

Spirit Guides and Guardian Angels

Mystic Knowledge Series

Compiled and Written by Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org



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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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CONTENTS:

**Spirit Guides and
Guardian Angels**
Mystic Knowledge Series

INTRODUCTION

10

CHAPTER ONE

**Emmanuel and his Realm, 'Physical Illusion
Workout,' Little Chinaman, Running the Race, Island
of Truth, the Grandfather, Cheyenne.**

11

CHAPTER TWO

**Guardian Angel, Kutahey, Spirit Guides of
Inspiration, Temple of the Dolphins, Assisi
Marauders, White Winged Horse, Quasar, Crystal
Forest, Traveling to the Sun, the Two Native
American Men.**

26

CHAPTER THREE

**The Inner Caverns, the Vortex, Warehouse of
Unfulfilled Dreams, Abraham Lincoln, Paintings on
the Walls of my Spirit, Madame Trinidad, Long Hair,
Spinoza, the Tribe of Swallow River, the Overlapping
Reality, the Chief, the Totems - Mayan Cards of
Walking Stone, Medicine Man.**

46

CHAPTER FOUR

**Chief Joseph, the Medicine Women from Throughout
the Ages, Mountains in the Sky, Returning to the**

**Native, Supas and Uniting the East and the West, Iwa
- Temple Builder, the Old Ones, Imperterbability,
Pathway of Books.**

65

CHAPTER FIVE

**Astral Books as Spirit Guides, Levitation, Buddhist
Mai Tai Prayer, True Discipleship, the Cosmic Master,
Messiah Master Number, the Celestial Temple and
the Turbaned Masters, the Lines of the Holy Spirit
Whirring from Heaven to Earth, St. Michael, Return of
Little Chinaman and his Family, Golden Angels of the
23rd Dimension.**

79

CHAPTER SIX

**The Child Prophets, Galactic Convent, Monks,
Monastery in Space, Turbaned Guardian Spirits, my
Nurse, Laughing in the Light, 200 Angels, my
Deceased Priest, the Transformation of Souls into
their True Natures, Anasazi Indian, Opa, Various
Angelic Guardians and Hosts, Passing on the Gifts.**

96

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

Emmanuel and his Realm, 'Physical Illusion Workout,' Little Chinaman, Running the Race, Island of Truth, the Grandfather, Cheyenne.

Entering the vibrational state, I began to consciously will myself out of the body. A familiar but as yet unidentified voice began to speak, saying that it wouldn't be necessary to leave the body to travel amongst the dimensions. My spirit could go inward.

Changing perspective, my mind entered into a hypersensitive state wherein it began working at an unfathomably high rate of speed. Inherently, I knew that I was feeling what it was like to be dead, and I was surprised by the activity that is apparently present at life's end.

Identifying himself, the voice told me his name was 'Emmanuel' and that he had been with me for quite some time and that his purpose was to teach me about the oneness of all life. An energy surge came over my spirit connecting me to an even greater ultra-sensitive state of oneness with God the Father. Knowledge of oneness became so expansive, that it was earth-shattering to me.

'The purpose of astral travel,' he conveyed, 'is to bring eternal knowledge from this heightened state, back into the limited human form.' Further, the process was very slow and tedious because only small amounts of knowledge can be retained with each journey.

In order to approach God, I would first have to let go of all that I perceived myself to be, as separate or distinct, because that part was of no use to God or to the evolution of my soul. What remained after the removal of such things, were the eternal soil upon which the

Lord's blessings would bear fruit.

"Hence, one of the Prophets of God hath asked: 'O my Lord, how shall we reach unto Thee?' And the answer came, 'Leave thyself behind, and then approach me.'"

*The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Third Valley,
Page 55, Paragraph 2, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

Emmanuel came and went many a time to bring me into the understanding of oneness and to assist in raising my vibrational level. Upon this visit, however, Emmanuel taught me how to transmute the energies of vibrational raisings into my own soul. As the tremendous amounts of energy had begun forging through me, he guided me to stop and bring the energy to a level of love. Rather than fighting the immense energies, I had to allow it into my spirit. Sometimes, it would get so powerful, my head felt like exploding, but upon transmutation, the energies would expand in such a manner as to alter my worldly perceptions and attachments, bringing me to greater light. After a few hours, I literally begged him to stop.

"All earthly things, except those absolutely necessary, must die through our complete disregard for them, even though they are not wrong in themselves. We must control our minds and not permit them to wander aimlessly about."

*The Spiritual Combat, Chapter 9, Page 23, Paragraph 2,
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: Dom Lorenzo Scupoli)*

"In Tibet we say that just as it is the nature of fire to burn and of water to quench thirst, the nature of the buddhas is to be present as soon as anyone invokes them, so infinite is their compassionate desire to help all sentient beings."

The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying, Chapter 19, Page 300, Paragraph 4, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Sogyal

Rinpoche)

During a vibrational raising, energetic waves began pulsing through my body beginning at my feet and working up towards my head. When it reached its pinnacle, I felt a jerking sensation in my forehead (sixth chakra) and my eyes jerked upwards. Appearing beside me, a female angel began funneling energies throughout my body and instructed me on how to hold energies more efficiently and refine them to make a stronger connection with the heavenly realms.

Having left form, my soul was vibrating at speeds higher than I'd gone before. Knowing that I was bordering on a much higher dimension, my eyes were closed, perhaps with fear of what I might see. I still had a fear of seeing ghosts, which was odd considering the journey I had undertaken.

Emmanuel's voice echoed before me. "This is an important step, one that you must take. In order for you to grow in your abilities, you must rid yourself of the fear of ghosts." Willing sight, I immediately became dumbstruck by the vision of Emmanuel before me. Emmanuel's dark hair framed his small face, his white robes glowed with light, and all around him a beautiful yellow, purple and white aura encircled his spirit. All around him were beautiful pastel shades of ether; blues, purples, greens, yellows, and among this ether was a silvery glitter quality. "See, it isn't so bad to see a ghost." Emmanuel said in jest. But I was so overcome with the beauty of this place, I cried out, "OH, MY GOD! THIS MUST BE HEAVEN, THIS REALLY MUST BE HEAVEN!!!!" Emmanuel's eyes were deep, loving and enthralling.

Meeting Emmanuel in an empty house, he informed me that I needed to work through blocks that I

had in regards to the permeation of physical matter. Presenting me with the 'Emmanuel Physical Illusion Workout,' I began flying through the ceiling, walls, doors and windows until I started doing so with more ease.

*"O now, when the Dream Bardo upon me is dawning!
Abandoning the inordinate corpse-like sleeping of the
sleep of stupidity, May the consciousness
undistractedly be kept in its natural state; Grasping the
(true nature of) dreams, (may I) train (myself) in the
Clear Light of Miraculous Transformation: Acting not
like the brutes in slothfulness, May the blending of the
practising of the sleep (state) and actual (or waking)
experience be highly valued (by me)."*

*The Tibetan Book of the Dead, The Appendix, III. The Root
Verses of the Six Bardos, No. 2, (Buddhism, Tibetan)*

Andy, my husband, had a dream in which he saw himself in a room which contained an imaginary line bordering on another dimension. Suddenly, a small man with short black hair came through the imaginary line. Immediately recognizing him, Andy shouted, "Little Chinaman, you're here!" The little man giggled and quietly jumped back over the line.

Having projected into another dimension together, my husband, Andy, and I had entered into a foggy realm filled with haze. Waiting to see Emmanuel, we sat in anticipation of the great being we awaited, speaking of our honor in knowing him.

When Emmanuel arrived, however, he appeared to us in street clothes. "Do not make me more than I am. As I am divine energy, so are you. Do not glorify me." Surprised by his response, we quickly realized that he was right. "We will meet again, my friends," he said, shortly before he disappeared.

"It is I, John, who heard and saw these things, and

when I heard and saw them I fell down to worship at the feet of the angel who showed them to me. But he said to me, 'Don't! I am a fellow servant of yours and of your brothers the prophets and of those who keep the message of this book. Worship God.'

*New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 22:8,
(Christianity, Catholic)*

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

Another runner appeared beside me without my notice, keeping the same pace that I had chosen. Immediately sensing my distress, he spoke to me. "The other runners are caught up with the finish line, and you are more interested in the path." I looked over at him, and said, "But I feel so separate and apart from their reality." Interjecting, he smiled at my confusion. "As you should! You feel the oneness and you see their reality for what it is. They see it from a different illusion. To them, physical life is all there is, winning is all there is. Spiritual growth requires a different perspective, one that you now have. Growth comes from within, not without. By taking life at the pace you have chosen, you allow yourself to perceive more accurately what the world truly represents. You embrace the divine plan and trust it completely, they do not. They feel that their importance lies in finishing the race with the fastest time, and you see that the race will never end. Every

perception along the path is an important and crucial one. If you miss the flower on the side of the road because you ran by too quickly, you will need to return to perceive it in the future. In their ignorance, they may think they are passing you by, but the truth is you have not even entered their race. Your path is parallel to their road, but they have not yet begun the path that you seek. The irony is that the race is an illusion. Do not compare yourself with those who see only illusion. Walk slowly down your path of increasing awareness and opening perceptions as it is this path that leads to enlightenment."

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

"Do you not know that the runners in the stadium all run in the race, but only one wins the prize? Run so as to win. Every athlete exercises discipline in every way.

They do it to win a perishable crown, but we an imperishable one. Thus I do not run aimlessly; I do not fight as if I were shadowboxing. No, I drive my body and train it, for fear that, after having preached to others, I myself should be disqualified."

New American Bible, New Testament, 1 Corinthians 10:24,

(Christianity, Catholic)

Lying amidst a stone complex, I awaited the guidance of someone to come. Resting peacefully, the spirit who had run with me on the racetrack of life appeared.

"In order to understand the true reality within your conflicts, you must see the window of perception that others see through." Projecting images of the way somebody I knew perceived reality, I immediately understood why we misunderstood one another. "Allow yourself to tune into other people's perceptions, so that you may understand the parameters of their vision. Love all beings, despite their present manifestation, as love is the only reality." He disappeared.

"There is nobody who lives happily with anger. Hence the enemy, anger, creates sufferings such as these, but whoever assiduously overcomes it finds happiness now and hereafter."

A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Chapter VI, No. 5-6, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Shantideva)

Twenty students and I were preparing to take a test in a very unusual schoolroom. Everything was foggy, and our desks were scattered around a lake. Beyond the shore, was a distant island referred to as the 'island of truth.' The teacher was a young, balding thin man of average height. Very much like a spelling test, he would tell us his truth and we had to write it down exactly as it was said. Trouble was he spoke so fast that no one could possibly keep up with him. Getting three out of ten right, I asked the teacher for another chance because I had a true yearning to know the truth. Ten stone pillars could be seen on the distant island, and the teacher's desk was set right on the shore of the lake. According to the teacher, the truths were etched in those

stones. "Only I know what those pillars say," he said, "and because of that no one will ever pass this test. The answers are on that island, but don't try to jump across, as many have tried and never returned!" Confused, I agreed not to go.

As another group of students came in and failed his test, I realized that his words were not difficult to understand but he meant something different than what he was saying. In essence, it was a trick.

Understanding enveloped me as I realized I didn't have to jump across the lake, but willed my etheric body to the island of truth. On the island, there was no fog, and I looked upon the pillars to find their ominous wisdom, but found that there was nothing written on them at all, only a constant energetic whirling which could be seen. Many souls were on the island experiencing joy, and I immediately knew these were the ones of which the teacher had spoken. They'd found the truth and had no need to return. In his fear, the teacher could not see them on the island, though they stood right before his eyes.

It was then that I knew that the real truth was that the man on the bank was afraid to step into awareness, because he was afraid of the unknown. Perpetuating his own fear, he told others that only he knew the truth. Despite this, a few brave souls realized that they must seek after the truth anyway.

At that moment, several of my spiritual guardians appeared and conveyed, "Never give your power to the man on the bank. You must go to the island, yourself."

"See that you do not reject the one who speaks. For if they did not escape when they refused the one who warned them on earth, how much more in our case if we turn away from the one who warns from heaven."

New American Bible, New Testament, Hebrews 13:25,

(Christianity, Catholic)

Coming to me in sleep, Emmanuel directed me in achieving the vibrational state required to leave the body of my own accord. As he focused my energy on the chakra centers of the body, he told me to pull all that energy into the sixth chakra, or the third eye. As I did so, I entered into the vibrational state.

My soul was immediately transported to another dimension and I heard a distant Gregorian chanter singing these words:

"I am the grandfather, old and wise
I know the answers you just can't deny
But you have not found me yet
But you have not found me yet"

Swept away by the beauty and mysterious echo of this chanter, it was repeated over and over again as a glowing shrine of jewels appeared before me. In its midst was an old, old man with long white hair and a beard, sitting in a lotus position, adorned in a pure white robe. Eyes closed and legs crossed as if in meditation, his hands were placed on his knees.

Enchanting me, the music held me in its rhythm, as it was conveyed clearly to me that I must find him.

"When you find your place where you are, practice occurs, actualizing the fundamental point."

Moon in a Dewdrop, Actualizing Fundamental Point (Genjo Koan), No. 11, (Buddhism, Zen, Words of Zen Master Dogen)

An old parchment stood upon an easel in a clearing in the woods, as an Indian man quietly directed my attention to it. "This is a map of your spiritual growth in this lifetime. These are the next few steps you will take before meeting your Indian master." Realizing he spoke

of the grandfather, I continued to listen. "And this is what you have mapped for the rest of this lifetime."

Although I could see the map, I was unable to really understand the details of the path, only the essence of the journey. Pointing to the bottom corner, he said, "And down here in the corner is the day you have chosen to leave this earth." Nodding, I understood.

Standing in an old dirty attic, I suddenly found myself looking for an old box covered in jewels. When I found it, I noticed several slips of paper inside indicating heavenly promises I had made to teach certain individuals and groups of people in certain areas of the world. Below it was an old black and white photograph of me teaching a group of people. Extremely uncomfortable, because I knew I was not qualified to teach anyone anything, I quickly put the box away.

Destinies must be revealed in order for us to fulfill them. At the time of its revelation, we can be left with hesitation in wondering whether or not we are up to the task. We aren't, but God is. Therefore, put your faith in God's abilities, and worry not about your own.

"Faith is the realization of what is hoped for and evidence of things not seen . . . By faith we understand that the universe was ordered by the word of God, so that what is visible came into being through the invisible."

*New American Bible, New Testament, Hebrews 11:1,
(Christianity, Catholic)*

Working with a theatre group, I was playing many different roles, none of which suited me. Asking me to return for the tryouts for the next play, the director; a middle-aged short balding man, told me he had another part for which he'd like me to try out. In the meantime, I was sent to a crystal enclosure. Huge shimmering white crystals covered the ceilings, walls

and floor, and I sat in a corner soaking up the intense vibrations.

Returning to the theatre group at the appropriate time, the stage was filled with dancers who were performing a drama about human nature. Only two people had showed up for the play, and the actors were disappointed. Entering the backstage area, the director ran to me holding a white flowing garment. "It is the Age of Aquarius," he said, "and you are the Aquarian! You must play this part as it comes natural to you!"

"The sage dwells in affairs of nonaction, carries out a doctrine without words. He lets the myriad creatures rise up but does not instigate them; He acts but does not presume; He completes his work but does not dwell on it."

Tao Te Ching, No. 46, (Buddhism, Taoism, Words of Lao Tzu, Translation: Victor H. Mair)

Flying through a small park out-of-body, I came upon a nice picnic table area with some shade from a large tree. A female spirit approached me with three friends, and I felt immediately uncomfortable without knowing why. Telling me that they knew I was learning from Emmanuel, they began to ask questions. "Don't you think that unconditional love is impossible to attain? And if we are always experiencing the now, then what about the future?"

Feeling irritation, I didn't know what to say, when suddenly the woman began changing form . . . and in moments had turned into Emmanuel.

"It's you!" I shouted at him, laughing at my own delusion. Responding immediately, he said, "You fear exposing yourself and being scrutinized. You fear being called a teacher. It scares you to think that others may try to give their power away to you and expect you to know all the answers." Pausing, he reflected concern in

his eyes. "The answer is simple. BE. If you don't take another person's power, they cannot give it. And if they desire proof, they do not desire the truth." Standing, he disappeared.

"An evil and unfaithful generation seeks a sign, but no sign will be given it . . ."

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 13:39,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

"He who knoweth things as they are and not as they are said or seem to be, he truly is wise, and is taught of God more than of men. He who knoweth how to walk from within, and to set little value upon outward things, requireth not places nor waiteth for seasons, for holding his intercourse with God."

*The Imitation of Christ, Second Book, Chapter 1, No. 7,
(Christianity, Author: Thomas A Kempis)*

"No longer is my consciousness limited to a phial of flesh, corked with ignorance. No more did I move through Thine Ocean of Spirit day and night, years, incarnations - so close, yet without contacting the Sea. No longer do I thoughtlessly dwell in Thee, knowing and feeling Thee not."

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 163, Paragraph 1, (Hinduism,
Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

After many journeys into the heavenlies seeking atonements with others, I found myself in a celestial realm of white filled with musicians. Finding myself playing the bassoon with a trio, we were standing on white pedestals which hovered in the clouds. Many musicians were playing all around, but none of the performances seemed to interfere with one another.

Moments into our performance, a short stocky Native American man approached with long black hair. Immediately mesmerized, I began staring at him and felt as though I knew him.

Taking my hand, we walked away from the podium. Entering a small room, we both laid down on what appeared to be thin air. "You wanted to experience what it means to be. I will show you what beingness is. Lay your head on my shoulder and be." As I did so, I felt complete love, peace and joy in a way I never had in my physical body. Skyrocketing vibrations filled my soul, as other spirits passed by us with total respect for our state of being. 'Being' was considered superior to 'doing.'

Heading down another corridor of light hours later, he said, "It is important for you to receive these energies so that you will be able to meet with the Indian master." Taking me into a large crowded room, he led me to a table where many books were stacked. Picking one up, its title read, 'Cheyenne.' "My name is Cheyenne, as I was a Cheyenne Indian. I will call you Ute."

In a moment he was gone.

"First keep thyself in peace, and then shalt thou be able to be a peacemaker towards others. A peaceable man doeth more good than a well-learned."

The Imitation of Christ, Second Book, Chapter III, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Author: Thomas A. Kempis)

Emmanuel was watching closely as the group lined up in a circle and put their arms on each other's shoulders. As music began, we all began dancing in a circle. "Stop," Emmanuel said. "Look around you and tell me, who were the followers and who were the leaders?" We all looked around and could not decide, as each person in the circle was doing both. "Let this be a lesson to you. Know that you will always have things of the spirit to share with others, but that you should constantly follow the beckoning of your inner soul as there will always be more to learn."

"When exhaustively contemplated, these teachings

merge in at-one-ment with the scholarly seeker who has sought them, although the seeker himself when sought cannot be found."

The Tibetan Book of the Great Liberation, The Seeing of Reality, The Yoga of the Nirvanic Path, Page 224, Paragraph 1, (Buddhism, Tibetan)

Cascading upon the sands of a beach, Emmanuel told me a story:

"Notice how vast the ocean is and how many drops of water exist out there. Every few moments, some of those drops come into shore on a wave; a small amount in comparison to the size of the vast sea, but they come in to see if there truly is such a thing as a shore."

"They have heard stories about a shore, but all they have known is the vast expanse of the sea. Some of those drops come in, look and say, 'No, I am only dreaming,' and rush back to sea. But a few of those drops see the shore, grab onto a piece of sand and say, 'It is real, there really is a shore!' In their excitement, they beckon to the ocean, 'I have found truth, the shore exists, and it is real!' But the drops of water far out to sea think it is only an impossible dream. Other drops continually come and go, some finding the shore, others frightened by what they see. Wanting so much to share the truth of the shore, the drops continue to beckon. In frustration, they get angry at the drops further out. 'How can you be so blind? The shore is right in front of your eyes!'"

"A voice inside of them says, 'Only a small amount of water can hold onto the sand. The beaches are small in comparison to the wide expanse of the sea. You have made it to shore, now move on my friend and make room for another drop to fill your space. Help them by letting them find the shore themselves. But do not stop beckoning, as the stories of the great shore are what lead them to question its existence.'"

"So the drop evaporated into the heavens and made room for another drop to grab onto the shore. From above, he saw a tiny drop fill his former space and find truth. Then the drop shed his physical shell and in his place a tiny new soul came. It rained and the new soul began its journey to find the shore."

"Remember, my friend, continue to beckon, but move on and allow others the space to find the truth. It is all a great flowing plan and each will find the truth in his own time. We love you in your imperfection; love others as we have loved you."

"But the souls of the just are in the hand of God, and no torment shall touch them. They seemed, in the view of the foolish, to be dead; and their passing away was thought an affliction and their going forth from us, utter destruction. But they are in peace. For if before men, indeed, they be punished, yet is their hope full of immortality."

New American Bible, Old Testament, Wisdom 3:1-4

CHAPTER TWO**Guardian Angel, Kutahey, Spirit Guides of
Inspiration, Temple of the Dolphins, Assisi
Marauders, White Winged Horse, Quasar, Crystal
Forest, Traveling to the Sun, the Two Native
American Men.**

Soaring from my body, I was suddenly catapulted into a dark world of ghettos. Feeling very unsafe, it seemed as if I'd entered into a chaotic energy belt and I didn't know what to do but continue to fly away, running from my fear as fast as I could. Before long, I came upon an empty amphitheater and quietly sat down.

Noticing at once that I was wearing the robe of a monk, my head was bowed down in contemplation. A noticeable presence could be felt coming from behind, and a huge warm light was beaming upon my backside. Meekly turning to see who it was, I saw the Romanesque image of the man from my past life, but glowing with white and yellow light. Light emanated from all around him as he spoke to me. "I am your guardian spirit. Why do you fear?" Looking at him in awe, I could not answer. "No harm will ever come to you, as I will protect you always." Reaching out to him, our hands met in a shimmering bolt of light.

In a moment, we stood upon the shore of a great ocean, and I knew that this gift from God was soon to end. "I am always there for you." He said. "If you allow yourself to feel my presence, you will know that you are safe." He disappeared in the blink of an eye.

***"Know that He wishes more love than fear from you.
Therefore, Abandon yourself to His love, and let Him
act in you, with you and for you, according to His***

desire and good pleasure."

Thoughts and Sayings of Saint Margaret Mary, April, No. 29, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Saint Margaret Mary)

Before leaving my body, I heard Emmanuel's voice in the ether. "I now set you free my little bird with golden wings, may your wings span the entire universe. I give this being to the Indian master, Kutahey!"

Sucked out of form, I entered into a thought-form. Groups of people from my life, past and present, were working together in the accomplishment of some elusive goal I could not see. Angry that I was not part of the group, I said, "Don't you see? Who I was a year ago, is not who I am today!" They couldn't understand and asked me to leave. "I like you the way you are," I said, "Why is it so difficult to like me the way I am? Am I really so different?" Tears were welling up in my eyes, but they were adamant, and I left through a side door.

An old dear friend of mine was sitting alone in this next room, hurt and upset that his father was in trouble. Wanting to know how he might be able to help his father, he was seeking the counsel of a wise being whom he was unable to see. "Why can't you see him?" I asked, as his eyes lit up. "But, you can!" He shouted. "The being is behind that door!" Pointing to a door behind him, he begged, "Would you talk with him?" "Of course I will go, maybe he can help you." I answered, permeating the door to float into the next room.

A peaceful bald monk sat behind a small table in robes of white. Smiling at me as I entered, I respectfully spoke, "My friend is having a very serious problem with his father, and he feels that you know what he should do." Looking at me intensely, he gazed several moments before he replied, "Why do you feel so strongly about finding an answer for this entity? What does he mean to

you?" "Well," I replied, thinking upon the nature of our age-old friendship, "I love him very much, and I think I understand his despair as my own father is very much like his. I could never help him and I had to leave him to his own reality." Laughing, the spirit spoke again, "My child, you are wiser than you realize. Perhaps you could give him an answer yourself. Did you realize that when you feel such love for another being, that in that state of loving completely, all answers come to you. All the answers are simple." Nodding in agreement, he then asked, "Do you understand the thought-form in the previous room you put yourself through." "No, I did not. It was very frustrating for me." "My child," he replied, "you experience frustration in your physical world because people don't see who you are. They don't see who you are, because they don't see who they are. They cannot forgive others, because they cannot yet forgive themselves. Their disappointment is real, but it is not at you . . . but rather, themselves. Having not accepted that all the answers lie within, they find none. Believing unconditional love to be too simple, they do not become a part of the divine energy of love that flows through every being. They still try to *do*, rather than *flow*. My dear friend, you have chosen to flow with the divine plan of oneness and love. We do things through you, rather than by you. Few will see that in your world so you must see it yourself. Recognize this and your frustration will turn into understanding and love." Thanking him, I turned to leave, but he quickly stopped me. "Wait, my friend, I desire to speak with you more. Will you return?" "Of course," I responded, "but why do you want to talk to me? After all, I'm not anywhere near your level of evolution!" Laughing the beautiful spirit said, "I want to teach you, I am Kutahey!" Thrilled and excited, I realized he was the grandfather I sought. "But you do not

look the same as before. You appeared as an aged Indian, and now you appear to be a monk from India. Which one are you?" Patiently, he replied, "What I am is who you are. Cannot I be both, and more! Do not limit your perception of me. Go through that door you have entered and confront your fearful thought-form. If you can enter into understanding and love, it will disappear and be replaced by whatever beauty you desire. We will meet again!"

Floating through the door, my friend was no longer there. Appearing for an instant, he said, "I have found the answer inside myself. Thank you."

Cruising through the next door, I found the other people still there, ranting and raving. "Your anger is not at me, but yourself. Understand who you are, and you will understand who I am." Lying on the ground, I willed my sight to cease. The noise stopped. As I willed my sight to return, they were all gone, and I was laying in a magnificent field aside a snow-topped mountain peak.

Lying in the grass, I marveled at the blue of the sky before returning to form.

"Make no great account who is for thee or against thee, but mind only the present duty and take care that God be with thee in whatsoever thou doest."

The Imitation of Christ, Second Book, Chapter II, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Author: Thomas A Kempis)

"Simply give yourself over completely for the sake of your Enlightenment-seeking Eye; give up your life for the sake of the Teaching. How could you possibly arouse your will to realize enlightenment in the vain cause of fame and gain . . . just call to mind your own original intention to realize enlightenment and reflect upon whether this is what you are now concerned with or not."

The Denkoroku, Chapter 17, Saint Ragorata, (Buddhism, Zen)

"I have spoken but according to my knowledge and only with such sense of right as a creature of clay may possess. But how can I speak except Thou open my mouth, and how understand, if Thou give me not insight."

The Dead Sea Scriptures, The Book of Hymns, Page 193, Stanza 1, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)

And so it came to pass that the Lord revealed to me that many spirits on the other side of existence had specific purposes in the realm of inspiration. Anyone who brings into the world something of a higher nature, is bringing it with the aid of higher sources who inspire him in his work; whether it be artistic, like writing, painting, music, etc., or scientific advancements. It also became clear that every soul is given a special holy gift, their life purpose, but only the few ever attain to it, because so few choose to do what is necessary to become able to bring within them a sacred mission.

What is necessary is twofold. First, a soul must be willing to be completely transformed, and second, a soul must be willing to do whatever God may ask of them.

In order to be completely transformed, a soul must be able to view itself with honesty. Most souls do not see their own vice and deadly sin, because these vices are held intact by an intricate working of delusion within the mind. We can rationalize our actions in every which way, but truth. Let me again mention to you the seven deadly sins, and advise you to take a careful accounting of them within your life: Gluttony, Lust, Greed, Pride, Sloth, Vanity and Avarice.

If you are honest, you will find that you most probably practice each of the deadly sins to some degree, and that one or two of them hold prominence. The

purpose of the journeys into lives from long ago is not for mere fancy, but to provide you with knowledge of the patterns of your existences, which become clearer as you witness lifetime after lifetime of repeating similar patterns in entirely different settings. In perusing past lives, it is wise to peruse with a thorough eye, and with true diligence. No soul resides upon this Earth unless it remains necessary, and no soul leaves this earth until it is no longer so.

Doing whatever the Lord asks of you can require many things. The Lord helps those who help themselves, and many souls lose their holy destinies because of their unwillingness to make it happen on the ground. We are the hands God works through to make things happen in this earthly realm. For an eternal destiny to manifest in the physical realm, it must first be energized from above, and then below. God energizes us from above, but we must complete the process by energizing and *doing* it on the ground.

Beyond this, it is vitally important that a soul learn the proper balance between action and surrender in bringing things to birth; acting when inspired to do so, but having the discipline to cease action when energies are in gestational phases. Eternal programs, just like babies, are birthed in their own divine time, not according to our earthly whims.

Beginning to understand that although my awareness of it had often been void, there were many guardians, angels and spirits whose purpose it was to assist me in bringing out this work. Knowing this, I felt a sense of expansion in that the Lord directed my every step, giving me the knowledge that I needed at each juncture to accomplish His will. Finally, a soul cannot bring something of heaven to earth, unless he is willing to transform his selfish desires for fame, money, power

or wealth, into the desire to create for the purpose of furthering eternity, alone. Vice cannot be attached to such a pursuit.

"My dear Mother, I am a little brush which Jesus has chosen in order to paint His own image in the souls you entrusted to my care."

Story of a Soul, Autobiography of St. Therese of Lisieux, Chapter XI, Page 235, Paragraph 2, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Theresa of Lisieux)

And so it came to pass that the Lord placed two souls in my care who were very dear to Him. Musicians, the Lord had given them an eternal option with their creative works.

Entering into the realms of inspiration, one of these souls and I entered into a large white space which seemed to be inside a building but had no roof or walls. Marble white steps led to an airy celestial sky and the darkness of night made the shooting stars descent in the astral sky all the more ominous and foreboding.

Four entities appeared to us, three male and one female. The woman was wearing a Victorian servants dress. The men had long thick brown hair down to their shoulders and were wearing greenish-white stretchy pants and leather jackets. All of them communicated only in song.

Asking them questions, their melodies were often joyful and exuberant, but they also encompassed a haunting karmic tone which gave me the impression that the music they created aided in the karmic transformation of souls. As we sang together, they looked deeply into my eyes to convey their identities. Becoming aware of their purpose, I shouted to my companion, "Do you know who these entities are? They are the musical entities that work with you!" Disappearing, a thought-form album cover remained on

the floor. "Temple of the Dolphins," it said. They were a band of spiritual guides who brought music into our world.

For a great time, our souls were united in purpose, to assist in bringing that which was of heaven into the earth through these dearly beloved souls of the Lord. Appearing to me and energizing me for this function many times, the Temple spirits and others worked in the progression of this work of God. But apathy and unbelief on the ground eventually forced its halt.

"Many men are incited to do works of virtue for the sake of certain temporal goods; nevertheless inordinate desire for temporal goods is not on that account without sin. So even if most people perform works of virtue for the sake of glory, nevertheless inordinate desire for glory is not on that account without sin, since works of virtue should not be done for the sake of glory but rather for the good of virtue, or better still for the sake of God."

*On Evil, Question IX, On Vainglory, Article 1, Page 339,
Reply to 6, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Thomas
Aquinas)*

Having left form, a sort of melancholy had taken over my soul as to make it unaware of the pathway it had taken to arrive at this unusual place. A knowing told me that I was on another planet, and that this entire land was known as the land of the Assisi's.

A mountain range that I inherently knew to be called the Assisi's loomed overhead the ocean beach I stood upon. An omnipresence of rich color entranced me in this world, for everything held richness deeper than I'd remembered upon the earth. A spiritual community lived here, souls in no need of bodies, who honored the way of the Lord.

(As St. Francis of Assisi neared death, he asked his body to be turned in the direction of the city of Assisi and he spoke these words:)

"Lord, as in days gone by many evil-doers lived in this city, so now I see it has pleased your abundant mercy to show this city the fullness of your grace. May it become a dwelling and a home for all who acknowledge you and seek to glorify your name forever and ever."

*The Prayers of St. Francis, A prayer for Assisi, Page 46,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Francis)*

Going into the mountains with a group of sub-conscious astral spirits, they had come here to learn flight, as well as, to become more at one with the natural laws of life and the earth. While I was leaping down mountain cliffs and through trees, the sub-conscious souls would grudgingly try to walk because they hadn't yet learned to fly.

Coming across a steep mountain drop, I noticed an iridescent lake below filled by a crystal river. A meadow surrounded the waters with beautiful flowers in bloom. Soaring down, I dove directly into the lake, although my spirit did not become wet. As I got out, I sat down in the meadow to rest, and motioned the tepid souls to join me. All declined but one brave soul, who injured her ankle preparing to make her descent. Massaging her ankle, she suddenly pointed to the sky and shouted, "It's the Assisi Marauders."

Memory came upon me as I recalled that the Assisi Marauders were a group of spiritual guides who focus on creation energy. At the time, there were five marauders who all manifested as men.

Looking up, I noticed five white-winged horses carrying the men who wore all black, with capes blowing in the wind. Waving, I knew that these guides had something to do with St. Francis of Assisi, but that was all I knew.

"Then I saw the heavens opened, and there was a white horse; its rider was (called) 'Faithful and True.' He judges and wages war in righteousness."

*New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 19:11,
(Christianity, Catholic)*

As they passed, I was entranced by their Godly power, because they were extremely energized beings who performed the function of energizing works of creation on the ground which empowered the evolution of souls towards God on earth. Rather than being a source of creative works like the Temple of the Dolphins, their energies were actually those that brought things into manifestation upon the ground.

Flying back up the mountains and rejoining the group, we eventually returned to the ocean-side community. To the spirit who had hurt her ankle, I said, "If you allow yourself to trust, you will be able to fly with ease!" What this means is that flight is a gift given solely through the power of the Lord, if you try to do it on your *own* will, it doesn't work correctly. Give all power to God, and then flight comes naturally.

A short old man wearing a white robe approached me, and I immediately knew that I had known him for centuries, but this was the first time I remembered him in my current lifetime. A great sage, I knew him to be the master sage of the Assisi Marauders . . . and my teacher.

Spirits began assembling in the clearing and a voice could be heard echoing across the sky. "Everyone stop what you are doing as the ceremony is about to begin. A new Assisi Marauder has been chosen!" Oohs and aahs were heard from the crowds and I felt an indescribable excitement. Looking to the old teacher, I asked, "My father, who is this being? Do you know?" Smiling, he said nothing.

Suddenly, the white horses came from the

distance, flying overhead. Carrying their respected passengers, they landed right before me. One of the marauders, a blonde man, walked up to me and handed me a card proclaiming my rite of passage, "Welcome back, my friend, you have been missed," he said. My very own white-winged horse flew in from the sky, landing next to me. Beckoning me to ride him, I hopped on and flew into the sky with the marauders.

Landing in an isolated area, a white-winged stallion stood by one of the marauders who looked especially familiar to me. Intensely attracted to his energy, we sat aside each other in the grass. Feathered black hair, and rough beard and mustache made him quite mysterious as he stared at me without regard to the intrusiveness of the act. Suddenly pulling me closer to him, he looked directly into my eyes and said, "You could be my fantasy."

Pulsating energy surged into my spirit, words holding power and meaning far beyond what I could presently understand. I wanted to know more, but the spirit wind pulled me away, returning me to form.

"Lord Jesus Christ, you are the good shepherd. You grant us your loving mercy without our having deserved it, and many a time it must endure the pangs of sharp pain. Since you have called me to your flock, I beg you by your grace and strength that in trouble, anguish and distress I may never turn away from you."

*The Prayers of St. Francis, Lord, help me, Page 38,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Francis)*

Lying in bed completely awake, an unseen hand touched my hip. At first I was startled, but calmed down immediately, knowing within myself that this was an angelic visitor. Returning the hand began sending an intensive energy throughout my spirit. Entering into a silence that cannot be described, I felt an absolute peace

I'd never known before in this life. Above me, I saw the spirit of the Assisi Marauder who had spoken the mysterious words to me. Transparent, he appeared for only a moment, as his hand remained on my hip pulsing this silent energy throughout my soul. Reveling in this newfound silence, I surrendered and let go to the powers of God to energize my soul.

"For the knowledge of it is Divine Silence, and the rest of all the senses; for neither can he that understands that, understand anything else, nor he that sees that, see anything else, nor hear any other thing, nor in sum move the Body."

*The Divine Pymander of Hermes, Fourth Book, No. 17,
(Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Hermes)*

And so it came to pass that I underwent many powerful and arduous vibrational raisings at the hands of the Assisi spirit. Of the many things he taught me, he showed me that joining our fingers together at the tips in a meditative or vibrational state, multiplies the energy coming through the soul. And it also came to pass that my white-winged horse would come to my bedside with regularity, to take me to fantastic places of universal joy and love, places like the crystal forest where everything was created from pastel shades of crystal, blue, purple, pink, green, and a golden river flowed through this spectacular place which was a place of intensive creation energy. In so doing, he showed me many things of wonder, many different groups of spiritual guides who aid in creating music, art and writing on the earth. I was made to know that there were others who aided those in the sciences, as well. And as my understanding grew, I came to understand that in order to be able to bring these things into my world, the earth; a soul's parts, both physical and spiritual, must be unified.

As I made more and more contact with these

and other creative spirits, they began to give me mystical and allegorical poetry, whose meanings are deeper than they initially appear, much like parables. *"This is why I speak to them in parables, because they look but do not see and hear but do not listen or understand . . . But blessed are your eyes, because they see, and your ears, because they hear. Amen, I say to you many prophets and righteous people longed to see what you see but did not see it, and to hear what you hear but did not hear it."*

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 13:13-16,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

Hovering above my bed, my white winged horse descended from the sky and beckoned me to ride. His wings were a combination of feathers and fur, and when I touched them I felt completely energized. Climbing onto the horse, a voice overhead spoke. "You are truly a marauder now, flow with love and be with us always. Do not fear expressing all that you are and all that you feel. There is no shame in love." Taking me to several places that night to energize eternal creations on the ground, my spirit white-lighted special receptacles of eternal creation, like record companies, publishers, radio stations, etc. (Another time, the Assisi Marauders allowed me to come and watch as they invisibly worked with huge power on individual souls who were being energized to bring eternal ideas into their creative work on the ground.)

Bringing a group of sub-conscious astral souls to a special place lit by twilight, they were to meet a very holy being. Speaking to them of astral flight and the spiritual journey, I prepared them for this powerful spirit to arrive. Feeling a huge energy surge, the sky began to glow and twinkle in illumination and I knew she had

arrived. Descending from the sky, the dark-haired Indian woman held familiarity, as I said, "May I introduce you all to my beautiful sister, Quasar!" As she appeared, she hugged me in recognition and love as my eyes welled up in tears. Glowing in a way that cannot be described, there was an oval light that surrounded her manifestation. Love was evident in every peaceful motion of her body.

"In death as in life," she said, "astral flight is one of the most beautiful things you can experience. Those who believe enough to allow it into their lives are greatly blessed and greatly loved." One of the male spirits interrupted, "Astral flight? That sounds very different." Obviously from another time frame, the man was wearing a three-cornered hat like the ones found during revolutionary war days. "In your present state," Quasar patiently explained, "it may sound quite different, but in our natural state, it is a normal state of being. It is not very different from what my own race, the Indian people, did for centuries."

Another spirit interrupted, "What tribe of Indian are you, Quasar?" Waving her hands across the sky we began to see thought-forms of soldiers tracking down a tribe that they intended to imprison, but as the Indians went over the crest of a hill, they transmuted themselves and flew away. Confused, the soldiers couldn't understand how they had escaped. Putting her arms around me, she said, "I am of the Bird tribe, more specifically the Robin people. The last of us left the earth-plane long ago, but some of us have returned as power points." She looked at me. "My people reside in the stars as we no longer have need of physical bodies. You are here in a very special time. Many of my people have returned in this time frame to help bring in the new energy."

Quasar took my hand, shooting us straight into space at the speed of light. Soaring through the star tunnel, we viewed galaxies and universes unimaginable and impenetrable to a human mind. In the distance, I saw the planet where the Assisi's resided. Within moments, our consciousness had been expanded to take in a vast knowledge of the grand nature of the universe, but with a limited understanding through human eyes of things celestial.

"But I said, Sir, teach me about the faculty of these authorities - how did they come into being, and by what kind of genesis, and of what material, and who created them and their force? And the great angel Eleleth, understanding, spoke to me: 'Within limitless realms dwells incorruptibility. Sophia, who is called Pistis, wanted to create something, alone without her consort; and her product was a celestial thing.'"

The Nag Hammadi Library, The Hypostasis of the Archons, Page 167, Paragraphs 5-6, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)

And it came to pass that on subsequent journeys, I was returned to the Crystal Forest (A place in the heavens . . .) where Quasar (A Spirit Guide) had continued to energize creation within me. Returning to the sun several more times to observe the mysterious ether pathway, the mystery of it would not yet be revealed.

"Sonarington. This sphere is the 'bosom of the sun,' the personal receiving world of the Eternal Son. It is the Paradise headquarters of the descending and ascending Sons of God when, and after, they are fully accredited and finally approved . . . There are numerous orders of divine sonship attached to this supernal abode which have not been revealed to mortals since they are not concerned with the plans of the ascension scheme of human spiritual progression through the universes and

on to Paradise."

Entering into the atmosphere of the earth and then space, I watched as I passed by Venus and Mercury, and suddenly my soul shot directly towards Venus. Entering what appeared to be a city, it looked much like a very clean and glistening version of earth except that the corners of all the buildings were rounded, there was an omnipresence of color and all was silent and peaceful.

Thinking about Quasar, I sent a question out to the universe. "Can I please come to see you Quasar?" Shooting through the heavens, the flight of my spirit hit soaring proportions in speed unlike ever before. Knowing that I was going very FAR away, the stars flew by in a streak of white light, and suddenly my soul plummeted.

Landing on something, I noticed the great amount of white mist all around me. Angelic music was emanating from all directions and you could FEEL it as well as hear it. A small speck of purple light appeared, and it began to grow larger and larger, coming nearer and nearer. It didn't stop growing until it was a huge ball of purple light, as large as any star around me. "Quasar," I shouted, "My God, you are beautiful!" Enveloping me in her love, I felt the high honor it was to be in her true presence, that of a star.

"What these higher entities accomplish with the physical entities (below them) is called influence (Hashpa'ah). All influences that are directed from the higher entities toward those below, pass through the stars. The stars are therefore the closest things to the terrestrial world having such influence."

*The Way of God, An Essay on Fundamentals, Page 373,
Paragraph 2-3, (Judaism, Author: Rabbi Moshe Chayim
Luzzatto)*

Standing at the foot of a forest, I noticed two Indian men wearing jeans but no shirt, their hair long and black, and each bearing a feather hanging down with the flow of their hair. Andy was with them, and as soon as I saw them they smiled and raised their hands. Beckoning me to follow them, they both turned into eagles and flew into the sky. Landing about one-hundred feet away, they waited for me to get nearer to them as I flew with a fury to keep up. But once again, as I got close, they turned into eagles and soared off to reappear next to a large waterfall which fell into a wide lake. Andy disappeared and reappeared with them wherever they went. As I approached them at the waterfall, I asked, "Why is Andy with you?" They quietly responded, "We are of the Bird Tribe and Andy is our brother." I was thrilled to hear such news, as they continued, "Follow him in times of distress. His knowledge is different from yours, but just as vast. You understand the realms of spirit, which is wondrous indeed. Andy, however, understands the intricacies of living in a physical world with the spirit of love fully incarnate."

"Our journey represents the fluidity of your life on the earth-plane. You shall never stand still for long, as you will constantly move from one mind space to another more appropriate for the path of knowledge." With that, they turned into eagles and flew off deeper into the forest as I frantically followed them. Andy disappeared. Continuing several more times, we went deeper and deeper into the woods. My yearning to catch them and to understand grew deeper and more passionate. Finally, they spoke in unison as they took their final leap into the forest. "Follow us deeper into the forest, oh beautiful spirit! We will guide you! As you follow us deeper into the great forest, you will enter into

deeper understanding and awareness of truth." Flying faster, I still could not catch them. "Wait, I am coming!" I shouted, "I want to come with you!" Shouting back, they said, "It is wonderful that you desire so much. Fly, spirit, fly! We will constantly be moving deeper into the forest of understanding and love, so you, too, must be moving in order to follow us. Never stop flying, my brave little soul, as it is this willingness to move and change that will fuel your growth!" Digesting their words, they disappeared to my sight. "I will follow you!" I shouted, "Thank you for showing me the way! I love you!"

"Those whose vital spirit is scattered outwardly and whose intellectual ruminations ramble inwardly cannot govern their bodies. When what the spirit employs is distant, then what it loses is nearby. So know the world without going out the door, know the weather without looking out the window; the further out it goes, the less knowledge is. This means that when pure sincerity emerges from within, spiritual energy moves in heaven."

Wen-Tzu, Further Teachings of Lao-tzu, No. 20, (Buddhism, Taoism, Words of Lao Tzu)

Taken to a fear thought-form on the astral plane, a group of people were making fun of me and provoking me physically. When they approached, I held out my hand and touched them, and they fell back from the force of the light. Two native men walked in the room wearing blue flowing jackets with white shirts and pants. One of them immediately came near me as I instinctively raised my hand. As he fell, I looked at the other spirit with him who had the most beautiful long black wavy hair. "Kutahey!" I shouted. "It's you!" Looking behind me at the man who had just fallen to the floor, I cringed, "Cheyenne, I'm so sorry!" He was unconcerned,

however, and motioned me to listen to Kutahey.

Embracing me, Kutahey asked, "My child, are you on our side?" Thinking a moment, I replied, "I represent many sides, whichever I can understand in the now." "That is perceptive of you. However, we come to you with this group of beings you perceive as hurting you. Why is it that you don't perceive us as hurting you, after all, what I am is who they are?" I pondered. "Well, I know that you love me and want to help me grow in my awareness of love." I said. "Yes," he replied, "that is true. We want to help you, yet you are afraid. What is it you truly fear, my child?" Sheepishly, I replied, "Rejection." Kutahey smiled and put his arms around me. "They will not reject you, my beautiful child. At the core of their being, they are so grateful to receive this truth. It is their ego that wants to reject your words as those words force them to re-evaluate their entire reality. See their core of unconditional love, not their crust of anger and misunderstanding. The ego is the hardest obstacle to overcome, as many will hold onto it to define themselves as separate and somehow different. Truth, however, is that what I am is who you are. We truly are all one entity." "Thank you," I said as I hugged him good-bye, "I've missed you."

"At the root of this precept lies the reason that we were commanded to emulate in our actions the qualities of the Eternal Lord, blessed is He. (One) of His attributes is that He abounds in loving-kindness - i.e. He deals with human beings beyond the strict line (letter) of the law."

Sefer haHinnuch, Volume 1, No. 76, Paragraph 2, (Judaism)

CHAPTER THREE**The Inner Caverns, the Vortex, Warehouse of Unfulfilled Dreams, Abraham Lincoln, Paintings on the Walls of my Spirit, Madame Trinidad, Long Hair, Spinoza, the Tribe of Swallow River, the Overlapping Reality, the Chief, the Totems - Mayan Cards of Walking Stone, Medicine Man.**

Freed in a flash of light, my spirit soared until it reached its destination aside an Indian man who wore only a buck-skin. "Follow me!" He said, as he darted to the heavens. Leading me to an endless river of iridescent blue, he motioned me to get into the water. Creating a thought-form canoe, I prepared to climb in when he calmly said, "No, YOU get in the river." Disposing of my thought created canoe; I jumped in the water and noticed that it was very warm. An unseen protective spirit got into the water before me, and the Indian man was behind.

Traveling through the waters, we journeyed into a cavern wherein the river flowed. Stopping to look at the man behind me, I gently said, "Which way do I go?" "Follow the inner caverns," he said, "they will lead you to the core." But as I moved ahead, the water became very cold. "This water is so cold!" I shouted, not wanting to go further. "The water is only as you perceive it." He said. "A path rarely traveled has little light. Follow the river to the core, and bring forth your deepest understanding and awareness. By doing this, you will bring light and warmth to your river. Open the channel between your higher self and your physical manifestation, and you will travel this part of the river often!" Flowing inward, I looked back and noticed he wasn't coming with me. He had read my mind and said,

"This journey must be taken yourself, but I will wait for you on the bank."

Feeling the intensity of the unseen presence in front of me, I knew I wasn't truly alone, but I was still frightened. As this journey continued, my memory was blocked, but I returned with a certain understanding that I had taken my first journey to my own inner core, my higher self. And that this journey was vital in the process of purification.

"They see the Lord in the cave of the heart and are granted all the blessings of life."

The Upanishads, Taittiriya Upanishad, Part II, 1.1, Page 142, (Hinduism, Translation: Eknath Easwaran)

"Love opens the minds interiors but fear closes them . . ."

Divine Providence, VII, No. 139, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)

Unrelenting and merciless, a force drove my spirit through space to arrive upon the planet of the Assisi Marauders. Standing in the midst of the Assisi Mountains, I reveled in the beauty of all around.

Sitting on the ground, I suddenly noticed a shadow of a man at the top of a cliff in the distance. In the mild wind, a cape blew behind him. "Could it be?" I thought. Disappearing from that spot and materializing in front of me, it was my special friend, the Assisi Marauder with his white-winged horse standing in the distance.

"It's been a long time," he said, "but this visit will have been worth the wait." Starting to talk about old times, he tried to awaken my memory of him, but I couldn't recall his connection to me, although my senses were always reeling in his presence. My soul *felt* our past, but I had no historical landmark within which to place it. Taking my hand, we flew high into the sky

within the universal spheres.

Stopping in a huge rotating white mist, he said, "This is the vortex, the ultimate tool of creation!" The mist spun like a top into the center of the cloud. Motioning me to enter into the vortex, I flew in and began spinning slowly at first, but increasingly faster until I was nothing but a blur of energy. "Create with this vortex!" he shouted, as I focused my thoughts on the creative projects the Lord had asked me to fulfill. As time passed, I eventually came out of the vortex, rejoining my friend.

Flying back to the place where my body lay sleeping, he said, "You will create your own vortex, follow the example of the stars!" Willing myself to spin, it didn't take long before my spirit spun, relentlessly consumed in my own personal vortex. Winking, he waved good-bye as he left for the stars. "Thank you!" I called out as he disappeared.

"In a state where Being is fully maintained the process of experience becomes powerful, and the experience of the object becomes deeper and fuller than before. This art of being on the level of experience is natural in a fully integrated life where one is able to live all values of the transcendental, absolute bliss-consciousness of Being together with experiences of the various aspects of relative creation."

*The Science of Being and Art of Living, Part 3, Chapter 2,
Page 119, Paragraph 3, (Hinduism, Author: Maharishi
Mahesh Yogi)*

A spiritual hand took mine and we flew me to another destination. Entering a huge warehouse, it was filled to overflowing with paintings, sculpture, musical scores and books. Looking around, I noticed a small man dusting everything with love and care. Walking over to him, I said, "Sir, what is this place? There are so many

beautiful paintings!" Smiling as he looked up, he said, "This is the warehouse of all unfulfilled dreams." "Wow," I replied, "all this beauty, and yet unfulfilled?" Quietly chuckling, he said, "Until the bearer is ready to allow it into their reality, I watch over their dream. When they are ready to let it in, their dreams will be as bright and new as the day they were conceived!" Looking at a painting, I asked, "Can anyone bring these beautiful things in?" "Oh, yes," he said, "but as you are aware, you must desire it with all of your heart. Your friends have many dreams warehoused here; I could really use the space so I am hoping that they will allow them into their reality very soon!" He spoke of the two musical souls I'd guarded. Musical scores were lying all around, piled up in boxes for them. Feeling sadness for their loss, he said, "There are many very beautiful dreams, are there not?" Nodding 'Yes,' the spirit who had taken me to this place placed his hand in mine and led me home.

"If a piece of canvas painted upon by an artist could think and speak, it certainly would not complain at being constantly touched and retouched by the brush, and would not envy the lot of that instrument, for it would realize it was not to the brush but to the artist using it that it owed the beauty with which it was clothed. The brush, too, would not be able to boast of the masterpiece produced with it, as it knows that artists are not at a loss; they play with difficulties, and are pleased to choose at times weak and defective instruments."

*Story of a Soul, Chapter XI, Page 235, Paragraph 1,
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Therese of Lisieux)*

"I have come to talk to you about freedom." The spirit of Abraham Lincoln said. "And who better to talk of freedom than you, Mr. Lincoln?" I retorted with a smile. "That's true," he replied with a grin, "However, I

am no longer Mr. Lincoln. I'm only appearing this way for the sake of effect." Inherently, I knew that his soul had gone onto other things, and that this historically significant lifetime of his was nothing but a vague memory of a distant past. "Freedom, like the wind, flies to completion but never truly ends. When you are giving the gift of freedom to others, there are guidelines to help you complete your task. In the beginning, fly like the eagle. In the end, set like the sun. But forever, patrol like the moon. Always there, but in the shadows." "How beautiful that is, sir." I said with respect. Sobering, he replied, "The universe is beautiful, my child, and though this may be difficult at times, love means giving freedom, all spirits are born to be free, in pursuit of their dreams and in all that they see. Be like the sun, watch and shed light, but make room for the moon in the darkness of the night."

My guardianship for these two souls was complete for now, but as with all souls I was instructed to guide, there was an energetic bond that would remain which would alert me to their condition and status for the remainder of their lives, almost like a homing signal. If they ever needed me again, this mechanism would call me into action. "Thank you, Mr. Lincoln." I said, as he disappeared. Another spirit wind blew by whispering these words. "Potentials are filled by seekers." Then it was gone.

"They perform their journey together, in union, and moving about collectively. For they act with cause or without cause, moving in a body. Of all these acting with one another, but differing in development, the increase and diminution will now be stated."

The Anugita, Chapter XXIV, No. 3-4, (Hinduism)

While traveling amongst the fourth realm (dimension), I ran into a bit of a problem, as the fourth

realm is much like the third, it carries both darkness and light. Having gone into a bar, a woman had warned me. "You shouldn't stay here; we can't guarantee your safety." But I'd noticed an old friend of mine, and talked for such a long time that before I knew it there was a mob of people with very dark energy around me were emanating seriously harmful intentions.

Before I could think about a solution, a monk came scurrying through the crowd. Wearing a brown robe, he had long curly brown hair. Picking me up, he took me away from the dangerous place. Somehow along the way, though, the monk switched places with another monk who was larger and bald. Reacting intensely at first, I was afraid, but as he swept me up and carried me through a corridor, I thought to myself, "I am eternal; no one desires to hurt me."

Entering into a very lighted place, the other monk was waiting. "Very good," he said, "you recognized my brother with love. In order to surrender, you must be willing to place your entire reality in the hands of the spirit. Your knowingness becomes who you are, not just a separable part of the whole. In order to surrender, you must now be willing to relinquish all forces contradictory to your role of love." Nodding as he spoke, he asked me to repeat after him. "My spirituality is who I *am*. Therefore, I will not enter any reality of negativity and fear simply because another fears the true reality of love and oneness." The other monk was waving his hands, creating an energy vortex around our circle. "Though some do not understand, it is not my role to make them believe. My role is to continue my journey onward. Any being who will continue to be in my reality must join me where I am, for I will no longer join them where they are if it be in fear."

Placing their arms on my shoulders, they began

filling me with light. "Who are you, beautiful spirits?" I asked. "All that is love is all that I am. All that I am is all that you are. All that you are is a mirror of God." Pausing a moment, he asked, "What have you allowed to remain in your reality that does not express love, what barriers do you still hold to surrender?" Considering the question deeply, I asked, "But how can you relinquish everyone who is unaware?" With total calm, they replied, "If you are to enter into a world of peace and love, you must become peace and love. If you are to change the reality that you occupy, you must change the energy that it encompasses. Is it not true that you accommodate these beings in their negativity because of their refusal to deal with who you *are*?" I nodded yes. "Do as they do. Do not allow their negativity around you, as they have unconsciously asked you to keep your loving reality away from themselves. You needn't suppress who you are, because of their limited perception of what it means."

Getting up, the monks turned to go get something. When they returned, they held a stack of paintings with held images of themselves and other spiritual guardians of mine. "Display these on the walls of your spirit and we will protect the structure of your home."

"If a lay person learning the Way still clings to wealth, covets comfortable housing, and keeps company with relatives, despite having the aspiration, he will confront many obstacles in learning the Way."

*Shobogenzo-zuimonki, Book 3, No. 11, Paragraph 3,
(Buddhism, Zen, Words of Zen Master Dogen)*

Entering a cavern, large stalagmites about fifteen feet high ascended from the rock floors. When my guide and I arrived, a man was waiting who was sub-conscious astral. "I want to bring in something really special," he

said, referring to his work on the earth, "Do you think you can help me find it?" Our guide lifted his arms to a side wall of the cavern as a river began to instantly flow through it. As they walked into the river, I stood by and watched as the guide lifted his arms to the sky and they both began to glow with light. Addressing me to join them, we created a power triad of light, and afterwards, the man walked through a door in the wall of the crater while our guide disappeared.

Following the man who walked through the door, I noticed him playing music on a piano. As I came up behind him and began to sing along, he began to cry. Reaching in a flood of emotion to hug me, he said, "Now I know who you are!" Intrigued, I asked, "Well, who am I?" Quickly, he jumped up and ran over to a drawer in a desk. Pulling out some drawings, he explained, "I was given these drawings years ago, they are pictures of my spiritual guides." Handing them to me, he pointed to two drawings right next to each other. "As you can see, these two guides are the same." "Oh, my God!" I cried out, as I looked at them. "I was told many years ago that one of my guides would be incarnating to help the earth-plane." Continuing to look at the pictures, they were of me. One of them was a drawing of my physical manifestation, and underneath it, it said, 'Marilynn.' To the left was a drawing of myself as a luminescent golden angel, and underneath it, it 'Odyssey (Marilynn).'

Sharing with me that he was soon to be passing and that I must continue his work, he said he would guide me from the other side as I had done for him. All of this came to pass, in that he crossed over and began to guide and direct my soul in the continuance of this eternal mission from the other side of existence.

"In order to be inspired to extract the essence of our precious human life we must appreciate the nature of

our spiritual situation . . . The first of these is that we should make every effort to accomplish the spiritual path."

Training the Mind in the Great Way, Point One, Page 55-56, Bottom & Top, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Gyalwa Gendun Druppa the First Dalai Lama)

Rescinding form, my spirit was taken through the corridor to a realm of deep blue as I awaited the arrival of someone I was to meet. Floating and wearing a long colorful gown, she had a bandana wrapped around her auburn hair. "I am Madame Trinidad," she said.

Quickly coming towards me, she began speaking. "A destiny is unfolding for you, my dear child, one so vast as to open a door of transcendence from fear for all spirits incarnate in human form!" Looking in her eyes, I sighed, "That sounds like a big job." Her serious nature did not change. "It is, my child, it is. There are many who follow your destiny and each part of the awakening is precious to the whole. A voice cries out, a soul is stirring! Many souls in the voice of one are calling! 'I am remembering who I am, I am waking!' The gentlest movement has been stirred deep within the spirit of manifest life. Secret longing and unknown remembrance of love greater than any in form! The longing to know and to understand, no longer lies dormant, but is turning in its sleep. Reaching out to the surface, it finds an ego that has grown so large as to block its entrance into the vehicle of physical life." Taking my hands, she looked deeply into my eyes. "Those who have awakened must become vehicles of transcendence, as there will be no confrontation to fear centered thinking. Fear is dissolved through love. All life stirs for the love of the Great One."

Stopping, she created a scrapbook to show me, "This is for you to remember me by," she said, "go ahead, look through it." Inside were newspaper clippings and

other physically grounded stuff. "No, thank you," I replied, "I will not allow physical grounding and negativity into my reality, for love is all that I see." She brightened. "Very good, my child of the stars. GO! Show others what you see! Not only through words, but through expression! And don't allow physical interference in any form. Show those who sleep what it is to *feel* love in its totality. Act with love towards all life, all consciousness. Recognize that their destiny is parallel to your own, despite their limited knowing. Let your own love, peace and transcendence express itself in physical reality. All life stirs for the love of the Great One. This is how fear will dissolve into nothingness."

Releasing my hands, she foraged through a small purse she had created. In it she found a band-aid and put it on my finger. "The ego oriented planets have a gift for you; a band-aid to filter out all the negativity in your work with them." Chuckling quietly, I said, "Planets?" "Aaaaah," she said as she pointed her finger upwards, "An observant spirit, indeed! I did say planets, as you are manifesting in several at this time. We are opening the bridge of light between the other side and physical manifest worlds on several planets." She stopped and picked up my bandaged finger. "As you will notice, it takes very little to filter out negativity as that energy has no power. The power of love is of a much higher vibration than fear, and one who is love cannot be truly harmed by it. It is only when one exits love and enters fear that an equal confrontation takes place. Once those shadows are seen, they are no longer a mystery and they disappear. A light lit bright in a pocket of darkness forces those in fear to see their shadows. In our realms, we speak not of love, for we ARE love. Anything else is foreign to us. Bring this reality into the illusion!" She began waving her arms wildly to and fro with a flow of

energy that now encircled us. Suddenly, she shot towards the sky in a flash of light and disappeared.

"The secrets of Divinington include the secret of the bestowal and mission of Thought Adjusters. Their nature, origin, and the technique of their contact with the lowly creatures of the evolutionary worlds is a secret of this Paradise sphere."

*The Urantia Book, Paper 13, No. 1, Paragraph 5,
(Christianity, Urantia)*

"His blessings will be sought for by the offerers, those who are living now, and those who have lived, as will they who are to me, the immortal souls of the righteous in eternity."

The Avesta, Yasna 45, No. 7, (Zoroastrianism, Words of Zarathustra)

Floating up towards the marble steps, I sat down, and suddenly felt a presence behind me. "We are calling you into service, my child; allow whatever comes to enter for we will be asking many varied tasks." The familiar voice of Long Hair (A spirit guide and soul from my past lives . . .) spoke, "This is the Temple to the Indians, and many of us reside here in total harmony and love." He paused. "You have lived here in the past." Not surprised, I felt very comfortable and familiar here. "You are *becoming*, my child," Long Hair continued, "Lessons are being learned and released into the universe. Surrender is near as the spirit cries for more awareness. Much can be accomplished through an open sieve." At that moment, I recognized the importance of his message, for it indicated the absolute certainty of the path. When you are *becoming*, you are *not there*, yet. Quietly, Long Hair floated away effortlessly.

Standing before a seeking soul, I looked down to notice that I was manifesting as Odyssey, a higher aspect of myself who appeared as a golden transparent angel.

Preparing to journey back to my body, I called out, "The Corridor," as it appeared before me. "What is it all about?" the seeking soul asked. "Love, my dear friend, it is about love." Light poured from my third eye to him, as my soul entered the cloudy violet corridor.

***"For maintenance is perpetual creation, and
continuance is perpetual coming to be."***

*Divine Providence, Chapter 1, No. 3, Paragraph 2,
(Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel
Swedenborg)*

Approaching with a smile, the Native American man approached as my soul awakened from sleep. Taking my hand, we soared through the time tunnel, entering the body of a native woman in a small tribal encampment laid by the river. "My name is Spinoza," he said.

Standing in a field, he asked me to take flight. Shooting towards the sky in a rush of delight, we began soaring in ecstasy. "There are three levels of transcendence, Swallow Bird," he said, "these are low, moderate and high level. You are now ready to become more of what you are becoming, but there is one more thing you must learn in order to become of high level transcendence. This is the manipulation of matter through spiritual means."

"I know what you mean," I responded. Flying into a grocery store, I noticed a poor man was leaving with little food for his family. Creating a disturbance, I picked up some food and flew into the parking lot as he exited the store. When he wasn't looking, I dropped it into his basket. Spinoza was pleased. Continuing with this process, we stopped at several more places wherein we manipulated matter through spiritual means, in essence, doing the work of Guardian Angels.

Finally, he directed us towards the moon.

"Create an unexplained disturbance on the moon," he said, "something that will perplex mankind when they find it." Following his direction, I created handprints in the rocky surface. Taking my hand, Spinoza flew me back to my home.

An entire tribe was waiting at my house, concerned that they might wake my husband. "What are you all doing?" I asked. "It is in celebration of the new transcendent being that is you!" Spinoza gave me one last hug, "The tribe of Swallow River rejoices at your memory of them. The tribe cannot stay in this place for long, but we are preparing a home where we can abide together in harmony and the flow of nature, and in this place we will commune often." Spinoza kissed me on the cheek and turned to fly away.

Several native women specifically asked me to record the contents of their visit. "You are no longer who you were yesterday, that being is an image in the illusion of time. Do not forget who we are, for we are the tribe of Swallow River."

"When, through illusion, I and others are wandering in the Sangsara, Along the bright light-path of undistracted listening, reflection, and meditation, May the Gurus of the Inspired Line lead us, May the bands of Mothers be our rear-guard . . ."

The Tibetan Book of the Dead, The Appendix, II, The Path of Good Wishes for Saving from the Dangerous Narrow Passageway of the Bardo, No. 2, Page 199, (Buddhism, Tibetan)

Rescinding form, I took my husband's hand and flew to the bedroom door in our new country home. Behind the door was a large carving of the sun with two distinct faces portrayed. One side of the carving displayed a happy face, while the other half glinted with fear and suspicion. Looking somewhat like an ancient

Aztec sun calendar, Andy became frightened when the image became animated and prepared to speak. Directly at Andy, he quietly said, "Boo." Andy's fear was quickly deflated by this humorous gesture. "Who are you?" I asked the being. "I am a sun spirit," he replied. "I am confused by the two sides that your faces represent," I said, "Which are you?" Becoming fully fearful, he said, "To those who come to me in fear, I teach them about fear." Becoming fully loving, he continued, "But to those who come to me in love, I teach of love. I am whatever you perceive me to be."

"Know ye, O my brother, that fear is an obstacle great; be master of all in the brightness, the shadow will soon disappear. Hear ye, and heed my wisdom, the voice of LIGHT is clear, seek not the valley of shadow, and light only will appear."

*The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean, Tablet VIII,
Page 45, Paragraph 5, (Mystery Religions,
Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Thoth)*

Suddenly, a spirit jumped out of the carving and became an Indian woman. Noticing that my medicine wheel had manifested on the wall, she took it and flew out the window towards the woods. Running after her, I begged, "Please return my medicine wheel, it is a most cherished possession." Following her, I was determined to retrieve my sacred object. Reaching the backyard, I noticed a massive ribbed tunnel which had opened, leading to an interior woodland.

Running through the tunnel, I turned a curve and fell to the ground. Now in the midst of a dense, thick forest, the woman was standing on a cliff just above a river. "No!" I screamed out as I saw her jump into the river, "The paint will be ruined." Flying towards her, I jumped in the water, as well.

In the water, I quickly forgot about my medicine wheel as I emerged at the surface to observe hundreds of

Native Americans coming out from hiding in this beautiful forest glade. Emerging from the depths was the woman who had taken my medicine wheel, which was now washed clean. The painting was gone.

Looking around me, I saw our home in wavy energy form. "These realities overlap," she said, "though you may not see this world with your physical eyes in your body, know that this world is here. We exist on top of your world as interspersed energy. Know that you may traverse the tunnel to our world at any time." Handing me the medicine wheel, she continued, "Paint what is within your spirit upon this wheel, be willing to take your spirit far. Know that your medicine wheel of life can never be broken . . . only changed." Understanding, I thanked her.

Returning to the house, Andy was still looking at the carving on the door, "I am here, I am there, and I am everywhere I please." It said. Taking his hand, we returned to the physical realm, knowing that the tribe of Swallow River had made its home with us.

Within moments, my spirit was awaking back to the physical world.

In full headdress, the Indian Chief sat atop a horse, as Andy and I awaited his gifts. We'd found him only after traversing a great maze, wherein surrender was the only key, the only redemption . . . the only deliverer. Now we stood atop a great waterfall hundreds of feet high, and on the opposing cliff, the Chief sat upon his white steed.

"Who are you?" I asked, and he replied. "I am the water in the lake, and the life in the tree. I take form in clouds and in the wild animal spirits that roam your world. I see through many eyes, but my true perception is that of a star. It is through these eyes that I bring the

energy of creation into form. Find me in your heart." Pointing an arrow at Andy from a nearby cliff, the Chief began to shoot them. The first arrow was blue and he shot it into Andy's heart. "My first gift to you is the energy of the ocean," he said, "feel its pulse in your heart." The next was pink and as it entered it changed colors, as if psychedelic. "My second gift to you is the energy of the sunrise. Feel its constant change, and its constant ability to rise above illusions." The last arrow was purple and entered Andy's crown chakra, as he remained in utter peace. As the Chief lifted his arms, a young Indian woman bearing a purple rose appeared. "My third gift is the energy of the spirit, the energy of the celestial realms. Know who you truly are, my son." Andy sighed in joy and asked, "May I be with you?" The Chief winked. "You have found me, now you must follow me. This young woman will show you the way to my temple, a place of love and a very high vibration. But, my dear son, you *will* come to my temple, and when it is that you do, a grand welcome will take place." Shooting up towards the sky, the Chief disappeared. Although we didn't know it at the time, this Chief was a manifestation of Andy's higher self.

"Seeing the world of sentient beings so full of afflictions, the enlightening beings arouse their energy, thinking, 'I should rescue and liberate these beings; I should purify and emancipate them; I should lead them, direct them, make them happy, develop them, and cause them to reach perfect peace.'"

The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 26, The Ten Stages, Page 722, Paragraph 3, (Buddhism, Mahayana)

And so it came to pass that I retrieved the mystery of the totems, which are our guardian spirits. The further the seeker goes, the more totems they are given to protect them in their journey. Presented to me

as many different faces upon dozens of totem poles scattered throughout a mountain valley, each represented a guardian spirit, but they also represented different states of being. Calling the totems 'Mayan Cards of Walking Stone,' Odyssey had one last thing to share before this experience was over. "The lighted are precious, our link to the Earth; we protect the sacred, those who give birth."

"At the root of the precept lies the purpose to establish firmly in our spirits that the watchful care of the Eternal Lord is individual, over each and every one among human beings, and His eyes are open to observe all their ways."

*Sefer haHinnuch, Volume II, No. 169, Paragraph 6,
(Judaism)*

Taken to a large forest glade, some people were with me who I was trying to help understand my spiritual journey, but they only mocked me and laughed. Suddenly from above in the sky, a light beam came towards us. Panicking, they all thought it was a nuclear bomb. But I knew that it was not, and as they all ducked in utter fear at its approach, I reached my arms out to embrace the light of God. After it had passed, they were gone, and I had a small mark on my skin as evidence that this had occurred.

Walking down the mountain, I went back into the city looking for them, but they were nowhere to be found. Up ahead in a large crowd, I finally saw one of them and I ran in her direction. "Oh, are you okay?!" I shouted excitedly. "Who are you?!" "Get away from me!" She replied. Looking into her eyes, I said, "You really don't know who I am, do you?" "Of course not, get your hands off of me!" Walking slowly away, I joined a group of souls who were wandering away from the city, away from the mass retain. 'The light beam severed all my ties,'

I thought to myself, 'I am truly homeless, now.'¹ A voice from the sky bellowed. "No, you are not. For in your freedom, you may now be free to find your true home."

"Whoever loses his life for my sake will find it."

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 10:39,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

Chanting and pointing in the direction of the mountains, the medicine man's long black hair blew in the chilling wind, as he stood beside a native woman holding a blanket. "It is important to always follow a straight path," he said, as he walked towards the mountain.

"They that are guided go not astray, but they that are lost cannot find a straight path. If thou go among men, make for thyself, Love, the beginning and end of the heart."

The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean Tablet III, Page 17, Paragraph 8, (Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Thoth)

CHAPTER FOUR

Chief Joseph, the Medicine Women from Throughout the Ages, Mountains in the Sky, Returning to the Native, Supas and Uniting the East and the West, Iwa - Temple Builder, the Old Ones, Imperterbability, Pathway of Books.

Drawing a circle around my spirit, the Medicine Women were watching us. Just at the moment when the lines met to complete the circle, an energy shift occurred. Holograms of every moment of my life and all of my different selves were functioning in synchronicity. Staring at this scene, Chief Joseph replied, "It is the Sacred Hoop, you have completed the circle."

Energetic understandings were beginning to take hold as Joseph explained that the hoop was a sequence of life, and when that sequence comes together, all exists as one moment. "The circle has come together, the moment of birth and death meet at the same point, there is no more differentiation between moments, they are now one." Seeing myself as a baby in a crib, a child, my current self, an old woman, all at the same time, my birth and my death, and all that lay between . . . was now one singular moment.

"You are free now; the Sacred Hoop has been completed. It's not what you were, but what you have become!" Joseph said these words as the Medicine Women began pounding rhythmically on drums and energy pierced the astral skies . . . but I couldn't hear them. I felt them, I saw them, I knew them . . . but I was caught in a melodious stream of light that held my attention. Somehow, I knew that they were the ones who were generating the energy to take me to this space. The magnitude of the moment carried my thoughts, "I guess

what will be, will be." I thought, as Joseph's voice rang in my ear, "In one moment, lies all eternity. What is . . . is."

Joseph's peace pipe was before me again. "Beyond the illusions we perceive as reality, beyond the dying breaths we've chosen to forsake, beyond uncaring . . . is a whole new world. This world is life." Pausing a moment, he took another whiff. "At the center of creation where all life originates, lies the seed of humanity. It is where it all begins . . . and where it all ends." Looking into my eyes, he handed the pipe to me. As I took a whiff, he quietly said, "That seed is love." And then he disappeared into the night.

"Sometimes they show entering the womb, sometimes birth, sometimes the attainment of enlightenment - Thus they cause all worldlings to see: This is the path traveled by the unbounded . . . The real cosmos is all equal, without distinction, containing infinite, boundless meanings; They enjoy contemplating oneness, minds unmoving: This is the path of the knowers of all times."

The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 21, Ten Practices, Page 482, Stanza 4 & 7, (Buddhism, Mahayana)

Looming gently above the mountains of the earth, I could see the mountains in the sky off in the distance. Changing form, I became a small brown bunny with beads hanging around my neck hopping through the woods searching for the path. Up ahead, I saw a pathway.

Approaching, a great white light appeared in the sky, and instantly below it, an old, old man appeared sitting in a canoe on the river. Wearing only a loincloth, his hair was white as snow. "You may exist inponentially or exponentially," he said, "it is like the sailor. He is a Master of the Sea, but only he and those fellow sailors

who go with him know of his mastery." Pausing, he looked my way. "Exponents are the few, inponents are the masses." Inponents are those who group together and follow that which is popular on the ground. Exponents stand alone outside the mass retain, follow only the call of the spirit, and have little need to speak of it.

Hopping away from the scene of the Old One's departure, I began singing a song, "I'm a bunny and I'm hopping, that's what bunnies do." And in this, I realized that there are common characteristics of certain life forms, just as there are common characteristics of different levels of soul evolution, which by observance, can tell a soul what is 'native' (or natural) to that particular form. Just as a bunny hops, a scorpion will sting, and a fish will swim.

"Beyond the six realms of heaven, earth, and the four directions, the sage accepts but does not discuss.

Within the six realms, he discusses but does not pass judgment . . . When there is division, there is something which is not divided. When there is questioning, there is something beyond the question. Why is this? The sage keeps his wisdom to himself while ordinary men flaunt their knowledge in loud discussion."

Chuang Tsu, Chapter 2, Page 37, (Buddhism, Taoism, Words of Lao Tsu)

"To return to the native," he said, "is to become all existence . . . again. By becoming all existence, everything then becomes real." Joseph disappeared.

Running frantically, I knew I couldn't stop for fear of being run over by the incessant jeep behind me. Going towards the mountains in the sky, the driver of the jeep was Daniel Pierce, my other self, while Chief Joseph was in the passenger seat. Confused, I turned back to see

that Joseph was sitting in the approaching vehicle calmly, looking older than he'd appeared before as his hair had grayed and he had become an Old One. But they were merciless, and I had to run as fast as I could toward the mountain in order not to be run over by them.

Finally reaching our destination, I was amazed at the beauty all around us. Each tree echoed its aloneness as it heralded the many. At the foothills, our journey had been long and a woman by the name of Celeste joined us. Showing me a vine, she twisted it and music came out of it. Flying towards the treetops, she handed me my own vine and tried to teach me how to do this, but I was very awkward. Singing from the tops of the trees, Celeste's voice was like a chime in the wilderness.

All of a sudden, Daniel got up and started wrestling with me. How odd this was to be fighting with another aspect of myself. In a flash, his leg came up towards my neck, kicking me harshly and pushing my head back and I could no longer move. Energetically, I was jolted into awakesness. Everyone was calm, as they knew I would move again momentarily.

As soon as I could move again, we began our trek deeper into the mountains. Following them, I could see how awkward and undeveloped I was compared to them. Animals came to them without fear, but I had not yet developed the capacity to communicate oneness and they shied away from me. Commenting on my awkwardness, they pointed out the many things within my energy which would need to be addressed on this wilderness trek, in order for me to become native again. Returning to the native is returning to what is real. What is real is what is natural. What is natural is being in a state of oneness with all life. Chief Joseph shook his head when he saw an animal come towards him, but back away when it saw me. "Your world has put you out of

harmony with the natural world," he said.

Entering a deep wilderness, I was getting increasingly uncomfortable being so out of my own element. Persevering, I continued, knowing that my awkwardness had to be experienced in order for me to become native again. Coming upon a band of wild mustangs, they were quite peaceful with my friends, but agitated with me. Offering their backs freely to my companions, they neighed and jumped at me. Leading me to a small band of ponies, Joseph directed me to a white one whose discomfort was not as severe. Walking towards him, I tried to get on his back, but he resisted.

No judgment or anger occurred, just a completely open discussion of my incompatibility to the natural world. Ready to ride their wild mustangs to the mountains in the sky, my white pony finally allowed me to mount him. Chief Joseph pointed towards the deep wilderness ahead. An ominous light beckoned from that direction, and I was afraid. If I turned back, I could return to my comfortable little world. But if I went in the direction he pointed, I couldn't turn back until I had been altered and made completely native. Animals peered from behind trees and bushes, as I honored their role as teachers and guides in this unknown country.

Willing to accept my awkwardness in order to restore my nativity, we began to trot towards the wilderness as Chief Joseph pointed to a place far ahead where the light shone more brightly than any we'd seen; the mountains in the sky above the clouds of the horizon. "The Old Ones . . ." he said, and then there was only silence.

"Then suddenly, as I sat there looking at the cloud, I saw my vision yonder once again - the teepee built of cloud and sewed with lightning, the flaming rainbow door and, underneath, the Six Grandfathers sitting, and all the horses thronging in their quarters."

*Black Elk Speaks, Chapter XIV, Page 169, Paragraph 1,
(Tribal, Oglala Sioux, Words of Black Elk)*

Entranced as I faced it, the trail of tears had been cordoned off because it was sacred ground. Many souls had died on this path as the Cherokee nations traveled its length, forced to go to reservation lands. Invited to walk aside the path, I stepped forward and began to walk.

Eventually reaching the end of the trail, I noticed the ominous graveyard of Wounded Knee. Another sight of Native American slaughter, many Indians had died here after the natives had performed a ghost dance. Led to a single gravestone, there were about twenty different Indian names etched upon it. Guided to look upon a single name, I allowed it to penetrate my soul. 'Window heart,' it said.

Leaping towards the mountains in the sky, the amazing energies of the Old Ones surrounded and transformed my soul, as a voice emanated from the Earth. "Welcome to Ute Mountain," it said, "you are welcome." Grandmother stood atop the mountain beside a lone mountain lion. As I walked gently towards them, I began to alter and change into a mountain lion.

Returning to my human manifestation, my clothes were now of buckskin and my feet were adorned with moccasins. My soul was completely native.

Rugged but comfortable, the moccasins bore my feet well as I journeyed deeper into the mountain wilderness. Having walked through the mountain pass, the animals were no longer afraid and I bore a newfound wisdom of my people and all that they had stood for.

Grandmother pointed to an image in the sky, as the stars began to cascade towards me from ominous distant moons. Gentle wisdom of my destiny filled my

soul, as a mountain lion peered quietly from an overhanging cliff. Nodding my gratitude to him for his energy, grandmother began to disappear, and as she did, I began to walk . . .

"When the wise man casts off laxity through vigilance, he is like unto a man who, having ascended the high tower of wisdom, looks upon the sorrowing people with an afflicted heart. He beholds suffering ignorant men as a mountaineer beholds people in a valley."

*Dhammapada, Canto II - On Vigilance, Page 15, No. 28,
(Buddhism)*

Grandmother peered down from the mesa to my spirit, as I watched her awe-inspiring essence. A single brown horse astride her, she calmly walked off of the mesa into the sky. Saying nothing, she didn't have to. "I am honored that I have been humbled by your presence, thank you for allowing me to see you." I said. Stopping in midair, her robed face turned to look. "It is acknowledged." She conveyed. White hair barely showed from the top of the brown coverlet over her head. The mane of her horse blew in the spirit wind while the yellow orange sun stood at its last moment before setting. Glistening stars had begun to appear in the night sky. A voice beckoned. "Behold . . . Grandmother Skywalker," it said. She turned to go.

"The Great Spirit was usually referred to by the Lenni Lenape as being male; however, the Shawnee, their close Lenape family relatives, referred to the Great Spirit as 'Grandmother.'"

*The Red Record, Book I, Page 53, Paragraph 2, (Tribal,
Plains)*

grandmother's face popped up from beneath the surface of the water, her white hair soaked from the mountain lake. Swimming through the waters, I began to follow

her, but she went so very fast, I could not catch up. She began to alter her form.

Transforming from an old woman to a young Indian girl; she became an Indian warrior, and then an old woman again. "I am Hunkpapa woman," she said, "it used to be that the seasons were all commanded and owned by spirit, but now I alone own the season, the autumn, the change. I command the cycles of death and re-birth." Shooting across the water so fast that I could barely see her, I jumped out to try to catch up.

Instead, I found a baby mountain lion trapped in some reeds. Bedraggled, wet and all alone, I picked her up. "Mountain lion," I cried out, "I must save you."

Hunkpapa woman appeared again from the depths and remarked, "She was born in the reeds by the watery lake . . . and she was known to her people as Mountain Lion." Reaching to me, she gave me a green stone. "Serenity," she said, "serenity is power." Lightning struck, and my birth at the hands of she who bore the season was complete.

"And I saw, and beheld the angel of Joy. And between her lips flowed the music of life, and she knelt over the earth and gave to man the song of Peace."

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Volume 2, Page 107, Stanza 2,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Flying about my house out of form, I was surprised to notice an old woman who was energetic and playful, beckoning me to come near her. Giving me two gifts, she said, "You have much to do . . . far greater significance." The first gift was a blue-green tower of crystal which soared in a step fashion towards the sky. The second was a series of magnifying glasses. Pointing to the far ends of both sides of the crystal staircase and the magnifying glasses, she said, "It is your job to bring the extreme West and the extreme East together, to

magnify the vision of the people." Pointing to the farthest and topmost point on the crystal piece, she said, "You must walk to the farthest point my daughter."

Walking me to the front door, she opened it to display a group of native carvings. In the center were some of my old belongings which I'd given away. Coming to life, the carvings began to dance as they'd become native people. "They are thanking you for the gifts, and for the gifts you will give to the people." Having become aware of allowing everything its proper use, I no longer stored things I no longer needed. Angel wings emerged from the natives backs as they continued to dance.

Running into the house, I followed the old woman. "What's your name?" I called out to her. "It is Supas," she said. "What do you mean by far greater significance?" I yelled out. Beginning to laugh hysterically, she looked at me as if to say, 'I couldn't possibly tell you that now.' Disintegrating, she became a tiny vase in my hand. A carving on the side of the vase showed the two of us sitting aside a fire in the shadow of a pueblo. Underneath the tiny little pot there was a sticker, 'Supas of the Quintas lodge,' it said.

Starlight glittered all over the room as I heard a voice echoing wisdom. "You must go to the farthest point, far greater significance, far greater significance . . ."

Transported to my backyard, a small bunny hopped over to me. Light brown with white dots, he told me he was a healer. In the grass were a set of keys, "These are the keys to the past," he said, "you will need them on your journey." Placing the old, worn and rusty keys in my hand, suddenly, I was alone.

"Each Manifestation of God hath a distinct individuality, a definitely prescribed mission, a

predestined Revelation, and specially designated limitations. Each one of them is known by a different name, is characterized by a special attribute, fulfills a definite Mission, and is entrusted with a particular Revelation . . . It is because of this difference in their station and mission that the words and utterances flowing from these Wellsprings of divine knowledge appear to diverge and differ. Otherwise, in the eyes of them that are initiated into the mysteries of divine wisdom, all their utterances are in reality but the expressions of one truth."

*The Kitab-I-Iqan, Page 176-177, (Baha'i, Author:
Baha'u'llah)*

Entering into the ancient past, I noticed cavernous homes made of clay and brick (pueblos). While many people were walking around completing their daily tasks, a man approached me. Paintings were done upon his chest, and I was intrigued with their meaning. Handing me a buckskin dress, I noticed how exquisitely it had been beaded. Gazing deep into my eyes, all was quiet. "I am Iwa," he said, "my name means Temple Builder."

Surrounding me all at once, the ancient tribe came to me with gifts. "Thank you." I looked at them in confusion. Iwa smiled, "We are thanking you for the service you give to our people." Placing a thunderbird pipe within my hand, he disappeared, as suddenly, there were about twenty or thirty different pipes lying at my feet. An Old One's face appeared in the sky, he smiled and then he was gone.

As the winds died down, and we continued moving further westward, ending up in the Four Corners, the land of the Pueblo's.

*"Cleave to the noble, and they will also bow to thee."
The Talmudic Anthology, No. 130, Stanza 4, Sifre Debarim,*

"The enlightening being who are thus skillful in effectuation of the science of these specific analytic knowledges, having reached the ninth stage, having attained the treasury of teachings of the enlightened, acting as great preachers of the Teaching, come to attain the concentration spell containing meanings, the concentration spell containing principles, the concentration spell containing evocation of knowledge, the concentration spell containing illumination . . . "

The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 26, The Ten Stages, Page 782, Paragraph 2, (Buddhism, Mahayana)

Sitting in the bleachers of a coliseum, I intentionally chose to face the opposite direction of the stage in a lotus position. Showing my rejection of the falsehoods of worldly existence and my lack of interest or attachment to them, thousands of others were facing the stage and my defiance of their chosen direction angered them quite immensely. Throwing things at me, I did not budge. Fruits, vegetables, cans and containers were hitting me in the face, on my back, and all over my body, but my serenity was unmoved by their rage. I didn't flinch or change the position of my eyes.

Amidst all the ruckus, a janitor appeared and walked quietly by, sweeping up the mess with a broom. Stopping a moment, he said to me, "You are not perturbable; this is good. You are attaining imperturbability." Even at his words, I remained unmoved, as he quietly walked away.

"The discerning man straightens his mind, which is fickle and unsteady, difficult to guard and restrain, as the skilled fletcher straightens the shaft (of the arrow)."

Dhammapada, Canto III, No. 33, Page 17, (Buddhism)

Expressing to my soul that knowledge of the Lord is not purely an intellectual experience, I was shown that spiritual realities are only truly *known* through divine influx, because *knowledge* is not just information but energetic comprehension. Who among us could even begin to comprehend the beginnings of faith, if we approached it by reason, alone?

"Even the greatest philosophical speculators cannot have access to the region of the Lord. It is said in the Upanisads that the Supreme Truth, the Absolute Personality of Godhead, is beyond the range of the thinking power of the greatest philosopher. He is unknowable by great learning or by the greatest brain. He is knowable only by one who has His mercy."

*Teachings of Queen Kunti, Chapter 3, Page 5, Paragraph 1,
(Hinduism)*

"The Word is not understood except by those who are enlightened. The human rational cannot apprehend Divine things, nor even spiritual things, unless it is enlightened by the Lord. Thus only they who are enlightened apprehend the Word."

Miscellaneous Theological Works, Heavenly Doctrine, No. 256, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)

"A number of intellectuals who quote prophets are like victrolas. Just as a machine plays records of sacred writings without understanding their meaning, so many scholars who repeat Holy Writ are unaware of its true significance. They do not see the deep, life-transforming values of the scriptures. From their reading such men gain, not God-realization, but only a knowledge of words. They become proud and argumentative . . . That is why I tell all of you to read less and to meditate more."

*Sayings of Paramahansa Yogananda, Page 51, Stanza 2,
(Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

Sweeping amidst the chaos of the world, I began to seek the pathway of the light. Ending up in a small and tiny passageway of books, there were many guardians to this passage, so I assumed I had found the proper way. But after I'd passed through three guardians, I again asked, "How do I get to the light?" Stopping immediately, one said, "Oh," and took me by the arm and turned me around. "You've gone the wrong way; let me help you go back." As the passageway was not set up to go backwards, he had to gain permission from the prior guardians to lead me away from this narrow path.

Emerging from the passageway of books, he left me alone in a wide and dark alley. A man approached, who was dressed as a hippie from the sixties, his hair was long to his shoulders but rounded, and he was dressed all in denim. "How do I get to the light?" I asked him, as he immediately brightened. "Here, I'll show you," he said as he opened a vast door in the side wall of the alley.

Immediately, I could see a vast light in the distance, much like I had on Hakeo Island. Door shutting behind me, the hippie jumped on a motorcycle and began to rev his engine. "Will you take me to the light?" I asked. "No," he said, "I may make some different turns." "Oh, I understand," I said, "I need to go to the light myself." Nodding that this was true, he drove away. Another unoccupied motorcycle stood in the parking lot, and I quickly hopped on and tried to follow him and the beckoning light in the distance, but he was already long gone.

Asking people along the way, many were very helpful in giving me directions as to which roads to take to get to the light. When I came upon a toll booth, I made a left to avoid the toll, but a young black woman directed

me to turn back and pay the fifty cent toll and go right. Using a bizarre instrument on my hand which measured my level of consciousness, if you were entirely subconscious you were unable to pass. "Wow," she said, "you have eighty five cents, and that's really good. Unusual, too, we don't see souls who are this conscious very often."

Driving towards the light, my vehicle suddenly stopped. Appearing in front of my car, the toll booth operators were standing there with another traveler. Looking very dazed, I realized that she was almost subconscious, just barely fifty cents worth (50% conscious versus 85% conscious). Still seeking the great orb of light in the distance, the toll operators indicated that it wasn't yet my time to understand this mystery, and my time was up.

"All the atoms of the earth have announced unto all created things that from behind the gate of the Prison-city there hath appeared and above its horizon there hath shone forth the Orb of the beauty of the great, the Most Mighty Branch of God - His ancient and immutable Mystery - proceeding on its way to another land."

The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Chapter 16, Lawh-Ard-I-Ba, Page 227, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

CHAPTER FIVE

Astral Books as Spirit Guides, Levitation, Buddhist Mai Tai Prayer, True Discipleship, the Cosmic Master, Messiah Master Number, the Celestial Temple and the Turbaned Masters, the Lines of the Holy Spirit Whirring from Heaven to Earth, St. Michael, Return of Little Chinaman and his Family, Golden Angels of the 23rd Dimension.

My Lord and harbinger of such good news! Beyond me comes the message, and aside it the messenger. Amidst its garbled appearance, comes clarity and wisdom. Amidst its contents, one finds peace. Looking upon the title of a book I was now shown, it said, 'Energizing Unity.' Down below, at the bottom of the cover was the word, 'Baha'i.'

Opening the book, I was enmeshed within its holy contents and the sacred qualities of its mission. Although another soul, one I'd known from days past appeared to look upon my endeavor with disdain. "Why do you look upon such a thing?" he asked, "the Baha'i religion is not one of the important ones." Looking upon his beleaguered countenance, without emotion, I simply replied, "You are mistaken, my friend, for the Baha'i religion is indeed one of the great religions." Countenance unchanging, he didn't believe me. Among those souls who believe that only Christian religions hold any merit, he believed that God has not spoken before or since in such a way. Mistaken he was, mistaken he was . . . for God is ever-present, and He speaks whensoever He wills, and this faith's revelation was an integral part of the mysteries of God's grand redemption.

"The gates that open on the Placeless stand wide and

the habitation of the loved one is adorned with the lovers' blood, yet all but a few remain bereft of this celestial city, and even of these few, none but the smallest handful hath been found with a pure heart and sanctified spirit."

*The Hidden Words, Part II, No. 17, (Baha'i, Author:
Baha'u'llah)*

Holy winds began blowing wildly as the beckon of the holy guardians came hither. Entering a deep meditation, my spirit was suddenly sprung into an ecstatic state wherein I began to feel the touch of various invisible spirits working on my soul. Vibrating incredibly, my feet and my hands were being moved into different positions, while another worked on the structure of the bones on the left side of my face; all this in order to facilitate some type of energetic adjustment. The winds continued blowing, thunder roared, but no rain fell in the outer world.

Suddenly, two spirits were lifting my body and soul up off the bed, as I began levitating. What wonder! What malaise! It was so spectacular; I cannot even fathom the words to tell! As my body and soul floated about the room in the hands of my unseen guests, I awaited the end of this levitation to bid them with a question. Lasting for about five minutes, they slowly began lowering my body back onto the bed.

Now that I was again situated, I asked them to reveal themselves to me. Suddenly, I saw two lighted beings, their forms the outline of a small human body, appearing first in a lotus position hovering in the air. One male and one female, they slowly opened their bodies to a standing position. Honored, I thanked them, as they immediately conveyed to my soul that they were some form of extra-terrestrial life. Beginning to fade away, I bid them adieu and reveled in the afterglow of

their wondrous energies and the attunements that had been made to my soul. The winds ceased, the thunderclouds rolled away, and all became calm again.

"He whose mental attachments are extinguished, who is not immoderate in food, who is within range of perfect deliverance through realization of the Void and the conditionlessness of all forms, his holy path is as difficult to trace as is the track of birds in the air."

Dhammapada, No. 93, (Buddhism)

"Truth is no theory, no speculative system of philosophy. Truth is exact correspondence with Reality . . . It is not a pumping-in from the outside that gives wisdom; it is the power and extent of your inner receptivity that determines how much you can attain of true knowledge, and how rapidly."

Where There is Light, Chapter 5, Stanzas 2-5, (Hinduism, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)

"I wish to accomplish the redemption of the human race with which Thou hast charged Me. I wish to restore to this human nature the highest perfection and the plenitude of thy divine complaisance; and then I wish to pass from this world to thy right hand, bearing with Me all those whom Thou hast given Me without losing a single one of them for want of willingness on our part to help them."

The Mystical City of God, Volume 3, Book II, Chapter 11, Page 453, No. 473, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)

Entering an old Buddhist monastery in the sky, they practiced something called the 'Mai Tai' tradition, something of which I'd never heard of in physical reality. Immediately joining the group of monks in several forms of prayer, they showed me a chart indicating a total of nine forms of Buddhistic prayer. Focusing on the first form, it served the purpose of rendering all remaining ego benign. As I prayed in this manner, I began

experiencing who I truly am, what I'd truly done in my life, leaving all illusory interpretations behind, and holding onto only those true aspects of my soul which could be of use to the will of God. During this prayer practice, I was expected to fully experience and disclose to myself and my associates all the acts of my life which had been committed in a state of ignorance and karmic malaise. And then, I had to fully experience and disclose to myself and my associates the person I had become since; the state of serenity, as opposed to reckless disregard, the state of flow as opposed to moving against the movement.

Bidding me to know that I would not be given leave to remember how this form of prayer was practiced or any of the remaining eight forms, it was a practice brought about through the mystery and mechanism of the redemption. Understanding their strict command, I bid them thanks.

"Who once did live in recklessness and then is reckless nevermore, shall light the world like the full moon when clouds unmask it. Who checks with wholesome deeds the evil deeds already done, shall light the world like the full moon when clouds unmask it."

*The Life of the Buddha, Chapter 9, Page 138, Stanza 1,
(Buddhism)*

"For a learner who is training in conformity with the direct path, the knowledge of destruction arises first, and final knowledge immediately follows. To one freed by that final knowledge, the topmost knowledge of freedom, there arises the knowledge of destruction: 'Thus the fetters are destroyed.' Certainly not by the lazy person, nor by the uncomprehending fool, is Nibbana to be attained, the loosening of all worldly ties."

*The Ituvittaka, The Section of the Fours, No. 102, Page 80,
stanzas 1-3, (Buddhism, Theravadan)*

"The Highest Wisdom, however, perceives and knows what is best to rectify all creation. In its profound design, it weighs everything together, and directs each individual element of creation accordingly."

*The Way of God, Part II, Chapter 3, No. 11, Paragraph 2,
(Judaism)*

"Light and darkness, life and death, right and left, are brothers of one another. They are inseparable. Because of this neither are the good good, nor the evil evil, nor is life life, nor death death. For this reason each one will dissolve into its earliest origin. But those who are exalted above the world are indissoluble, eternal."

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Gospel of Philip, Page 142,
Paragraph 4, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Becoming a true disciple of Christ, the energy beams kept coming at me from different locations to fulfill the coming. Faced with the constant onslaughts of these very different energies, my soul was receiving an energetic education on all the aspects which were relevant to me in becoming such a disciple of Christ. But such knowledge was inexplicable, and was of many different qualities, rather than intellectual knowledge. Hitting me for most of the night, the beams kept coming.

"Blessed are ye of the inner circle who hear my word and to whom mysteries are revealed."

*The Gospel of the Holy Twelve, Lection XX, No. 7,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

Appearing truly spectacular as he lay before me upon the back drop of the stars, the cosmic master's essence was astonishing. Feeling very familiar in this visionary state, my waking self held no memory of him. Amidst this spectral monastery which floated in the heavens, my soul had been gathered together with many others in need of instruction. Our cosmic teacher of truth

was not one to mince words, and was known for his bluntness. Another aspect which made him unique was that he had a somewhat 'physical' approach to solving spiritual issues. Celestial and galactic knowledge permeated every pore of this being of light, and no words came from his mouth unless they were deeply meaningful and filled with power.

All who had come were in need of a cosmic adjustment of some kind to remedy an energetic dysfunction in their waking physical life. The cosmic master's task was to quickly alter the pathways of dysfunction and turn the directional indicators of the soul towards a more galactic perspective. Doing this in a very unusual way, the master approached each individual, identified their area of difficulty, and quickly altered their energies through sheer brute force. I don't mean this metaphorically. Many of the alterations came about through 'physical' injury. Very serious and direct, the master knew that, of necessity, changes were required immediately, and thus, techniques which would bring about immediate alteration from the spiritual to the physical vehicle were employed.

Particular illnesses or injuries had the ability to significantly alter a person's energy more quickly than other gentler means, and thus, these aspects were used to alter elements of energetic misunderstanding from the spiritual to the physical octave.

Turning to me, the master was serious and direct and within one second I knew what method he was about to employ. Cringing, I knew that he was about to 'break my back,' but this breaking was only to occur in the spiritual realm, not the physical. Although it would be painful, I would feel it primarily in this spiritual state.

In the Earthly quest for knowledge, our souls are often taken from one extreme to another, for the sole

purpose of eventually achieving a place of balance. Because I had begun my journey with very few boundaries, I had necessity to travel from a state of laxity to an opposite extreme of rigidity. It was the cosmic master's judgment that my soul had become too rigid, and that this alteration would necessitate a new energetic influx inculcating freedom within the boundaries of morality. 'Breaking my back,' would bring that needed flexibility into my soul.

Done in an instant as a searing pain went through my back, the greatest pain lasted only a moment before a higher aspect of my husband, Andy, appeared to begin assisting me with the remainder of the adjustment. Going through a series of exercises in expressive emotion, Andy's higher aspect guided me through this initially controlled and uncomfortable situation to a peaceful surrender to the divine influx of love. After this, we entered into a long melting embrace which opened my two heart chakras, the one directly in the center of the chest, and other which lies just outside it and directly in front, which altered my ability to give and receive love.

Within a few moments, my soul had been drastically changed energetically. Pleased with the changes, the master moved on to the next soul. As I stared at this grand being in awe, my spirit was pulled away to another destination.

Placating myself that my back would be as good as new before I knew it, I found myself soaring through space at a grand speed. My destination was a very unusual one as I observed a woman who was diligently working at her desk which hovered in the stars. As she was calculating the mathematical implications of the second coming of Christ, I'd been sent to offer her energetic protection from those who wished to steal her calculations and use them for ill effects. Although I

would be want to explain the larger meaning of this woman and her work, I inherently knew that she carried great importance and significance with the Lord, as her duty was sacred and it was vital that she be left alone to complete it. Creating an energetic wall of protection around her, I watched with concern for her safety and well-being.

Looking up to me, she shared with me the master number of the Messiah, making it very clear that I was not to record or share this number, and that it would be taken from my memory within days of returning from this journey. In a momentary flash, she made me to know that the Earthly perception of Jesus is much too narrow, making specific mention of the denominational views which doctrinally offered vicarious evolution through the majesty of Christ, rather than the true nature of evolution in the individual spiritual path, transformational change effected by a recognition of the *ideal* within Christ.

As she turned again to her mathematical calculations, I quickly observed that the field of protection I'd created for her was intact and my soul began jetting towards Earth at the speed of light. My back remained sore for about two days.

Standing at the doorway to the celestial temple, he appeared in the garb of a man from India. Around his head was a tightly wrapped turban, and upon his bodice the garb of 19th century India. Two other masters resided in this heavenly abode, but I was not to see them as of yet.

Waiting outside the door, the master's were deciding upon whether or not they would allow me entry. Hesitating because of my lack of knowledge and true mastery, they regarded me as a novice. Although

there was no way of getting around that, they agreed to allow me to enter because, for some reason unbeknownst to them or myself, the Lord had allowed my spirit to fly to this destination of which I had no knowledge. As they argued amongst themselves, they seemed to agree that I would not have been allowed to find them, if not for the permission of the Most High.

Slowly entering their abode in the stars, I was surprised to notice that in the entryway, there were some very old, dusty statues representing humanity's various vices. These statues seemed out of place in such a celestial sphere, but the masters began to telepathically transport information into my soul, as I observed and looked closely at each one, walking slowly down the entryway. As I came upon each one, I picked it up, and was filled with an inexplicable energetic knowledge. Each statue represented a different karmic impulse which held souls back from reaching the ascension. Contorted according to their vice, their impurities were manifest in symbolic renderings upon the statues. One element which held true with all of these statues was that they were all in motion, agitation and almost a sense of impenetrable fear. No peace or serenity radiated from them, as they were distorted and grotesque, in both observation and feeling. When you touched them, a certain inexplicable distasteful abhorrence filled you of these karmic abnormalities, this lack of unity with God.

As I passed from the entryway into the interior corridor of the masters, I noticed that another female pupil had already arrived and was waiting patiently for me to sit down with her before the masters. Intensity filled her eyes, and I sensed her grandeur as a soul. Knowing that I must seem like a little worm to these spectacular servants of the Lord, I observed that the turbaned master was playful as he came towards me.

Expressing to me that I'd had trouble in my many lifetimes dealing with pain, he placed his hands on my lower back as the other two masters followed suit. Unprepared for this step, I almost jumped back as I began to feel the intense heat and pressure flow into my back and up into the rest of my body. Retarding that instinct, I knew that I was here as an uninvited guest, so I surrendered to this process. Beginning to fade, the heat and pressure could no longer be felt although they continued to touch me. Continuing to send energies through me, I no longer felt the pain.

Looking toward the woman who had been totally silent and peaceful, I was surprised to see her cringing. Before I could ascertain why, the turbaned master had approached me from behind and cut one of my fingers. My first reaction was of pain, but the turbaned master looked deeply into my eyes, saying very quietly, "I feel no pain, I feel no pain." Conveying to me in energy, I saw that he wished for me to focus on my existence *within* God, rather than *outside* of Him. Waving his hands in the air from above to below in a motion to direct me to calm myself, the pain disappeared. After many moments had passed while he stared at me with an intensity I would be unable to duplicate, he proceeded to heal the wound with light from his hand.

Thinking the surprises might be over; I gently followed him when he took my hand to guide me to a small garden path inside the celestial abode. As we were walking, a bumble bee stung me on my foot. Surprisingly, I felt no pain whatsoever, and the stinger was actually unable to penetrate. With this, the turbaned master smiled and looked to the others with a glance implying, "I told you she must've been sent here by God." Intention apparent in his thoughts, he was pleased that they were able to make such progress with a novice.

Relieved, the masters gathered around me and began transmitting understanding regarding what they had just done.

Preparing me to repulse the attacks of the enemy, Satan, who often sends hordes of bees, wasps, and spiders to infect a soul aspiring to reach God, I couldn't help but wonder if this knowledge also had something to do with the many saints throughout history who became impenetrable; unaffected by fire, poisons, swords or one of many other horrendous forms of torture.

Seeming pleased with my quick study in this area, they again mentioned my many lifetimes wherein I had trouble with pain. One of the other master's approached me and in a manner somewhat scolding, spoke to me of the lifetime I'd had as a conqueror which had been revealed to me long ago. As I'd been a horrible specimen of humanity, I felt ashamed, and responded like a defensive idiot getting into his face. "I know! I know about that lifetime!" Laughing hysterically, I realized that they were 'playing' with me, and I'd played right into their hands. Embarrassed, I became immediately less serious.

Returning to assist me through several more pain-associated rituals to assist me in repelling pain and the attacks of the enemy, the turbaned master taught me well. When time came for me to leave, I quietly asked them for help. "Will you help me to focus my remembrance of my journey here so that I can write about it in full detail?" Agreeing very wholeheartedly to assist me, the master touched my third eye above my forehead as my soul returned to my body in a euphoric state.

Returning to me several hours later, the turbaned master took me on a splendid journey beneath the ocean.

A spectacular yellowish aura appeared around him as soon as we were submerged beneath the sea. As I was unable to take my eyes off of him, he pointed directly behind me so as to indicate that I should look over there.

Turning, my eyes met such a magnificent sight! Spiritual cities of light appeared beneath the sea, there must've been at least five within our current view. Shining in glorious heavenly light and containing the entire spectrum of color, it was as if this heavenly light were being brought into the city through a prism creating a rainbow effect. Saying nothing, he pushed my spirit up towards the surface as the erroneous hum of the spirit wind returned my spirit back to form.

Drumming filled my psyche as I sat around a circle of Buddhist monks. Several types of drums were in the center of their circle, all of which were being played by several monks who sat around them. As the beating filled my head, an intermittent energy of detachment began to wave through my soul. Continuing for quite some time, the monks conveyed that I must come to a place of detachment in regards to the way others viewed my soul. Falling outside of myself, it became a true surrender. Spiritual development requires a continually evolving process of discipline which comes about through continual evaluation. Such evaluations serve the purpose of recognizing the preferable from the less preferable; good and evil. In those whose philosophy is 'anything goes,' such discretion and discipline is viewed as contrary to freedom. Despite this view, the disciplined mind is fully cognizant that true freedom only comes about within the confines of moral certitude. In essence, it should not surprise me that my blunt words might make some people upset, but it remained irrelevant to my purpose.

As the drums continued to beat a rhythmic energy of detachment into my spirit, the monks sat calm and serene.

Ominous in its import, the celestial sphere was overrun by beautiful music which made it more difficult to concentrate. Floating in heavenly spheres, we were surrounded by the stars. Though a barrier clearly existed around us, the walls of the space were invisible. The celestial vision of the heavens was so earth-shatteringly stunning; it was excruciatingly painful knowing that I could not stay here forever.

Inside of our heads, an instructor showed us what appeared to be a cyclone of energy, which looked like a small tornado whirling within our brain at great speed. Pointing into deep space and guiding our eyes back down to the Earth below, the instructor now allowed us to watch as incredible laser beams of light appeared, originating from heaven and continuing all throughout the vast expanse of space to the Earth below. Amazingly, we were told that these were the lines of the Holy Spirit flowing from heaven to Earth!

Placed into a sitting and meditative position, we were directed to lean back our upper body in an attempt to have these cyclones within our heads meet with the line of the Holy Spirit. The alignment had to be just perfect for the intended effect to occur and this was very difficult, but we were told that when that alignment hit synchronicity, we would be swept away immediately. As they said this, they had snapped their fingers to indicate the quickness of the alteration.

Trying many times before I could make this link, it didn't come easily. Finally hitting the alignment perfectly, my soul was instantly transported to another location.

No bliss can ever hope to attain that which was now my own. Riding on the back of a gigantic being, approximately forty feet tall, I was leaning upon his neck and shoulders looking directly into his face which happened to be larger than my spiritual body. Small in comparison to him, I was like a little mouse sitting upon a person's shoulder.

Looking into his eyes, I felt a serene wisdom which surpassed everything. Blank and tan, his eyes were the color of his skin while we were traveling the Earth, uniquely fashioned to bring focus for his specific mission for the Lord. Falling gently below his ears, his somewhat curly and flowing hair was of a blondish-brown color. But as we shot off into space, his features took on a violet and white color, reflecting the colors of the galactic heavens.

Before I had a chance to realize what had happened to me, I'd entered into the power of this individual, feeling an incredible thrust of heavenly propulsion. In some ways, it was as though I were riding on the back of a rocket . . . as St. Michael the Archangel was taking me for a ride.

Patrolling the Earth looking for loose demons, I noticed that he was going after those which were not specifically attached to souls. Those demons which were already inside of people were left alone for this particular journey, as those who were lucidly looking for prey were immediately annihilated. St. Michael literally snapped these demons up in his two forefingers, pinching their neck and tossing them aside, as they fell back to the pit.

Along the way St. Michael found several dogs that were possessed by demons and had become extremely violent. Pinching the neck with one fell sweep of his two fingers, the demons were extricated and annulled. No words exist for the tremendous immensity

of the energy pulse which I was honored to behold while riding upon his back. Circling the Earth several times, I was in a total state of ecstasy.

During our ride, we came upon several people who were misusing eternal power received unlawfully; souls in positions of worldly power who had used non-eternal means to achieve their ends. Snapping his fingers, several of these people simply dropped dead in their tracks.

Finally, St. Michael was done patrolling the Earth for now and conveyed to me that he had a secret to tell me and it was something very important for me to know about myself. Motioning that he was going to make an 'etheric' phone call to someone on Earth who also needed to know, he allowed me to eavesdrop on the conversation. Sending an eternal impetus through the ether, the soul of the person answered the call of the spirit asking who might be on the line. "St. Michael," he said, "You know, the Archangel." Not believing him, he hung up. St. Michael looked at me with a calm disappointment, conveying nothing more regarding the secret. Stunned that somebody had hung up on St. Michael, I was sad for this soul who had just denied an eternal option given to him on the ground.

In my estimation, as many as nine out of ten eternal options are refused, perhaps more. I've known souls to deny two or more eternal options with soul-mates because they are too dense to recognize them (the same applying to their life work). Ego's get in the way most of the time. Most of us wish to believe we are fine the way we are, and thus, we don't wish to make the changes in ourselves which all eternal options require. Because of this, the Lord's intentions are blocked in mortal realms, and the whims of the dark side win again.

Without any warning, my soul was swiftly

hurled upon the light beam of the Holy Spirit returned to my body below.

Bright orange Bengal tigers with piercing black stripes wandered this high mountain abode. An old friend, Chinaman, sat inside this small oriental retreat cabin with his wife and two adult children, a young man and woman. Chinaman had been a spiritual guardian of Andy's many years ago, during the time in which we had begun to purify our karmic programs. Neither of us had seen him in many years. Although I was feeling fearful of the presence of the tigers, Chinaman assured me there was no need to worry.

All was quiet outside, and he told me we were 3200 feet higher than the highest mountain on the Earth. Although we were in the midst of a grove of oriental houses, there was no sign of other people being actively present. Assuming this to be because we were all in retreat, I made no mention of it.

Chinaman had assured me that it was necessary that I pull back from friends and family upon the Earth. "Their own issues about death," he conveyed, "are taking too much energy from you, which you desperately need in your battle to remain with your children." Having so little energy left for others because of my illness, I had pulled back so the little I had could go to my children. In order to do this, I had to sacrifice the many hours given to family and friends for their problems. Making it clear, Chinaman nodded that this retreat was good. Having felt guilty doing this, his assurances were helpful.

Chinaman handed me my guitar and led me to begin strumming an old song I wrote long ago, 'To Retrieve a Golden Angel.' Lyrical pathways in the song speak of the light trail home to the 23rd dimension from where I had come, the realm of the golden angels.

"Remember where you came from," Chinaman said, "and how to get back." Mystical winds surrounded me as wisps of memory filled me with his words. Assuring me of salvation, Chinaman gave peace to my tormented soul, which had become obsessed with its eternal destiny.

As I again momentarily felt the impulse of the 23rd dimension, the realm of the golden angels, I saw little Chinaman smile, his family behind him in supportive fashion.

"Thunderbird," the heavenly host said loudly as he handed a long-ago worn out ring with the sign of the thunderbird upon it to Andy, who then gave it to me. Repeating his words, Andy said. "Thunderbird." Describing the fiery quality my soul possessed which energized new programs on the Earth, the heavenly host allowed me to look upon the Phoenix, the harbinger of change. Smiling, he disappeared into the ether.

CHAPTER SIX**The Child Prophets, Galactic Convent, Monks, Monastery in Space, Turbaned Guardian Spirits, my Nurse, Laughing in the Light, 200 Angels, my Deceased Priest, the Transformation of Souls into their True Natures, Anasazi Indian, Opa, Various Angelic Guardians and Hosts, Passing on the Gifts.**

Gazing about the room, there were about fifty spiritual children flitting about, all in robes of white, and many with flower garlands draped about their heads like halos. Understanding them all to be prophets, I also inherently knew that they were there on behalf of my children; their purpose in my home had to do with the spiritual formation of my little sweethearts. Despite their childlike stature, their presence was filled with great holiness and power.

An older man was standing next to me, as we were awaiting the arrival of the sub-conscious soul of a man who resided on Earth who was known for his spiritual gifts, in other words a 'psychic.' Chuckling, the older man said, "Won't it be interesting to see if this man will be aware of the presence of so many prophets in your home." Although he didn't say it, he conveyed that oftentimes those with such gifts are so competitive about their abilities, that they completely block out those of a holier nature than themselves, rather than have to humble themselves before more sanctified beings, especially those of such small stature. By doing this, they negate the need for their own further development and can claim that they are already 'there,' simply because of the nature of their gift. Such gifts are given in the hopes

of greater cultivation towards holiness, not just the use of the gift in its most primal form.

As he arrived, his response to the room was quite agitated as it was very clear that he was aware of the presence of the prophets, but was very uncomfortable acknowledging that these 'little people' encompassed a holiness greater than his own. In order to reduce the need to speak of them, he turned to us and said, "Gee, you know . . . I believe that I've already given the required amount of time to your reading as I was entering the room. Go . . . ask the guy at the door, he'll tell you. I'm afraid I cannot give you more of my time for a reading." We both looked at him quietly and nodded.

As he was leaving, the older man next to me gave me a knowing glance as I began to disappear and return to form. Honored to have seen the 'little prophets,' I wondered at their greater meaning, but could only speak of having seen them without fully understanding their import.

Soaring into a wonderful Galactic convent, it was filled with nuns of every age, young and old, who wore modern clothing which appeared to be from my time. An old woman with short, curly gray hair was my guide for this evening, and as I sat and rocked my children who appeared on my lap as if they were babies, they all gathered around and allowed me to listen as they spoke of various things.

Three very holy priests entered the room and sat at our table, beginning to speak of the gifts of the spirit. As they spoke of the Anointing, they made mention of a modern day healer who was not Catholic, but who was blessed with a true gift of the Holy Spirit. Showing unity amongst the denominations, I listened with interest.

Because I had been so sick, I didn't move, but the nuns understood.

Leaving the room, the priests retired to a holy sacristy which we were not allowed to enter. As they had been drinking milk, several of the nuns gathered around their glasses and began drinking what they had left behind, conveying that this would fill them with the spirit of holiness that had filled the priests. But I was not allowed to sip from their glasses, because I was of the Earth.

Before I left, the nuns conveyed to me of my holy purpose as a mother, and that although I was very compatible in *visiting* their convent, I wouldn't be so in *living* there. "Go to your home and rock your babies," they said, "for this is what God has ordained for you." Finally, they gave me the sense that I must rest and attain to more stability, because my true time of death had not yet arrived and they wished for me to fulfill my full aeon upon the Earth.

Having sat down to play the guitar, I was very surprised when about thirty monks began to literally come out of an old jar which was sitting on the floor about twenty feet in front of me. Wearing a brown habit with their hoods draped over their heads, I immediately knew that they were Essenes. One stepped forward quietly, as he handed me a book which was titled, "The Lost Books of the Essenes." Nodding, I allowed myself to take in their energies as I understood that much of their contents could be found in the Dead Sea Scrolls.

Emerging in my physical body, a single monk stood about five feet from my bed, his hands held in prayer and a hood covering his head. Praying over my sleeping soul for several minutes, he disappeared slowly

as I came back to consciousness. Completely silent, his presence conveyed power.

Wandering through the starry heavens, my soul was alit in the wonders of a great and holy monastery. Gathering to share their joy that I'd arrived, the nuns took care of my every need. A great holy energy filled this place, which was reminiscent of the Essenes. "The Lord does not wish for you to worry about whether or not your works were published, for this does not matter. All that matters to God is that your soul remains 'energetically' in this monastery." Feeling the presence of the Essene monks who had recently come to visit, I understood that they resided in the 'deeper recesses' of the monastery.

My oldest daughter (Melissa, now 15) had an experience after praying for me. Worried because I'd recently been put on nighttime oxygen, somebody had come into her room. Looking up to see who they might be, two men in turbans had entered; one black and the other white. Distinctively holy, the black man was clearly the mentor of the other. Both men wore all white garments with the ballooning pants in the tradition of the Sikhs, with the exception of a lime green sash which was worn by the black holy man.

Following them, they peeked into her siblings rooms; they then walked towards my room and stood quietly at the foot of my bed with their hands serenely held before them. Giving me something that I very much needed 'energetically,' love, caring and support, such things had been lacking during my illness because of the normal manner in which terminally ill people are isolated from others. Expressing the great holiness, peace, serenity and powerful silence which occupied

their presence, she mentioned that she fell asleep in her dream, only to awaken later to watch them as they left the house quietly. She felt they had come both to assure her that her mother was being watched over, and to let me know that despite the rejection of the world, I was on a correct and holy path. She said they had displayed a calm satisfaction in my spiritual state.

A few weeks before, she had a similar experience where she had been given to go to her brother's window within a dream. Outside the window stood one of the Essene monks wearing a garment of pure white facing to the side with his hands in prayerful repose. Again, was the quiet, silent picture of great power and holiness, of which energy she felt so strongly that she fell to her knees in response. Above him and all around, were the spacecraft of extra-terrestrial civilizations, which emanated power, might and the great vibration which accompanies such crafts 'in the spirit.'

Outside of my body, the stallions came rushing towards me as if in slow motion from every direction. About thirty horses were coming towards me as their manes blew in the wind. As I felt their power coming towards me upon my doorstep, one of the horses quietly laid down like a puppy, rolled over and cooed as I rubbed his belly. The others stood around us majestically as if to herald something wonderful to come.

But a warning was to foreshadow the good news as a voice began to bellow from behind me. "Don't you realize that you could be dead within fifteen minutes of any time?" (In 'Galactica,' I was diagnosed with a potentially terminal condition - Cardiomyopathy with associated Heart Failure) As the words were spoken, the tentative nature of my situation was shown to me in energetic fashion. Given warning to be aware of how

quickly my life could end, I was told that my situation was very tricky and my life could depend on some of the choices I might make in regards to overdoing things or not. Nodding that I would be watchful of my condition, it was reiterated that any bad choice could result in my life being over in fifteen minutes.

Suddenly, my spirit was lying on a gurney amidst a beautiful church. Parishioners were looking at me from above, as they waited for the priest to arrive. Realizing that I was very sick, the priest gave me the anointing of the sick as the onlookers remained quiet and respectful.

Within moments, I was flown amidst a beautiful mountain range. Feeling ecstasy, I entered a huge mansion in the heavens filled with priests and nuns who were at retreat amongst this mountain hold. Watching their daily lives, I observed that they were not as different from the rest of us as I might have thought. There was a great normalcy in the religious life of which I hadn't expected.

An older nun approached who I immediately understood was one of my heavenly nurses. My health condition had become apparent in that my spirit had come to a halt on the floor and I was too tired to get up. Picking me up off the floor, she said, "We've got to get you up and going again. If you've still got nine years left, you need to get moving again and get back into life. Let's get you in the shower." Surprised and grateful by the possibility of which her soul heralded, I forced myself to get up and start pushing again.

In a spectral millisecond, my soul now stood upon a very holy isle. Having no idea how I'd gotten there, I was much too entranced to care. Amidst this spectral beauty lay sites from the holy land where Jesus had experienced some of his most important moments;

the place of His birth and death, his tomb, and various places he'd visited during His life on Earth. Filled with holy wonder and awe, I was guided throughout the island with Andy, my husband, and a group of other spirits.

Wanting to stay in this holy place forever, I was very disappointed when we were being led towards a boat. Andy and all the others had boarded and were preparing to depart the island, but I had to quickly take care of a quick health matter before I could go. My wonderful nurse was smiling with great peace as she bid me to take care of my health matter because they would be only too happy to wait. Turning to take care of this final task before departure, I heard the motor of the boat begin to start. Looking back, I noticed the boat had begun to leave the shore rather quickly. Running towards it, I reached out to Andy who raised his hands to me in a state of surrender and a wave good-bye. My nurse was smiling and also waving good-bye as they stranded me alone on this island containing the holy places within the Life of Christ.

Confused by this gesture, I sat down on a large holy rock and began to cry. So many things had gone wrong lately. Besides my obvious continuing health crisis, I'd completed my tasks in getting my work made available to the world. But it had not been received well. Because of this, I'd worried a great deal about whether or not I had done my job according to God's will. As I wept, I was instantly transported into the light.

Inside the light was a greater light that I could gaze upon. But each time I did so, I broke out into uncontrollable laughter. For what seemed like hours, I kept turning to look at this light, laughing uncontrollably for a time, and then looking away because I needed to stop for a moment. A grand male voice beckoned from

the heavens into my consciousness, "If God is not worried about this, then you needn't be, either. Everything is going according to His plan." As usual, I began to laugh uncontrollably at this as the angel appeared before me and began to laugh with me. "Just continue to do what we ask of you," he said, as he continued in roaring, unfailing laughter, "you don't need to know why."

After spending weeks working on a project given to me by the prophets, saints, mystics and sage from every religion throughout time (to make my work downloadable for free on my web-site); I was given a great gift.

For a couple of weeks they had come with their requests, each one requiring a little higher level of technical knowledge. When I gave up on two occasions, they returned to me at night insisting that it could be done and I just had to figure out how it would work. After uploading and downloading day and night for two weeks in my compromised condition (heart failure), we finally had success and there was great joy in the heavens.

Taking me to an astral hospital, the spiritual doctors worked on my spirit and soul to rejuvenate me. Then they took me home. A few times in my life, I'd been given to witness the line of angels that surrounds the perimeter of our property and home as heavenly protection for us. As a special holy gift for performing this task, they said I would get to see them again.

As they said this, the lines of angels appeared out of the ether. Golden and luminous, they were all smiling exuberantly in their joy that this task had been completed and this work of God was now being broadcast all over the world. Perhaps 200 angels protected our property,

standing quietly in line in the form of a square around our home. Nodding with gratitude, I was returned to my body.

Boarding an airplane which was transparent and filled with people, I sat down as I noticed that there was a guide of some sort preparing to teach us. Surprised to notice that there were two priests among the group, I was also happy to see my own former priest sitting in wait.

"This is the airplane of Truth and Wisdom," said the guide as he began a lengthy discourse on the finer points of guiding souls properly. Although it was quite obvious that I didn't really know what to say or how to say it to those in need of guidance, it was also apparently clear that I was among those who were required to learn this skill of guiding souls towards God. Because of this urgency, there were three points of great importance for me to learn this night.

After steering the plane into the skies several times, which represented steering a soul properly upward to begin its own flight; we landed the plane to focus on these finer points of inquiry. Firstly, they began to introduce new souls into my group, and as they did so, I became confused and mis-focused. This was my first failing, that I would lose focus too quickly when a new person came into the picture. Secondly, they began speaking with my former priest and discussing a failing of his which I had apparently shared. As he stood there in his shining robes, he nodded with calm acceptance of the fact that his primary failing in shepharding his own flock had been that he had done too much for his people, rather than teaching them compassionately to receive the tools he had already honed so well. By being brusque on occasion in regards to matters which appeared quite obvious to him, but were true obstacles to those who

came to him for guidance, he scared them away in a sense. Nodding, I understood that the arrogance and conceit of wisdom can become a huge obstacle if you become unwilling to give others the tools they will need in a compassionate manner, rather than being annoyed that they need such guidance. Finally, it was time for me to go to my next class, but I quickly realized that my class had gone long over its expected time. This was my third error in that my classes lasted too long. An extension of the second problem, I was allowing people to become too dependent upon me, rather than giving them what they needed in a focused, concise, clear and compassionate manner, resulting in a certain co-dependency which allowed them to neglect utilizing and perfecting those tools within themselves.

Understanding, I turned to the angelic guardian and said, "Before I go, I want to let Father know how much I loved him." Looking at me quizzically, the guide said, "Oh, you do? In what way?" Pausing, I stumbled. "Oh, I don't know . . . as a father?" Energies began to pull back as I quickly understood that my sincerity was in question. In truth, I had had mixed feelings about our priest. Sometimes, he had been great, but there had also been times when he had brought me to tears with his abruptness or gruffness regarding grave issues. Ironically, I realized that those very issues within him that had given me mixed feelings were issues that I, too, shared. It was almost funny to realize that. At that moment, I turned to Father and realized that he already understood that I'd had mixed feelings, and that me expressing my love to him was insincere, rather stupid and unnecessary. For the purpose of this exercise, it made it doubly important that I be honest with myself so that I could hopefully avoid that same pitfall within my own work in this life. It was his desire that I do so,

perhaps his final gift to me.

Finally, it was time to leave and I followed the spiritual pull towards a classroom in another sphere. Many metaphysical thinkers had gathered there, and I sat down in a chair awaiting instruction. An older woman appeared who was apparently going to teach, but she immediately looked towards me and said, "Make sure we can hear your CD's, too." Surprised, I wasn't even aware that they knew of my work. Speaking of some kind of award the group had given me for my efforts in the field of Out-of-Body Travel, she said, "Frankly, we feel you've shown greater prudence in presenting the subject than we have." In a moment of surprise, I quietly said, "Thank you."

Suddenly, I was inside a metaphysical bookstore. Having come to sign books, the owner had instead regarded my humble manner as indicative of my lack of worth, and directed me to straighten shelves instead. Confused, I did as she asked, walking first over to where my books had been displayed. As I began to move them around and try to dust them, diamonds began to fall out of them, spilling onto the floor in droves. Concerned, I tried to vacuum them up, but found that that didn't work very well. Afraid, the owner of the store would think I was stealing from her, I attempted to gather up the diamonds, but they continued to spill out of my books all over the floor.

For a moment, I stood back up to notice that the entire room had transformed from what it had *appeared* to be to its *truth* in energetic reality. As diamonds continued to fall from my little corner of the store, I noticed that there were clothing racks of human-size scorpions hanging upside down from hangers. As I tried to straighten a few of the other books, crab-like creatures fell out of them as I jumped back in horror. Several

customers had been in the store and had previously appeared as normal humans, but now one of them was adorned in great wealth and was a vampirical beast. When he smiled, you knew this. Two others were a lower-grade order of vampire, as they were not in disguise at all and their energetic nature was out in the open. A fourth person carried the look of an old hag, almost monstrous in her appearance. Her hair was knotted, unkempt and dirty, and her face held a witchy glare. In horror, I quietly slipped out a side door.

An invisible guardian took my hand and began leading me to a place that I knew instinctively represented the church run by the minister I had previously received a message for about discipleship. Surprised, we were wandering towards a large cliff. The ground was wet and muddy to the point of having your feet sink into it deeply with every step, but we continued onward. Climbing below the cliff, we saw a very muddy cave which resided below the cliff. In the rocky crag, the congregation sat in the two-foot deep mud, completely unaware of the defilement and filth surrounding them. Instinctively, I understood this filth to be the true nature of the minister's ego, which was ill-formed and self-serving.

In a previous experience, the Lord had shown me this minister sleeping as his grandchild was entering perdition. Because he'd been taking care of the child for a time and this child was extremely unruly and exhibiting unbelievably violent and dark tendencies, he held responsibility for his correct rearing while under his care. But he was 'asleep at the wheel' and not fulfilling this duty. Because of his ego, he considered ministering to his congregation of more importance than the primal and first responsibility given to us all to properly rear

our children in the ways of the Lord. For him to be a minister and nix this duty was considered a severe misjudgment and act of laziness on his part for which there was eternal wrath.

Appearing for only a moment, the angelic guardian manifested out of the ether to nod knowingly at my soul with piercing eyes. Wearing a long robe of white enhanced by a pair of white wings which were folded upon his back; his hair was short, curly and white. Nodding my understanding of what I'd seen back to him, I interiorly knew that this minister and his church were impure and I must stay away. He disappeared and I was instantly in another realm.

"Enlightening beings provide for all , able to give up everything they have, internal and external, unfailingly causing their minds to be forever pure and never to be narrow or mean . . . The virtues of giving their tongues they dedicate to all sentient beings, praying that based on this excellent cause all may attain the universal tongue of the enlightened."

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, Ten Dedications, Page 623,
(Buddhism: Mahayana)*

"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 Fourth Valley,
(Bahai', Words of Baha'u'llah*

Sitting up in bed in my astral body, I noticed my husband, Andy's, spiritual body sitting up also and looking out the window. Intrigued, I turned to see what he might be looking at and was stunned to notice a huge fireman of about seven feet in height outside our window watching over and guarding Andy in his new

work. Recently, he'd been promoted and was now in charge of the most serious cases involving murders and homicides. His uniform was a burgundy-red, and his face showed seriousness and resolve.

Suddenly, an image began to overlap with his. An ancient Anasazi Indian became infused upon this huge man's chest, with long dark black hair blowing in the wind. Wearing a white leather garment, he/she also stared deeply into my eyes with great power, seriousness and resolve. I say he/she because I was unable to ascertain whether this being was male or female, and there was an indescribable sense of she/him being both. Within seconds, I fell back towards conscious reality.

But subsequently, before entering awareness, I was swept up into a puff of air and was now standing over my middle daughter, Mary. In the ether, I saw the face of my grandfather (her great-grandfather) in his early twenties. Then he merged into the face of himself as an old man, and was now bowing down, looking upon Mary. Conveying, he thought, "I wanted you to know that I watch over all of you, but in a special way over Mary." "Opa!" I nearly shouted, as he disappeared into the ether. ('Opa' was the German name we called him for grandpa.)

But a final spiritual wind ushered me into its presence, bading me to look upon both of my girls who were now sleeping. In the spirit world, a false spirituality began to play out before my eyes. I was shown that although my daughters kept up an exterior facade of spiritual depth, their inner world was lacking and filled with worldliness. "How long has it been since they asked God what He wanted them to do, rather than doing what they wanted?" A spiritual guardian whispered. "Do they really wish to fulfill God's will, or only their own? Do they engage in spiritual reading of their own accord, or

only when you insist upon it? You will not be here to guide them forever; they must take responsibility for the life in which they choose. Do they wish to serve God or themselves?"

Interiorly, the two of them were shown as being very out-of-control, giving into many desires, lusts and cravings of the world; while exteriorly they were almost using their false spirituality as a means to fulfill vice. For instance, using the facade of spiritual depth to attract members of the opposite sex or to gain favor among others who perceived them to be truly spiritual and valued that quality.

Nodding to the spiritual guardian, I attempted to continue to sleep, but the ethereal winds would not allow me to do so. Waking several times, I finally concluded that this message was to be delivered in the middle of the night, a symbolic and very real 'waking' of the body and soul. As I shared with them the words of the angel, they both bowed their heads, acknowledging their guilt.

We discussed that spiritual reading, prayer and contemplation don't have to be overwhelming. It can be as simple as reading a couple of pages in a truly sacred text each day or every other day (Like 'The Ascent of Mount Carmel' By St. John of the Cross) and allowing it to penetrate within you throughout your day, becoming the object of contemplation, meditation and prayer alike. By applying such small disciplines into your daily life, these little seeds of understanding become as drops of water into a pitcher penetrating gradually into our subconscious and conscious minds. Slowly, it becomes a part of our way of thinking and being in an almost passive way as the hand of the Holy Spirit uses the words of the Masters throughout time to hone, guide and prune us into who we must become. But it requires a small

discipline on our part and of our own choosing in assuring that those seeds are placed within our mind each day, creating fertile ground through which God may work in us.

"They protect us when in distress with manifest assistance."

The Avesta, Yast 13, Verse 146, (Zoroastrianism, Words of Zarathustra)

"Who will apply the lash to my thoughts, to my mind the rod of discipline, that my failings may not be spared nor the sins of my heart overlooked."

The New American Bible, Old Testament, Sirach 23:2, (Christianity, Judaism)

Crying out to me in the night, an angelic guardian came upon a galing wisp of wind to tell me one of the sayings of Jesus Christ. Repeating it twice, I cannot recall what it was that was said, although I remember it penetrating my soul deeply as the words were spoken to me. "These words of Jesus are really important to you now." The Angel said, as he disappeared into the night.

Continuing to struggle with my desire to serve God to my best ability by making my writings available as easily and cheaply as possible to anyone in the world, I hit a stumbling block because of the simple realities of the publishing world and how expensive it is to produce books. Asking God in prayer if there was more I could do beyond providing the e-books for free download, I received a vision.

One time, when I was very close to death, an image of roses had come before me in a most beautiful and profound manner as I had felt the presence of the Blessed Virgin Mary responding the rosaries being offered for my healing. These same roses appeared again to me for the first time since that moment, but this time there were three very beautiful, pronounced and vibrant

roses. Interiorly, I heard these words, "Don't worry yourself, my child, you have done your work well. Worry yourself with the three beautiful red roses (my children) that the Lord has given you. Be at peace."

Another angelic guardian came into the room showing me the relationship between various mothers and their children. In contrast, I was then shown the relationship I had with my own children and their truly deep abiding love for me. "Do you know how unusual it is for a child to love their parent so truly?" Because I'd never really considered this, I nodded, 'No.' "You are a true success because of this . . ." He paused. "Do not lose heart, and do not let yourself be diverted."

"Saith Nanak: Thrice blessed is the wife who with her noble Spouse has bliss."

Sri Guru Granth Sahib, Volume II, Raga Wadhans, Page 1187, (Sikhism)

"Happy the husband of a good wife, twice-lengthened are his days; a worthy wife brings joy to her husband, peaceful and full is his life. A good wife is a generous gift bestowed upon him who fears the Lord; be he rich or poor, his heart is content, and a smile is ever on his face."

The New American Bible, Old Testament, Sirach 26:1-4, (Christianity, Judaism)

With barely a pause, I found myself sitting at Holy Mass with my children. Another man had come to the Mass who was involved in feeling self-important. Right before communion was to be distributed, he shouted out, "I ate within an hour of this Mass, but I am planning to receive Communion anyway." In the Catholic Church, you are required to fast at least one hour before receiving Jesus in the Holy Sacrament of the altar because it is considered blasphemous to mix the food of Christ with mundane food of the world. The

priest simply said, "No, you cannot receive communion if you have not fasted. The Church has come up with these rules over hundreds of years of study, trying to find the most appropriate means to give the sacraments to the people." "You don't understand," the man again said, "I intend to have Communion anyway." Getting up, he moved closer to me in the church and sat down with a young child. Within moments, he shouted, "You stop acting like a jerk!" to his child.

"That's it, " the priest said, "you are to leave the Church immediately and I'm demoting you to a second degree Catholic." He wouldn't leave. Quietly, I walked over to the man who remained arrogant and rude, and said, "You need to leave NOW." "Why?" He asked, truly puzzled. "I KNOW you don't understand, but you NEED to leave NOW!" The Church and all within it phased off into the ether.

An Angelic Host began to convey to me. "There are some like this man who believe that they are entitled to more than others simply because of their position in this world or some other earthly attainment. They often go so far as to believe that they are entitled to receive more from God, as well, and this is blasphemy. All are equal in the eyes of God, and we are all required to humble ourselves before our Lord and fellow man, as well." These are often the types who can't themselves live up to what they require of others in their perimeter because they are often excessive in their demands of those around them. Yet, they don't see this in themselves, because they believe themselves above others; and therefore, they expect exceptions to be made for them. Not unlike the ungrateful servant in the parable that Jesus told who was forgiven of a huge debt, but then threw another man into prison for a small debt owed him.

"Whensoever thou comest forth turn thy face toward the Inviolable Place of Worship; and wheresoever ye may be (O Muslims) turn your faces toward it (when ye pray) so that men may have no argument against you, save such of them as do injustice - Fear them not, but fear Me! - and so that I may complete My grace upon you, and that ye may be guided."

*The Meaning of the Glorious Kuran, Surah II, No. 150,
(Islam, Translator: Marmaduke Pickthall)*

"He will die from lack of discipline, through the greatness of his folly he will be lost."

*The New American Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs 5:23
(Christianity, Judaism, Words of Solomon)*

Andy had an experience. He and I were sitting in lotus position before one another. Between us was a simple salad made with lettuce and carrots, no dressings or other fancy accoutrements.

Suddenly, and without warning, the salad disappeared, going into another room. As it did, I did also. Appearing before the priest, the salad was now between the two of us as we sat in lotus position gently picking up a piece of food here and there and many regions of light passed between us. An interchange was going on that was the will of God. Eternal in its nature, it was shown by the sparkling lights and stars going from each of us to the other in circular fashion. In this situation, I was to be the primary teacher, but there was an exchange between us that went beyond my teaching.

Andy was tempted to be very angry and jealous, but a larger force than he held him back. Instantly, he knew that this was God's will and that he must not interfere. Something very important was happening and he understood and accepted this instantly. He was made to know . . . so to speak.

After all, those of us who are led by the angelic

hosts and spirit guides in heaven, are then expected to pass the gifts onto others by becoming guides on earth.

Spirit Guides and Guardian Angels

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