the bridge to stop the past from entering into the present. After crossing, I mistakenly thought Andy had already crossed, and thus, I'd removed the bridge. Panicking, I called to him to jump the gap, but he wasn't running, but walking rather slowly and before I could stop him, he fell into the great white void.

I screamed . . . and I screamed, but the woman who'd previously left nightmare house suddenly appeared, "Maybe he's re-entering eternity." Grabbing my hand, she forced me to continue my quest through the roundabout tunnels reaching higher and higher. Once we reached the surface, I knew we would see the psychedelic van.

After what seemed like an endless ascent through the maze, I saw the door. Pushing it open, I ran to the van. "Wait! Wait!" I yelled, "Maybe he'll get here . . ." But the driver sped off without delay. "You never know," he grinned, "Andy might be in the back of the van. He might have gotten here *before* you." Now allowing me to look, he grinned from ear to ear as we sped off.

*"When he gives attention to formations as impermanent, they appear to him as exhaustion, when he gives attentions to formations as painful, they appear to him as terror. When he gives attention to formations as not-self, they appear to him as voidness."*

*The Path of Discrimination, Treatise on Liberation, Page 258,  
Paragraph 6, (Buddhism, Theravadan)*

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Sweeping through the window, the golden angel gained in size as she approached. Spreading to envelope my soul, I entered her as we became one.

And it was said that he who died by the sword must live again and retrieve a golden angel. As the

swordsmen left his life, the man he had tried to kill appeared. Remembering his own moment of death, he had died taking the life of another. With fear in his eyes, Andy hovered about his own dead body hoping to understand what his purpose could now be. Although the ninja warrior didn't speak, he extended his hand in forgiveness, and as Andy reached to take his hand, he was swept away.

Seeing a crowd up in the distance, the ancient swordsman noticed that everyone he'd ever known had gathered; family and friends from all lifetimes awaited his arrival. Walking through the crowds, the celebration was in full force to honor his return to reality.

Standing in the distance beyond the crowd, I stood. Light surrounded me, and he was entranced. Quickly moving to find me, he could not because I would disappear as soon as he would approach. "Where are you my golden angel?" Andy cried out, as I appeared at his side holding his hand. "You remember me?" I asked. "I do, but from where I know not." As we began to dance, our family and friends looked on. "Those who die by the sword," I said, "must live again to retrieve a golden angel. I've loved you forever and I've watched over you for centuries. As the ninja warrior returns to this side, you must return to the Earth. You have learned the ways of the warrior, now you must seek love and become an eternal warrior, a warrior of peace." "I don't want to go back to earth," the swordsman said, "I don't want to leave you, my golden angel." "But leave, you must," I said, "as you discover the peaceful way, the lighted way, you will also find me, for I will go with you this time. Seek me, for I shall be your counterpart." A light grew in the room, as my angelic essence was allowed to appear as all that it is, in its radiance. Only a moment passed, and we flew towards Earth to reincarnate into the tribes of man.

***"Just as the disease needs to be diagnosed, its cause eliminated, a healthy state achieved and the remedy implemented, so also should suffering, its causes, its cessation and the path be known, removed, attained and undertaken."***

*The Changeless Nature, Buddha Activity, Page 134, No. 331,  
(Buddhism, Words of Arya Maitreya, Author: Acarya  
Asanga)*

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Trotting upon the back of a horse, my soul was embarking upon a cathedral in the distance. A woman's voice began singing in operatic tones of her love for the Lord. As I came upon the holy site, I realized that this cathedral was for God's royal family, the prophets, mystics, saints and sages from throughout the world and throughout time. Beautifully decorated, statues of holy things were everywhere.

Wandering alone to the altar, a familiar face beckoned me to come near. Looking at him, he was wearing a white shirt and a pair of blue jeans but what was most striking about him was his long blonde hair and the medallion he wore. Upon it was the Sign of Otara, the sign of the angels.

Coming towards him, he mimicked every move I made, coaxing me with lively smiles. Acting as though he were my twin, he didn't cease to imitate any form I took upon myself. In order to confuse him, I began doing a pretty complicated dance step, and rather than repeating my new moves, he put his hands on his hips, smiled, and scolded me.

Who are you?" I asked him, as he shrugged his shoulders in jest. Pointing to a set of gems directly in front of him, he motioned me to look at them. "They are gems," I said, but he directed me to look closer. Each gem held a face inside, the different men in my life, while the center gem held an image of Andy, my ex-husband.

Gazing closer, I noticed that all of them were fakes, simple plastic imitations, except the center piece which held Andy's image. It glimmered with light like a true gem. "It is coming full circle. A true gem cannot be distinguished from a group of fake stones unless one looks closely to see the reality and the illusion. The seeker must embrace the gem. What is real, and what is illusion, what is eternal, and what is momentary? Gems are rare, plastic is common. Potentials unfulfilled have no meaning, potentials fulfilled are eternal." He disappeared.

*"For a certain higher part of the soul has advanced already to the point of judging the good of righteous action, while a slower, carnal part of the soul is not led by reason to this judgment. Thus, as a result of this very difficulty, the soul is urged to pray to the One who aids it towards its perfection, whom it recognizes as its Creator."*

*On Free Choice of the Will, Book Three, XXII, Page 139, Top,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Augustine)*

*"Now, my God, You can easily look upon and bear high esteem for the soul You behold, for by Your look You present her with valuables and jewels and then esteem her and are captivated."*

*The Collected Works of St. John of the Cross, The Spiritual Canticle, Page 540, Stanza 33, No. 9*

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Gleaming golden pyramid steps shone in the bright sun as I began the short trek to the top of the temple. Flying to the crest was easy, but what greeted me at the top was surprising. The golden sphinx lay silently, peacefully . . . emerged. Dancers were swaying all around it, as a spirit told me, "They are doing the flat liner dance." Noticing that they were imitating the fluctuating heartbeat of a dying person, the heartbeat became erratic and then flat; purged of life (Death of

Karma).

Attention falling to the sphinx, I was shocked when he turned his head towards me. A living being, he was quite noble in stature. Opening his eyes for only a moment, he revealed grayish-blue eyes. Knowing that this dance had been done for me, every soul that is born into ascension must first die to karma.

***"Deep neath the image lies my secret, search and find in the pyramid I built. Each to the other, is the Keystone; each the gateway, that leads into LIFE. Follow the KEY I leave behind me, seek and the doorway to LIFE shall be thine. Seek thou in my pyramid, deep in the passage that ends in a wall, use thou the KEY of the SEVEN, and open to thee, the pathway will fall."***

*The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean, Tablet V, Page 31, Paragraph 2, (Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Thoth)*

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Standing before the council with my papers in hand, a council member said, "It is she who seeks passage; show us your life papers." Looking down in my hands, the papers I held were an in-depth look at all that I had accomplished up to this point in my lifetime. Handing it over, I looked dimly at the council. "Well, I don't know how I fare," I said, "I've done quite a bit, but I've never made much money." A slight chuckle passed through the council. "What we are looking for is something quite different. What have you sought, physical or spiritual wealth? What have you gained, knowledge or goods?" The bearer of knowledge and wisdom, one who has sought knowledge and found it, is the one who is ready to receive passage."

Sheepishly, I spoke on my own behalf. "To be quite honest, I have been a seeker of knowledge all my life. It has always been my highest purpose." A knowing look passed through the council, "You have, indeed, and

you don't need this to show that." Tossing the paper aside, they continued, "We vision a seeker by his heart, you will be given passage and the knowledge that will set you free."

And then they disappeared.

***"A person who devotes his mind, body and speech to the service of the Lord, even though in the midst of a miserable life fraught with past misdeeds, is assured of liberation."***

*Teachings of Lord Caitanya, Chapter 26, Page 290,  
Paragraph 2, Quote from Srimad-Bhagavatam, (Hinduism,  
Author: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Prabhupada)*

***"Jesus continued again in the discourse and said unto his disciples: 'When I shall have gone into the Light, then herald it unto the whole world and say unto them: Cease not to seek day and night and remit not yourself until ye find the mysteries of the Light-kingdom, which will purify you and make you into refined light . . .'"***

*Pistis Sophia, Third Book, Page 213, Paragraph 1,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

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Awaking to the physical world, a voice came abruptly and with power. "FIND YOUR TWIN!" The male voice emitted intensity and exasperation. "Who are you?!" I called out, as the voice repeated, "FIND YOUR TWIN AND MAKE HIM YOURS!" A white spirit form appeared in front of me, as I immediately recognized him as the man from the cathedral who had mimicked my every move. "May 10th is your day," he said, "Oh really? In what way?" I asked. "It is your birthday!" he replied, knowing full well that my biological birthday was in March. "FIND YOUR TWIN AND MAKE HIM YOURS." Looking at the clock, it said 6:30 A.M. The spirit began disintegrating until he disappeared. Looking at the clock, it was now midnight.

***"Everything is foreknown, but man is free."***

*The Talmudic Anthology, No. 97, Page 135, Stanza 4,  
(Judaism)*

*"My son, listen to my teaching which is good and useful, and end the sleep which weighs heavily upon you. Depart from the forgetfulness which fills you with darkness, since if you were unable to do anything I would not have said these things to you. But Christ has come in order to give you this gift. Why do you pursue the darkness when the light is at your disposal? Why do you drink stale water though sweet is available for you? Wisdom summons (you), yet you desire folly. Not by your own desire do you do these things, but it is the animal nature within you that does them."*

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Teachings of Silvanus, Page 383, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Screaming wisdoms echoed through time as my spirit journeyed into yesteryear. Of different and warring tribes, Andy and I were very much in love. Together for what would be the last time, we both knew it, and as we parted he spoke his last words to me, "This can never be. We must go."

Shortly thereafter, my death came suddenly like a wind in the night as I left my Earthly home to return to the grandmothers who lived within the mountains in the sky. Years went by and I became my true essence, that of a grandmother spirit watching over her many spiritual grandchildren. Going to him in dreams, he'd reject me openly due to his anger over my death. Determined to keep our momentary union a secret, my memory haunted him. In his heart, however, he knew the truth. It was something that could not be in this time or place, but would have to be in another. "I am you, you are me," he would always say, and it was true.

Close to his death, I returned to him in a dream.

Becoming a great chief to his people, he'd married another and felt conflict in seeing my spirit. Touching my essence beyond form, he said, "I cannot do this, if I feel your skin, I will remember how it once was, how it used to be. I cannot let that happen." Whispering in his ear, I spoke quietly to his heart. "I love you as grand as the setting sun, with the passion of a night wind thunderstorm, with the power of the winding valley, with the joy of the singing bird. I am you; you are me, as we will always be." A lone teardrop fell from his eyes down his time-worn face.

***"Oh Lord of Law, may I wear my scars of trials like deserved medals of chastisement, presented to me by the sacred hands of Thy perfect justice."***

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 70, Paragraph 1, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

***"We must feel the suffering of our people. To be transfigured we have to be disfigured in our own sight."***

*The Love of Christ, Part III, Page 84, 18 July 1968, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mother Teresa)*

***"I find myself in some scene which I cannot have visited before and which is yet perfectly familiar; I know that it was the stage of an action in which I once took part . . ."***

*Reincarnation - An East-West Anthology, British, Page 154, John Buchan*

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A disturbing rite, the 'Maze of Passages' was a very bizarre initiation wherein there was almost a vortex of constant motion. Various choices and potential paths appeared before me as if in a constant stream. Constantly moving, I made choices to go one way, found it incorrect, turned around, found another, picked a different direction . . . water crossings, the field of childhood dreams and nightmares, lenses of reality which passed before me until clarity was achieved. A

drama perceived as reality was the wrong choice and appeared as a blurry and unfocused mess. Leading to a life trapped inside a novel, perceiving earthly life as the only reality; was *not* where I wanted to go. Barreling out of there, I found clarity.

Standing amidst an old room filled with artifacts of my past-lives, I looked at war bonnets, headdresses, old books, pipes, etc. Turning, the chief had been watching me. "You are a writer," he said, "and you simply must write." Handing me an old book entitled, "TWINS," I began leafing through it, intrigued that the date on the book was 1909. Inside, it spoke of a bond so strong that the souls were truly like one soul. There was a picture of the Chief, and a picture of myself as the woman I'd been in that lifetime. Below it, it read, 'Twins.' I looked at him again . . .

***"It is the Bridegroom who takes up the song here and describes the soul's purity in this state and her riches and reward for laboring and preparing herself to come to Him. He also tells of her good fortune in having found her Bridegroom in this union . . ."***

*The Collected Works of St. John of the Cross, The Spiritual Cantic, Page 541, Stanza 34, No. 2*

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Sitting by the river, I was with the Chief who represented Andy's higher self. Coming to direct me to view the water, a shimmering could be seen from the shallow bottom of the river. "What is that?" I asked, reaching to pick it up. "Oh, it's a wedding ring," I said, "someone must have thrown it away; they must have no longer wanted it." Placing it on my finger, I suddenly recognized it. "It's MY wedding ring, I haven't worn this since Andy and I got divorced." "Maybe you'd like it back," the Chief said. "Yes! I do want it back!"

Knowing that an eternal union could not come without a great deal of work, I accepted that it would

require gentle cultivation and time. Would Andy be willing to come with me, knowing there were many problems and issues for us to deal with?

A shooting sound was heard overhead, and I looked up to see a white-winged horse approaching with an eternal rider, Heaven Dawn and Lavelle of the Assisi Marauders who had appeared all those nights at the foot of my bed were merged into one. But as he came closer, something appeared different. "Wait a minute," I said, "Is that . . . Andy?" Before I could answer my own question, Heaven Dawn had swooped down to pick me up. My essence became that of a golden angel, an eternal manifestation of Odyssey. Flying high up into the ether sky, I tried to get him to turn, and when he did, I was dumbfounded. "Andy . . . it's you!" I shouted, as his essence had become that of an Assisi Rider, an eternal manifestation of Heaven Dawn. "I will come with you," he said, "I am you, you are me, we *are* the reality."

Soaring off into the heavens, today was May 10th, my 'birthday.' And on that day, we reconciled.

***"It is to be observed that at the conclusion of a Grand Period, only two persons are left in the world, one man and one woman . . ."***

*The Desatir, Prophet, the Great Abad, Page 16, No. 117,  
(Zoroastrianism)*

***"On the sleigh of incarnations we slide from dream to dream. Dreaming, in a chariot of astral light we roll from life to life. Dreaming, in a vibrant physical vessel tossed by alternating waves of birth and death, we sail uncharted seas. Becalmed waters of indifference, whirlpools of activity, eddies of laughter, inexorable swells of mighty outer events - dreams all! It was only in Thee I awoke! Then I realized that, thinking I was awake, I had been only dreaming."***

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 165, Paragraph 2-3,  
(Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

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***"Listen carefully, listen carefully and ponder deeply. I, the Tathagata, shall discourse on the pure karma for the sake of all sentient beings of the future who are afflicted by the enemy, evil passions."***

*The Three Pure Land Sutras, Contemplation Sutra, No. 8,  
(Buddhism, Pure Land, Words of the Buddha)*

***"Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who putttest the sense of discernment into the heart of Thy servants, (that they may walk blamelessly before Thee,) and be steeled against all the devi(ces) of wickedness, and that they may bless (Thy name,) (loving) all that Thou lovest and abhorring all that (Thou hatest,) (and stray not in the waywar)dness of men, but, through the spirit of (discern)ment which is theirs, (distinguish) the good from the wicked, (and keep) their deeds undefiled."***

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, The Book of Hymns, Page 196,  
Stanza 3, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Falling into its depths, the ocean was mild that night. Land could not be seen for many miles from this sacred place, as I was seeking an underwater temple. Reaching the bottom, I saw the entrance fairly quickly. Looking much like the 'Taj Majal,' it held lights of many colors. No one seemed to be there, when . . . a voice began speaking. "You must show that you are worthy to receive the wisdom." It said. Behind me a screen appeared showing scenes from my life and how I'd handled them, both in the physical and beyond the veil. "You are welcome," it said, as the great marble white gate began to open

Swooshing suddenly back into my body, I was lying in bed as the purpose of the temple revealed itself. A massive energy surge overtook my body, thousands of times stronger than I'd ever felt before. Scared, I'd never felt anything quite like this, but suddenly, my whole *body* and *spirit* lifted up out of bed, beginning to fly around

the room. "It IS possible!" I screamed out, trying to get Andy's attention, but he was deeply asleep, assisted in his unconsciousness by his angels so that he wouldn't see the spectacle. For the next hour or so, the energy beam came and went, taking me on bodily flights around the room.

***"Know that all states of being . . . are manifested by My energy. I am, in one sense, everything, but I am independent. I am not under the modes of material nature, for they, on the contrary, are within Me."***

*The Bhagavad Gita, Chapter 7, Text 12, (Hinduism,  
Translation: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)*

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Standing atop the canyon lands, the native grandmother was pointing deep into the Earth, as music began to arise from its depths. Mesmerized, the Old Ones began phasing in and out of energy before me, and I felt their beckon to my soul. "I will come." I said peacefully, as I listened to the majestic melody of the Earth. "I will come."

A small pile of wood appeared as thunder crashed across the horizon. Trembling, a huge bear broke through the pile, awaking from hibernation. "The sleeping bear wakes, the dream becomes a reality," the Old Ones said. Being called to the mountains, it was time to go home.

***"Holy messenger of the Earthly mother, enter deep within me, as the swallow plummets from the sky, that I may know the secrets of the wind and the music of the stars."***

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Volume 1, Page 39, Stanza 1,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Chief Joseph was serene and direct as we walked in the mountain pathway. Handing me four temples of ice, he said, "Seek the place where the temples of the

Earth reside." Drawing with his fingers in the dirt, he etched a sacred medicine wheel. "Sacred ground," he said. All of a sudden I noticed a native doll unlike any other I'd ever seen. Lying in the woods, I ran to retrieve it. "I love this!" I shouted. "That does not surprise me." Joseph replied. "This doll is a gift from the Old Ones. It is their remembrance." Embracing it with humility, Chief Joseph handed me a papoose. Unaware of it at the time, he was trying to tell me we were going to have more children. In the blink of an eye we were now standing at the edge of a mighty canyon. Music was emanating from the canyon floor. "You will find it at the end of the road," he said, as I knew he spoke of our coming homeland. Then he was gone.

A mountain pass stood majestically before me, as a singular monk sat alone under a tree silently meditating.

*"I looked about me and could see that what we then were doing was like a shadow cast upon the earth from yonder vision in the heavens, so bright it was and clear. I knew the real was yonder and the darkened dream of it was here."*

*Black Elk Speaks, Chapter XIV, Page 169, Paragraph1,  
(Tribal, Oglala Sioux, Words of Black Elk)*

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*"Woe, woe unto sinners, on whom the negligence and the forgetfulness of the rules lie until they come out of the body and are led to these chastisements! Have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us, son of the Holy (One), and have compassion with us, that we may be saved from these chastisements and these judgments which are prepared for the sinners; for we also have sinned, our Lord and our Light."*

*Pistis Sophia, Sixth Book, Page 324-325, Bottom & Top,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of the Disciples to  
Jesus)*

And so it came to pass that the veil between my former life and my current one began to fall just as had been prophesied by the Old Ones. Required to make a choice of following the Lord thy God or allowing myself to be plummeted into the dark and Godless reality of the world at large, my worldly past became as a former life. I chose God and the veil fell.

***"And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother . . . for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life."***

*King James Bible, New Testament, Matthew 19:29,  
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

***"God dwells in all beings. But you may be intimate only with good people; you must keep away from the evil-minded. God is even in the tiger; but you cannot embrace the tiger on that account."***

*The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, Chapter 1, Page 84,  
Paragraph 5, (Hinduism, Words of Sri Ramakrishna)*

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## CHAPTER SIX

### **Karma of Religion, Struggle to Discipline the Will and Overcome Vice, Karmic Retribution, the Great Red Road, Satanic Cults, Homosexuality, Withholding Forgiveness, Self-Forgiveness, Karma of Original Sin, Why We Need Religion.**

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Wearing a monk's robe, I was covered in the garment of the Catholic faith. Some Islamic renunciants saw me and began throwing fireballs at me. A voice told me, 'Islamic renunciants don't like Catholic monks.' Finding a box filled with old rosaries, I placed my fingers amongst them and was delivered from the strange assault. For a moment I felt within me the stupidity of religious hatred, as God created all peoples, whether they be Hindu, Islamic, Buddhist, Christian or otherwise; to disregard this is ignorant.

And so it came to pass through a series of experiences, I was shown aspects of the dark side as it manifests in various world religions. Hovering in the air over a vortexing whirlpool below, I was told that the Babe Batre was violent and unjust, especially towards women. At the time, I didn't know that the Babe Batre was a tract of the Jewish Talmud. Arrogance and self-satisfaction were the failing of Nichiren, who founded the Nichiren sect of Buddhism. Profoundly, I was shown his dark liaisons. And as a certain branch of the Catholic monks of old came flying at me carrying their tools of self-torture, a stick with a hanging iron ball gilded with spikes, I felt their hatred of humanity. The Lord, in liberating me from them, made me to know that there is a difference between victim souls who are chosen by God whose sufferings come from above, and those who torture the body for no purpose other than their own self-

hatred and hatred of others. God *is* love, and he wishes us to serve our individual functions as He so deigns, in whatever religion He might choose for them. And in the same vein, a great Old One appeared to me from the mountains in the sky, saying that the tribal religions go a bit further than necessary in their self-mutilation and torturous practices. Certain of the mystery sects were singled out as failing in humility. In particular, the Rosicrucians were shown to have a weakness in this arena, due to the intellectualized nature of their belief; they become dark when they fall into arrogance and intellectual pride.

Beyond this, I was shown that almost all religions share differing degrees of an element of darkness which cannot be sustained on a true spiritual path - control. Because of judgmental absolutism, and rigid observance of ritual and rule, they do not allow God to express himself uniquely in individual souls, because it doesn't follow their own rigid practice or belief. Therefore, it is disregarded as coming from an evil force. Although discretion is always warranted in the acceptance of mystical experience, it is ignorant to refuse to accept God's movement within individual souls of many faiths, cultures and circumstances. God reaches to all of His children, in every part of the world.

As balance is always a required element of understanding, it is important to remember the many holy aspects in the world religions, as well. Throughout time there have been saints in every order who have been formed to be that which they were within the confines of religious rule and observance. These saints are in no way diminished by the failings of the political structure of religion, and in many cases, have been greatly increased because of their obedience to their faith. God chooses whom He chooses, and He has chosen many souls for

holiness from all walks of life, from all religions (some from no religion at all), from all cultures, from all corners of the world. And in many respects, it is those saints who come from rigid rule who become the most holy, for they attain the highest levels of discipline. But this rigid rule becomes destructive when it disallows the natural mechanism of mortal realms to take place, karmic purification. For the saints who attain to such heights have already achieved this goal, while the remainder of humanity remains below in karmic circling unable to grasp their height. God reaches to us all, and let us thank Him for this gift, rather than limiting His holy movement within the consciousness of mankind through our own ignorance and fear.

***"You may say that there are many errors and superstitions in another religion. I should reply: Suppose there are, every religion has errors. Everyone thinks that his watch alone gives the correct time. It is enough to have yearning for God."***

*The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, Chapter 4, Page 112, Paragraph 1, (Hinduism, Words of Sri Ramakrishna)*

***"The purpose of religion as revealed from the heaven of God's holy will is to establish unity and concord amongst the peoples of the world; make it not the cause of dissension and strife."***

*The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Chapter 8, Ishra'q'at, The ninth Ishra'q, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

***"Run not after rule."***

*The Talmudic Anthology, No. 146, Page 194, Stanza 6, Pesikta Rabbati, 22, (Judaism)*

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Many nights passed where I was allowed to traverse back in time to days of old when I was a member of different religious orders: Buddhist, Catholic, Tribal, and Mystery Religions. Beyond that, I was given to experience lives as a layperson in many of them, too:

Jewish, Hindu, Buddhist, Christian, and Moslem. This knowledge gave me a sense of unity.

*"The dreaming mind recalls past impressions. It sees again what has been seen; it hears again what has been heard, enjoys again what has been enjoyed in many places. Seen and unseen, heard and unheard, enjoyed and unenjoyed, the real and the unreal, the mind sees all; the mind sees all."*

*The Upanishads, Prashna Upanishad, Stanza 5, Page 164,  
(Hinduism, Translation: Eknath Easwaran)*

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And so it came to pass that my soul continued an intrusive self-examination, a life-review, to take note of all the harm I had caused, all the sins I had committed, and all the ways in which I had gone wrong. The time came when this process of examining my past deeds SEEMED to come to an end, as I had learned much and begun amending my life, but the ugliness that it had left upon my soul remained visible.

Then it was that I was taken to a place where a priest was giving baptism to all of God's children ready and willing to be cleansed. Not feeling worthy, I bowed in the other direction, my ugliness was too visible. But another priest appeared and took my arm. "Hurry, go now, before he is done and is gone." Pushing me down the aisle towards the altar, tears began streaming down my face.

White light was the essence with which this priest was created; his face, his hands, his robes. He was not of this Earth, but of heaven. Kneeling to the floor and bowing before the altar, the priest poured an entire cistern of living water over my head as I cried openly. Speaking words in another language, I cried because I could actually feel my sins being forgiven and taken away from me as he spoke. The signs of my sins were no longer visible upon my face and body, for these waters

had washed my soul clean.

As he finished his invocation, I began to rise quietly away from the altar, still in tears and in awe of the blessing of baptism that had been given me. My stains had been blotted out, as the Lord Jesus had promised! Our sins will be forgiven us, if we will go to the Father and seek it.

***"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved . . ."***

*King James Bible, New Testament, Mark 16:16,*

*(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

***"I am baptizing you with water, for repentance, but the one who is coming after me is mightier than I. I am not worthy to carry his sandals. He will baptize you with the holy Spirit and fire. His winnowing fan is in his hand. He will clear his threshing floor and gather his wheat into his barn, but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 3:11-12,*

*(Christianity, Words of John the Baptist)*

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A huge light began blaring from the center of my chest as I had awakened in my sleep. My Lourdes rosary, which had water encased within it from the holy shrine, was shining. Taking it to bed with me every night, my spirit looked up above into the sky as my beloved Jesus was kneeling at the foot of the Father, their robes white as snow in the heavenly mirage. It seemed I had just given birth, and it was a very holy birth.

But the Lord was concerned that I should rest, for my journey had been harrowing, both spiritually and physically. Conveying that He had chosen me for this work because of my sinfulness, He wanted me to lead sinners back to His holy heart. In my wretchedness, perhaps other souls would see the vastness of God's mercy to those who repent.

As I gazed upon this holy vision, now beginning

to fade, I felt God's love so greatly and fully, and I cannot express my joy. For in this moment, I felt God's love for me, and that despite this great trial in the abyss, wherein I felt as though God could not possibly love me anymore, I knew that the Lord had never left my side, He'd only made his presence less obvious to test my faith. But in this deep abiding presence I also felt great satisfaction, in that, this trial was necessary, it was fulfilled, and its fruits would be deeply holy.

For a moment, I was given a vision of the blood of the lamb as I knew that my soul had been washed in His holy sacrifice, and I was honored.

***"Ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven."***

*King James Bible, New Testament, Mark 14:62,  
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

***"My Heart was moved by great mercy towards you, My dearest child, when I saw you torn to shreds because of the pain you suffered in repenting for your sins . . . I see every abasement of your soul, and nothing escapes my attention. I lift up the humble even to my very throne, because I want it so."***

*Divine Mercy, Notebook 1, Page 134, No. 282, (Christianity,  
Catholic, Words of Christ, Author: Sister M. Faustina  
Kowalska)*

***"Thou hast a few names . . . which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white: for they are worthy. He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels. He that hath an ear, let him hear."***

*King James Bible, New Testament, Revelations 3:4-6,  
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

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And so it came to pass that I was taken into the

holy and unholy aspects of many religions. Inside a holy mosque, several Muslims showed me a huge card file that lay in the archives which contained very holy revelations. Upon closer inspection, I realized that these cards represented the original Hadith, the teachings of Mohammad to his disciples. Holiness swept through me as I reveled in the energies of the sacred teachings. In another moment, I was given to again see the violent side of the Muslim people, and the very dark nature of their holy wars.

Through an energetic exchange, I was given to feel the holiness of Krishna, the Hindu embodiment of the Lord, and it became known to me that the Lord had truly sent him to the Earth.

The light of Baha'u'llah, the founder of the Baha'i faith, came first as a lighted moth. Expanding into an angelic presence, knowledge of the Bab and Baha'u'llah was given to me in a conceptual manner, one which I cannot explain. But let it be said that it was made known to me that they were holy men. But as I posed the question to the Lord as to whether Baha'u'llah was actually the second coming of Christ, as he had claimed, I was given no reply.

Taken to the Jewish Wailing Wall, a voice said, "You may follow the Rabbi's, the great ones of old, and you will find among them the highest status of religious discipline." Then I was shown how the cliquish mentality of some Jewish people seriously displeases God, and that the parameters of the religion as practiced are too limited and repressed, not allowing for evolution and growth to be pursued. Although the foundation of the absolute laws was quite holy; in practice, there was a need for individual movement. And in subsequent experiences, it was made known to me that this was also a problem among the Catholic tradition.

The Lord revealed to my soul that because God is love, there was a great need for more merciful religion towards those who seek the Lord in earnest, but fail at certain precepts because of their level of evolution. Because of the many holy experiences I'd had in regards to the Catholic church and its saints, my soul was alight with wonder as I was flown to the Vatican in Rome. A mass was in progress and I was honored to be allowed to be a part of it, so I patiently sat and enjoyed the ritual. However, not long into the service, I noticed that there were many sub-conscious souls outside the cathedral in need of service. Due to their focus upon the ritual, however, the others involved in this service were unaware of this need. After a short time, I couldn't wait any longer, and I flew outside as unobtrusively as possible to give service to the souls hovering around the cathedral. Rituals serve a purpose, but when they are done for the ritual's sake alone, or for the obedience to a rule, the spontaneity of spiritual service may become lost. Although I was greatly honored to attend this mass at the Vatican, for it was a holy experience, it made me aware of the dangers of hard and fast rule which sometimes blind us to the spontaneous promptings of the spirit.

And so an angel of the Lord spoke to me in my dreaming, this time to tell me that there are three qualities which must be included within every religious path to make it valid: humor, direction and use.

*"Thanks be to Thee, Eternal Father, who hast in Thy House many mansions.' And he rejoices more in the different ways of holiness which he sees, than if he were to see all travelling by one road, because, in this way, he perceives the greatness of My Goodness become more manifest, and thus, rejoicing draws from all the fragrance of the rose."*

*The Dialogue of St. Catherine of Siena, A Treatise of Prayer,  
Page 217, Top, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St.  
Catherine of Siena)*

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Journeying again into my sin had left me feeling wretched. Having already asked the Lord for mercy, I now asked for grace. Becoming aware of my sin didn't, in and of itself, make me stop committing them. My vices controlled my words and deeds in such a manner, that it required a long, arduous path of trying to change, screwing up, trying again, screwing up again . . . I often felt so wretched in my inability to break the habit of destructive speech, inappropriate deeds, etc., that I sometimes honestly felt that I was a hopeless soul.

A time of great atonement, I sought forgiveness from those in my past for whom I had wronged, and I asked forgiveness from the Lord in prayer, imploring His mercy. "I am sorry, Lord, I am so very sorry . . . Lord of all creation, take this bird you have freed from the fragmentation of vice and teach her to fly, so that maybe someday she may return and bring joy instead of tears."

***"But habits of any kind are so strong in their possession of the minds of men that, even in the case of those that are evil (and these usually come from the dominant passions), we can more quickly condemn and detest them than we can abandon or change them."***

*The Fathers of the Church, Volume 4, The Advantage of Believing, Chapter 17, No. 35, (Christianity, Catholic,  
Author: St. Augustine)*

***"St. James tells us that this virtue comes from Heaven and that we shall never have it unless we ask it of God.***

***We should, therefore, frequently ask God to give us purity in our eyes, in our speech and in all our actions."***

*The Voice of the Saints, The Challenge of Chastity, Page 59,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. John Vianney)*

***"The man of Armaiti is bounteous, and with***

*understanding in his words and actions. May Ahura give him that Righteousness which is blessed, together with the Religion and that Sovereign Power which is established through the Good Mind. And I would pray for this same blessing from His grace."*

*The Avesta, Yasna 52, No. 21, (Zoroastrianism, Words of Zoroaster)*

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Having tried to find my niche amongst the many different world religions, I was shown that every time I broke free from one of these groups, a great psychic event occurred in the heavens. Appearing in the sky, the phoenix and hundreds of angels celebrated my freedom from bondage to one school of thought, and one key of knowledge. Conveying that I needed all of the keys to be complete, I didn't yet understand their meaning. Because I embraced aspects of all of the world religions, many of the followers of the world religions did not embrace me.

*"But, since things appear similar to each other in many ways, we should not imagine there is any precept that we must believe that, because a thing has a certain analogical meaning in one place, it always has this meaning."*

*The Fathers of the Church Volume 2, Christian Instruction, Chapter 25, No. 35, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Augustine)*

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*"Past wrong actions have left seeds in your mind . . . You cannot achieve emancipation until you have burned the seeds of past actions in the fires of wisdom and meditation. If you want to destroy the bad effects of past actions, meditate. What you have done you can undo . . . When your present efforts become more powerful than the karma of past actions, you are free."*

*Sayings of Paramahansa Yogananda, Page 108, Stanza 1,*

*(Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

Preparing for the next leg of our spiritual journey, an old Indian man sat in front of us as we packed our moving trailer. Having only a foundation with no roof or walls, the moving trailer had deficiencies which had to be rectified through Jewish holy observances. "Because you are content with what you have, you are welcome to stay," he said, "but if you have to go, my people will understand."

Nodding that we indeed had to go, we began our holy observances, which were required for our souls to attain a state of cleanliness in the eyes of the Lord. Afterwinds of sin had to be blotted out, and our penances complete.

Forty percent of the wall appeared as we performed a mitzvah, and forty percent more appeared as we performed a second mitzvah. Mitzvahs are acts of goodwill required by Jewish law. The remaining 20% came up after an unknown benefactor performed three Hallahs for us (10%, 8%, and 2% respectively). Halvah is one of the unleavened breads of the Passover, and it occurred to me that we were preparing for our final Exodus, our journey to the place of safety the Lord had prepared for us, the monastery in the mountains.

*"The idea behind the trait of Cleanliness is that a person be completely clean of bad traits and of sins, not only those which are recognized as such, but also those which are rationalized, which, when we look at them honestly, we find to be sanctioned only because of the heart's being still partially afflicted by lust and not entirely free of it, so as to incline us towards a relaxation of standards. The man who is entirely free of this affliction and clean of any trace of evil which lust leaves behind it will come to possess perfectly clean vision and pure discrimination, and will not be swayed in any direction by desire, but will recognize as evil,*

*and withdraw from every sin that he had committed,  
though it were the slightest of the slight."*

*The Path of the Just, Chapter X, Paragraph 1, (Judaism,  
Author: Rabbi Moshe Cheam Suzette)*

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And so it came to pass that the Lord took me deep into my soul to gaze upon its weaknesses and flaws, and then lifted me up again and again so that I could take that knowledge with me to the surface of my conscious mind. In this humbling journey, I came to know the power of the Lord, and how He so deigns to lower Himself into the very midst of our wanderings, in order to lift us up. Coming not only to those saintly souls who are without stain, He comes to me and to you, those of us caught in the web of delusion and the Maya of incarnate life. He comes to those of us covered with stain, and humbly washes us. He comes to those of us enraptured with vice, and dispels our delusions and subdues our passions. He comes to all of His children, because He loves them all. And for those who are willing to undergo His grueling journey of purification, and abandon evil desires, He frees them from all bonds and sets them free to fly within His kingdom.

Transported into the worldly malaise, Andy and I sat amidst a group of people who were incessantly garbling about worldly matters. Surrounded by mass retain, up ahead several Jewish Cantors were singing. Within moments, my own soul began singing, 'Hey La, Hey La,' drawing my soul into a vibratory state which transcended all outer noise.

*"Repentance only occurs when a person abandons his sins and evil deeds. Abandonment does not depend on knowledge alone but on will. Repentance is complete only when one changes the internal balance of his desires. He no longer sins because he has succeeded in making his desire to return stronger than the desire to*

**sin."**

*Strive for Truth, Lovingkindness, Page 156, Paragraph 2,  
(Judaism, Author: Rabbi Eliyahu E. Dessler)*

**"And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue  
were fastened on him. And he began to say unto them,  
'This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.'"**

*King James Bible, New Testament, Luke 4:18-19,  
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

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Taken to a monastery in the heavens which honored all world religions, I observed the order and rule of prayer, fasting and meditation. Dressed in untraditional clothing, those who were staying in this place were wearing T-shirts which had writing on them indicating their current journey into the Catholic faith. Having already studied Buddhism, and just now finishing with their studies on Catholicism, a spirit voice told me that they were now 50% there. Continuing their studies into the remaining world religions would bring them to completion.

**"God is one, but His names are many."**

*The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna, Chapter 4, Page 112,  
Paragraph 1, (Hinduism, Words of Sri Ramakrishna)*

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Taken to see a person I'd known as a child, I was surprised to notice that he was about to receive karmic retribution for something he had done to me a long time ago. When we were teenagers, he had thrown me out of a party because I wasn't cool enough, and he had jeered the other party-goers into yelling at me as I walked away with shame.

Now up for a promotion at his current job, he was going to lose the promotion in karmic retribution for what he had done to me years ago. But I felt really badly that he was going to be punished for doing something when he was so young, so I pled with the lighted

guardians, a tribunal of sorts, who were gathered to carry this out. "Please don't do this." I said. "It's okay with me. I don't feel any need for him to be punished on my behalf. It was so long ago, and I'm sure he's grown and changed since then." Quiet, they listened carefully to what I had to say, all the while gauging his sub-conscious soul for remorse, for which there appeared none.

Faces remaining hard, they told me they would carefully consider my plea. Sent away, my soul was not allowed to hear their final decision. With the looks on their faces, it didn't seem that there was much hope for a stay upon his retributive sentence.

*"All members of the Academy enter the secret chamber. Then the Court assembles and the spirit of the man to be tried is brought up by two officers, and placed near a pillar of flashing flame which stands there and which is kept in shape by a current of air blowing on it . . . If his word was a fitting one, happy is he, for he is crowned with many radiant crowns by all the members of the Academy. If, however, his word was of another kind, alas for his disgrace. They thrust him outside, and he stands within the pillar until he is taken to his punishment."*

*The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume V, Balak (Numbers), Page 252-253, (Judaism)*

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Alit with eternal desire as my soul ravaged upon an ancient time, the twelve tribes of Israel were gathered in the deserts, but my soul was specifically amongst the tribes of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Eating a very large but fine leaf which they considered a delicacy, two angelic guardians were showing me that they were not as they seemed. Within them lay hidden locusts, and as they partook of the leaves, they partook of the locusts. Unable to intervene, we could only watch as the locusts bubbled up within their bodies, and slowly, very slowly,

crawled their way down towards the lower back where they could exit. Although I had not taken any of the leaves, I suddenly saw two bubbles within my own back. In disgust, I watched as locusts within me crawled out.

A representation of an impurity among the Israelite people which they had taken in, the locusts had been passed to the generations after them. Original sin had been passed down through these, my forefathers.

Now that I had purified my soul of my own particular and familial vice, I was thrust into the purification of humanity's sins which were imbedded within me, passing from generation to generation, original sin. At no point did the angels tell me of what sin these locusts represented amongst humanity, and at no point did I deduce it. My particulars had been cleansed, now my humanity must be washed in the blood of Christ.

***"Man, created innocent, fell by disobeying Him; the mark of original sin remained engraved on his forehead and that of his progeny who will bear its consequences until the end of time."***

*Meditation Prayer on Mary Immaculate, Paragraph 3,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: Padre Pio)*

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Amidst the fiery display, I saw his essence. Hair long and black, the dark horseman was an Indian. His tomahawk was lifted above his head, ready to plunge deep inside of me. Strong and powerful, his darkness was overwhelming and smothering. Wishing my destruction, he also sought to suck the life-force of my second child, who was but a baby.

Holding onto her tightly, I ferociously shouted the name of Jesus Christ upon his countenance. Conquering his soul, he came after me again in a renewed fit of rage, shoving me towards a great abyss. Fighting with ever greater fervor, I called to the Lord for

help and shoved him in the opposite direction. Forcing his soul out of darkness, his black foggy form dissipated rendering him benign and dispersing original sin.

***"Our best, our easiest remedy is the Name of Jesus. It drives the devil flying from our sides and saves us from countless evils."***

*The Wonders of the Holy Name, Chapter 10, Page 44,  
Paragraph 4, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Fr. Paul  
O'Sullivan, O.P. (E.D.M.))*

Because I'd had many lifetimes as both a Native American and a white person, my soul bore the original sin which was transferred through both races. Because of the violence perpetuated upon the native peoples (original sin of the white race), entry had been given to the dark horseman who was unwilling to set the past free (original sin of the natives; vengeance). Many whites were trapped by the past in the present, a past which left them insensitive to the pain of others, and oblivious to affliction and oppression. Many Native Americans were trapped by the past in the present, a past which had left them seeking revenge, and/or oblivious to the need for impetus, focus or eternal direction. Many had lost their souls.

Despite the origin of the difficulty, it remains the responsibility of every individual soul to rise above the delusions and crimes perpetuated upon them, and to find the Great Unitive Spirit of all life hidden within the multiplicity.

Now that these stains had been conquered, I was free to begin my true work, the building of the great red road which now lay before me in magnificence. Doing so with great zeal, I was laying bricks upon the three roads of the Indian people. Suddenly, up in the distance, I noticed a familiar face. Red Horse was soaring amidst the woodland, helping to build this great red road. Joining me, he was greatly pleased that I had battled and

won the dark horseman over to the light. Because of this demise of the energies of the past, the native spirits were now focusing on bringing in something new.

Because we've all had many lifetimes among the many races of the world, we all bear responsibility in the crimes of differing nations. Who among us can claim that they bear no guilt for the past, when the guilt they share with humanity is etched deeply within their soul?

Peace could now be paved because the dark horseman, the manifestation of the sins of both races, had been dismantled. In the distance, I saw the other fragment of Red Jacket, who had *not* energized an eternal program, watching. Because of his status, he was unable to assist in bringing this significant event into fruition, and his eyes were sad.

Where we now stood there was no interest in vengeance, only wholeness. Gathering from all tribes, we were all helping to build the three great roads which together made up the great red road, and we worked slowly, peacefully and with focus.

Finding a baby leopard and a baby cheetah amongst the woodland, Andy approached, carrying the two. Handing them to Red Horse, he took them to a place of safety. The skies opened up.

My soul was filled with a wanton display of awe and wonder at the glory of the Lord. Swept into the heavenly skies, I was now amidst the spectacle which had been revealed to me. Hovering in a glistening light, the violet, purple and gold hues of the Pleiadian system overlapped, filling the sky. As the great red road was being paved, the energies of their actions resounded in the heavens, filling the sky with the vastness of the Pleiades. Orbiting our galaxy in some fashion, it is not possible to describe the wonder that I was shown. That which had been lost was being fully restored. Others,

too, followed this great red road and found restoration also.

As the skies filled, I noticed a spaceship flying through the wonder, as it was conveyed to me that it was from Saturn. The gold was so ominously beautiful, the violet so haphazardly strewn in this wondrous display of color. Each element of color continued metamorphosing into something higher, and somehow, the union of the red energies of the Earth and the violet energies of the Pleiades synergized a unity and something of great significance.

*"I thought of my vision, and how it was promised me that my people should have a place in this earth where they could be happy every day. I thought of them on the wrong road now, but maybe they could be brought back into the hoop again and to the good road."*

*Black Elk Speaks, Chapter XXII, Paragraph 2, (Tribal, Oglala Sioux, Words of Black Elk)*

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Standing before them, I was surprised to feel compassion because these people were members of various satanic cults and orders. Dressed in a rather foolish manner, most of them wore some form of black, and had make-up on their faces to make them look white, drawn, and dead. Those before me were very young, perhaps late teens or early twenties, and had been deceived by the dark side to think that this was very cool. Another alterer was with me, but was quiet for now.

Some of these souls were involved with these cults because their parents had been, others of these souls were involved because their parents had been naive about the true nature of darkness, not recognizing that allowing the seeds of any darkness, through television, vanity, greed, or any other form, could energize this more highly developed evil in *any* soul, but most especially a child. Some parents didn't have proper

discernment, and thus, did not teach their children proper discernment. Some parents were naive about the company their children kept, or didn't insist enough that they stay away. Some children were coming from a darkness they brought with them from previous lives which had nothing to do with their parents. Some who were older were drawn by their own evil impulse which was highly developed, and some due to the apathy of their own upbringing.

Original sin is an interesting concept, because it can apply to so many aspects of existence. Original sin can be the failings that we, through example, give to our own children. Original sin can be the failings of a particular extended family that we, through example, give to our own children. Original sin can be the failings of a particular city or township that we, through example, give to our own children. Original sin can be the failings of a particular country that we, through example, give to our own children. Original sin can be the failings of a particular society that we, through example, give to our own children. Original sin can be the failings of all humanity that we, through example, give to our own children. Original sin can also be the failings of a particular soul that, through the mechanism of karmic retribution and transmigration, are given to that soul at birth. Original sin can also be the acts of darkness that a soul is forced to process because it was done unto them.

Guilt for criminal or dark acts are actually an energy, and this energy falls upon the defenseless victim who usually carries it until it is purified, because perpetrators of evil rarely take responsibility for their acts. Applying to the evil works of a satanic cult, who through apathy, allow their evil deeds to fall energetically upon their victims rather than themselves,

it also applies to any perpetrator of a dark or evil deed, from murder to adultery. If the perpetrator of a dark or evil deed were to take full responsibility for his deeds, he would remove a burden from his victim. If he does not, he throws his own burden upon that soul. It is important to realize, however, that although this mechanism occurs very often among victims and perpetrators, and many victims as a result process the dark deeds of the perpetrators rather than vice-versa, perpetrators stand guilty before the tribunal for all their deeds, for they cannot be truly thrown aside. Shunning responsibility is a selfish act which energetically forces a burden upon another in *this* life, but that burden remains with its owner in the *next*.

Karma, in order to be completely purified, must be identified on three levels of being in a conscious manner. First are the physical acts of karma. Second are your thoughts, and third, are your dream-state behaviors.

One girl who was rather large had smeared white makeup all over her face and she had a very ugly blackish-red lipstick upon her mouth. All of them were trying to scare me, but they didn't realize that they couldn't scare me, because I knew of their ways. Because I'd peered into their humanity, I knew that their weakness was their thirst for false power, and in seeking satanic ways, they could never attain anything of substantial value.

"It's not easy to do what we do, to go to hell," said the woman, as I looked at her with an emotionless face. "No, that's incorrect." I said. "It's very easy to go to hell." She looked at me with disgust in her face. "What will actually be quite difficult for all of you . . . will be to go to heaven." Gazing upon their distorted faces, she continued, "We *want* to go to hell. Hell is a much better

place." Remaining unmoved, I replied, "Well, I think it's obvious that all of you *want* to go to hell just by looking at you. However, it is also obvious from your naive statement that you've never been there." "Oh, like you have!" she stated sarcastically, implying that it wouldn't be possible for a warrior of the light to go to such a place. Beginning to laugh almost uncontrollably, I said, "Do you honestly think that you have anything to offer even hell?" They didn't respond. "Of course I've been there, many times in fact. Firstly, because Satan has no use for souls with no energetic impetus like yourselves, he goes after light warriors, hoping to turn them over to his ways through temptations. So he tries, and I tell him where to go, to hell. Secondly, because I refuse to work for anyone but God, and because morons like you who think hell is such a great place end up going there, they eventually discover how wrong they are and beg souls like me to come and help them when they've realized how badly they've screwed up."

Becoming somewhat confused, they all began talking amongst themselves about their actions within their respective cults. Minimizing their bad acts, it seemed that a bolt of conscience may have hit them and they were now lying to cover their deeds. "Do you really think I believe that bullshit?" I said to them, as they immediately became quiet. "You must try to remember that I know what cults like yours do," I said, "and I know exactly how evil, deviant and disgusting you all really are. If there is any hope at all for your souls, you're going to have to completely alter yourselves through prayer and repentance, and in a case such as yours, you must *expect* divine retribution, for you will be required to pay dearly for your evil crimes." Saying nothing, their eyes were big and wide, looking at me with horror and expectation. "You must accept divine retribution with

grace, to prove your sincerity. And you must accept it, knowing full well you've earned every trial, every pain, and every suffering the Lord may inflict upon you. Only through this, do you have hope." All souls must accept such things.

***"They pass through kalpas as numerous as motes of dust, confused, deluded, obstructed, and afflicted by difficulties, like fish swimming down a long stream through nets."***

*Sutra of the Past Vows of Earth Store Bodhisattva, Chapter 4, Page 119, Paragraph 1, (Buddhism, Pure Land, Words of the Buddha)*

Swept away to an ice arena with the other alterer, we began to skate. In order to energize the mechanism of these souls to achieve liberation from their evil states, we joined together in an ice dance. Soaring around and around the arena, we were suddenly energized to begin skating sideways in a circular fashion. Facing the inside of the circle that I was now creating, I seemed to be energizing the sacred hoop, which was creating an opening, an awakening. Leaping into the air, I flew twenty to thirty feet up. Joining me in the air, my friend helped me to descend back upon the ice which was now beginning to melt. Formed on the top of a very deep pool, it was perhaps one-hundred feet deep.

Dancing in many formations, the ice disappeared as we were now upon this liquid mass which represented their evil and icy consciousness becoming liquid. Now performing a dance of love, we sank to the very depths, because we had to bring the light to the very core of these evil existences in order to override their ice cold hatred, and hellish craving. Placing a tiny light at the bottom, I had lost my breath down below. Sweeping me to the surface to claim our victory, knowing that this would show on the surface as only a slight change, we understood that it would take many lifetimes for these

souls to fully germinate the tiny ball of light which had been placed in their depths. Love had been planted, and now they must let it grow.

Returning to the surface, we found our subjects at a firing range. Dressed as normal people, their black attire had been replaced by the clothing of common men and women and their makeup was gone. Shooting at targets, I scanned their minds. Although they often thought of shooting each other, they were not acting on their evil thoughts. Negativity was prevalent all around them, as their thoughts manifested in energy, but they had taken a step from their former ways.

***"And speak unto me, and turn aside from me the evil of this abode and of that abode; And illuminate the band of Light and Splendor, and bless them and us, and purify them for ever and ever. So be it."***

*The Desatir, The Book of Shet the Prophet Feridun, No. 36-37, (Zoroastrianism)*

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Entering a very nice home where several men were living, I realized within a short period of time that they were all homosexual. Because their neighbors realized this, they became very mean, discriminatory, and hostile. My duty was to assist them, so for a time, I prepared meals and took care of the home.

Admittedly, my own reaction to their homosexuality was mixed, as well. Because I couldn't relate to this phenomenon, I didn't know how to discern it. But over time, I came to a simple realization. It was unnecessary for me to understand why they were the way they were, it was only necessary that I continue to behave in a merciful and loving manner. Perhaps it would have been different if these men had been promiscuous, for promiscuity by any soul carries with it its own chastisements; pregnancy, disease, heartbreak, etc. These were homosexual men looking for what every

chaste heterosexual would look for, a partner in life.

One particular day, the neighbor man who had become increasingly assaultive with his hostility, was shouting out of his window biblical condemnations of homosexuality. Angered by his hypocrisy, I shouted back, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Calming a small fraction, I continued, "He who is without sin . . . he may throw the first stone." Backing off, I turned to my friends and served them their dinner meal, as they looked towards me with gratitude.

Another original sin that much of humanity is given at birth and through upbringing is intolerance for that which is unlike itself. Thus, we give birth to violence against homosexuals, different races, sex or religions. Only a fool could think that God wishes for his children to fight amongst themselves because they are not identical.

But so that balance may be achieved, the Lord sent me to yet another place.

A mother from a generation past was married to an incestuous man and, because of her own past which included the same, original sin had been placed upon her soul. Because of this encrustment, she was unable to discern that having sex with your children was wrong. Original sin which she had been born into, had skewed her own vision, and thus, she allowed this horrendous sin to be perpetuated another generation. Unable to realize the damage she had allowed to continued, in her mind, it was simply the way things are. Never having raised a hand to protect her daughter, her husband was eventually convicted of his crimes, and she felt sorrow for him although she had not even once generated compassion for her own daughter. The Lord bade me to know that this type of merciless deviance had no justification.

By watching this, I realized just how important it is that we all look deeply upon our own pasts, making sure that we do not accept those habits, lifestyles and ways of thinking which are wrong in God's eyes, for we become accountable for the sins of our parents as soon as we begin to perpetuate the same sin in our own lives. And how much more so, if we allow it to pass onto yet another generation?

We are responsible, no matter how destructive our background might be, to overcome, shake off the darkness, and be born into the light. If we do not, we become like our own abusers, carrying the burden of their original sin into adulthood, to manifest in myriads of ways, spreading darkness and descent among the future generations of humanity.

*"The unvirtuous he cultivates, he visits not the virtuous, and in his ignorance he sees no fault in a transgression here, with wrong thoughts often in his mind his faculties will not guard - - virtue in such a constitution comes to partake of diminution."*

*The Path of Purification, Part I, Chapter 1, No. 39, Stanza 1,  
(Buddhism, Theravadan)*

*"Having renounced every selfish desire, he has found his rest in the Lord of Love. Wisdom is the staff that supports him now. Those who take a mendicant's staff while they are still at the mercy of their senses cannot escape enormous suffering. The illumined man knows this truth of life. For him the universe is his garment and the Lord not separate from himself. He offers no ancestral oblations; He praises nobody, blames nobody . . . The world of change and changeless Reality are one to him, for he sees all in God."*

*The Upanishads, Paramahansa Upanishad, No. 3-4,  
(Hinduism, Translation Eknath Easwaran)*

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Thrust into my past wherein I was confronted by

someone who had done great harm to me, I recognized that I'd played a role in her deed, albeit a small one. Although she held much greater responsibility for these acts of which she had partaken, I was guilty in a very small way. Approaching her, I hoped that if I were to apologize to her that she might extend the same favor in kind, and that perhaps we could get beyond what she had done. Asking for her forgiveness, she lashed out in rage, refusing to give me forgiveness for an act of harm which was in truth, her own.

Beginning to ask forgiveness from the Lord, as he is our final judge, I knew that I had done the right thing in going to her first, because she was the one I'd hurt.

Feeling the tassels of the ropes tied around my soul loosen, the Lord conveyed that although I held a small fault in this particular matter, that the soul who refused forgiveness was actually the one who held responsibility in this great harm that had been done. Apparently, her refusal to forgive my small fault, and to recognize the greater sin which was her own, had bound her *own* soul, not mine.

*"That man implores you, and asks for pardon. Then forgive him; forgive him at once. If you refuse to forgive him, the refusal will injure you; it will not injure him, for he knows what to do. If you, a servant, refuse to forgive a fellow servant, he will go to your Lord and say to Him: 'Lord, I asked my fellow servant to forgive me, and he refused; do Thou forgive me?' Is it wrong for the Lord to loose His servant's debts? When that servant has obtained forgiveness from the Lord, he comes back free; you remain bound."*

*The Fathers of the Church, Volume 11, Commentary on the Sermon on the Mount and other Writings, Sermon 56, On the Lord's Prayer, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Augustine)*

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Amidst the cold and dark they stood; the homeless of the world. Aside them was a shelter which had been closed due to lack of funding. Going inside the abandoned shelter, a man greeted me. Giving me a periscope, and referring to the homeless people outside, he told me, "If you think what you've already seen is bad, take a look at this." Looking through the periscope, it took me deep into the pavement. Difficult to see at first, slowly I was able to view what was lurking. Small snakes were beginning to descend on the place, and among them large ugly scorpions. Entry had been given to hoards of demons who were now seeking hosts among the homeless, due to lack of charity. Bearing the burden of original sin for humanity, the homeless were overwhelmed. I stood, stunned and frozen in silence.

*"A very important duty of charity towards our neighbor consists in giving him alms when he is poor and needy and we ourselves are in a position to do so . . . 'Alms delivereth from death,' said the Archangel Raphael to Tobias, 'and the same is that which purgeth away sins, and maketh to find mercy and life everlasting.' (Tob. 12:9) . . . If we can do nothing else let us at least recommend him to God, for prayer is also an alms."*

*The 12 Steps to Holiness and Salvation, Chapter 4, Almsgiving, Paragraph 1-2, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Alphonsus Liguori)*

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Because of my sins, I was punishing myself by taping objects to my leg which would cause me physical pain and public humiliation as payment for them. Tormented by my previous bad acts, I felt I deserved to suffer. After several hours, a black man with long black braids walked in the room, a monk (Mythosetia, guardian of the entry to the lower realms).

Looking at me with disapproval, he said nothing

at first. Walking into the room, my daughter also bore the stain of sin. Looking at me, the monk said, "If she is stained, she should also pay for her sins in the manner in which you do." Nodding, 'No,' I refused to allow her to wear the garment of mortification which I had chosen for myself. Smiling the monk conveyed, "You are more merciful to others, than you are willing to be to yourself." Acknowledging my sins was important, but my level of wretchedness because of them was overkill. "After a soul has looked upon its own darkness and achieved understanding, it is proper to let those sins go, for they have been washed in the blood of Christ. Once they have been washed, they are no more."

Feeling a bit silly, I began removing the objects of mortification which I had taped to my leg.

*"Someday man should learn how to enjoy liberty without license, nourishment without gluttony, and pleasure without debauchery. Self-control is a better human policy of behavior regulation than is extreme self-denial."*

*The Urantia Book, Part III, Paper 89, No. 3, Paragraph 7,  
(Christianity, Urantia)*

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Four Arabian brothers were converging on one of their wives, who was becoming frightened. Verbally assaulting her for her faults, they were attempting to blame her for their sins. Claiming that they would not do the bad things they do, if it were not for the things that she did, they were holding her accountable for their acts of violence, hatred, and ravaged avarice. Because they were so domineering and enraged, the younger woman eventually just agreed with their stance, saying that indeed her own faults were the cause of anything that they might do inappropriately, and she begged their pardon for causing such difficulty for everyone.

But as I was watching this scene, heavenly truths

were being imparted to me constantly. None of their accusations were in any way true. Despite the fact that this woman did bear sin of her own doing, she was not in any way responsible for their violent and retributive behavior. A figure was given to me that if she held 10% guilt upon her soul, they held 90%. Just as Jesus bore the lies and sins of humanity before his crowning moment on the cross, this woman also bore the lies and sins of her family (original sin), a pattern of avoidance and denial which had been visited upon them by the former generation, now deeply seeded within the next.

***"Hence thou wilt understand the ignorance and error of mortals, and how far they drift from the way of light, when, as a rule, nearly all of them strive to avoid labor and suffering and are frightened by the royal and secure road of mortification and the Cross."***

*The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Transfixion, Book 5, Chapter V, Page 433, Bottom, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mary)*

Many families drop their sins on one victim soul amongst them. Many families perpetrate acts upon their children which place the seed of those acts within them. Many families unknowingly teach their children the ways of sin, by following the ways of the world and not doing the work required of each of us to learn God's ways. Vanity, greed, lust . . . all of the seven deadly sins, are aspects of our society which are not only accepted, but considered worthy attainments in a world devoid of God.

Original sin is transmitted through the seeds of the seven deadly sins, is implanted through habit, is cultivated by tolerance, and grows through the mass ignorance of humanity. Original sin can only be transformed through the seeds of the seven virtues, implanted through habitual choice, cultivated by discernment, and grown through the singular awareness

of an individual soul. Beyond our individual karma and vice, lies the original sin of all mankind. We partake of it because of our own humanity, so we must transform it because of our own divinity.

***"On the trails of time I have carelessly fallen into pits of error; but have always been rescued, O Lord, by Thine unseen hand."***

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 39, Stanza 1, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

***"O my daughter! How greatly do mortals misunderstand this truth, and how far they err from it in their actions! The Lord gives them life in order that they may free themselves from the effects of original sin, so as to be unhampered by them at the hour of their death; and the ignorant and miserable children of Adam spend all their life in loading upon themselves new burdens and fetters, so that they die captives of their passions . . . "***

*The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Coronation, Chapter VI, Page 774-775, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mary)*

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Without my foreknowledge, my soul was being swept into the original sin of religion. Although I'd already begun this journey in learning of the light and dark aspects of many religions, there was one religion yet untouched because it was so new, only 140 years old. But even so, it was already becoming prey to the common elements of most religion; structure, control and dogma.

In no way diminishing its significance or the profundity of its revelation, it deterred individual seeking because of its rigid beliefs that were held to be true, although the texts of their founder did not *seem* to agree with their interpretation of these self-same words.

A voice issued from above, "Baha'u'llah knew about reincarnation," it said. Suddenly, hidden tablets of

Baha'u'llah, the founder of the Baha'i faith, which I assumed were written in the heavens but not on earth, were unsealed before my eyes. Clear and precise, his words spoke of the advent of many lifetimes which each soul must take to ultimately reach union with God. Although Baha'is, do not believe in reincarnation because his son/successor 'Abdu'l Baha' openly denied its existence, here in Baha'u'llah's hidden tablets, he spoke of it, knew of it, and counted it among the many mysteries only to be revealed at such a time that humanity could comprehend its hidden mysteries.

***"Whenever we desire to quote the sayings of the learned and of the wise, presently there will appear before the face of thy Lord in the form of a tablet all that which hath appeared in the world and is revealed in the Holy Books and Scriptures. Thus do We set down in writing that which the eye perceiveth. Verily His knowledge encompasseth the earth and the heavens."***

*Tablets of Baha'u'llah, No. 9, Lawh-I-Hikmat, Page 149,  
Paragraph 2, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

***"No man shall ever discover its reason unless and until he be informed of the contents of My Hidden Book."***

*Call to Remembrance, Part 3, Chapter 5, Page 69, Top,  
(Baha'i, Words of Baha'u'llah)*

***"We have revealed Our Self to a degree corresponding to the capacity of the people of our age."***

*The World Order of Baha'u'llah, The Dispensation of  
Baha'u'llah, Page 116, Paragraph 2, (Baha'i, Words of  
Baha'u'llah)*

Because his purpose was unification, he didn't focus on the precepts of the prophets before him. Acknowledging the truth of their mission, he placed their teachings before his own people whose purpose was to unify the world religions. But Baha'u'llah knew that wisdom is given to the seeker by the Lord, and that the Lord works in mysterious ways. 'Abdul Baha's

notion that reincarnation is a foolish concept simply because most people wouldn't want to return to this world of misery seems contrary to the words of his predecessor.

***"If the mystic knowers be of those who have reached to the beauty of the Beloved One, this station is the apex of consciousness and the secret of divine guidance. This is the center of the mystery: 'He doth what He willeth, ordaineth what He pleaseth.'"***

*The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Four Valleys, The Fourth Valley, Page 57, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

To state that mankind is given entry into higher worlds by simple virtue of death seems to be a mistaken understanding of the evolutionary purpose of mortal realms. Every man must earn his right to stand before God, and this cannot always be accomplished in one short lifetime which can range from one moment to over a century, depending on the circumstances of death. Even in our Earthly schooling, no soul attains to the next level simply by virtue of showing up in class. The next level can only be attained by earning it through hard work, and the attainment of knowledge. So it is with the evolution of a soul. Mortal man must become immortal before he can attain to higher worlds.

Although a soul may invariably incarnate upon other *mortal* worlds, he cannot enter into immortal realms until he has earned it by becoming eternal. Death, alone, is not enough.

Baha'u'llah stringently rejected many former interpretations of the sacred scriptures of all religions, contending that within mystical verses are contained mysterious knowledge which only the visionary who comprehends the meaning of mystical language may truly observe.

***"By corruption of the text is meant that in which all***

***Muslim divines are engaged today, that is the interpretation of God's holy Book in accordance with their idle imaginings and vain desires."***

*The Kitab-I-Iqan, Page 86, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

Reincarnation, although considered as mystery to some, was understood by many of the prophets and manifestations of God; Krishna, the Buddha, Jesus Christ, Rumi, Nanak, and others. Lay people of these religions took it out of some of the teachings, because it was beyond their understanding. But mystical seekers always knew and understood reincarnation as a basic concept within the mechanism of existence.

The mystical writings of Baha'u'llah, such as 'The Kitab-I-Iqan,' have many mystically coded references to the myriad lifetimes of reincarnation. What Baha'u'llah rejects, which is indeed imbued with true knowledge, is the notion that reincarnation encompasses a spirit, soul and personality configuration which would never change; and that we are sent to lower life forms as punishment, which is a Hindu concept. According to Baha'u'llah, we are sent where our soul is compatible, and each lifetime connotes its own distinctive personality, soul configuration and package of karmic and original sin.

In essence, there is no repetitive cycle wherein a soul enters another body - in essence - entirely or even close to the same as was before. Past memory is shaded and a whole new identity emerges. A whole new family tree fills the soul with its own aspects of perception and there is generally little if no likeness to the former lifetime or body. What remains are the subtle aspects of karmic imprint, which are indeed so subtle that few ever seek to identify them, and when they do, are often vanquished in their inability to truly understand karma's mechanism.

A soul who dies purely a personality with no tangible immortal qualities does in essence truly die, for the part of that soul which was a conscious personality, ceases. The mortal aspects of that soul return to God, the center of creative force and merge as God takes life back to Himself. Because God is an energy, and can be seen as a huge ball of light similar to the sun, energy is in constant flux, incoming and outgoing from the heart of our Creator. Until life attains immortal status, it cannot bring the severed links of existence together into one whole, and thus, retains separate identities which complete in and of themselves, at least in the soul's conceptual understanding. Immortal status, when achieved, creates a separate existential link which operates in all spheres of paradisiacal existence as an extension of the will of God.

Immortality occurs when a mortal personality attains immortal qualities and at the death of such an individual, there is no true death/rebirth, because the soul has already died and been reborn during its life. Mortality is the status of human travelers amongst the evolutionary spheres of Earth and other mortal realms. These worlds are referred to as the ascension worlds because a soul must seek and attain immortality to graduate from the fetters of the time-bound free will worlds. A soul must *earn* exit from these realms, and can only do so by retrieving sacred memory expunging karmic thrusts and attaining immortal status, also known as ascension.

Personalities, or unconscious souls, do not truly die, but are changed as their essence is merged into the life-force of God. Reincarnation occurs when He takes His own beatified essence and creates a new form, imprinting it with the unconscious personality aspects of former generations of karmic imprint, and giving it new

conscious qualities and personality aspects. But because the Lord may do as He pleases, He may endow the new creation with aspects of memory from one succinct line of existence or many. Cellular memory is implanted according to the will of the Lord, and may be altered at His command. New incarnations retain cellular memory according to their own line of karmic impulse, their own historical elements, and as they attain to a new body, cellular memory of this new line of genealogy originating from their new family of birth origin, and historic aspects of their new race.

Reincarnation is a mystery which lies within the mechanics of existence, which can only be understood fully in the energetic mystical state.

*"These journeys have no visible ending in the world of time, but the severed wayfarer - if invisible confirmation descend upon him and the Guardian of the Cause assist him - may cross . . ."*

*The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Seven Valleys, The Valley of True Poverty and Absolute Nothingness, Page 40, Paragraph 2, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

*"My Lord, I offer my respectful obeisance's unto You because You are the director of the unmanifested total energy and the ultimate reservoir of the material nature. My Lord, the whole cosmic manifestation is under the influence of time, beginning from the moment up to the duration of the year. All act under Your direction. You are the original director of everything and the reservoir of all potent energies. All the conditioned souls are continually fleeing from one body to another and one planet to another, yet they do not get free from the onslaught of birth and death. But when one of these fearful living entities comes under the shelter of Your lotus feet, he can lie down without anxiety of being attacked by formidable death."*

*KRSNA, Book 1, Chapter 3, Page 51-52, (Hinduism, Words*

of Devaki)

Rigid structures which do not allow for individual exploration are the crux of the original sin of most religion. No religion contains *all* of the truth, and no religion is free of imperfection. In practice, many religious structures become so rigid that continuing revelation is stalled or ceases, and thus, individual souls become trapped within dogmas which cannot lead them to higher epiphanies of knowledge or attainment. Let us cast off this original sin from our souls, and rectify within ourselves that religious structure is Earthly, but religious seeking is eternal.

True religion must accept that God leads different souls back to Him as He pleases. This issue is not limited to the Baha'i religion in any way, but encompassed by them all to a certain extent. Such original sin causes souls to cease their individual search, following a rigid path which can lead them only so far. Immortality comes to those who allow eternity to embark upon their soul, in the manner in which eternity chooses. That which is eternal is not stiffly rigid, but flexible and ever-moving in many myriad directions to assist an individual soul towards its prime unity. God does what He wills and ordains what He pleases.

***"Stop judging and you will not be judged. Stop condemning and you will not be condemned. Forgive and you will be forgiven. Give and gifts will be given to you; a good measure, packed together, shaken down, and overflowing, will be poured into your lap. For the measure with which you measure will in return be measured out to you."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Luke 7:37,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

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Amongst the stars, I saw a Baha'i man. Turning to him, I conveyed, "If I simply accept the claim that

Baha'u'llah was a promised manifestation of God, we have only one issue remaining." Accepting this claim was not an acceptance of *all* of Baha'u'llah's claims, only that he was indeed a promised manifestation of God in the Islamic line of prophets. Looking toward me, he made no reply. "Baha'u'llah knew about reincarnation," I said, "and Baha'u'llah also said that science and religion must agree. Eventually scientists will prove the existence of reincarnation, and because this is true, you should also realize that an interpretational error was made in Baha'u'llah's teachings, for he knew of reincarnation." The man nodded, 'no,' as a voice came from the sky.

"They will not accept it," the voice said, as its essence conveyed more. Because they were now a body of religion, a political structure; the revelational capacity had been stilled. Any new knowledge that contradicted their earliest interpretations of a veiled and mystical prophet's words would be quickly rejected. "Tell them," it said, in reference to the Baha'i's of the world, "that Baha'u'llah knew of reincarnation." As the voice ceased, it conveyed only a moment more. "Do not allow political structure to quell the great revelation which has begun your faith, for even as Baha'u'llah said, revelation is progressive, and it encompasses more knowledge as humanity becomes able to understand and comprehend it."

***"If any of the utterances of this Servant may not be comprehended, or may lead to perterbation, the same must be inquired of again, that no doubt may linger, and the meaning be clear as the Face of the Beloved One shining from the 'Glorious Station.'"***

*The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Valley of True Poverty and Absolute Nothingness, Page 40, Paragraph 1,  
(Baha'i, Words of Baha'u'llah)*

***"Tahiri (a Baha'i saint and martyr) . . . was regarded as***

*the quintessence of chastity and the incarnation of  
Fatimih (Muhammad's daughter) . . ."*

*Call to Remembrance, Part 2, Chapter 4, Page 31, Paragraph  
3, (Baha'i)*

*"I testify, O my God, that if I were given a thousand  
lives by Thee, and offered them up all in Thy path, I  
would still have failed to repay the least of the gifts  
which, by Thy grace, Thou hast bestowed on me."*

*Call to Remembrance, Part 3, Chapter 5, Page 70, Paragraph  
1, (Baha'i, Words of Baha'u'llah)*

*"With both his inner and his outer ear he will hear from  
its dust the hymns of glory and praise ascending unto  
the Lord of Lords, and with his inner eye will he  
discover the mysteries of 'return' and 'revival.'"*

*The Kitab-I-Iqan, Page 198, Top, (Baha'i, Author:  
Baha'u'llah)*

Turning to the Baha'i man, he had turned away from me. Standing with his back facing towards me, his arms were folded in defiance of this truth which the eternal appeared to wish for them to rectify within their body of knowledge. Sighing, I couldn't help but mourn this common state of affairs. Followers of religion can become unable to lead souls into new vistas of knowledge, because they cannot let go of misperceived notions which have become dogma. Eventually, the beacon of new revelation is stilled because the dogmas have obtained structure, and new understandings which expand and clarify are not accepted. Every religion begins with a thrust of transcendental light, beckoned in by those fearless enough to conquer tradition and superstition. But it seems that eventually most religion, if it becomes too structured, falls into the traps of dogma, causing immobility, a trait uncommon to eternal things.

*"How great the difference between the condition of  
these people and the station of such valiant souls as  
have passed beyond the sea of names and pitched their*

**tents upon the shores of the ocean of detachment. Indeed none but a few of the existing generations hath yet earned the merit of hearkening unto the warblings of the doves of the all-highest Paradise."**

Tablets of Baha'u'llah, No. 6, Kalimat-I-Firdawsiiyyih, Page 57-58, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

**"They would willingly lay down a myriad lives, rather than breathe the word desired by their enemies."**

Call to Remembrance, Part 4, Chapter 10, Page 222, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Words of Baha'u'llah)

**"They regard a single drop of the sea of delusion as preferable to an ocean of certitude. By holding fast unto names they deprive themselves of the inner reality . . ."**

Tablets of Baha'u'llah, No. 6, Kalimat-I-Firdawsiiyyih, Page 58, Top, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

**"There was once a lover who had sighed for long years in separation from his beloved, and wasted in the fire of remoteness . . . He had given a thousand lives for one taste of the cup of her presence, but it availed him not."**

The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Seven Valleys, The Valley of Knowledge, Page 13, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

**"Verily God is fully capable of causing all names to appear in one name, and all souls in one soul. Surely powerful and mighty is He. And this Return is realized at His behest in whatever form He willeth. Indeed He is the One Who doeth and ordaineth all things."**

Tablets of Baha'u'llah, No. 12, Suriy-I-Vafa, Page 183, Paragraph 5, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

**"Know thou moreover that the former Manifestation affirmed that the return and rising of the spirits would occur on the Day of Resurrection, while in truth there is a return and resurrection for every created thing."**

Tablets of Baha'u'llah, No. 12, Suriy-I-Vafa, Page 186, Paragraph 3, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

And as another example of the same sort of

misinterpretation of sacred writing, Baha'i's believe there is no hell or Satan, but rather, that darkness is merely an absence of light. Partial truth doesn't diminish the true existence, significance and ramifications of darkness and the lower realms. Believing this despite the fact that Baha'u'llah and the Bab (The forerunner of Baha'u'llah who was endowed with the same station as Baha'u'llah) speak of the judgment of souls, punishment of sinners, and hell and Satan as much as most texts of other religions.

***"The Glory of God rest upon thee and upon whosoever serveth Thee and circleth around Thee. Woe, great woe, betide him that opposeth and injureth Thee. Well is it with him that sweareth fealty to Thee; the fire of hell torment him who is Thine enemy."***

*Call to Remembrance, Part 5, Chapter 11, Page 257, Stanza 1, (Baha'i, Words of Baha'u'llah)*

***"Likewise apprehend thou the nature of hell-fire and be of them that truly believe."***

*Tablets of Baha'u'llah, No. 12, Suriy-I-Vafa, Page 189, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

***"All the keys of heaven God hath chosen to place on My right hand, and all the keys of hell on My left."***

*The World Order of Baha'u'llah, The Dispensation of Baha'u'llah, The Bab, Page 126, Paragraph 2, (Baha'i, Words of the Bab, the Forerunner of Baha'u'llah)*

***"The things which have, from the first day till now, befallen Me at the hand of thy people are but the work of Satan."***

*Selections from the Writings of the Bab, Tablets and Addresses, Extracts from a Further Epistle to Muhammad Shah, Page 25, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Words of the Bab)*

***"He will bring thee into grievous trouble by reason of that which Satan instilleth in his heart . . ."***

*Selections from the Writings of the Bab, Tablets and Addresses, Extracts from a Further Epistle to Muhammad*

*Shah, Page 25, Paragraph 3, (Baha'i, Words of the Bab)*  
**"Verily it is incumbent upon thee to become a true  
 believer in God, the All-Possessing, the Almighty, and  
 to turn away from the one who guideth thee into the  
 torment of hell-fire."**

*Selections from the Writings of the Bab, Tablets and  
 Addresses, Extracts from another Epistle to Muhammad  
 Shah, Page 19, Paragraph 2, (Baha'i, Words of the Bab)*

Evolution is about compatibility, and there are many worlds, just as Baha'u'llah stated. But some of these worlds are below ours, and this can be understood even through common sense.

Despite the use of this particular faith as a sacrificial lamb in demonstrating the possibility of original sin in regards to religion, these examples could apply to most any religion. And the true revelation of the Baha'i faith is in no way diminished by possible misinterpretation, just as the revelation of any other faith is in no way diminished by the same. Perhaps this particular faith has been chosen as the sacrificial lamb and example of this quality because of its very youth. Because this manifestation of God appeared so soon past, it shows in a more grandiose manner how easily and quickly a text can be distorted or misperceived. Because this faith will grow in the coming centuries, if there is error, it is grandly important to recognize it as early on as can be ascertained by the eternal. But these 'errors' remain my opinion, and I state very clearly that my 'opinions' remain human and fallible.

But do not lose sight of the knowledge these examples are meant to impart. They are given to show you how easily the words of a prophet or messenger of God can be misinterpreted, misperceived and dogmatized into something different than the intended revelation. But it is also true that mystical language is oftentimes meant to carry several meanings. This is done

intentionally by the Lord.

*"Take notice also, my spouse, that very often I permit and cause differences of opinions among the doctors and teachers. Thus some of them maintain what is true and others, according to their natural disposition, defend what is doubtful. Others still again are permitted to say even what is not true, though not in open contradiction to the veiled truths of the faith, which all must hold. Some also teach, what is possible according to their supposition. By this varied light, truth is traced, and the mysteries of the faith become more manifest. Doubt serves as a stimulus to the understanding for the investigation of truth. Therefore, controversies of the teachers fulfill a proper and holy end."*

*The Mystical City of God, Vol. 1, Book 1, Chapter VI, No. 77,  
Page 80, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Ven. Mary of  
Agreda)*

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Retreating to the scene of a horrible occurrence, my soul was filled with sorrow for the souls of a cult who had committed a mass suicide. Led by fanciful ideas of the end of the world, they perceived that the coming of a comet was the coming of the end, and ended their lives wastefully.

Wandering amongst the building where the bodies remained, my sadness could not be sustained. One of the great religious original sin's had been played out upon this stage; that of a fearless, infallible leader who allowed no individual thought within the confines of his domain. Because of this, whatever he may have taught them that *was* true had been overshadowed by this great defect in his dogma which led to their deaths.

Floating out to the small garden plot outdoors, I noticed a very evanescent growth coming from the ground. A small tree had been planted, and upon the

branches of the tree, fruit was being born. Rectangular small compartments, the fruits were about the size of a video-cassette, and every single one was entitled, 'Abdu'l Baha,' Baha'u'llah's successor and son. Baha'u'llah had called his son 'The Most Great Branch.'

"This is why there is need of religion," a voice said, "for the souls who are unable to guide themselves." Turning, I looked upon the misled remains of souls who had followed a fanatic, getting lost in the delusions of a mentally ill man. Remembering Christ's words, 'You will know them by their fruits,' the fruits of the good tree before me were 'Abdu'l Baha', the 'Most Great Branch' of the Baha'i faith.

Let it be known unto all the world, the great revelation which is contained within the texts of this new faith. Let it be known.

*"Consider! The station and the confirmation of the apostles in the time of Christ was not known, and no one looked on them with the feeling of importance - nay, rather, they persecuted and ridiculed them. Later on it became evident what crowns studded with the brilliant jewels of guidance were placed on the heads of the apostles . . ."*

*Tablets of the Divine Plan, Tablet 7:3, Page 39, Paragraph 2,  
(Baha'i, Words of 'Abdu'l Baha')*

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Entering into the ancient past, a spirit aside was telling me stories about the patriarchs of the Old Testament. Immediately taken aback by the disrespectful nature of the storytelling, I instantly sensed that a demon must be present. Another aspect of original sin is the intellectual arrogance that modern men use to insist that the patriarchs were less educated or civilized. By doing so, people of our age can consider themselves superior, when in fact, the mysteries of God in every age are holy, and the education of a future age does not diminish the

holy nature of a sacred path forged in ages past.

Who among us may say that we bear the same holiness as Abraham did *in his time*? For who in our time has accomplished the same sacred duty within the context of our present age? Who among us?

Turning, the spirit aside me had become an ugly reptilian demon, holding a centipede in his hand. "You jerk!" I said, as he cowered in disappointment that his ruse had not worked. Attempting to thrust the centipede infestation into my soul, he threw it at me but I ran. Missing, I shouted to the heavens. "Holy Mary, Mother of God, please help me." As soon as these words were uttered, the centipede quietly walked away with three other centipedes, two tarantulas and one spider. Completely disappearing, the other demon was now gone. Because I had called for the assistance of the Holy Mother who treads upon demons underfoot, they were unable to pursue me any further. "Hail Mary, Full of Grace . . ."

***"For thy enemy and adversary is laboring with ceaseless vigilance to obscure thy understanding in forgetfulness of the divine law, seeking to withdraw thy will, which is a blind faculty, from the practice of justification."***

*The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Transfixion, Chapter II, Page 405, Bottom, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mary)*

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As my prayers had gone up to the heavens as I continued asking the Lord to show me His will and how I might better serve Him. Sitting aside two native women amongst a tribal gathering, an eternal voice spoke. "You must now tell the story of the Native Americans, and because of this, you must go talk to them." Then they were gone.

***"I asked for a vision which might show me how best to***

*serve the earth and honor all life, to honor walking on the surface of the earth at this time. Then . . . I received a vision."*

*Being and Vibration, Chapter 5, Page 148, Paragraph 1,  
(Tribal, Tiwa, Author: Joseph Rael)*

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**CHAPTER SEVEN**

**The Dark Side Attempts to Undo Karmic Rectification, Potentials Unfulfilled, Accepting Individual Free Will, Misunderstandings of Religious Concepts, Holiness of Religion, Seeking High Level Consciousness, Karma of Dogma, Unfoldment of the Doctrine of Reincarnation, Different Levels of Temptation, Reconciliation in Spirit with the Native American People, Journey as New Testament, Heavenly Reward of Overcoming, the Outpost of Resolved Karma, Resolution.**

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Beyond form, the demonic intrusion awaited their opportunity as I became aware of myself awakening in the dark, dank apartment that I had rented when I was but eighteen.

Getting up from this long ago bed of mine, I immediately began throwing up feces, but interestingly, my feces was white. Two women stood before me, as I was made aware that they had fallen prey to the lures of 'the gull,' destructive sexual energy. Feeling sorrow for them, bats suddenly began appearing from the attic and were flying all around me. A powerfully dark presence became manifest all around.

My roommates had become creaking sets of bones lying on their beds, and I could feel my own bones creaking in the eerie mist. Someone from my past was present, and I continued throwing up white feces whenever I saw him or felt the energies of our interactions from the past. Immediately, I felt great shame, although the shame was no longer mine, and I began to pray for his soul. "Eternal Father," I said, as I began to recite the prayer of divine mercy, "I offer you

the body, blood, soul and divinity of your dearly beloved Son, Jesus Christ, in atonement for our sins and for the sins of the whole world. Amen." (A Prayer given to Saint Faustina, a Catholic Nun.)

Looking for refuge, I walked silently downstairs, while a great red gale-wind burst open the front door of whom I immediately knew to be that of Satan. Looking around, I sought refuge from the presence of the evil one. Another person I had known in the past was flying outside in the winds. Eyes perched upon the source of the wind; they betrayed the identity of that which he had befallen. Showing terror and decomposition as he gazed upon the countenance of Satan, he was quickly overcome. "Eternal Father," I began to pray on behalf of this other soul, "I offer you the body, blood, soul and divinity of your dearly beloved Son, Jesus Christ, in atonement for our sins and for the sins of the whole world. Amen." Realizing that Satan was trying to lead me to despair by showing me the chosen fate of some of the souls who had participated with me in sin, the red wind slammed the front door shut.

Turning to directly face the wind, I never looked upon the countenance of the viper. Attempting to fill me with terror, I stood strong and cried out, "Cursed be thy name, cursed be thy name, cursed be thy name, cursed be thy name." His energy was strong and harsh, so my voice was weak and small against his force. Bringing forth all the strength that lay within me, I cried out the louder, "Cursed be thy name! Cursed be thy name! Cursed be thy name! Cursed be thy name!" In moments, I'd awoken safe in my home. Depleted by my defiance, he was gone.

*"O chastiser of the enemy, the sacrifice performed in knowledge is better than the mere sacrifice of material possessions."*

*Bhagavad Gita As-It-Is, Chapter 4, Text 33, (Hinduism,  
Translator: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)*

Returning to dream vistas, my soul was immediately alit in a powerful vibrational force which led me to a beautiful and wanton woodland.

Seeing two distinct lines indicating two patches of ground which were before me, they represented the dark and light side of existence. The light side of existence was a rich, green and lustrous patch of healthy fertile grass. The dark side of existence was a patch of dead, dry and tan colored infertile grass. Touching the lighted side, it was beautifully warm and soft. Lightly touching the dark side with one finger, it held a hidden torment, as my finger was filled with thistles. Pulling out the pile of stickers which had come into me, I understood the allegorical rendering. Light is fertile and warm, while darkness is deadened and painful.

Soaring to the sky, I looked below to witness the always beautiful and magnificent spectacle of the mountains below in flight. Suddenly, however, my soul was in the hands of another spirit, carrying me with love and grace to our destination. Red Jacket had taken me into his arms and was now flying me to safety. Landing next to a small fire pit that had been prepared for us atop the mountains' peak, he laid me upon the ground gently. Looking at him deeply, his long black hair was straight and thin, his body, tall and big but not overtly muscular. Wearing buckskin pants, they were lightly fringed, and his face appeared younger now. Large, deeply brown and piercing, his eyes expressed the love he had for my soul. Sitting quietly by the fire, the torment of the viper was far away, but within moments, he soared off into the mountain's horizon as my soul had been rendered silent by his visitation.

All of a sudden, a bunch of bunnies appeared;

pink, yellow, blue and green. Some were small like regular bunnies, but some were two and three feet high. Cozy energies surrounding me, I petted their soft fur on this mountain's peak. Feeling very safe now in the bosom of the Lord, I bade my farewell and returned to the earth.  
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Quickly alit with eternal desire, I was led by an unseen force to several texts. Among them were Augustine's writings and the Holy Qur'an. All of a sudden, the texts were far away as I stood beside Andy, my husband, in a vast mountainous woodland.

Having ventured into an overlapping astral space, our purpose was to meet a man who had done something rather wonderful, an eternal beacon, but what he had done we did not know. As we began our journey to his home, we didn't realize that we had gone into another reality of our own world when we had taken the turn into his realm, but we had entered, in a sense, the past; but yet, here in this reality, it was the present.

Arriving at his home, his family couldn't be more cordial as we entered to convey our wonderment at his great heroic act. Although we still didn't know what he had done, we could energetically ascertain its merit. A governor of sorts, it wasn't an Earthly title, but some kind of heavenly post that he held over this realm; as if what he had done remained unseen to the common man, but visible to eternity.

Congratulating him on his brevity in seeking and attaining such a high universal station, we were energetically allowed to feel the great merit he'd attained through his work, and the gratitude of many souls who had been assisted in their journeying. Grateful for our visit, when it was time to go, he said, "Ya'Baha'Islam." Although I didn't understand it immediately, the words meant something like "Hail Glorious Islam," and he was

opening the energetic door to the Islamic faith in my soul. Nodding, I turned.

Driving deeper into the wilderness community, we entered a strange time/space continuum. It was as if we were living in the present world, but no longer inhabiting the particular Earthly reality from which we had come. But this warp served a purpose, to give us the opportunity to finally understand the nature of the eternal accomplishment of the man we had just left.

Many of the folks who belonged to these parts lived in 20th century buildings and drove 20th century cars, but their primary mode of living was very much as it would have been 150 years or more before. Living off of the land in a harmonious manner was something that wasn't just common to the native Indian peoples here, but to the white man, as well. Everything was so beautiful, natural and harmonious. A balance existed between the needs of the Earth, and the 20th century devices which had been discovered to make survival less difficult for humanity. Native American's wore traditional garb and the Indian and white men hunted together, often for bear, to feed their families. Loving each other as brothers, there was absolutely no racial tension.

Becoming apparent that this was a parallel world which had played out very differently in regards to the red race than it had in our reality, this harmony had come about primarily through the efforts of the governor, and it was a marvel to witness.

Because we were seeing the native people before the betrayal, the beauty was heart-wrenching. Industrious, kind, playful, and above all, earthy, they lived in harmonic pleasure with all around them. Certainly, they did have something to teach the white man about redemption. They showed above all

simplicity of living which allowed for them to exist in a state of great joy without causing harm to the Earth or taking any form of life outside of balance.

As I watched the people in this place where the Indians still roamed freely, I didn't want to leave. My soul wished to retain the joyousness I had in just quietly watching this harmonious exchange, for it was so different than what I saw in my own world. Wondrous attributes which were uniquely qualified to their race, were destroyed in a great number of their people in our world; mostly due to violence, treachery and oppression which occurred so soon past. Our actions had borne a conquered people, many consumed with sloth because their self-initiative had been taken away when they'd been herded onto reservations. What shame we should feel for causing such a travesty! What a horrid shame!

There was no need to speak to the natives of this realm, for their presence had communicated to me all I needed to know. Coming as I'd been bidden, we'd communicated in a way no Earthly chat could have produced. Allowing myself to revel in this joy, I felt myself being pulled away from this beautiful parallel of my own world; a parallel filled with the joyous alternative to what could have been, had we respected and honored the lives of the native people. So many lost . . . so many lost . . .

***"Grandfather, I am sending a voice! To the Heavens of the universe, I am sending a voice; that my people may live!"***

*The Sacred Pipe, Chapter IV, Page 54, Stanza 1, (Tribal, Oglala Sioux, Words of Black Elk)*

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Amidst the splendor of a Baha'i gathering, a large cloth banner depicted the substance of the Baha'i teachings. Upon its sheath something inexplicable was missing, until . . . until . . . Suddenly, a very devout Baha'i

woman placed the cloth of Baha'u'llah upon a banner depicting the crucifixion of Christ. As the two cloths came together, the cross melded deeply into the banner of Baha'u'llah, and it bore new meaning greater than any it could bear on its own. The Baha'i revelation was not complete without the crucifixion of Christ upon its bough, but together, they made a powerful revelation far surpassing the separate links. Watching, I saw the cloth fibers of the banner melt into the wood of the cross, merging over top of one another, becoming one. Together, together, together . . . the revelations of the prophets must be understood as a whole, not as separate pieces, if one seeks full knowledge.

*"In every land We have set up a luminary of knowledge, and when the time foreordained is at hand, it will shine resplendent above its horizon, as decreed by God, the All-Knowing, the All-Wise. If it be Our will we are fully capable of describing for thee whatever existeth in every land or hath come to pass therein. Indeed the knowledge of thy Lord pervadeth the heavens and the earth."*

*Tablets of Baha'u'llah, No. 9, Lawh-I-Hikmat, Page 150,  
Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

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The barren landscape outside the church was almost too much to bear as I stood with people of the world, begging them to enter the holy shrine along with me. They would not, and they argued and fought continually as I cried and cried, begging and pleading. One of them was getting very dramatic as he spoke of the torment I was giving them by begging such a thing. From his words, I gathered that he truly felt smothered and afflicted.

My tears could not be confounded as they gathered in arms against my approach, angered at my 'self-righteous' attempts to bring them with me into the

church. Another one of them approached me with her views on the matter. "You are trying to make us into something that we are not, and have us do something that we do not wish to do." I awakened to an epiphany.

Tears still falling, perhaps even harder because of the force of the realization, but I suddenly understood that these people did not view my attempts to save their souls in such a manner, but rather, as direct interference with what they wanted to do. In their view, they had no souls to save.

Wiping my face with a tissue, my red and puffy cheeks could not be hidden. Turning to the people, I realized that many years and many church services had gone by as I waited outside trying to get them to join me. I'd missed so much, I'd missed so much. For all these years, I'd watched the churchgoers enter quietly while I cried and waited outside, waiting, always waiting for these loved ones to take heart. But it had never happened, and it never would. "I understand," I said to them, "I truly understand, now. You don't *want* to go." Quiet but assured, I finished. "Well, I'm going to go inside, and when I do, I'm never coming back. Do you understand? I'm never coming back for you." Sighing in relief that I was finally going to leave them alone, I turned quietly, opened the door and entered the church, as the heavy door closed loudly and tightly behind me.

Inside the church, the altar was aglow with the love of God. Speaking wonderful words of God, the minister was directing the congregation in beautiful praise. Walking quietly forward, I tried to hide the redness and puffiness of my cheeks from the minister, and I sat in the second pew. Words eloquent and the music astounding, the energy inside this holy church far surpassed my expectations. Finally, I was home with my Lord.

Passing out hymnals with the Latin text of some Gregorian chants, the entire congregation began singing them. Moments later, they all burst into yet another genre of singing, that of one of my own hymns, 'I Love the Lord.' Invited to lead the congregation in this song, I approached the front of the church and stood aside the altar, feeling quite unworthy. But when my mouth opened, my voice issued in praise of God in a sound that even I could not believe was my own. The Lord and His angels were using my voice to honor His name. Peace overcame my soul in a moment of serenity, and it was as if the trials of my human existence were no longer, as if they'd never been, for now I was in the arms of my most loving Lord. I sat down to pray for those I'd left behind, and all became silent.

*"And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us, who once were so united . . . may even now be brought at length, by the Power of the Divine Will, into One Fold and under One Shepherd."*

*Apologia Pro Vita Sua, Part VII, Page 353, Paragraph 3,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: John Henry Cardinal  
Newman)*

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After years of seeking, we finally found our way to the mountain abode prophesied in many a dream.

Catapulted into a rather bizarre circumstance, my soul was about to embark upon the varied concepts of the New Age movement, those which were positive and pleasing to the Lord, and those which were deeply flawed.

Led into a library wherein were contained many books by New Age authors, a voice issued from above, "Do not condemn them," it said, "for they do have a purpose. Just realize that their purpose is very limited." Nodding, I realized that their prime purpose was to open

people up to the 'experience' of God, rather than the cold, structured face many have rejected in church. Embracing mystical teachings, reincarnation, extra-terrestrial influences, and the recognition of the many layered self all leading back to the highest aspect of each individual soul's divinity, the higher self, they supported self-discovery, individual search, and differences amongst themselves. Most of all, they offered unconditional acceptance to each other.

However, it was made clear to me that after this opening occurs, there remains little within the New Age teachings regarding God as Supreme, or the importance of morality and virtue. Because of this, some of them are swept away by the viper, believing a self-centered truth which allows all acts of virtue *and* vice, to be equal and the same. Nothing, in their view, is either negative or positive within the program. Everything that they choose to do to serve the misperceived 'self' is okay. (The 'self' as spoken of in Eastern religions is the divine element within, not the ego.) Sometimes propounding a selfish absorption which precludes the needs or concerns of others, they also believe that we create our own reality. Although it is somewhat true that we create our own reality, it is not entirely true in the manner in which they believe it to be so. We direct our reality within the confines of the will of the Lord, we can completely destroy our own destiny, or energize it; but we cannot alter the course of *all* events within the confines of our life's program simply by willing it to be so. The Lord's decrees are carried out by His own choosing, and this belief becomes self-serving when it is used to deny responsibility or the need to care about those who suffer in the world; the hungry, the meek, the poor, and the sick. True holiness comes from serving the Lord, and thereby, serving others. Serving the 'self,' as in the ego, is

the doctrine of the fallen angels (Again, the 'self' referred to in Eastern teachings, is the divine element within, not the ego.).

***"Mankind at first numbered two, then three, and at last they became innumerable. They had been images of God, but after the Fall, they became images of self, which images originated in sin. Sin placed them in communication with the fallen angels. They sought all their good in self and the creatures around them with all of whom the fallen angels had connection; and from that interminable blending, that sinking of his noble faculties in self and in fallen nature, sprang manifold wickedness and misery."***

*The Life of Jesus Christ and Biblical Revelations, Volume 1, Sin and its Consequences, No. 1, The Fall, Page 18, Paragraph 2, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of the Venerable Anne Catherine Emmerich)*

Virtue and a respect for the true karmic consequences of incorrect behavior, thought and action are lacking. Even in realms which appear unlimited to our human eyes, such as the Pleiades, freedom is afforded within the confines of the will of God. Freedom is afforded to them because of their own innate controls: Freedom within the concept of what is good and what is true.

***"Liberty is a self-destroying technique of cosmic existence when its motivation is unintelligent, unconditioned, and uncontrolled."***

*The Urantia Book, Paper 54, No. 1, Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Urantia)*

Now my soul was standing amidst the putrid filth of the untrue concepts within the New Age. The primary affectations were the misperceived doctrine of 'I am God' which becomes blasphemous in its misunderstanding (The Eastern doctrine of 'I am God,' is very much linked to the true understanding of the

correct doctrine of the 'self.' But this understanding cannot fully be known outside the states of ecstasy and Samadhi where the meaning is made clear. Its truth lies in the knowledge of the divine element within, which when properly energized allows for a soul to display miraculous holy gifts.); the missing link of virtue; and the misunderstood concept of 'self.' (The divine element within being misperceived as the ego.) True doctrines, when misunderstood, can become very dark.

Surrounded by the manure which represented the self-serving thinking of New Age thought, there was no way through this mess on the ground; it was a cesspool, putrid, impure and disgusting. Suddenly, a huge angelic man stood before me who must've been fifteen feet tall, high in the sky above me holding a bow and arrow. Attired like a Roman soldier, his back was adorned with white lighted feathery angel wings. Erroneous concepts were depicted in the air as a hazy black cloud, and on the ground as piles and piles of excrement. As he began to aim his bow at this cloud of unknowing, he said, "It is much easier to take on a reality by shooting it down as a concept, rather than to take it on, on the ground." Immediately, as his arrow shot through the falsehoods, they exploded and were dispersed. As this occurred, Andy and I were freed from the repugnant results of such false doctrine on the ground.

*"After death everyone comes to know in the spiritual world what the uncleannesses are which titillate the body's fibers in such persons and comes to know the nature of them. In general they are things cadaverous, excrementitious, filthy, malodorous, and urinous; for their hells teem with such uncleannesses."*

*Divine Providence, Chapter II, No. 38, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Words of Emanuel Swedenborg)*

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Buzzing all around me were the holy energies of the Islamic faith, 'The Holy Qur'an,' the poetry of Rumi and the 'Sirat Rasul Allah,' a text on the life of Mohammed. Flying all around me, they began to spin.

As I experienced the texts whirling around me, I became more and more entrenched in the energies of Islam. The words from these texts and especially the poetry of Rumi began swirling in the air around me, moving my soul to such a degree, that I instinctively began whirling like a dervish. As I was spinning, I recalled that this state was for the sole purpose of thinking of God, and as I did so, my soul became almost dizzy with love for God. Carrying a circular rope with me, it somehow spun with me and contributed to the dizzying, ecstatic state I had entered upon. My Islamic inquiry was going deep quickly, and the vastness of this ecstatic state held my attentions for a great deal of time. Spinning, spinning, spinning, I fell deeper and deeper in love with the Lord. My head spun at eye level and then turned towards the sky, and then down again. My rope was spinning in a centrifugal fusion, it seemed impossible that it could be in such synchronicity with my soul.

When I finally emerged, I felt immense honor at the opportunity to experience such a thrust, and my regard for the whirling dervishes grew sevenfold. When my soul had completely exited such state, I looked upon the sky and the remnants of the words which spun around me . . . in tranquility.

*"The sun is love. The lover, a speck circling the sun. A Spring wind moves to dance any branch that isn't dead. Something opens our wings. Something makes boredom and hurt disappear. Someone fills the cup in front of us. We taste only Sacredness. I stand up, and this one of me turns into a hundred of me. They say I circle around you. Nonsense, I circle around me."*

*The Essential Rumi, Chapter 27, Page 280, Stanzas 2, 3 & 5,  
(Islam, Sufi, Words of Rumi)*

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Thrust amidst a deep and profoundly putrid ghetto, I interiorly knew immediately that in order to exit, I would have to find my way to route 25 from route 24, my current location.

Having entered a convenience store, I tried to buy several things to eat and a book or two, but when I'd gone to the cash register, they'd told me my credit card was 'hot,' or stolen. Ironically, however, they knew that this was a mistake and didn't take my card, but they wouldn't allow me to purchase any of the items which I had mistakenly perceived might have helped me in my peril. Returning all of the items to the shelf, I left the store, immediately boarding my bike, keeping my hopes high because I could now see the exit to route 25 within view. Surprised when I came to the exit, I was not yet allowed to board it.

Entering upon a maze which encompassed route 24, the place was filled with confusion. Apparently trapped, I began riding endlessly in search of route 25. Following a sign which led me into a series of buildings, I left my bike behind and walked through several rooms, but could not seem to find my way. At first, I missed the proper exits altogether. On the second try, I entered the buildings on my bike, only to follow literally hundreds of rooms through office buildings, exiting each through closet doors, finally reaching an even scarier part of the ghetto. Following all the rooms outward to what appeared to be the end, I found myself only more lost in the depths of this increasingly haunting ghetto.

In the distance, I noticed a kindly looking black gentleman sweeping the streets. As I quietly approached him, I asked, "Where might I have gone wrong?" "There's

a lady in the last room who can tell you how to find the final exit, and the elusive final exit is hidden in the last room about one quarter of the way through . . . hidden in a door," he said.

Turning around, I began to ride back to the last room of which I had just left behind, only to find a filthy white woman covered in feces, urine and blood lying on the floor as if dead. From where I stood, I could see the exit one quarter of the way through the room and I began to turn to follow it, but my conscience stopped me. A young black boy had appeared and was now standing there looking at me, knowing full well I didn't fit in this horribly disfigured dark place. Frightened and horrified by the sight of the woman, I didn't wish to remain because I was so scared. Many people suddenly appeared out of the ether, all bearing threatening glances and hideous treachery. If I were to stay here very long, they might kill me, or come after me like someone apparently had done to this poor unfortunate woman lying on the ground covered in feces, urine and blood.

A desk appeared to the side of the woman who was lying in the center of this room, but at the same time, was lying in the street, as this room represented a ghetto block. Noticing a phone on the desk near the woman, I turned to the horridly frightening appearance of the woman on the street and asked her if I might be able to get her some help. Surprisingly, she responded. "That would be nice, and let the ambulance know that I have malaria." Realizing that she had not been injured by these people, but rather, she was deathly ill with a . . . oh, my gosh . . . highly contagious disease! Immediately feeling fear, her feces, urine and blood were everywhere, but I quelled my fear and turned to the phone.

As I did, the 911 operator said, "It is good that you called me, for if you had not, you wouldn't have been

able to get through the exit even though you had found it. Because you called for help, you can go now." Hanging up the phone, I began to leave . . . but then stopped myself. Turning to the woman, I said, "I can't leave you here, I'll just have to wait until the ambulance arrives."

Asking to speak to the woman, a man suddenly appeared. Whispering in his ear, the woman said to him, "This is unfortunate (that she has chosen to stay) because she would have been able to exit this realm if she had immediately left, but now that she's waited she won't be able to exit." Conveying her words to me, I was saddened, but replied, "It wouldn't have been right to leave you here helpless, so I had to wait, even if it costs me the exit of this maze, and the loss of this rite of passage."

Suddenly, all the putrid filth around her disappeared and she metamorphosized first into a small boy, and then a small girl dressed in a long white robe. Smiling, she conveyed, "You wouldn't have been able to exit this realm had you not stayed." Reaching her hand to me, I was suddenly transported outside of that city block ghetto room, into yet another room of this elaborate maze.

A series of very illusive passages followed, each successive one more complex than the other. Inexplicable and energetic in nature, they were impossible to retain upon consciousness. After passing through many such rooms, however, the little girl greeted me again.

"There will be many angels awaiting you in each room," she said, "and they will guide you to the next passage." Stopping her, I said, "Well, with each angel I must stop and demand that they reveal their true selves, for I do not wish to follow any angels in disguise." As

soon as I made this discernment, I was far away from the little girl. Now standing before a series of passages which I undertook with greater and greater fatigue, this process was mentally tiring because it required 100% consciousness on my part, and each passage was so complex and intricate there seemed no possible way to remember the details of each, or even some small details of any singular one. Inexplicable . . .

After passing through several ritual passages, I entered a maze whose purpose was the discernment between falsehood and truth. An old woman began making true statements, all of which were depicted in writing on a page much like a newspaper. Warning me that the false ones would be difficult to discern, she directed my fingers to touch tens of statements of truth, imprinted on the newspaper. Allowing me to feel the vibration of truth and how it differs from falsehood, she warned me that in the next passage I would be unable to discern through vibration, and would be left with only my intellect to discern the true from the false. Some would be absolutely true, others would be intricate falsehoods fashioned to appear as though true. In order to pass through this phase of the rite, I must be able to discern the true from the false.

Disappearing, literally hundreds of statements made by various religions throughout time appeared upon the page. Beginning to read them all, I began to get very tired. At first, it was easy to discern that most of the statements were falsehoods, but what began to happen as I continued reading false theological doctrines, my mind quickly became too fatigued to discern. Stopping me in my sloth, the old lady's voice said, "You must be able to continue no matter how long it takes, and it will continue for a succession of three full days."

'Oh my goodness,' I cannot express in words how

tiring just the thought of this had become. Focusing my very tired mind, I resolved that if it must take three days, then it will take three days, I will not fail this very important test due to lack of diligence. New sets of statements appeared in regards to the station of certain religious leaders, many of them indicating that it wasn't uncommon for such people to misunderstand their purpose, attaching more significance to themselves through their own pride; rather than fulfilling their function without the need to create a new faction, sect, or denomination in their name.

A specific statement was made in reference to a particular sect, and my first impulse was to discern that the statement was true, but I didn't discern either way as the old lady's voice had come into my head. "Now you must run like a young buck across the field." Becoming a wide field, I began running across hoping that the end of the field might bring freedom from this endless discernment which seemed to already have taken several hours. Stopping myself, I turned back. 'I must be diligent in my efforts to discern all these statements, and I was told it would take three days, I must go back and discern the truth from the lies.'

Going back, I picked the newspaper up from the ground and began looking at the statements again. But as I looked upon these statements, I could no longer discern that which was true from that which was false. Fatigue of mind overcame me, and I made a decision not to discern any of the statements. Rather, I would take them in and allow the Lord to reveal to me the true from the false. Even more importantly, I decided to allow the Lord to reveal to me that which really mattered from that which truly was unimportant. Entering a detached state of inquiry wherein I chose to accept the statements as neither true nor false, the Lord began to reveal a great

truth. All of these points of theology in religion held absolutely *no* importance in the eyes of the Lord. Detailed doctrines and fancy dogmatic theologies were unimportant in the eternal scheme of things. Nothing retained importance except this interiorly pure desire of the heart to *know* God. All the rest became meaningless. What I knew, what I believe . . . all paled in importance as it stood aside my love for God.

Becoming totally detached in this manner, the page changed into a picture. In the far lower right corner, the old lady was depicted in pencil drawing holding a set of weights and balances. At the top of the page, it said, 'If you wish to know the truth and falsehood, you must place your nose against the old lady's hand holding the balance.' As I did so, my nose began vibrating immensely and my soul quietly began to be delivered from this maze exiting upon the illustrious route 25, and arriving at consciousness in the physical state.

***"The Prophet said: When flattery will grow in good people among you, the kingdom will go to the meanest of you and theology to those who will be corrupt."***

*Ihya-Ulum-Ud-Din, Book 1, Chapter 1, Section 4, Page 58,  
Top, (Islam, Author: Imam Gazzali)*

***"The Prophet prohibited dispute about useless things . . . He said . . . If a man gives up disputation in matters of truth, a house will be built up for him in the highest paradise."***

*Ihya-Ulum-Ud-Din, Book 1, Chapter 1, Section 4, Page 60,  
Top, (Islam, Author: Imam Gazzali)*

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Witnessing the unfoldment of the doctrine of reincarnation, I was filled with an inexplicable knowledge of every aspect of this grand mystery of the redemption. As the mysteries of the redemption and reincarnation are inseparable, it was beholden to me as eight separate vessels of knowledge. Containing distinct

energetic knowledge which denoted, reiterated and explained much of the experiential knowledge I've come to know throughout my journeyings, there was also a great deal more.

Each of eight aspects of the mystery were presented to me distinctly and separately, each as by two hands opening up before my eyes, with a profound energetic body coming from between them and into my soul, which expounded and filled me with the energetic truths of reincarnation. I wish I could express this vision further, for it was quite profound, but inexplicable. With great anticipation, I awaited the final two mysteries; for I knew that they held profundity beyond my imaginings. When these last two bodies of knowledge opened and filled me, I cannot express the relief and satisfaction which came through me, but yet, I remember nothing tangible of the knowledge which came over me, for it was all profoundly energetic and inexplicable.

Let it suffice to say that the mysteries of the redemption - and reincarnation - are inseparable.

*"I am He who in an instant lift up the humble spirit, to learn more reasonings of the Eternal Truth, than if a man had studied ten years in the schools. I teach without noise of words, without confusion of opinions, without striving after honour, without clash of arguments. I am He who teach men to despise earthly things, to loathe things present, to seek things heavenly, to enjoy things eternal, to flee honours, to endure offences, to place all hope in Me, to desire nothing apart from Me, and above all things to love Me ardently."*

*The Imitation of Christ, The Third Book, Chapter XLII, No. 3, (Christianity, Author: Thomas A Kempis)*

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Brought upon a great series of disasters which represented the different levels of temptation which can

descend upon our souls; the first and most catastrophic was a volcanic eruption coupled with earthquakes, the second was mud slides, and the third flash floods.

In each of these scenarios, my soul was given to experience and learn how to 'ride' the flow of the temptation so as not to be overcome. All three could overcome you without regard if you were not watchful for their sudden emergence, but if you knew how to ride temptation, you could survive the assaults of even the greatest element of vice.

In regards to the first temptation, the worst involving volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, I was bidden to ride the volcanic flow and willingly go underneath it as it covered me over in vile usury. Able to emerge victorious after it had passed, I was then able to emerge very slowly. In essence, you had to surrender to this level of temptation, not in the sense that you followed it, but rather, that you accepted the temptation as a wave of energy you could not avoid. Because it could not be avoided, you rode it. Riding required immersion with eventual re-emerging, unscathed if ridden properly. At the end of a first level temptation, you emerged on very high ground, far above (several hundred feet) the point you began, indicating the reward of overcoming such a high level temptation of the soul.

The second and third level were rather similar, in that you were required to ride the waves of mud and water, as well, but because they were less overwhelming than the first, you sought to keep your head above the flow. Mastering this was done by forming your body as if like a tube, a key for second and third level temptations.

Overcoming these three levels of temptation proffered the journeyer with the title of 'Master of the Slide.' Learning to follow the movements of temptation,

the soul must do so in a flowing manner so as to avoid perishing amidst the tumultuous and rabid natural disasters of sin.

Unable to ride the waves of temptation, completely overcome on all three levels; my eldest daughter required my assistance to keep her from being overwhelmed by vice. Andy had trouble with the first and second level temptations. Upon sharing this with them, they confirmed their weakness, vowing to strive ever more in the fight against temptation and sin.

Do not flee from temptation, but do not succumb, but ride the wave, and follow it through so as not to be overwhelmed. Do not fight temptation from the ground, overcome it through surrender to the flow of the divine, and you shall obtain the strength to swim through the greatest of moral obstacles with success.

***"It is necessary that temptations should happen; for who shall be crowned but he that shall lawfully have fought . . ."***

*The Voice of the Saints, Chapter 9, No. 2, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Bernard)*

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Our party had taken to camping in the wilderness for the night, as our two wagons we had were in need of repair and the horses in need of a rest. Traveling across the mighty frontier towards the plains, we'd made plans to settle and make new homes in the wild country. But we were unprepared for what happened next.

Approaching us in English, a middle-aged Indian woman saw our party from the banks of a river. "Your presence here is insulting to my people," she said and then walked away. Having accidentally dropped a small bible into the water because of my fear of her when she approached, I picked it up.

In the middle of the night, they came, the Cheyenne warriors. Immediately, my spiritual aspect

remembered their leader who had come to me early in my spiritual journeyings calling himself 'Cheyenne.' Shocked at how brutal he had been in life, the life of the frontier was violently different than what I had perceived.

Being taken captive by the Cheyenne, we were brought to their camp. One of the older men among us was a doctor, and very strong willed, and he defiantly spat at the feet of their leader. Immediately shot to death, we quickly learned that if we were to live, we had to become useful to the tribe. There were quite a few white folk amongst this tribe and it immediately became clear that if anybody lost their use, they would be killed.

A grown woman, my grown sister and brother were among us, as well as my father. My mother was not present; perhaps she had already died in the East. Wearing long dresses with petticoats, my hair was dyed blonde and curled at the ends in a tress. Looking upon all of us, I noticed that my butt was pretty big, and my sister was skinnier than I. Women wore hats with limp colored feathers in them. Fancy and looking quite odd at this juncture, over time, my blonde hair grew back out to its natural brown color.

Becoming useful to the tribe in teaching, they'd become interested in learning to read. Having to give up everybody and everything from our old life made me extremely angry at the Indians. Although we were made regular citizens of the tribe, it was also made clear that we were not allowed to leave at penalty of death.

At one point several years later, my sister and father escaped one night, but I was unable to go with them. Becoming extremely depressed, over time, I had taken ill. Laying down struggling to breathe, I was unable to control urination. The Indians actually tended to me very lovingly at this juncture, but I still hated them

and all they had done to us in my heart.

Never recovering, I was rarely able to get out of bed, and it wasn't long before I died.

The Indians and what they meant to me, what can I say? This event made it clear to me just how important they were in regards to my own redemption, because I had built up so much karma regarding them between my own lives as a native among them, and my lifetimes as a white person whose reality kept bumping into theirs.

In a sense, I knew that I had had this experience to give myself a sense of the journey, the accomplishment, the distance, and the struggle. The journey from karmic delusion towards the grand redemption of my soul had been a very long one, and this moment reminded my soul of the distance it had come. For the purpose of praise, we must always remember from where we have come, for it is only through this, that our soul retains a true understanding of the value of that which has come to pass. Praise the Lord, for the journey slowly reaches its end, the mysteries of the redemption have unfolded and become manifest within my heart.

*"For it is by wise guidance that you wage your war,  
and the victory is due to a wealth of counselors."*

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs 24:6*

*"But the rational soul who (also) wearied herself in seeking - she learned about God. She labored with inquiring, enduring distress in the body, wearing out her feet after the evangelists, learning about the Inscrutable One. She found her rising. She came to rest in him who is at rest. She reclined in the bride-chamber. She ate of the banquet for which she had hungered. She partook of the immortal food. She found what she had sought after. She received rest from her labors, while the light that shines forth upon her does*

**not sink."**

*The Nag Hammadi Library, Authoritative Teaching, Page  
310, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Studiously transcribing the notes that I had written regarding the mysteries of the redemption, it became known to me that they were a commentary on another more important text. Within each section of the commentary, I also wrote down the verse of this unknown text which had been its inspiration. Continuing this process throughout the night, when I finished I was shocked to learn just what sort of book I had been writing about. Emerging from my notes was a copy of the New Testament, as my writing was a commentary on the New Testament, bearing the journey of a soul according to the teachings of Christ within the pages of the most Holy Bible. Honored and stunned by this, I realized that in our humble journey towards the redemption, the Holy Scriptures had been fulfilled, as they must be fulfilled in every individual life. It is finished; let it be done according to thy will . . .

*"I have set you as the light of the world, and as a city that cannot be hid. But the time cometh when darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people, and the enemies of truth and righteousness shall rule in my Name, and set up a kingdom of this world, and oppress the peoples, and cause the enemy to blaspheme, putting for my doctrines the opinions of men, and teaching in my Name that which I have not taught, and darkening much that I have taught by their traditions. But be of good cheer, for the time will also come when the truth they have hidden shall be manifested, and the light shall shine, and the darkness shall pass away, and the true kingdom shall be established which shall be in the world, but not of it, and the Word of righteousness and love shall go forth . . ."*

*The Gospel of the Holy Twelve, Lection XCV, No. 3-4,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

***"Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures. And said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead after the third day. And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in my name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.***

***And ye are witnesses of these things."***

*The Gospel of the Holy Twelve, Lection LXXXVIII, No. 6,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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My soul had been in a state of disorientation for a long time. As I began to reacquaint myself with the reality of the world around me, I found myself within the confines of a mental ward. In my stupor, I had failed to notice that many people had come to see me in my confinement, and were concerned about my soul.

Feeling as though I were emerging from a dream, I quietly walked down the halls following the whims of my heart, I knew where I needed to go.

Carrying with me a box full of ancient sacred texts, I began to look upon them with intrigue. It was these texts which had led me down a road which looked so much like mental illness to those around me. Yet, this road had been the most vital of all roads I'd ever taken. Despite the perception of those who surrounded me, I knew that this road was one every mortal soul must follow at some point in their endless cycle of lives.

After entering the room and settling my accounts with several people, the teacher got up and began to talk to this crowded room of students. "Now that you finally have this little distraction taken care of," he said, "you can focus again on your studies." I was the distraction he spoke of, my failing mental health. Surprisingly, however, several students began sharing a defense on

my behalf. "I'm just trying to point out," the teacher responded, "that this woman has been a great distraction for all of you, because of her craziness, and all her problems." A woman jumped up. "You speak of her as if you don't understand," she said, "it is not like the butler who has been caught stealing. No, it's not like that at all, but rather, the poet whose battle in life is always with himself, her sinfulness is the only thing which concerns her. Have you ever listened to this soul? How she speaks of her own sin with such disdain and regret, how she believes with her full heart that her life has warranted hell." Only making him believe in his position all the more, he replied, "Don't let this woman continue to distract you from your goals. She's crazy, that's all there is to it."

Standing up, I looked directly into his eyes and said, "It is not I that you are afraid of, sir. I am only another worthless crazy person to you. But it is *yourself* that you find reflected in me which gives you such fear and trepidation. I see angels . . . and I see demons. I see them both. They are as real to me as you are at this moment." Pulling back, he cringed at my admittance of what I saw. "You are afraid of your own spirit which I reflect to you now," I said, "you are afraid of the journey which I have taken, not because you find it so crazy, but because a part of you finds it extremely disturbing, somehow not so far removed from that which your own soul must do to progress, but you are afraid to walk this path because you, too, may then seem crazy." Visibly shaken, I began to recite the death song. "The timeless moon doth ocean sway tide, holding tight to beachhead reign, but never be near the stillness of time, crossing to regions of lingering plane . . . Sing in spirit to mountains that speak . . . " Almost shouting, he pushed me away from him. As he did, the whole group of students began

to slowly clap and stand.

Within a short flicker of time, they stood in ovation for my journey and recovery through the mental crags of karma, which had given my soul a strange new insight into all things. My eyes didn't see things the same as they had before, because all was brilliant, lively and filled with meaning. The molecules in the air were visible to me now, and every step I took was energized and filled with light emanation. Was I crazy? Perhaps. But my crazy love for God had set me free from the delusions of my youth.

Perhaps all who cross the walkway towards the redemption appear to those we leave behind as somehow touched. But it is the Holy Spirit which touches us and makes us seem so odd, so malfeasant. It is unnecessary to explain to those we leave behind, for someday, too, they will emerge upon the same threshold which shall take them deep into a state of apparent mental illness. Perhaps if they knew that it is their current, unrealized state which is the true madness, they would begin to see the world through the eyes of a soul preparing to leave this planetary teacher behind. Beginning in karmic madness, this journey ends in heavenly malaise. Heavenly malaise is the ultimate madness to a soul locked in karma's temptation, and trapped within the gate of lifetimes of sin. Spinning . . . spinning . . . spinning . . . do they know that they appear mad to souls such as my own? My own soul whimpers in pain to hear other souls constantly talking, spinning, of things other than God. No meaning, no rapture, no joy, just the continuing drudgery of sanity, whilst I continue in my crazed ascent ever closer to my Beloved.

If this love of God is madness, then let me be mad, for I would never go back to being a rational soul, defect free in the eyes of the world, who lives only for the

self and worldly pursuits. Without God, let me die. With God, let me appear as crazy as I must, to awaken these slothful souls towards the path of heavenly bliss.

***"For them that believe, these things are true. For them that believe not, they are as an idle tale."***

*The Gospel of the Holy Twelve, Lection XCVI, No. 27,  
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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As my spirit began riding through the epochs of my life, I found myself wandering throughout several places and towns, visiting with those souls from my past to celebrate this great redemptive moment. However, they were not aware of this great happening until a momentous event occurred.

Amongst the spectral skies, a sudden wonderment overflowed into my being, and amidst the ruckus and turmoil of the world, containing everyone and everything I'd ever known throughout my life, music began to pour forth from my cells. And beyond this, the most beauteous fabrics began coming from my soul as I began dancing on the air.

Floating through the air at an indescribably vast speed, these fabrics began coming forth from my pores creating canvasses of life immersing the world about me in the joyous beauty of God and His magnificent creation. Stunned by the magnificent sounds which poured forth from my cells and the fabrics, linens, laces and cloths which emerged in the finest synchronicity, the people did not speak.

As my operatic endeavor continued, the thoughts of the people around me began appearing as objects representative of their senses. Statues of worldly objects began appearing, and in order to rectify this error, I began singing all the louder of the Holy Mother of God, and the Lord Jesus Christ. As I sang, my voice's pitch

went ever higher to encompass the vastness of God, His Son and Mother. Before me, as I sang, appeared beautiful statues of Mary and Jesus with their arms outstretched to all mankind. As I saw them, my spirit soared high up in the sky, going higher and higher. Bliss filled my soul.

Amongst one of my beauteous canvasses of life, somebody had erected an altar to the ancient Egyptians and to the Roman rulers. Flying with ease to the sight, singing this operatic song of life to my Lord, I spewed forth from my loins the sounds of the saints. As I did so, Mary, Jesus and images of holy souls throughout time from all ages, from all religions and sects filled the spaces, immediately replacing the former idolatry which had held Earthly images and people as Lord.

How can I express? How can I say it? If only I had the skill to rewrite the most beautiful opera I was proffered to sing in the honor of the Lord. Perhaps some things are meant to be so holy that they remain in the heavens as living monuments to the living Lord.

Beginning to run into souls of whom I'd known during my life, with each soul I gave thanks to the Lord for our reunion, and bid them adieu. But amongst them came one soul I'd known who had once been a spirit so free as to fill the world with his soul. But now, he came as a statue, dark and morose, fulfilling the whims of the world. Having lost his enlivened soul, it had been replaced by a stodgy shadow which fulfilled only the whims of the pocketbook. "Where have you gone, comrade?" I bade to ask him. "I gave up my childish fancies years ago," he said, "perhaps it is time for you to do the same." "Oh, no, my old friend," I replied, "I will never give up the enlivened love of the Lord, for He is my all." Looking at me, he shrugged his shoulders and turned his head as if to remark sarcastically of my stupidity.

So, in order to awaken him from his sleep, I began to sing my opera to the Lord all the louder. "Holy . . . Mother . . . of God . . ." I sang, "My Lord of life, Lord of love, Lord of all creation, Jesus Christ!" As I did so, statues of the most holy eminence's appeared out of a puff of smoke, replacing the worldly statues of things which converged throughout all these minds of souls. The canvas filled with the souls of the entire world, not just my own past.

Flying high again up in the air due to the mention of the holy duo, many souls were watching my flight with interest and confusion. They didn't realize that whenever I mentioned the mere names of Our Lord Jesus Christ and His Most Holy Mother Mary that my soul lifted high up in the air due to the lightness of being which such holy names rendered. Jealous for the bliss, they had begun to believe long ago that such bliss was not truly possible in this world. Although our world *is* very limited, its possibilities do retain the full inflow of heaven's bliss. Because humanity has chosen to fill it with those worldly things which contain no implicit joy, the world has become devoid of life. But it doesn't *have* to be this way.

Redemption can be a singular moment for an individual soul, but it could also contain the grandness of the entire human race if such a miracle were to take place within the mind of humanity.

Singing to my hearts content, bliss of soul filled my spirit in a manner indescribable, as banners of beautiful cloths, laces and linens continued to come out of me painting the world in beauty and kindness. "If only," I thought, "if only souls would paint their own little corner of the world with such beauty, fill it with the wonder of God, then they, too, would know the joy and bliss of God's magnificence." I thought of how sad it was

for those souls who had never experienced what I had been blessed to witness. My soul pondered the melancholy malaise that many in the world must be left with, when only their worldly imaginings remain. But if only they would dream again, if only they would look, for beyond this world lies another far greater and more vast than even the few have imagined. Our momentary sojourn upon these shores could be of wondrous beauty if only we would listen to the silent sounds which emanate continuously from the shores of heaven to beckon each one of us to come home. There are no words, there is no reason . . . yet man continues to spin in his karmic wheel of indifference towards his most glorious Creator, and in his malaise, he misses the joyous manifestations of love which emanate from His heart to our own. For He beckons us, every one, until we heed His call and return to His heart, His bosom, and again take suckle of the holy nourishment of our heavenly origin.

"No," I thought, "they aren't listening to me." Angry at my outflow of beauty and song, they were content to remain in their boring imaginings of worldly attainment and greed. So I sang all the louder, for in the corners and crevasse's were a few lone souls amongst the multitudes who were quietly, shyly listening. Unsure, they were, if my message could be true, but in their eyes I saw the wonder of a soul willing to seek, to beckon, to pray with fury to the Almighty Lord. If only they would be able to put down their worldly imaginings, and do it. Just do it.

My singing erupted into a vast furlough of melodious exhaustive bliss. My spirit flew to heights above the multitude, way above the multitude. My spirit listened in on the thoughts of the few, as their minds began to untangle the messages. Many were going back

and forth between jealousy for my state of bliss and their own longing to know God, as well. Would they break through the worldly view of conceit, which allowed them to judge my state? Would they hold fast to old ideas which supported a world devoid of the Lord God and all the bliss His love contains? Or would they awaken? In a tiny spark of wishing for more, would they begin to unravel the ancient mystery of the all-merciful redemption of God?

I wished for the latter, and I continued to sing, praising the Lord with all my might, flying higher than any soul could imagine, with the beautiful canvas of life continuing to emerge from my soul. Nothing would restrain my glory, for this glory was expressive of my own redemption, and who among the wards of imprisoned humanity, could understand such freedom? Redemption is a beautiful and magnificent thing, and so I allowed my soul to partake of it grandly; and in so doing, only beauty filled my soul, only beauty came out of my soul, only beauty filled my vocal chords, and only beauty filled my flight this night.

For those who could not or would not listen, I left the beautiful canvasses behind me, so that perhaps someday they might notice such beauty, and wonder from whence they had come. For those who might be ready to listen, I continued my singing; so that they might be able to hear the beauty they so longed to fathom. For myself and the holy angels, I continued my flight of joy, for there was nothing or no one that could take away the joyous melodious beatific vision of which I had embraced. The Lord, my God, filled me with majestic praise for all His great works in saving and restoring that which had been lost. My own unworthy soul had been redeemed. Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah to the Lord!

***"All the ways which the living soul of a person breathes forth in itself, and all the things a person does which are useful and fruitful as well as those which are useless - all these things are open to the sight of the all-powerful God."***

*Mystical Visions, Vision Four: 21, Paragraph 1,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Hildegard Von Bingen)*

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It was the end of a war, a truce had been called, and many soldiers had gathered at the outpost for supplies and food. With a friend of mine who was also a long time friend in this life, we were deep in the West. Indians were at the outpost looking to trade, and amongst them I saw the soul of Red Jacket.

With a white woman, he noticed me immediately, as I did him. Quiet about this recognition, only our mutual glances could betray our connection to each other. It seemed for this moment that this was later in the life of his imprisonment and our union, but I was unsure if this was the case.

Showing up brandishing a gun, my friend's brother was planning to kill a few Indians. Grabbing his gun from him, I got rid of it and stopped him. Again, I felt the glances looking upon me from behind. Turning, Red Jacket quickly turned his own head away. His majestic figure in the day was ominous, his long black hair a bit matted and dirty, but I cannot describe the intensity of the feelings I would experience just watching him from afar, a deep soul-felt love, something very rare and unique.

Despite this, we both knew that whatever liaisons we may have had in the past were to remain there. Both of us had grown and matured, and neither of us had any desire to cause pain to others over something which was already quite real, without any further need for expression.

Suddenly, our past and our present began to overlap. Deep feelings I felt for him seemed to be balanced by the greater understanding I'd achieved throughout this present incarnation, during the process of my own redemption.

Sitting down to think upon these and other great things, I hardly noticed him coming closer to me; but suddenly as he had left his place in the distance, he whispered by me looking deeply into my eyes for only a moment. Looking up to his, our eyes met, and without a single word being exchanged, a powerful union was revealed to both of us. We both reached to touch the other's hand, but pulled back almost as quickly.

What karma holds between two souls must never be misunderstood. Powerful love exists between souls of such karmic thrusts, but that love can only be conquered by recognizing its import. Our move towards each other was a demonstration of mutual respect, a recognition of our mutual mistakes, and an unspoken desire to cease causing pain to ourselves and others through wrong conduct. For how many lives had we touched each other? But at this moment, we touched each other in a completely new way; it was a touch of forgiveness and mercy.

Recognizing the pain our union brought to ourselves and others because of its karmic nature, we acknowledged the deep love between our souls, but released the need to process its unsavory elements any longer. In so doing, we could elevate it to a higher place, an eternal place. In eternity, our love could be experienced in a whole new way, beyond karmic thrusts and reasoning. No more need remained to play this story out on the ground, for we had forgiven each other for our misunderstandings. Giving each other a gift of inestimable value, a gift which paid the debt of the sin,

pain and chaos our love had caused to all in our midst, the gift of mercy. Our eyes remained dry during this last Earthly exchange, for there was no more need for tears on our account. Quietly, he walked away and all around us disappeared into the mist.

Within a moment, I was flying in ecstasy to the melodious sounds of the Word of God. Many of my friends who had walked karma's path with me were now joyfully embracing this moment of eternal union with the Lord. The words of Christ were echoing in melodious chant from the harmonic skies, many voices of both male and female interspersing with the wondrous lure of the Word. Even those still entrenched in karmic influence on the ground, were for this moment, very much in the flow, adverse to temptation and melodiously accepting the higher thrusts of forgiveness and mercy. Our dance of redemption was a moment of celebration that another soul was returning to its God. Our ecstatic dance was ominously exciting, as our souls were thrust upon the heavenly spheres to fly. My soul created effortlessly upon the wisps of the eternal skies as this expressive dance took no skill, the artistry coming directly from God to His subject. Soaring in ecstatic bliss, I enjoyed the ride for as long as the eternal would allow. Then, I floated back to existence in peace.

*"Ho, Father! This day we have done the will of the Great Spirit, and through this we have established a relationship and peace, not only among ourselves, but within ourselves and with all the Powers of the Universe. The dawn of the day has surely seen us . . ."*  
*The Sacred Pipe, Chapter VI, Page 114, Paragraph 2, (Tribal, Oglala Sioux, Words of Black Elk)*

*"By contrition we are made clean; by compassion we are made ready, and by true longing for God we are made worthy. These are the three means, as I understand it, by which all souls - that is to say, all*

***souls that have been sinners on earth and shall be saved  
- come to heaven, for by these medicines it would profit  
every sinful soul to be healed."***

*Revelations of Divine Love, Chapter 39, Paragraph 4,  
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Juliana of Norwich)*

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Allowing me to take a night flight, my soul was swept into the mountains. Upon my breast, my second daughter, now two, lay holding tight to her momma, and on my feet and hands were adorned shoes and gloves made of interwoven crystal rosaries. Sky blue, they protected not only my feet and hands, but my entire soul upon this journey.

After traveling through a beautiful mountain landscape, I was taken back to the state of my childhood and young adult years, wherein I was given leave to look upon and observe the current goings-on with several people in my past who had walked karma's path with me. I was overjoyed to see how they were doing in this invisible way. In a sense, it was a release of them. Walking into karma had caused much pain and hardship for others, but despite this, they were all doing just fine. Thankful, I returned home on the wing of the wind, as the spirit directed me to go home.

***"Let the righteous man arise from slumber; let him arise, and proceed in the path of righteousness in all its paths; and let him advance in goodness and in eternal clemency. Mercy shall be showed to the righteous man; upon him shall be conferred integrity and power for ever."***

*The Book of Enoch, Chapter XCI (Section XIX), No. 3,  
(Christianity)*

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Andy had an experience:

"Marilynn and I were walking in a barren rock area when suddenly a fountain of water began gushing

forth in the midst of our trail. Proceeding to step into the fountain, Marilyn immersed herself in the water. At that time, I heard a voice say 'The Fountain of Redemption.' And subsequently, I followed Marilyn's example and immersed myself likewise. It was truly a holy experience, a baptism."

*"(And) some say, 'On the last day (we will) certainly arise (in the) resurrection.' But they do not (know what) they are saying, for the last day (is when) those belonging to Christ . . . was fulfilled, he destroyed (their archon) of (darkness . . .) . . . they asked (what they have been) bound with, (and how they) might properly (release themselves). And (they came to know) themselves (as to who they are), or rather, where they are (now), and what is the (place in) which they will rest from their senselessness, (arriving) at knowledge. (These) Christ will transfer to (the heights) since they (have renounced) foolishness (and have) advanced to knowledge. And those who (have knowledge . . .) . . . he has come to) know (the Son of Man), that (is, he has come to) know (himself. This) is the perfect life, (that) man know (himself) by means of the All."*

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Testimony of Truth, Page 451, Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Gnosticism)*

*"I also came out as a brook from a river, and as a conduit into a garden. I said, I will water my best garden, and will water abundantly my garden bed: and, lo, my brook became a river, and my river became a sea. I will yet make doctrine to shine as the morning, and will send forth her light afar off. I will yet pour out doctrine as prophecy, and leave it to all ages for ever. Behold that I have not laboured for myself only, but for all them that seek wisdom."*

*The Apocrypha, Ecclesiasticus, Chapter 24, Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Words of Christ)*

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**CHAPTER EIGHT****To Return to the Native, Karmic Retribution for Unintentionally Spreading False Truth, Attempts at Temptation that Failed, Linking Spiritual Seeking with your Life, Past Life without Joy, Native American Angel, Karma of Christianity, Original Sin of Sexual Abuse, Karma of Utilizing False Spirituality to Promote Lust, Widows Lifetime, Subconscious Regret of Evil Acts.**

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Awakened, my soul found itself standing amidst a grand forest. All around me were the benefits of the wild, the trees cascading high above me in this almost iridescent and yet somewhat waveform world. Beginning to prance along the wilderness path, I looked around to find the purpose of my arrival in this spiritual world.

Wavering through the forest sheath, I began to see the vague outline of a form ahead of me. As he began to materialize, it revealed a Native American man dressed in buckskin riding a white horse. Back facing me, he was riding slowly along the path. Following this immensely mystical mirage, I began to run towards him, but then began to soar so that I might catch up.

Stopping before the side of a red rock cliff, he turned to look at me for only a millisecond, as his image and that of the horse began to fade. Beginning to make out what lay before him on the path, it was a doorway. Although there was no visible outline of an entry, the stone rock wall led high into the sky.

Looking up, a woman dressed all in white appeared at my side. Shimmering in the wind, she began to speak words of passage which she bade me not to repeat to any Earthly soul. (As usual, they were also then

taken from my memory within a few days of the experience.) Highly evolved and very calm, she took my hand and a small screen appeared in the rock face of the mountain wherein our faces were now visible.

Without words, the woman conveyed to me that I was being examined for signs of readiness by those of the elect who resided within these walls. Suddenly, the lines which would indicate a door appeared and opened before us in the rocks. Two stools quietly lay within, and she guided me to join her in sitting upon them. As we did, the doors closed around us and we transmitted to another dimension.

Words cannot express the bliss I felt upon arriving in this majestic kingdom and being granted the privilege of seeing my long lost friend, St. Harmony Crystal Fire, the white-winged horse who had traveled to so many distant places with me, and who had guided me into many doorways and realms of knowledge. It'd been a very long time since I'd seen my beautiful white-winged horse, and I was brought to tears upon visioning his beauty.

Arriving through a similar multi-dimensional gateway, St. Harmony Crystal Fire passed through a machine which was somewhat like an x-ray. You could see the skeletal structure of the horse and his wings as he passed through, but in order to be allowed entry here, you had to have certain auric markers indicating that you were sufficiently evolved. St. Harmony Crystal Fire passed with flying colors.

Previously unnoticed by myself, there appeared at St. Harmony Crystal Fire's side a woman who was apparently responsible for bringing him here. Summoned to go with them for some sort of preparation, the woman who had led me here left with them while I was to remain behind.

Time passed before I was telepathically airlifted, without any verbal warning, to St. Harmony Crystal Fire's side. Seeing before me two states of energy, they were demonstrated to me in a way which my limited understanding did not comprehend. Because of this, I was led through a series of lights which were designed to bring your vibration higher, so as to gently guide you to an understanding of these two lights which were apparently very important. As these little lights were understood, they would then merge within your spirit and become a part of you. My case was a difficult one, however, as I was having trouble comprehending the energetic meaning of these lights. Thus, my own lights were not igniting properly, which posed a problem for the patient guardians who had brought me here this evening.

Approaching me, a man dressed in white appeared in the essence of peace and serenity. Guided by a higher voice which belonged to a woman, I could not see her. Everyone present, however, was aware of the telepathic impetus which was received from her by this man. Because the other method had not worked (that of showing me the lights and attempting to integrate their knowing within me), he was attempting to transfer the knowledge of these lights telepathically. Eventually, this would lead to my spiritual link-up with St. Harmony Crystal Fire.

As this process bore fruit, I saw before me the first light. Lighting up as a holy rage, I immediately understood it to be an inferior understanding. 'Holy Rage' was an excessively angry response to the sins of others or the world. The second light was a calm and calculated energy which acted for the sole purpose of evolution. Recognizing misdeeds or sins as such, it held within it a proper recognition of the place of sin in the

development of souls. Entering into this knowing, the second light lit up and entered my spirit.

As soon as this was accomplished, my soul began to waver in and out of energy, as I watched the final link-up with St. Harmony Crystal Fire achieve itself. A line of energy which looked very much like a laser beam, formed from my heart to his. Beginning to be drawn away, there was little I could do about it.

Conveying telepathically as I began to disappear, the guardians thought, 'You must release the purpose of holy rage, which is an extreme you've traveled to in balancing your understanding. Embrace calculated evolutionary energy as the proper balance in the understanding of deeds, your own and others, perpetuated upon the planet Earth.' Completing this process according to their instruction, St. Harmony Crystal Fire and I melted into one another, as we both disappeared.

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As my soul was being mercilessly assaulted by a large group of demonic entities, I was calling out to Jesus for help in this precarious situation. Something very unusual occurred, however, in that Jesus did not come Himself, but rather sent to my aid a Franciscan monk. Immediately vacating the dark spirits, he turned without delay to chastise me.

I was clearly forgiven for that which he was about to discuss, but my sins were serious and had energized karmic retribution. Looking upon his face, I knew that I was about to really get it, and I adjusted my energies to an appropriately serious stance.

Earlier in my journey, before I had rewritten and completed the books involved in 'The Mysteries of the Redemption' and 'Galactica,' I had published two books under the New Age genre. Having allowed them to be

dispersed too soon, I had neglected to obtain the complete picture, and expressed two very serious untruths. Despite the Lord's understanding of our delusional status, we remain accountable for that which we do and say. Every jot and tittle of the law shall be fulfilled.

Speaking of how many of my previous books had actually been sold; the monk mentioned that somewhere between 10-20,000 people had bought them. By publishing standards, this number was pathetic, but by number of souls misled, it was significant.

When I'd written the books, I'd been completely sincere in believing that what was within them was true, although I'd expressed *opinions* in regards to things which had not yet been revealed to me, which were judgmental and absolutely incorrect. A common problem among those of us awakened to the spiritual realms, I'd given myself to comment on that which had not yet been revealed, simply because of the nature of that which had. Making assumptions about a broader truth based on my limited understanding of a series of mystical experiences, I made the broad leap that they contained within them *all* knowledge. A good example of this same arrogance came to me when I read a very short booklet written by a young man who'd had a near-death experience as a child. Explaining what he had seen, he began to mock those who had made mention of the cherubs, because he'd only seen angels of adult stature in his one experience. As a result, he believed that cherubs simply did not exist. It is unwise to create your own theology of all that is, based on one or a few mystical experiences. God's kingdom is much too vast. To do so is small-minded and lacking in humility.

Although they were not based on my experience, but rather my false conclusions extending beyond them,

I had deduced two things which were untrue. 1) There is no hell, Satan or demons, and 2) because we create our own reality; those who are sick can heal themselves. (Please be assured that all such falsehoods were removed long ago, under divine direction. Neither of these versions will ever be in print again.)

Essential understanding lies in this. In both cases, I'd made assumptions based on what I'd seen, ignoring that which I had not yet seen. Because the Lord *begins* the mystical journey of the novice by taking him into the heavenly realms, I assumed there must not be hellish realms. Because I'd been shown the basic mechanism of reality creation through thought, I assumed that *all* reality was thought based and conscious. Because I hadn't yet seen the deeper movings of the mechanics of existence (something I should have assumed that I did not yet know), I hadn't realized that such things were a working of intricate levels of existence, thought playing only a partial role. The will of God and the laws of nature are intricately involved with such things, stupid, stupid, stupid . . .

Having commanded me to get my earliest books taken out of print years before this current experience, the Lord Jesus had been kind and forgiving of my error, because it was to serve a greater purpose. As I had taken them out of print years before, the Lord shared that I'd been allowed to publish them as part of a karmic path which would lay the foundation for my later eternal work. Having now spent years rewriting the books from the standpoint of knowledge, the Lord laid everything out for me like a map.

In following my karmic impetus which had stemmed from vainglory and greed, I'd pursued publication of my books (at that time) because it appeared (on the ground) like the correct thing to do. An

eternal program requires the will of God to reveal such matters.

Steady, sure, just and swift, my soul received karmic retribution. For the first untruth perpetuated through my hand, the Lord gave permission for the dark side to continually tempt my soul. For the second, the Lord gave permission for my body to experience the ravages of a disease whose prime manifestation had yet to be diagnosed. (Although I had been diagnosed with Lupus by this time, another deeply foreboding diagnosis was yet to come.)

Feeling ridiculously stupid, the monk had made things abundantly clear, but I couldn't help but notice his disgust with what I had done. Disgusted with myself, as well, I noticed that his energy changed as he observed my true contrition.

Becoming abundantly merciful, he took my hand, and we walked towards a meditation cell. "I'm going to pray for you," he quietly said, as he bid me to know that another awaited who would also assist.

Arriving in the cell, my soul could not believe the beauty the Lord in his infinite compassion had prepared for me. Pope John Paul II was waiting for us, incredible warmth upon his face for such a sinner. White robes gleaming with holiness, there was a three-foot high, shining, gilded, golden crown emanating from the top of his head. The holiness of this man was abundantly clear. Above it, ethereal aspects of the crown radiated into the molecular structure of the air in a manner which lit up the whole room. Falling to my knees, I lowered my head in shame, as he placed his hands upon me and said, "I love you."

Tears flowed from my eyes as he took the hand of the monk, beginning to pray that the Lord would forgive me and lift this just retribution from my soul.

Beginning to disappear, I shouted out my thanks for their blunt chastisement. As they smiled with deep compassion, I disappeared.

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Amidst the spectral universe, my soul was led to several classrooms where I was given inexplicable knowledge regarding astronomy which lay beyond my comprehension. But as this class commenced, another spirit entered the room with the purpose of inflicting upon my soul some lurid sexual temptations. Because I was so mesmerized by the teaching, I didn't even notice that there was somebody at my side attempting to lure me into insidious behavior.

When it was that I finally realized the presence of this individual, but not his intent, I turned to him and kindly asked him to go away. Rather surprised that I didn't respond in any way, shape or form to this, the guardians appeared stunned.

As the man who behaved inappropriately disappeared, the guardians of the rite looked at me and said in a very quizzical manner, "You didn't fall for that temptation." "What temptation?" I replied.

Remaining stunned, it appeared that few souls passed through this rite. Walking towards a door which emitted much light, as they opened it, you could see nothing but an indescribably bright, white light which blared through our souls. Walking alone, I proceeded to enter this light, and then it was that I awoke.

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Taken into the reality of someone who expressed a different angle on the issue of incorrect views, I flew into a room which represented their spirit. Led to a table which displayed three very beautiful and exquisite paintings, they represented this person's spiritual search. Each of the paintings represented a different religious

viewpoint of which he had studied; Judaism, Buddhism and Hinduism. As I looked upon them, I understood immediately that this person's spiritual journey was very sincere and quite serious.

Gazing upon the room around me, it was filled with clutter, and I understood that there was more to this story. Scrap papers were thrown around the room, sheets and blankets thrown over furniture and a general pattern of disarray permeated the room. Being led to a kitchen, it was conveyed to me that I would observe that upon which this soul spiritually feeds. Observing the same sort of messiness which had encompassed the other room, an invisible presence led me to observe something which had been very well hidden at the side of the refrigerator.

As I pulled it out, I began to look upon the pages of what appeared to be a magazine. Inside, were images of people having sex, and as you continued through the magazine, the images became more lewd and deviant, indicating that the deeper you went, the more this vice manifested in this person's soul.

Although this person's spiritual journey was very sincere and serious, he had not linked his spiritual search with his life; with the choices, decisions, vices, and issues which made up his true self. In a sense, the spiritual journey was an intellectual exercise which was intentionally kept far away from the actual spiritual substance which was his soul.

Another manner in which souls can be unable to see the truth, when a soul separates the spiritual quest from who he actually is, ignoring vice, choices, responsibilities, etc., the search will not bear fruit. Because our vices, issues, responsibilities and choices *are the way* for each one of us, ignoring them to focus on intellectual truths has no purpose. Difficulties in our

lives are most often the means which God gives us to prune our souls, if we attempt to ameliorate them and avoid the truth that they provide, we miss the point.

In this man's case, he very much wanted to discard of the responsibility of a wife and children in order to pursue his spiritual journey. What he didn't realize was that his wife and children *were* his spiritual journey, and to discard them to find himself would be pointless and empty. Substance lies within those things which are difficult for us to do, the very responsibilities which can appear to hold us back are the doorways to our freedom.

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Dark and occupied by two other nuns, the cell in the medieval monastery seemed confining. As we were praying, I immediately recognized one of the nuns as a friend of mine from this present life. Mother Superior was directing the two of us, as we were kneeling on the floor praying before a blank wall adorned with a single crucifix. Praying for hours, I began to feel restless. After several more hours passed, I could no longer take it.

Getting up, I began walking towards the doorway of the cell. Joining me, my friend and I walked through the doorway and into our present life.

Our souls seemed to be lighter without the weight of the habit, but we said nothing regarding this sudden miraculous transition from one world and time zone to the next. In our hearts, we understood very clearly that what we'd experienced had demonstrated an intense extreme, and it was now our process to restore proper balance. Prayer is a very important thing, when done in the context of living your life fully. What had been missing in that former time zone was *joy*, and we had quietly and unobtrusively walked into the future to find this elusive quality.

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Surrounding my spirit were a plethora of holy crucifixes of many different sizes, shapes and designs. Standing in a battered and run-down old country store, I gazed upon each one carefully. In the center there was a huge crucifix which bore the image of Christ, but the cross itself was translucent. Jesus was obviously suffering, but the instrument of his torture was invisible, much like my own illness. Amidst this wide assortment of crucifixes, I came across a statue of Our Lady of Grace which portrayed her lying down amidst a field of flowers. Rather than the usual demon underfoot, the many colors in bloom serenaded her feet. At peace, the battle was over and she was surrounded in her victory, much like my own death.

Gazing upon it with wonder, I heard the voice of a male angel who surreptitiously appeared at my side. Native American, his long black hair framed his deeply dark face, while white wings protruded from the back of his bare chest. Eminence came from him, but I was so drawn to these images of the crucifixion that I only looked at him for a moment.

"The time has come," he said, "for you to speak for my people." Nodding, I remembered that several years ago I had been told I would speak for 'my' people, the Native Americans, who were 'mine' through the benefit of many past lives living as one of them, but I had never been told what I would say or when.

'How do these images and the words he just spoke interact?' I thought, looking at what appeared to be a contradiction. "This is what you will say first," he said, "The Native Americans were very much like Jesus Christ . . ." he paused, as I tried to understand the meaning of what he was saying to me. With unction and extreme stillness, he said the final words he would utter

very slowly and quietly, almost a whisper. "Lambs led to the slaughter . . ." My heart literally fell as I immediately understood the connection and the profundity of this comparison.

Native Americans suffered at the hands of an invisible instrument of torture, racism, and their graves now bore the fruitful bloom of the martyrdom of a brave and tortured people. Understanding, I disappeared.

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Having come in response to an urgent prayer, the priest had appeared in a room which resembled the showroom of a modern car dealership. One exception existed, however, in that all the signs and advertisements which would normally be hung and free-standing about the room about cars and trucks were about St. Patrick and St. Nicholas. In the center of the room was a sign which read, 'Don't do anything that pulls you away from Catholicism.'

Sitting down at a table which had been set up for confession, I faced the priest and began to share my usual list of sins, but then quickly stopped myself. "The books I have written speak of reincarnation which is not an accepted Catholic doctrine, what should I do?" I asked. Directing my attention to several books which were displayed on a bookshelf, I noticed that they explained Catholic doctrines. "Some of the views expressed by denominational Christians are incorrect." He said. "These books will help you to see where they are in error."

Leading my attention to life-sized cardboard cut-outs of St. Patrick and St. Nicholas strewn about the room, I observed that they were all depictions of the two saints expelling demons. Showing me a large white book about the life and virtues of St. Patrick, he began speaking in great detail about the *ten heroic virtues* of St.

Patrick. "If you study these ten heroic virtues of St. Patrick," he insisted, "you will know what to do."

St. Patrick had expelled demons, converted pagans and attempted to document his amazing mystical life, though he was not gifted with words. But what seemed to be the most important information about the saint was that he had been a follower of the original Nazarean sect of Christianity, who later became the Gnostics who clearly taught reincarnation. During the time shortly after Christ's death, Jesus' brother St. James had expressed a different doctrinal Christianity than St. Paul, who despite his great holiness had never actually met Christ during His life. St. Patrick had followed the Nazarean sect, and this was one of the reasons for his many difficulties with Rome.

*"The disciples said to Jesus, 'We know that you will depart from us. Who is to be our Leader?' Jesus said to them, 'Wherever you are, you are to go to James the righteous, for whose sake heaven and earth came into being.'"*

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Gospel of Thomas No. 12,  
(Christianity, Gnostic, Words of Christ)*

*"When the blessed one had said this, he greeted them all, saying, 'Peace be with you. Receive my peace to yourselves. Beware that no one lead you astray, saying, 'Lo here!' or 'Lo there!' for the Son of Man is within you. Follow after him! Those who seek him will find him. Go then and preach the gospel of the kingdom. Do not lay down any rules beyond what I appointed for you, and do not give a law like the lawgiver lest you be constrained by it.' When he had said this, he departed."*

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Gospel of Mary, No. 8-9,  
(Christianity, Gnostic, Words of Christ)*

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A woman who had passed from this world came to me wishing to show me something very intriguing in

regards to original sin.

Standing beside my bed, she said, "I want you to see the demonic force which is plaguing my family which originally comes from my father." For a moment, it was given for me to know that her father had been a violent and sexually deviant man and during the abuse she had endured; the 'sin' of the father had been visited upon her and his demon given entry into her soul. Due to her lack of knowledge and discernment during life, she was unaware of the ways in which she had allowed it to be perpetuated in the lives of her family. Some of these ways included her attraction to the occult, and allowing her children to engage in games which promoted demonism and violence.

As she conveyed this information, a huge gale wind came down upon me as I looked into the eyes of one of the ugliest demonic creatures I'd ever seen. But it was so powerful, I had no time to think before I was forced to engage in furious battle very quickly. While battling, I called upon the Lord, shouting, "I am a temple of the Holy Spirit and am protected by the Lord of Hosts. Jesus Christ, I trust in You!" With that, this large red reptilian creature pulled back for a moment and disappeared.

My husband, Andy, was sub-conscious astral during this experience, but he suddenly sat straight up in his bed (in the spirit) and said, "It's behind you!" As I readied myself to turn and face the creature, my husband shuddered and showed a terrified look upon his face. 'No, don't look at it, it's absolutely horrible. You don't want to look upon it!' Understanding that the demon had mustered up additional strength, I heeded the warning and did not turn to look at it but waited for its next attack. Coming upon me like a bolt of lightning, I battled furiously and again called upon the name of Jesus and

then St. Michael the Archangel both of whom instantly rescued me.

The woman stood beside me as I looked at her in shock. The clear evil of what had been perpetuated upon her as a child was very clearly in my awareness. Quietly and with no emotion, she said, "They don't understand that a great deal of the problems they are facing has to do with their attachment to dark things and this particular demon in general which I allowed to be visited upon them by lacking in discernment while I was alive." During her life, she had not only perpetuated, but encouraged, such things. But she did so because she was plagued by this sin which was visited upon her by her father. Nodding, I understood. For a moment, I pondered the manner in which such original sin had been visited upon the third generation through entirely different means than that which had allowed the demonic oppression to begin in this particular family.

*"O God that sentest us into the world: that didst reveal thyself by the law and the prophets: that didst never rest, but always from the foundation of the world savedst them that were able to be saved: that madest thyself known through all nature: that proclaimedst thyself even among beasts: that didst make the desolate and savage soul tame and quiet: that gavest thyself to it when it was athirst for thy words: that didst appear to it in haste when it was dying: that didst show thyself to it as a law when it was sinking into lawlessness: that didst manifest thyself to it when it had been vanquished by Satan: that didst overcome its adversary when it fled unto thee: that gavest it thine hand and didst raise it up from the things of Hades: that didst not leave it to walk after a bodily sort (in the body): that didst show to it its own enemy: that hast made for it a clear knowledge toward thee: O God, Jesu, the Father of them that are above the heavens, the*

*law of them that are in the ether, the course of them that are in the air, the keeper of them that are on the earth, the fear of them that are under the earth, the grace of them that are thine own: receive also the soul of thy John, which it may be accounted worthy by thee . . . And as I come unto thee, let the fire go backward, let the darkness be overcome, let the gulf be without strength . . . Let angels follow, let devils fear . . . and grant me to accomplish the journey unto thee."*  
*The Apocryphal New Testament, Acts of John, 112, 114,  
 (Christianity, Words of St. John)*

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Having underwent a series of sexual temptations in regards to a particular individual, I'd prayed to receive knowledge in regards to what lay beneath the surface of this particular person who came across as a devout Christian, but sent out a great deal of sexual energy despite both of us being married.

Shown to me as a cannibalistic demon, this particular creature utilized the facade of great spirituality to lure victims into its perimeter and then feed on it like a cannibal. Its appearance was of a human sized hairy creature with fangs and blood dripping from its mouth. Parasitic in nature, the tendency of this demon was to conquer a quantity of people in its life, not only members of the opposite sex. Because it relied on the energies of others to live, it sought out relatives, friends and members of the opposite sex to fulfill its many voracious and unspeakable appetites. This demon presented a very terrifying influence, because it went after its victims in a very darkly powerful way, unrelenting in its quest to fulfill its quota of victims. But what was so alluring about the demon's guise, was its ability to create what appeared to be genuine feelings based on something substantial, when in reality it was not based on anything substantial or real at all. On the

surface, this demonic force would present itself as a very good religious person whose character could not be questioned. But its victims would be confused by this internal struggle which they felt; something dark, an underside which was well hidden. Its basis was in lust, greed and every form of vice; conquering and consuming.

From what I'd been shown, I surmised that this type of demon would afflict those drawn in by a unique lure. Thinking that true spirituality, eternal love or substance was present, the victim would fall easily into the sway and mesmerization presented to it, but then they would be completely consumed and destroyed inside and out by the person harboring this demonic presence.

If the intended victim were to suspect that an evil presence lurked behind this Godly guise, they would usually feel guilty for having such feelings because of the beautifully constructed exterior facade held by the harbinger of such a demon. If they were to fall prey to its many lures (sexual, familial, friendship, professional, etc.) because of the deception of false spirituality and eternal love, they would be completely destroyed when they realized that they had entered literally into a hornet's nest and a white sepulcher full of dead men's bones. They would be further destroyed financially, spiritually, physically and in every other possible way.

One point that is absolutely vital in understanding this type of demon is that the person harboring this believes in their own exterior facade of goodness. Many of them don't actually *intend* harm; they just don't recognize the actual harm that they actually inflict. Because their mode of operation is habitual and normal to them, it is stained upon them as original sin or karma. This is one of the great disguises of the demons;

convincing their own wards that they are good and righteous people, despite the underside which exists in energy and is enacted upon the lives of those closest to them or their intended prey.

But isn't that true as regards all humanity, in that most of us choose to believe we are basically good and righteous people, despite the wrongs we already know that we commit against God in our deeds *and* in our thoughts? Because of this very well-developed delusion of the dark side on humanity (and some of the doctrines taught by some religions or Christian denominations which make believer's feel that all that is required of them is belief in Christ), most people never even truly begin, much less fully enter, the process of intensive purification which is required of us in mortal realms.

There can also be some kind of charitable need used as a lure for the potential victim, and this type of demonic force often uses the kindness and caring of others against them, sometimes going so far as to turn their acts of kindness towards them into criminal deeds directed at the victim or prey. Examples might be anything from financial need, to something more difficult to ascertain. For instance, using the needs of a sick and perhaps innocent member of their family as a lure to bring someone in for their destruction.

Sometimes, in such cases where the exterior facade is believed by its bearer but the underside poses a threat of harm to you or your family (either energetically or physically), the only choice is to stay away from them because you cannot alter this energy without the recognition of its bearer which rarely happens, and this particular demonic force will truly take you down.

Another manifestation which occurred in my own experience with this demonic force (which is only a further indication of its destructive powers) is that while

I was under the mesmerization and fiery pull of this creature, I began to lose weight uncontrollably going into a state of serious cardiac cachexia. As soon as I had overcome the temptation and began to pull away, I inexplicably had an appetite again and began to put weight back on. Literally, this demonic force had been sucking the very flesh from my bones.

Unfortunately, it took about seven weeks for me to get a hold on this demonic force, which literally pulled at my body and mind in a way I'd never previously experienced. Aware of its presence at all times, it became an obsessive thought that never left me, making me unable to move forward in my own study or spiritual path. What defeated this demon was CONTINUAL spiritual reading, prayer and asking God to reveal the ugly true nature of this creature which held my mind in such a way as to make it seem attractive. What a horrendous demonic force! But I never ceased praying for deliverance and understanding. I continually read holy texts (such as the 'Philokalia' which is a compilation of the writings of the ascetic desert fathers of the church, and 'The Introduction to the Devout Life,' by St. Francis de Sales), to help me to overcome this minefield of temptation. When I'd finally overcome this creature, such a feeling of relief came over my soul. A huge sense of renewed humility also overtook me in that no matter how far along the path we may be; we are always vulnerable to demonic attack. Remaining prudent in our thoughts, words and deeds, we must continue to be ever watchful of the next assault which may come in a way never before experienced, thus taking us off guard. Entering our souls as a tiny spark of fire, it can become huge and raging within a very short period of time.

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As the soul who harbored the cannibalistic

demon had remained in my perimeter despite my having overcome the initial onslaught, I begged the heavens through prayer to reveal to me the karmic impulse behind this uniquely strange phenomenon that had been laid in my path; and at such an unexpected time in my life's journey, as well.

Wafting through the ethers, I landed upon a time long ago, perhaps in the 1600's or 1700's. Unable to discern where I might be, I was living in a very large home with my husband who bore the soul of my current husband. Having several children and being very much in love, we were absolutely terrified when we heard from the doctor that he had an advanced case of cancer and had very little time left to live.

Among the more well off of the time, we lived very comfortably but had many friends and acquaintances among the peasants and others. Our closest friends were two peasants, a brother and sister. Instantly, I recognized them both. Their souls were in my current perimeter, the brother being the harbinger of the carnivorous demon and the sister, his current wife.

As my husband died very quickly, the brother began to move in very close to me and, over time I genuinely fell in love with him. Thinking that the feelings that he'd shown me were true, we were married; although it was also for the sake of my children. But because I truly loved him and thought it was mutual, I was shocked when shortly after our nuptials had passed, he exhibited his true nature in a way I could not have guessed.

Entering into a room in our large home, he said, "I am now Master over all of this, and I will say how things are to be done." Angered to no end, I suddenly realized that this man (who had then harbored the same carnivorous demon he continued to bear hundreds of

years later) had married me for my money. With rage, I went forward. "Oh! No! You will not!" I said.

Cowering back, he accepted my authority, but we never got past this betrayal and my realization that he had not truly loved me as I had him. His sister remained with us, not participating in any of the deception, but perfectly contrite to receive of its rewards. As a result, they both became more like servants of the household and the familial bond was broken and never mended. But despite this, we remained married and I never sent them out.

Returning to the present day, the knowledge of this demonic attack became clearer as I was given to see one further thing.

Bringing our new kitten over to this man to 'baby-sit' for a time, I returned to find that he had eaten the tiny little thing from the inside out. The fur and skin were still there, but nothing of its innards remained. Looking in shock, I observed the lifeless body of the cat and remembering all that I'd been shown about the cannibalistic demon.

Despite hundreds of years, these two had continued to harbor this carnivorous presence and utilized it to live off of other people; financially and spiritually. In fact, in their present time circumstance, they were living in someone else's home just as they had in this previous existence with me. He was the active and she the passive participator in this 'way of life.' It truly was not a unique plan intended for individual victims, but a 'way of life' for them. The carnivorous demon would utilize a variety of approaches such as lust or the appearance of love, but with an end to greed and power. This guise was so well practiced and honed; it appeared with great sincerity and was very convincing and alluring to its prey.

It was shown to me that I had felt such strong feelings when I'd initially come upon his soul again because I had genuinely loved this man in our previous existence. And so the nature of this karmic debt had been revealed, and it appeared that resolution was required. As is the case in most karmic matters when another soul has not yet seen that which holds them to the ground; such a debt requires simply loving them, understanding, and letting go of the harm and all that was not meant to be . . . a necessary process for a soul who attempts to reach a greater height.

***"How may transmigration be annulled? How find union with the Lord? Vast is suffering, birth and death. Perpetually fixed in the mind is doubt of duality."***

*Sri Guru Granth Sahib, Volume II, Raga Asa, Page 894,  
(Sikhism)*

***"According to Vedic opinion, there are two ways of passing from this world - one in light and one in darkness. When one passes in light, he does not come back; but when one passes in darkness, he returns."***

*The Bhagavad-Gita As It Is, Chapter 8, Text 26, (Hinduism,  
Translator: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)*

***"Go not after your lusts, but keep your desires in check."***

*The New American Bible, Old Testament, Sirach 18:30,  
(Christianity, Judaism)*

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Whispering further, my soul began to go back in time to my childhood home. Excited to be there, I was led around the house to touch certain things from my past which had given me joy. First, I noticed the old countdown to Christmas calendar on the wall my mother had out every year. Placing my hand on it, I was shouting with glee to Andy who accompanied me sub-conscious astral. Looking in the garage, I noticed our old couches were still there and I hurled myself upon them and

reveled in the energies. Looking out the window, I noticed my sister riding her bike just as she had many years ago along the tattered streets of our hometown.

Many times, I'd been sent to my past to work through difficult times and otherwise, but this time it was different. It was time to come full circle and be grateful for my whole life in its entirety and the gifts it had given me in my spiritual acceleration. As I reveled in remembrance, I began to disappear.

*And blessed be He unto Whom belongeth the  
Sovereignty of the heavens and the earth and all that is  
between them, and with Whom is knowledge of the  
Hour, and unto Whom ye will be returned."*

*The Meaning of the Glorious Kuran, Surah XLIII, No. 85,  
(Islam, Translator: Marmaduke Pickthall)*

*"The Cyclic Scheme, to them, is but to Him a stair."  
The Seven Valleys and The Four Valleys, The Third Valley,  
(Bahai', Words of Baha'u'llah*

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A woman entered the astral counterpart of the room who had been involved in the perpetration of an injustice against a family which had caused grave harm. A man had been fired from his job unjustly . . . through the use of slander and falsehood, primarily because he was a man of conscience. Although it was not overtly a Christian persecution in that different false reasons were given for the action, it was a Christian persecution. Through God's grace, the family had come through it not only unscathed, but better than they had been before; despite the fact that they had been forced to relocate and several members of the family became sick for a time as a result, one becoming gravely ill. But getting through it so well did not change the fact that this woman had participated in creating the evil that they had been forced to overcome and her soul carried that.

Sitting quietly in a corner in the place where she

worked, the woman walked in the room and was not happy to see me there. Over the past year, I'd seen her several times in the astral as the progress of this persecution had played out. Part of my purpose was to take her through the process required of a soul who had committed a grave evil.

In the beginning, I had seen her and her fellow conspirator standing on a boat surrounded by grave torrential black winds as a specter from the heavens pronounced the inevitable onslaught of divine justice upon them both. She had looked terrified as she realized her mistake in choosing to unite and align with the man who stood with her, a dark choice. She could have just as easily aligned with the good, which was embodied within the man she had chosen to persecute. The man engaged in the action with her was unmoved, because he was truly dominantly dark while she was ignorantly so.

For months, I would see this woman while she remained obstinate in her sin. Wishing to justify the action she had taken, it was necessary to believe the falsehoods she had participated in creating in order to fire him in the first place. My spirit would be called in to the office to dance 'in the spirit' upon and throughout their desks, proclaiming the righteousness of God. Initially, this annoyed her and her cohorts. Over time, it intrigued them. In the end, it made them feel a sense of longing for this spiritual freedom being demonstrated to them in my spiritual dance.

This leads us to the encounter of this night.

Expressing annoyance at seeing me again, I came to her very boldly this eve carrying a CD. With me was the man who had been persecuted so unjustly, and she asked him to leave. "No." I said to her very quietly, refusing to be unkind no matter what she might do. "I carry with me an album which contains the energetic

truth of what transpired here between you and this man, and this energetic truth reveals that he has more right to be here than you do! He will not be leaving." (This was despite the fact that he no longer lived in this location or worked there, but energetically it represented him retaking his reputation back and restoring the potential which had been lost through this evil act.) Placing the CD into her hand, she was taken aback, but suddenly thrust into an ecstatic experience of the energetic truth contained within it. As I pulled it back, she said nothing, just quietly walked away.

Continuing to remain in the office, I instructed the man to stay.

While she was gone, my spirit was given to go to a Buddhist retreat center where she had been scheduled to arrive. The monk who ran this astral monastery informed me that she had not shown up, and that I must go find her so that I may insure her arrival there so she may take the next spiritual step within the confines of this redemptive repentance which was being energized within her sub-consciously.

Returning to the office, we waited only a few more minutes as she returned with her husband. Uncomfortable, but no longer combative, they approached him slowly with caution. Wishing to ask her why she had not gone to the Buddhist monastery for further instruction, I resisted this impulse because it appeared something unexpected was about to happen. In their hands, I observed a CD containing the energetic truth of their repentance within it as they handed it to the man for whom they had harmed. All three of them touched the CD at the same time, as the husband of the perpetrator asked the man and his family if they would join them for Christmas dinner.

Within this was great symbolism, as they were

asking the family to join them in their rebirth in Christ. They were also symbolically making a new choice to align with this man who had represented the eternal pathway, the path towards good . . . and to rescind the alignment they had previously chosen with the man in their office who had represented the evil road. Although it was unclear as to whether this was a conscious or solely sub-conscious change, it was more than we were expecting and indicated they had both taken a step beyond what had been scheduled for tonight. The Buddhist monastery would be unnecessary now because they had gone beyond intellectual understanding of their 'canker' to a recognition of their 'sin' and a need for the application of mercy through Christ.

Confused, the man was unsure as to how to proceed and I instructed him. "Proceed now with kindness towards your former persecutors and a detached understanding of the energetic truth within this persecution. Remember that you were innocent in this act, and that you hold energetic dominion over this domain because of this. Proceed with kindness, but do not forget that you hold dominion which means you must not allow them to ask you to leave this domain. You hold the dominion, because you contain the right. Those who contain the right must lead those who contain the night. Kindness . . . detachment . . . truth. But you must *refuse* to be unkind to them, no matter what they do." As a light descended upon the three hands who had now contained within them the energetic truth of this dark encounter, I disappeared.

***"It being impossible for man to be without failings, he exhorts them not to scrutinize severely the offences of others, but even to bear their failings, that their own may in turn be born by others."***

*The Complete Writings of the Early Church Fathers, Nicene and Post-Nicene, Volume 13, Commentary on Galatians,*

*Chapter VI, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. John  
Chrysostom)*

***"Except such of them as repent and amend and make  
manifest (the truth). These it is toward whom I relent. I  
am the Relenting, the Merciful."***

*The Meaning of the Glorious Koran, Surah II, No. 160,  
(Islam, Translator: Marmaduke Pickthall)*

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**CHAPTER NINE****The Preacher and the Riverboat Nun, A Proposal  
Left Unanswered, Accepting God's Will Over  
your Own, Transformation of Karma into Eternal  
Desire.**

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The river was wide and deep, and all I could see in front of me alongside the tall trees and wet grass on the bank was the turning back rudder at the end of a large riverboat which traveled before me. He was a preacher, not Catholic, and I was a nun . . . and I was in the water. We had taken this journey together on a mission. Something terrible had happened, but I wasn't given to know what, only that it had resulted in my death. In my heart, I felt the raw but patently quiet emotion again, almost like a crucifixion within my soul. I was leaving him, and it was not yet time . . . again. Gazing at him from above, I saw him shed a silent tear as he gazed upon a black and white photograph of the woman who had just expired because of some horrible and unforeseen accident. Pain . . . pain . . . more pain.

This man had entered my current life. And he was a priest.

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It was the 1700's or thereabouts and all I could see was the two of us from the waist down. No faces. I was wearing a white dress with blue flowers upon it, and he was wearing the stretchy pants and waistcoat of the time in varying shades of brown. Asking me to marry him, I interiorly understood that this was the second time he had asked me . . . but I was not given to hear the answer. All went pale to black as I shifted to another sphere.

In a subsequent experience which occurred during a period of illness, Christ again appeared and

showed me myself lying in bed surrounded by curtains (comparing it to St. Therese of Lisieux) as perfumed blue and white flowers were emanating from my suffering into the priest and his priesthood.

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Christ appeared to me and said, "It is my will that you help him to reconfirm his vocation to the priesthood." (He'd shared with me privately his questions about whether he'd made the right choice of vocation.) Seeing two outcomes, I was shown the energized path of the priesthood versus the de-energized path of becoming secular in his life. Accepting this assignment, I again felt this continual raw yet patently quiet emotion. Pure, undefiled sadness . . . and then the throne appeared.

Christ was seated at the right hand of the Father, wearing the robes of the Sacred Heart, the searing red Passion of His cross a constant reminder of my duty to fulfill His will and not my own. A huge torrent of water came towards me as I held on for dear life. Christ spoke, "Be careful not to be swept away," He said. Instantly, I saw an image of someone I had once known, a fragment of Red Jacket (a soul of whom I had great karmic ties). "They are one and the same." Christ said without explaining further, but I remembered that each time I had come into contact with aspects of this soul, it had been a higher aspect than the previous one. Interiorly, I knew I had come across the highest aspect of this soul, the one closest to God. I again felt this continual raw yet patently quiet emotion. Pure, undefiled sadness . . . it was familiar because the love between this soul and mine was so powerful that it had always swept me away, lifetime after lifetime. No matter what the cost to those near to us or to a higher purpose, we were swept away . . . But that had to be in the past for Christ was asking of

me a different response to such intense love, to make it 'divine,' to be willing to sacrifice it for His higher purpose and not to hoard it as only my own.

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Walking through my home, there was a darkened doorway which was enveloped in the green alb of a priest. All of the house was lit, but beyond the green alb all was dark and yet to be revealed. Because I had been feeling intense and confusing feelings for the priest at the time, I felt compelled to rip the alb down. It didn't belong to me or in my home. It was not mine. **He** was not mine, **He** belonged to Christ. I, too, belonged to another. But as I ripped the alb off of the door, I noticed that there were two tiny baby's hands made out of felt embroidered into the alb which had been slightly damaged due to my fierce ripping. Suddenly, I knew that I should never have touched the alb, I should've left it alone. I had damaged something which was in its infancy, something holy and sacred yet to be revealed. But at the same time, I KNEW that I must go through this door into the priesthood. There was something I must learn.

Praying fervently, I cried out to Christ, "I have inappropriate feelings here, should I just leave the Church and never go back again?" Appearing to me all in white, he carried in his hands a bright, white ball of light which exuded into eternity a light more brilliant than the sun. Placing it immediately into my heart, He said, "These feelings you have are of 'Divine Love,' they are a gift, and I have placed them within you. Do not leave the church for this is My will. Embrace it as the gift it is intended to be." Nodding, I again felt the continual raw yet patently quiet emotion. Pure, undefiled sadness . . . Intensity, love never before felt . . . with no answer to accompany its purpose.

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Sitting in lotus position, I began to feel a surging pulse from beneath me indicating a resurrection of the spirit. As I did so, my soul began flying around the room much like that which was described of St. Joseph of Cupertino, although my own experience occurred in the spirit rather than the physical realm. Energized and magical, I felt the intensity of the cosmic surge of knowledge and wisdom which was about to come over my soul. The birth of this experience in my life was to be an apex in my journey, but how . . . I did not yet know.

After hovering and flying around for a bit, my spirit again settled into a posture of meditation, not unlike the Buddha. And also not unlike the Buddha, I began to emanate a form of steam coming from beneath me which was the fruit of my contemplations. This steam was energized, radical and real, indicative of a shift in consciousness that was about to emerge within me.

We had just returned from his diocese, as I'd watched him renew his vows to the priesthood. I'd given him the torch that had been entrusted to me in an unexplainably painful act of sacrifice on my part.

Again, I felt the continual raw yet patently quiet emotion. Pure, undefiled sadness . . . Intensity, love never before felt . . . with no answer to accompany its purpose.

But I surrendered to that moment, and let it be . . . because this eternal mission had yet to be fully revealed. It was in its infancy.

My marriage was on the rocks. After almost twenty years of marriage, five separations and three children, I'd finally admitted to myself that my husband was destructive. Praying fervently as to whether or not I should separate from him, an angel appeared. "Sit tight," she said, as the huge expanse of her wings enamored me. "Detach, but sit tight."

If further knowledge were to come, I'd simply have to watch and wait.

*"Children, it is in this self-departure, this going forth from self-will, that the essential peace of the soul is born within us, which means the acquisition of well-seasoned virtue."*

***The Soul Afire, The Two Ways: Martha and Mary, Page 238-239, (Christianity: Catholic, Words of John Tauler)***

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Drooling with ooze and disgusting odiferous aromas, the reptilian demon had emerged from the netherworld in a fury. Within its clenched fists lay destructive forces which could ravage a family. In its claws, lay a hidden sexual motive, a dark and demonic force which could unleash a storm of decay upon its prey. Although the bearer of this demon was a woman I knew, its prey was Andy, my husband.

Standing before the door, the reptilian creature had come up from a 'basement,' passing through many steps. Now standing at our front door, Andy knew that if he opened it, the fury of this demon which didn't belong to him would be unleashed and all of the destructive forces would begin to tear away at the foundation of our home.

After years of destructive behavior, Andy was about to be faced with the ravages of his choices. Knowing full well that he'd had eternal options from which to choose, he would have to stomach the free will choices he'd made to follow a dark path of destruction, manipulation, disrespect and chaos which allowed for this attack to occur.

Now he would hark to the sounds of the ravages of that beast. It was time to pay the piper. Time to lay hold of all that had come to pass and all that had been within the realm of his choice but left unbidden.

The door opened . . . he moved out and we began

a separation.

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A distant friend had several experiences in regards to the priest. Many of them contained images of a man tormented by an interior struggle. Putting on a good face to the public, but turning to his interior with a red and obviously pained and tearful demeanor, he was hoping for privacy, to be left alone in his struggle. In another, she was shown that he was 'starving' for energetic fulfillment in the red, orange and yellow chakra's; the lower and sexual chakras.

After seeing this need, she'd traveled to his rectory to prepare a feast, but found that there wasn't any food anywhere; nothing to sustain or fulfill that which was lacking in him. He needed to receive these energies from another human being.

She saw that I was wearing a green nurse's uniform, a symbol of healing and a green and rose heart correlated with the heart chakra defining the healing and nurturing action required to assist him. The green was energizing the lower chakras with divine love and the rose parts rooting the lower chakras more firmly to the earth and sensuality.

Later in the experience, she saw me wearing blue representing the throat chakra, communication through voice. The priest was wearing purple representing the crown chakra and the connection with the divine presence, but his robes had patches of brown unhealthy energy which he tried to cover with patches and white makeup.

She said I needed to reach down into my heart and lower chakras to give him what he needed. He might outright reject it because healing can also hurt, but it might help him on a subtle level.

In a final experience, she said this: "In my dream,

Father was leading a play about Mary Magdalene and Jesus Christ. I played the part of Mary and a friend of mine played the part of Jesus. Father told me that the audience would be throwing things at Jesus to symbolize the crucifixion. My role as Mary would be to follow him and clean up after him. We walked through the church and people started to fling all sorts of dangerous objects at my friend. I immediately started to use my body as a shield in order to protect him. The crowd became furious and started to throw arrows, calling me 'bitch, whore, you're ruining the play!'

Father called out to me and said, 'It's all wrong, please play your part!' But I told him, 'Father, don't you know that Mary Magdalene loved Jesus so much that she would have given her life for him?' With that, Father started to sob. The tears came down heavily and his face was red. He started to cry, 'Mary, I'm so sorry, *Marilynn*, Marilynn, I'm so sorry, Marilynn.'

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At the gathering of priests, I noticed that they were all wearing the green robes of ordinary time. This held significance in showing me that beneath the true vocation and calling that each of them followed was an ordinary man with flaws and failings like the rest of us.

As they gathered, they engaged in much frivolity. In the distance, I saw someone who was dressed up as St. Nicholas, a powerful saint who had given much to the poor and suffered persecution for it during his life. But whoever wore this costume was engaging in frivolity. This seemed blasphemous to me because of who St. Nicholas had been.

Walking towards this person, I found that it was a church volunteer beneath the robes. She hadn't meant to be irreverent, but she was, because they were all engaging in this frivolity and nothingness at this

particular moment.

In this experience, there were three rooms. My husband and I walked from the center room to the room on the left. A priest was planning to play the guitar and sing on a live radio feed and I was to help him set up the equipment. I knew this elderly priest and so I knew that in his true life, he still had his own natural teeth. But in this experience, I realized that he was wearing false teeth and they were coming in and out of his mouth as he laughed about it.

In that moment, the priest for whom I cared deeply walked into the room. Astonishingly, he was also laughing about the false teeth and displayed his own (despite the fact that in his true life, he also had his natural teeth).

My husband and I sat down quietly as my father-in-law came into the room and stood before us energizing unity. In that moment, I recognized the frivolity and the false faces that the priests hid beneath the surface, but was a part of their ordinary selves. It was important to honor the priest in the person of Christ, but I realized it was also important to honor the priest as an ordinary man, as well.

To do any less, would be unfair; because priests are human beings, despite their high calling.

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Riding an old riverboat, my current husband was a Spanish man with the name of 'Jacinto.' Married, we traveled the rivers selling our wares. Our home was a very small, white, rectangular abode in the woods. Our life was quite modest, and we were deeply in love. Lying upon his chest, I fell asleep from that life and woke again in this present life as he lay sleeping next to me again quietly. Our separation was now over and we had entered a new spiritual era of our lives. Jacinto was my

current husband, Andy.

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Perchance, when love befalls us, we should watch and wait for God to show us in which manner our love should be expressed. For eternal love mirrors the intentions of God the Father, and harms not the beloved, but spares the beloved from harm.

Boundaries in this world serve a purpose and remain in place so that we can learn to love in many eternal ways. Many lovable people exist in the world, but our natural human inclination is to respond to such feelings from our lower centers (i.e. sexual), rather than feeling it from our hearts.

If we feel love from our hearts and we remain patient in allowing God to reveal to us its purpose, we become sentinels of eternity by loving those around us with great power and intensity, but within the framework with which God intended.

Such love honors the eternal path of the beloved, as well as its own. Such love is patient and kind, and does not demand to have its own way . . .

It watches carefully to determine what is best for the beloved . . .

And it waits upon God to reveal such in His own time . . .

Thus, in order to conquer the passions which are fiery, hot, impatient . . . and usually wrong (or karmic); we must discipline ourselves to choose rather to watch and wait. And by so doing, we give God a chance to reveal higher love to our souls and the way in which it can be expressed in all of our relationships with those we love . . . eternally.

And thus, the love between my husband and I remained and the caring between the priest and I continued to grow, as we both energized each other's

mission for God. And no one was harmed. And I learned that loving one another is something I can do with all my fellow men, as long as it is translated through my heart and not my lower nature.

In thus so doing, all life can be honored, enriched, and enlivened to achieve its highest purpose, and all can live in peace and a rich enjoyment of the goodness of God within one another.

For the first time, when a familiar karmic pattern had come upon me, I had chosen to watch . . . and wait . . . rather than respond. By so doing, I'd learned the one thing I'd needed to get in order to be released from the fleshly bonds of this earth.

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. . . In a wisp, my soul was flying above my body as I saw in the distance an image of my deceased grandmother as a young girl romping through the familiar woods of the black forest in Germany where she had grown up and lived her whole life. Within a millisecond, I was with her.

This image was different than any I'd had of her before, because during life my grandmother had been very stern, angry and difficult to get along with. Many years prior, I'd seen her go through several levels of purgation. But here . . . for the first time . . . I was seeing her in a purified state and it was a sight to behold and a vision to take in as nourishment for she was absolutely beautiful, young, free and joyous.

Romping through the woods, we laughed and carried on as if we were both children, enjoying the beauty and simplicity of all that surrounded us.

The usual bliss of such a near death experience filled me as I felt intensive freedom, love and vitality within my soul.

Beginning to fly at the speed of light, she took us

into the future. In front of me was a graveyard with five simple headstones engraved with a singular cross. Interiorly, I immediately understood that these headstones were for my husband, myself and my three children and I was being given to see a time in the future when all of us would be dead and gone to this world.

Because I had always seen my own death as separation from my children, she began to try to tear away at the veils of understanding and help me to see death differently.

As we soared around the stones, she said things over and over again as I repeated them back to her. "Oh . . . death . . . it comes to us all. " She would say. "It's a part of life. Death will be okay, it's a natural thing." "Oh, Yes!" I replied, "Grandma, it is a natural thing." I said in my swoon to the heavens. "Death is part of life." She repeated matter of factly. "Yes," I said almost dreamily, "death is a part of life."

I could hear the winds cutting across my ears as we soared and soared, back and forth. Suddenly, she lifted a piece of paper before my eyes. On it, she had written, "I am healing you now." I'd been sick that night, thus, my encounter with my dead grandmother. But I knew interiorly that she was helping me to feel better and go back to my body, not healing me completely. She was preparing me for a journey I would be taking in what appeared to be the not too distant future.

Feeling the heat and wind go through my spirit, it again entered into my body as I slowly wafted back into consciousness, the smell and bliss of the near death encounter still upon my lips and my brow.

But before I was to awake, a congregation of deceased priests appeared before my view. Hovering around me, they were so excited because I had mentioned to the priest that our deceased priests needed

our prayers and the priest had included their intentions in a Mass. They had literally swarmed around the altar to receive this grace, and they were thanking me for planting this seed in the mind of this young priest.

Nodding in surprise and great joy, I turned and for a moment I saw an image. The priest was standing before the church as my three children were garbed in their regular server robes. My husband stood there to usher the congregation into the church, and I stood there directing the liturgy for the evening. In a wispy moment, my husband and kids began to playfully run out of the church and around the building as the priest chased them with a gleeful joy.

Harmony had been restored between the souls of these three. A just peace had emerged from what had been an inordinate attachment to sensual pleasure erupting in a corruption of eternal intent, desire and motive. Pure love was now being expressed . . .

Waking, I savored the moment before heading off to work . . . at the church and at my other new job, where harmony, love, peace, joy and mutual respect would reign, forever and ever, Amen. And forevermore, I would take upon myself the yoke of the prophets, saints, mystics and sages in proceeding with caution . . . watching . . . and with patience . . . waiting . . . as the Lord deigned to reveal His will to me so that I might translate His love for His own creation into my human mortal body rightly and correctly within the bounds of His will and intent.

In this manner, I could love my fellow man more powerfully than I had ever before known. I'd lost nothing except the plight of sin, but had gained a kingdom of inestimable worth . . .

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## CHAPTER TEN

### **A New Eternal Relationship to Karma, Becoming a True Nun, Karmic Love Becomes Eternal Love, Planetary Conjunction, the Ever Changing Reality of Relationships, Sub-Conscious Acknowledgement of Love Where it Cannot be Expressed Consciously, Seeking God's Will in Relationships, Recognizing Internal Misunderstanding, Acknowledging that Love Remains.**

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Andy had a vision of our family inside a huge circular lighted ball of energy. As we began to reunite and become strong again in our unity together, the priest appeared outside of that circular lighted ball of energy. But as we continued to unite and become more and more powerful in our unity as a family and our relationship with the Lord, the priest gradually but very naturally slid quietly into our circular lighted ball of energy becoming a member of our family. An angelic guardian spoke to Andy, "First he came inappropriately . . . now he will come as an invited guest."

It was clear that our mission would be to transform an age-old karmic configuration into something eternal and it would come about through a familial brotherhood between all of us which would be energized by letting the illusions and fantasies die, and the reality of God, which is always grander and more meaningful, to shine through.

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The spirit of my deceased priest came to visit me in the rectory where our living priest currently resided. He was in a pair of white shorts and a white t-shirt. Behind him was a young Mexican priest recently

ordained under his study. We were both kneeling on the floor, although the energy of the room was fun, good-natured and relaxed.

My deceased priest directed my attention towards an altar which contained the many gifts I'd been giving to the church and he very kindly bowed on his knees at the altar. Smiling at me, he conveyed, "I'm very happy with the gifts you have been giving to the church, and if a new priest is to come with a newly ordained with him, it will truly be okay." I felt immediately that the energy between this older incoming priest and his younger ward would be similar to that which I was experiencing in the room right now; fun, good-natured and relaxed.

Thanking him, I turned and disappeared.

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One of my daughters had an experience. Standing aside the priest and herself, I was patiently waiting for the axe to fall. Things had been up and down with him for months, and I seemed to be in a space of surrender to whatever unkindness he might lunge my way. But that didn't happen . . .

Instead, he began asking me my opinion about something and we began talking. My daughter left the room and came back later in what seemed like an aeon of time - perhaps before, during and after he'd left - and we were still talking.

She said it felt like he'd always known that it would be good for him to ask my opinion about things. But now he was coming out of the closet about it.

A moment later, he was sitting with our entire family ensconced in an energy field with us. He had become a member of the family and he was wearing casual clothes indicating our level of familiarity and comfort of being together.

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In the ethereal heavens, I saw myself standing quietly and pertly with several other women . . . all garbed in full nun's habits of black and white with full head cover. I was told by the angel aside me that we were sister's of the Sacred Heart. In this space, I was a true, completely consecrated nun. It was clearly energetically delineated that I had passed through my twelve years of formation and I was a true veteran. And in this space, that energetic reality was not only completely honored but displayed in a very powerful way. It was something that just 'was.'

Later in the day, I would realize that our new priests were coming from the parish of the 'Sacred Heart.' And it felt very much that this experience was letting me know that things would go well, that I was already fully consecrated to my Lord and that all was well with God.

But before I could leave this beautiful space filled with poofy clouds and a wondrous array of light, I began to hear the voice of what I perceived to be the Lord speaking to me. In a mysterious way, the priest was given to hear the words, as well. "You will be asked to give your life for someone . . . and you will do it." He said. Within moments, I was seeing someone, although I was unable to be certain of their personage. There was some kind of deathbed conversion going on, and the scent of roses permeated the room. And as I stood in my full habit, the Lord ended with these words, "And you did give your life." Almost as if it had already occurred .

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The legion of space captains had come to my husband, Andy, in the dark of the night revealing a power beyond his imagining. It was revealed to him that an emergency meeting had been called in the heavens

because the priest was about to abort the mission. Everyone was scurrying about trying to come up with ways to save it, to bring him back into the fold, or do whatever it would take to re-energize the mission. A captain approached Andy and said, "He's going to abort the mission, but you are hereby ordered to continue to behave as if he's not going to. Continue forward even though this is inevitable."

My husband awoke with a powerful and sincere recognition of the importance of this mission which was about to be lost because the priest had decided that what he wanted for his life would be better than what God had planned. It was so very sad, if only he could have understood . . . What God had intended for him was so much greater than anything he could've fathomed for himself.

We continued as if he weren't going to abort the mission as instructed, but we grieved this great loss as a family.

Shortly thereafter, the priest left. Gone forever, it seemed?

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Coming again to see me, the former priest arrived at a party happening in the ethereal realms. A couple was talking about how hard it is for married folks to stay together, and he came directly towards me, looked me in the eye and said, "But it is so much harder not to be able to be with the one you care deeply about." He said, as he embraced me.

An eternal element was emerging within his subconscious. He was awaking to and realizing the gift of eternal love no matter its essential end. Love in and of itself is a gift. And love, by itself, is sometimes enough. And God, because He IS love, utilizes this power and force to bring about all manner of things in this world. Love is not relegated to the realm of lust and sex; that is to diminish its true nature. Love in its highest expression, remains eternal and can BE irregardless of circumstance.

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As the heavens heaved a mighty splendor, I stood upon a planet as another planet was coming upon mine with great velocity carrying the soul of my former priest. The galactic heavens were powerful tonight as this grand conjunction was about to occur.

Something odd became apparent as he moved closer in that he bore the signs of being full-term pregnant, actually already in the act of giving birth. Spaceships hovered around both of our planets as their lights permeated the heavens.

As the planets collided, I fell prostrate to the ground with my face upwards. Arms outstretched as in the form of a cross, I noticed that my former priest and several alien life forms were holding my arms in place as this conjunction was actively engaging.

"He is going to connect with you and ignite the birth." One said as I noticed that my body could not move. Then the former priest spoke. "Oh," he sighed, "I've hurt her so much by keeping this from her." Immediately, I understood that he was referring to the purpose of this grand conjunction, what this 'birth' was meant to impart in both of our worlds. He was greatly relieved that he was now being allowed to reveal the master plan of this entire journey, although I still did not understand.

In great relief, he fell at my feet and sighed, "I've finally been allowed to tell her how much I feel for her. It's been so painful to keep this from her." Shocked, I didn't know what to think of that statement, but just took it in. I inherently knew he was referring to the previous experience wherein he finally shared his feelings on some level with my soul.

But there was no time to contemplate this. The planets were colliding, and those around me were waiting for me to show them signs of life by moving. Shaking my hands violently, the former priest grabbed them and stopped me from moving further. "It's too soon," he said, "you are resurrecting from the dead. You must allow these energies to come into you slowly or they can hurt you." The amazing power of this moment

cannot be described. But although I could not understand the import of this moment, I sensed his great relief in being given permission to let me see that there was a huge master plan in this conjunction.

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The heavens began to rumble and roar as they opened to reveal that the mission was no longer aborted, but yet to begin again with the two new priests who had been brought into our lives and had taken me into the interior cloister.

The intense power of the moment overwhelmed me as the Lord allowed me to see the light within them that had been kindled in the pursuance of our newfound protectorate. There was a very special and important relationship between my son and one of these priests which had been energized by the Lord. An angel shouted across the heavens, "The mission continues . . . it is not lost!" As I heard these words, I saw a stairway to heaven open in my bedroom wall through the tapestry of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The power of heaven came upon me and all of us in this space and extreme excitement filled me. A terrible and immense sorrow lingered, however, for the one that I had lost.

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Within moments, myself and my two younger children were wearing the garb of a religious order and we again being hidden and protected by these two priests and the rest of their religious brothers in a cloister in the realms of spiritual ether. On some level, they had an understanding of our need to be hidden and protected from the outside world and did so instinctively.

A moment later, I was again in my own home, but looked outside the window to see one of the priests guarding it in plain clothes to protect us for the mission.

And a final moment later, I was taken into the

church at a later time when all the people knew I was a mystic and it was a very positive thing that they knew this. The mission was safe, despite its abortment by an original founding member.

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Despite the fact that my husband and I got back together, within another year we again had to separate due to the same destructive issues. Perhaps this is a story that is *meant* to have no final end . . . because life is ongoing and ever changing.

It is only meant to help the traveler along the road of love which can be guaranteed to offer one thing only - and that is uncertainty.

Love grows, love dims, love changes . . . only God knows what lies beyond this. Love in itself is not a sin, but if expressed in a way contrary to the will of God, it becomes so. I'd like to leave you with the simple thought which is that 'love is.'

The hard part is that sometimes God's will does not come with a final concrete answer. Love is and always will be a hugely important part of our human experience. And because of this, we will always seek to understand its many manifestations. But in the end, if we watch and wait despite the touch of the nails that pierce our souls by doing so, we are more inclined to discover God's will in each of these manifestations and to walk with a more sure footing of the righteousness of our path. Sometimes we can't control what we feel or do not feel for others. But in the end, it will always come down to the simple fact that 'love is.' And when it truly is, no matter the purpose, it remains a gift from God - even though touching the nails of such an uncertainty as this may cause you to bleed. You can't make it happen, nor can you make it go away. When love happens, it just is.

*"For even as love crowns you so shall he crucify you. Even as he is for your growth so is he for your pruning. Even as he ascends to your height and caresses your tenderest branches that quiver in the sun, so shall he descend to your roots and shake them in their clinging to the earth. Like sheaves of corn he gathers you unto himself. He threshes you to make you naked. He sifts you to free you from your husks. He grinds you to whiteness. He kneads you until you are pliant; And then he assigns you to his sacred fire, that you may become sacred bread for God's sacred feast. All these things shall love do unto you that you may know the secrets of your heart, and in that knowledge become a fragment of Life's heart. But if in your fear you would seek only love's peace and love's pleasure, then it is better for you that you cover your nakedness and pass out of love's threshing floor into the seasonless world where you shall laugh, but not all of your laughter, and weep, but not all of your tears. Love gives naught but itself and takes naught but from itself. Love possesses not nor would it be possessed; For love is sufficient unto love."*

*The Prophet, Kahlil Gibran, On Love*

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Many people were watching on from a distance our family with a very judgmental stance. Because of the difficulties we'd had in our marriage, people were suspicious and uncomfortable even though the Lord had been making it clear to me that many of those very same people harbored similar issues and/or demons, but were unable to see it in themselves yet.

I had already accepted our fate to be judged and was busy painting spiritual symphonies all over our small little town in the mystical realms. Suddenly, our former priest who had been watching judgmentally himself, turned and saw the spiritual symphonies I was

painting all over town. I expected nothing, his gaze was stern, judgmental.

But suddenly, a small smile began to come from his lips as eternal understanding overtook him and he finally saw that the honest evaluation of our failings was a beautiful thing, and not something to be ashamed. And it bore much more fruit than hiding behind a veil of false perfection.

I smiled back knowing that our friendship was being restored. But this restoration was coming about in a wholly different way, one which was without sin and full of virtue and possibilities because of the infinite eternal fruits which could be borne of a friendship grown from eternal understanding and love.

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For a fortnight, a green healing energy overcame my energy field every time I would close my eyes and open them again to the spirit world. All was bathed in green, and my spirit and body took in the warm healing energies from above.

An unexpected journey was about to come upon my soul as I was riding an old riverboat with my three children from my current life. Familiar, but from another time, I remembered the lifetime when I had lost my life overboard one of these things - a karmic moment engraved upon my memory as one of several sudden yet final partings from life in this world from a person and soul I'd loved deeply; he who was known only as 'the priest' in 'Touched by the Nails.'

The journey represented by that book in this life had ended with uncertainty, an uncertainty which was demonstrated as possibly the simple truth we must all embrace about love in this world.

My youngest son, Jake, had darted off and I was looking for him on the boat. There were many pretty

women on the boat, I noticed this. But my focus was on finding my son, and on the journey I must now take with my munchkins. Very worried, he seemed to be nowhere to be found and I was getting scared.

Suddenly, I turned around and the priest was standing behind me with an expectant glaze in his eyes. I read within them that he truly wanted to help me find Jake, and there was something bothering him that he wanted to share with me.

Turning again to notice all the pretty women aboard the boat, I was a bit confused as his normal behavior in such a subconscious state would be to go pay attention to them all. In the conscious state, this could sometimes also be the case. But he was staring at me and boring a hole through my soul. He had a mission tonight.

"Please," he said, "let me help you find him." Pausing for only a millisecond in my search, I said, 'Okay,' and continued my search. He found my son quickly and brought him to me as he placed the same eye-piercing gaze was upon me.

Again, I noticed that there were scores of very pretty women on the boat, but he acted like I was the only one there.

"I love ALL of you!," he said about me and my kids. We kindof stared at each other quietly for a while, because I was very confused by this seemingly sudden visit in the night from someone who to my mind had done everything possible to make it clear that I meant absolutely nothing to him, not even as an acquaintance, much less as a friend or even less as anything more.

Suddenly, he took my two hands and continued looking deep in my eyes. By this time, we were alone, as the kids and the surrounding environment had faded off into the distance and it was just us two. "I LOVE you." He said. "I really need you to know that I truly do love

you." Still confused and finding anything he might say hard to believe, I just kind of stared at him.

Repeating himself a few times, he said, "I need you to know that I TRULY love you." And as he said it a few times, an energy came into me which made me to know that this was *profoundly* true, as hard as it seemed for me to believe I knew inwardly that it was absolutely true. His eyes continued to pierce into mine as he explained that this love he had for me was unique to me, and although it had been necessary for him to go through some growth experiences regarding his attraction to all pretty women, he had come to realize the unique nature of what truly was between us.

All I could do was stare at him as he continued to hold my hands and look at me with such profound intensity that I felt myself filled with the truth of this moment. And for that time, it seemed that God and he wished for me to know.

My soul was floored, relieved, grateful . . . for this moment. But I also knew that this momentary union of souls would end and, therefore, cause me great pain later.

By this time in this journey, however, I also understood that this was the price I would have to pay for truly loving someone with that kind of power who could never again be a part of my life. It had now been several years and I knew this was not something that I was likely going to pass through. These would be the thorns that I must walk alongside . . . because I had learned that in regards to this person, it was not in my power to change what the core of my soul understood and felt for him. It was not a fleeting thing, it would probably walk with me for the remainder of my days.

So I accepted this gift with that knowledge. Awaking the next morning, I bathed in the momentary

glow of the revelation, allowing it to penetrate and remain within my heart, but then I had to enter my waking world and integrate the experience back into my 'real' life on the ground by letting it go and preparing for my day as a mom.

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On the eve of the morrow, my soul was swept into a typhoon of eternal energies depicting questions my soul had bade to the Lord in prayer.

As I was hurled to the etheric floor on my knees, a light came from the highest heaven which immediately shone upon two rings I wore on my hands.

My wedding ring on my left hand was a golden band with a small diamond cross in the center. On the other hand, I wore a diamond which had been given to me by my husband's (Andy) grandmother. The ring had been worn by her husband's mother and grandmother and I was the 5th generational line to wear it. The ring truly represented the ancestral line of our family.

The two diamond rings began to shine throughout the heavens before me, and I was given to know that by this sign, the Lord had given me to know that I had gotten two answers right.

Although these answers were never enunciated, it appeared that my husband and I staying together AND focusing on the ancestral line, i.e. my children, were possibly the two answers the Lord wished me to understand.

In a subsequent experience the same night, a similar incident occurred wherein as I lie prostrate on the etheric floor, my two wedding rings became manifest in the sky above me again representing the answers that I was seeking.

This was a difficult answer to receive, but I did receive it. I obeyed. Although it was difficult, we did

continue to work on our marriage both together and apart - however necessary - and focused on the well-being of our children.

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And the third night brought with it another powerful but painful consolation. During this period I began to learn that sometimes in order to discover God's will and learn to follow it, you have to simply accept things as they are and as they come. Because if you do not, you will fight the progression because you still don't know whence it leads.

My home was represented as a three story structure. On the bottom floor were the parish members of our local church, in the middle was my husband, Andy - and at the top was my private quarters, my private prayer launch pad, so to speak.

Although Andy and I were 'together,' we had certain agreements which allowed me to continue to live a consecrated life within my home.

Sitting outside by myself, a large number of people were standing at the sides of the road as if we were waiting for a parade to come. And within moments, I saw off in the distance a procession headed by our bishop. Bundled up with a quilt, I watched quietly as he came with probably a train of about 20-30 priests.

But I was surprised when I noticed that at the tail end of the procession of 'robed' priests, my priest was walking without his robes but in his 'collar.' When I saw him, I quietly walked inside my 'house' to my private quarters because I didn't want him to notice me.

But it quickly became clear that he was actually seeking me out again, and he *knew* I was there. Interestingly, he was again portrayed as a 'man on a mission.' Coming towards my home, I thought for a moment. It seemed that avoiding this was a bad idea,

that we needed to face one another and deal with what was going on between us. So I quietly slipped back out.

But before I could close the door behind me, I realized he was standing right before me giving me that same kind of intense gaze that he had done before, but with more determination.

Taking my hand with force and determination, it didn't seem to matter to him anymore what people thought about him as he took me through the first floor of our house where the parishioners were and somehow completely bypassed level two. In seconds, we were alone in my private quarters on the third level of the house.

His eyes were very clear as he came to me in embrace. Again, I knew he wanted me to know that he truly loved me. It was not lust, it was not something else . . . it was simply a powerful love that apparently he nor I could explain, understand, come to terms with nor deny.

It was so vivid, it was as if it were really happening. He stayed with me for a long time, and when it was time for him to go, he engaged my eyes again as if to reinforce that his departure affected nothing of what he had shared with me.

But then I began to awake and realize it was happening only in energy, and it was a painful realization. But I again gave many thanks to the Lord for this moment, even though the knowledge and experience of it caused me pain, it relieved more just to know that it was mutual . . . even though to all appearances it could and would never be.

Again, I allowed the experience to penetrate my heart, but integrated it properly so that I could get up and be a mom.

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The Blessed Virgin returned weeks later with a message of different import. In her grace and glory, she took me into my own thinking. Showing me how I was perceiving things with my husband, she then showed me how they really were. Very kindly, she explained that the many medications, the level of pain, the amount of doctor visits and procedures, etc., were all serving to make it difficult for me to see things as they truly were.

Most difficult to see was the pain this was causing my children, but I had to see and feel it profoundly in order to understand.

Grateful but ashamed, I thanked the Blessed Virgin for her lengthy visit to show me these things in such a profound way and began the work to amend my life with my husband and stop my part in inciting conflict with him.

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Taken into a space wherein I was shown people throughout time and the ages who loved each other deeply but could not be together because of a greater good, an angel walked up beside me. "It's sad that two people who love each other so much," she said, "cannot be together." I knew inherently she was speaking of myself and the priest. I looked at her very peacefully and with calm. She repeated herself. "It's sad that two people who love each other so much cannot be together," she said, "in order to fulfill a higher good for others." Looking directly into her eyes, I nodded again. I KNEW in my heart a sense of peace about this decision. We had honored his call to the priesthood and my call to motherhood. We were doing this for the greater good of others.

But it was sad that we could not be together, and for that moment, I felt how truly real that love between us remained. But I also knew we'd done the right thing.

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