# Spiritual Warfare, Angels and Demons

Mystic Knowledge Series

Compiled and Written by Marilynn Hughes

*The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!*

www.outofbodytravel.org

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

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## INTRODUCTION:

The Mystic Knowledge Series is a group of compilations of the Mystic and Out-of-Body Travel Works of Marilynn 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by the Nails: A Karmic Journey Revealed,' 'Suffering: The Fruits of Utter Desolation,' and a few other published and unpublished sources.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
## Energetic Alteration.

********

Flying through a horrible ghetto, I appeared invisibly in a barroom behind a father and son. Apparently, they lived upstairs and owned the bar below, and the small brunette boy of about eight years was quite upset. His father also had brown hair, was very skinny and was very drunk. Getting loud and raucous with several friends, it seemed that this occurred on a regular basis.

In his anger, the son ran over to the table, grabbed a pitcher of beer and poured it all over his father's head. Responding in a fit of rage, the father began to chase the boy around the bar. Because of my special condition, I could read his thoughts, and I knew that this man had the potential of seriously beating the boy.

Floating in-between them, I sent powerful loving thoughts to both of them. Universal acceptance poured through me from the Lord and into them, as suddenly the father began to calm . . . and they both began laughing. Putting his arm around his son, the tension had been diffused and my presence was no longer necessary.

********

Lifting my soul into a spectacular cathedral filled with Sunday worshippers, I began flying around spreading love amidst the rounded and exquisitely painted ceiling.

Although the facial expressions on the people didn't change, much of the congregation felt my presence sub-consciously. Human souls experience things on many levels of consciousness, but most are only aware of the conscious, waking state. Telepathically, members of

the congregation asked questions. "What does it feel like to do that?" Responding, I replied, "I just went through the ceiling, now I'm floating to the floor. Now through it. Out the window I go, oops, I'm coming back!" Receiving confirmation from their sub-conscious minds that they'd received the message, my spirit was beckoned to return.
*********

While leaving my body, I noticed something odd while looking down at my bed. There were two images of my husband, Andy. Undergoing a vibrational raising, Andy's physical body lay on the bed while his etheric was raised just above. Vibrating rapidly, a spiritual guide was at his side overseeing the raising and Emmanuel stood aside. 'Andy would not remember this,' he conveyed, 'and they wanted him to know that they were working with him.' Emmanuel then began raising my vibrations in preparation for a journey.

Taken to a coliseum, I was waiting to hear a speaker. From behind me, I could feel an immense amount of love being directed at me. Turning, I saw a large man with sandy-blonde hair, dressed rather Romanesque, looking at me with incredible recognition and deep love. I turned away.

A woman was speaking about spiritual teachers and their role in evolution, when she suddenly whisked over to where I was sitting. Asking me to turn around, the woman had noticed the intensity of the love coming from this person behind me.

The Romanesque man began to change his image. Long black hair and olive skin framed an aged and worried Indian man's face. Red Jacket, a man from my karmic past, embraced me. His happiness was obvious, as I felt feelings for him that I didn't yet understand. Reaching his hand to me, I took it and in a

flash of light, we were in a vast and beautiful forest.

Sitting down in the brush, he hugged me tightly as energetic knowledge about our life together was conveyed to my soul. Instantly, I knew that we had been lovers, and that this had happened sometime during that Cavalry lifetime. Unfocused memories came to me, and I was overcome with emotion.

One thing was certain . . . he had returned for a reason and I knew that his coming held great importance for my soul.

***"Thy letter from which the fragrance of reunion was inhaled hath been received. Praised be God that following the firm decree of separation, the breeze of nearness and communion hath been stirred and the soil of the heart is refreshed with the waters of joy and gladness."***

*The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, No. 11, Lawh-I-Maqsud, Page 163, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

********

Traveling to a convention of sub-consciously astral souls, I was told that I must speak to them of the truth. Telling them that they could venture inward and do wonderful things, they responded with religious tenets of several Christian faiths. When told that they could experience out-of-body states, they began laughing. "What are you, some kind of nut? That astral projection stuff is a bunch of garbage!" Smiling at them, I replied, "Is that so . . . hmmm. Well, would it make it any clearer if I told you that you are all out of your bodies right now?" In a wild state of panic, they began to notice their transparent nature. "Oh, my God!" They screamed. "How will I get back to my body?" Calming them, I told them to will themselves back to their bodies and they would be fine.

********

Lifted up as if like a vase into a dimension of

incomparable beauty, I was standing with a group of women who were talking loudly. At the same time, they were becoming increasingly bothered by my presence. "What did you do to create such a bright light around you?" One asked. "I am flowing with the divine plan of unconditional love and existing in a state of peace and being." I said. They stared at me in silence before I was whisked away.

Pastel blue ether filled my spirit like a loving embrace from God, and a magnificent light beam emanated from above down into this dimension. Several spirits were hanging around this light, so I followed them to see if I could find out what it was. "Touch the light," one of them said to me, "and you will be allowed to speak to Jesus." In awe, I placed my hands around the light, and no sooner had I touched it, than a massive energy surge pulsated into my soul and a powerful voice spoke. "My dear one, you come to me with fear and worry. Let us understand what you fear so as not to hide your light." Immediately, I knew this was Jesus Christ, and I bowed down in great honor.

Showing me a thought-form, less aware souls had come to speak to Jesus, but because of their doubts could not make the connection. Feeling sorrow for these souls, I asked Jesus if I could help them, and He replied, "Don't expect to be validated by the earth-plane, just feel strength within yourself and do the tasks you have set out to do. You may be misunderstood even by those who are called teachers. Some of them are so involved in the monetary aspects of what they do, they no longer see. They may perceive you as a threat. If only they knew that you represent what they could become! You will lead beings to themselves, thus, away from their lucrative businesses." The energy current paused.

"I have a task for you that you will become aware

of when the time comes. Remember that your growth is of the utmost importance as our task will depend on your continuing evolution. Don't stop for anyone, as venturing forth will force others to follow your lead and venture inward themselves. You are greatly loved and I am very happy with your progress. Let your light shine brightly." Pausing for a moment, He asked, "Marilynn, why do you think we are able to speak with you?" Confused, I replied, "I really don't know, I know I have just as many faults and imperfections as everyone else, it has left me wondering . . ." He interrupted. "We are able to speak with you because you put your ego aside and ask to be told the truth. When we tell you the truth, you know it as such despite your prior view of reality. Truth is a simple thing, yet for some impossible to accept. Love is all there is." I knew inherently that Love as the absolute was the core of all life, despite the existence of delusion and shadow upon the earth. Despite the evil that arises in this world, love is all that is *eternally* real. Although this is true, it cannot be understood while in a physical body and it is only upon leaving form and entering into knowledge that this can be comprehended.

The connection slowly dwindled. .

***"I went up to the light of truth as if into a chariot: And the Truth took me and led me: and carried me across pits and gulleys; and from the rocks and the waves it preserved me: And it became to me a haven of Salvation: and set me on the arms of immortal life."***

*The Lost Books of the Bible and the Forgotten Books of Eden, Odes of Solomon, Ode 38, (Judaism, Christianity)*

********

Leaving form, two spirits took my hands and rushed us through the time tunnel. Plummeting downward, we entered a sunny hot and barren desert with red cliffs and cactus. In the near distance, there was a small and worn cabin. Looking down, I noticed that I

had taken on the manifestation of a middle-aged fat dirty man with razor stubble. Wearing a pioneer hat, dirty old brown pants and a flannel shirt, I took a glance at the other two who had come with me. Manifesting as a little girl and a woman, they were wearing long tan-colored dresses and bonnets.

Noticing my confusion, the woman explained. "We need to look the part for what we are about to do. There is a woman in need here, and we have come to help her." Time was of the essence, so I followed their lead by manifesting a horse and beat-up carriage and began our trek to the cabin.

Knocking on the door, my partners filled me with knowing about our task. A young bedraggled woman answered the door, bending over slightly as I began to speak. "Howdy, ma'am," I bowed to her, "We don't mean to intrude, but it seems we're lost and we were wondering if you might be able to help us." Holding the door tightly, she was suspicious. Pointing to the others, I continued, "This is my wife and our little girl." Loosening up, she pulled away from the door. "Come in," she said, "I don't have much to offer you. My husband passed away of heat stroke, and I just gave birth to these two babies." Walking into the home, the twin baby girls were asleep on the floor. My 'wife' spoke up, "Maybe we can stay and help you with your babies in exchange for a roof over our heads. My husband and I could help with food and fixing up your home and that beat up carriage." The woman brightened, "You wouldn't mind?" "Oh, not at all," said my wife, "I love little babies and you need some rest." Leading her to bed with a smile on her face, she assured her that the children would be cared for while she recuperated from birth.

Staying with her for several weeks earth time, one night astral time, we prepared her for her journey

out of the desert. One morning at the breakfast table, she looked at us shyly and asked, "Where did you all come from?" "Well," I said, "we came from the east." Quiet for a few moments, she then added suspiciously, "I saw you all come out of a cave in the desert, a cave that wasn't there before and isn't there now." Looking down, she tried to be nonchalant. My wife broke in, "Oh, you must have been hallucinating; after all, you'd just given birth." Changing the subject, she added, "Well, it looked real to me. How is that wagon doing?" Smiling, I replied, "I think it's about ready to make the trip. Are you sure you want to make the trip alone?" "There's nothing for me here," she said, "it's time for me to move on."

Having repaired her wagon, we sent them off out of the desert, as we prepared to go the opposite way. We knew that she would be meeting another 'chance' person along the way, and that she would be okay. Riding off into the desert, we quickly jumped into the time tunnel and I returned to my physical body.

***"The stage in which the consciousness of the living entity is attracted by the three modes of material nature is called conditional life. But when that same consciousness is attached to the Supreme Personality of Godhead, one is situated in the consciousness of liberation."***

*The Teachings of Lord Kapila, Chapter Nine, Text 15, (Hinduism)*

********

Taken to the Midwest, I met up with the Reverend Sam Malone. Speaking for hours on love and truth, he soaked up knowledge like a sponge. Hugging him as his guides came to return him to his body, he thanked me. Taking his hands, his guides asked, "Sam, will you give this gift of truth to others as we have given it to you?" Nodding that he would, they took him home.

A few months later earth time, but the same night

astral time, Sam got into a bit of trouble with some criminals. Held hostage with a group of others, Sam began to feel sympathetic to his captors, in his mind condoning their violence.

Flying towards Sam, I suddenly transformed into an Assisi Marauder. Pulsating royal blue lights shot out from my soul like stars. Speaking to his sub-conscious, I said, "The Reverend Sam Malone, I remember you, do you remember me?" Looking startled, his sub-conscious mind responded, "I do, yes, I really do." "Do you remember your vow to me?" Silently, he waited. "It is wonderful that you allow yourself to see the twinness of man, realizing that your captors have more than one side to them. But you must never condone violence. NEVER! With the truth we have given you, you can set everyone free. SPEAK TRUTH TO THEM, REVEREND SAM MALONE!" Immediately, Sam began to speak and within moments he had de-energized the violence that had almost come to be. Leaving the scene, I knew all would be well.

A woman appeared to me with a rack of designer clothes. "Would you like to wear any of these beautiful clothes?" She asked. Looking at my marauders outfit, I responded, "This fits very well, thank you." Smiling, she beamed. "Very good! You know your role! May I tell you more?" Excited, I begged her please continue. "The blue stars that shoot from your being are very powerful. You come from the stars and your world lies through the star tunnel. Do you not remember traversing the star tunnel to reunite with the Assisi Marauders?" Surprised, I had not. "Blue light is a high spiritual energy. In your heart, you know this. Return to your illusion and flow with who you are." Pulsed into my body, I awoke.

***"Therefore the sage is sharp but not cutting, pointed but not piercing, straightforward but not unrestrained,***

***brilliant but not blinding."***

*Tao Te Ching, No. 58, (Buddhism, Taoism, Words of Lao Tsu, Translation: Gia Fu Feng and Jane English)*

********

Given a book by several spiritual guardians, they explained that the purpose of it was to teach me how to do a better job with souls in the unconscious world. Containing a listing of courses for spiritual guides, I was directed to look upon a course entitled, 'Telepathic Communication with Sub-Conscious's.' Understanding, I took the book and returned back to form.

***"The soul's secret door suddenly opens; and, oh, what bliss I feel at the sight of Thy light!"***

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 185, Paragraph 2, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

********

Entering the time tunnel, I soared into a different reality which appeared to be a Japanese soldier camp in World War II. The majority of those here were men, although two women were seated directly in front of me who had had long shiny black hair and wore pink pant outfits. Sitting down to join them, they asked me who I was. "I am a time traveler," I said to their completely shockless faces, "I am a writer from the future." Pausing, they awaited an old thin man to arrive who appeared to be a cook. Directing me to speak to the men, they ignored me momentarily as one man said that their regulations wouldn't allow me to speak. Allaying them, I made myself be heard. "Are all of you so caught up in your illusion that the only words you will allow into your reality are those of your regulations book? Have you ever stopped to consider why you follow those regulations?" They began to pay attention to me. "You all act as if you are zombies with no control over your future, yet everything is available to you. War is only the answer for young souls who feel that their reality must

be perpetuated on the world. Is there not room in the world for many viewpoints and many soul-ages? Why do you allow yourselves to be used as pawns in the game of unevolved beings? You should be taking charge and leading them, because you know what is real and what is not. How many more will you kill for someone else's argument? How many of you will die for an ideal that is not your own? Enter into love, and bring about peace!" With that, all the men entered a contemplative state.

Coming to hug me, the cook said, "Thank you, man of peace!" Looking down, I realized that I was indeed manifesting as a man. "I have a gift for you to thank you for the gift of truth you have given these men." Handing me a beautiful golden statue of a man sitting in a lotus position, he continued, "This is the golden man of Nikko; please take it back to where you come from as a token of our friendship." Touching it, I said, "Where I am going, I cannot take this. I am a time traveler and physical matter will not go through the time tunnel. But let me hold it a moment and bring it back fully with my memory." Accepting this, he hugged me again and said, "I want to make this a good hug, because I will probably never see you again in this lifetime." In a flash, my spirit was sucked into the time tunnel.

Entering into a battle scene, I was on a riverboat during the Civil War. Small and beat up due to the war, five men were left on our boat and four on theirs, as all the rest had died. Walking to the front, I yelled to the guys on the other boat, "Why don't you guys come over for lunch?" Obviously taken by surprise, they thought it was a good idea and they came over. Tension was in the air as everyone was still armed, but no one wanted to die and they were willing to take a chance at peace.

As we ate lunch, I asked the other boat crew where they were from and they said, "Louisiana."

Smiling, I replied, "My family lived in Louisiana for a short while when I was a kid." One of the men on the boat I originated with got angry. "Hey, whose side are you on, anyway?" "I am on everyone's side." I said. "You all seem pretty much the same to me. Only you know why you're killing each other." One of the Louisiana boys broke in, "When did your family live in Louisiana?" He asked. "Well," I answered, "the late twentieth century." Looking at each other as if their confusion was bordering on anger, I continued, "I realize that this is the nineteenth century, but I am a time traveler, I've been sent to tell you of the futility of war." Now they became silently contemplative. "What have you gained by killing your brothers and what have you lost?" Some of the men began crying. "Those you have lost are doing very well, as they have moved on into the spirit realm and into their unlimited forms. Do not worry about the past, but think about the future! What a beautiful reality you could create if all of you would enter into love." Standing to leave, I hugged them. "I must re-enter the time tunnel now and return to my time frame. I will not see you again in this lifetime, but I love you all. Think about your choices." Quietly, I walked into the tunnel as they looked on. In a moment, I was gone.

Again, it is important to achieve balance, and there are times when one must stand against dark forces that manifest upon the earth. But war is not just, for there are always innocents who die for someone else's cause, and guilty ones who go free . . .

Returning to form, I was interested in the gift given to me by the Japanese man. Upon looking in the dictionary, I found that Nikko was a town in central Japan on Honshu Island, famous for its shrines and temples. The sacred gift of love would be forever displayed on the shelf of my spirit.

********

Leaving form, I met with some spiritual guides who were demonstrating their techniques for bringing light into the sub-conscious state. "Though there may seem to be little change consciously in a being," they said, "there can be much activity in the sub-conscious mind. Changes occur on subtle levels and these changes will eventually surface in the conscious state."

Watching them perform this work on a soul, a tall spirit wearing a white robe began sweeping light across this soul. Beginning to shine brightly, the different spirits present began working on their own specialized areas. One spirit touched different parts of this soul, igniting them in light. Another spoke softly to this soul, speaking universal truths. All of this was being done without any conscious awareness of this person on the ground, but was ignited by the soul's prayers and desire to move closer to God. Fascinated, I returned to form.

***"Moreover, the desire to go is the measure here. When there is the desire to go, one who has made his mental resolve in this way goes visibly, carried by the force of the resolution like an arrow shot by an archer."***

*The Path of Purification, Chapter XII, The Supernormal Powers, No. 132, (Buddhism, Theravadan)*

***"Never begin a war yourself, God does not like blood-shed, fight only in defence."***

*Nahjul Balagha, The Author, 34 to 40 A.H., Page 55, No. 1, Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib, (Islam)*

********

Because of my work with many souls, I was beginning to realize that higher and sub-conscious aspects of souls can be quite different from their physical counterparts. It was my duty to serve the higher good of the soul, rather than the personality on the ground, which oftentimes believes it needs something different than its true requirements.

********

Hovering on the astral plane, I was confronted by an image of a spirit that began throwing rocks at me, and taunting me with disgust. Ducking, I wanted to avoid being hit, but suddenly realized that this was not a real spirit, but a thought-form I had created from my own insecurities. Turning to her, I said, "That is not who you really are, you are an eagle!" No sooner was it said, than it became such and flew away.

********

After I'd entered a wanton woodland, a green bus with circular windows arrived to take me to my destination. Other sub-conscious astral souls were among us, and an argument had broken out between two of them.

Ignoring the dispute, they were caught up in their ego's, arguing over who had the most exciting experiences to talk about. Interfering, the driver said, "Someone is here who can help both of you," he looked right at me, "an extra-terrestrial being with more knowledge than meets the eye." Uncomfortable, they looked at me with expectancy. "All our experiences are truly the experience of the One. When the two of you begin communicating through love, your misunderstanding will be clear."

Quiet followed the remainder of the short journey, and when we arrived at my destination, the bus driver handed me a glass of juice. "Take this," he said, "this is the juice of surrender. It will help you become one with the flow." Drinking the sweet juice quickly, I exited the bus.

As I looked at the trees, I saw an unusual sparkle coming from them, and I felt deep love for them. Becoming more flowing, my spirit was swaying to and fro in the light beam that was my soul. Beginning to

enter into a deeper state of total oneness with all that exists, I eventually became truly liquid, understanding things very clearly which had previously been a struggle to me.

Many souls were experiencing the oneness, and I was asked to join in the mass consciousness experience. Afraid, the angels came to comfort me, assuring me that what I was about to experience was an important element of truth. As the many spirit lights became one, I felt an ecstatic feeling of utter peace.

Becoming non-existent as a separate soul, I entered into a truly indescribable state, wherein I became a liquid part of the mass of all life. The beauty of this experience filled me with love and deep intense knowing. No longer was I the fragment, 'Marilynn,' but a singular molecule in the structure of life. 'Liquid mass in the consciousness of One,' triggered a profound knowing. The *you* must die, in order to become a part of the *One.* Broken down into the molecular state, I experienced a singular molecule in a liquid strand of life . . . a thought within the mind of God.

Returning to form, I was forever changed.

***"Although they are similar in appearance, common people behold forms and other such things and conceive of them to be really existent; they do not understand them to be like an illusion. But since yogis do understand them to exist in such a way, it is here that the yogis and the common people disagree . . . Although it does not appear to the common person, because it appears to those yogis who have merely seen personal identitylessness, there is no mistake in its being a deceptive truth . . . Compared to the worldly view of things as permanent and so forth, the yogi's vision of momentariness is posited as a vision of Reality itself."***

*A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Chapter IX, Answers 5, 7, 8, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Shantideva)*

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Emmanuel (my spirit guide) bade me to witness a spectacular image in the heavens. Taken deep below the Earth's surface, I watched as the controls to several volcanoes were set to erupt. but I was surprised to find upon emerging that these were volcanoes of light in the heavens, all formed in a circular fashion like that of a medicine wheel, which erupted in a synchronicity of light, which came from the heavens and fell upon the Earth. At one point, the circle of volcanoes began spinning as a wheel, while Emmanuel brought sub-conscious astral spirits above them to receive of its light.

***"Glorious is it to see the Noble Ones; their company at all times brings happiness."***

*Dhammapada, Chapter XV, No. 206, (Buddhism)*

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***"The simple fact that Being is the never-changing, eternal phase of existence and that It pervades the diverse forms of phenomenal creation gives us the hope of bringing all the diversified phases of our lives into harmony by co-ordinating their values with the values of absolute Being."***

*The Science of Being and Art of Living, Part 3, Chapter 2, Page 121, Paragraph 3, (Hinduism, Transcendental Meditation, Author: Maharishi Mahesh Yogi)*

In a journey beneath the depths of the sea, I came upon a school of dolphins who graciously did flips to entertain myself and the spiritual guardians who accompanied me. "Welcome to our world, spirits of light," they telepathically conveyed, "we are happy you speak with us." In awe at this communication, I replied, "You are so beautiful, thank you for sharing the beauty of your form." Laughing, the dolphins responded, "All form comes from the mind of God, and all of it is beautiful in its own magnificent way. Share your perception with the consciousness of mankind, it will

expand their vision and create a yearning among them to know us, as well."

Continuing to go deeper into the ocean, we found schools of brightly colored fish and spindly sea creatures looming in their world of quiet and the dark. A shark swam by with the majestic demeanor of one so feared by man, but there was no fear within the eyes of his spirit. Billowy seaweed flowed to and fro with the water and the rocks glowed from the sunlight captured in the sea. Each sea creature sent a welcome to our spirits in the silence for they knew who we were and seemed to see many spirit lights travel their waters. Our presence was comforting to them, for it reminded them that their world of predator and prey was not real, but only a dream.

Entering into a huge cavern, I was apprehensive. "Do not be afraid, follow me," the guide conveyed, as we floated in. A large marble door fell suddenly from the ceiling, dropping down in front of us so as to prevent our entry. "Let's get out of here!" I screamed, "This scares me." Remaining calm, the spirit spoke lovingly. "Ask the door to open and it will." Calming, I thought, "Door, will you allow me to enter?" Coming open quickly, we continued down the dark passageways deeper into the cave. Every few feet another marble door blocked our entry, but would open upon our request.

Finally, we came upon a light-filled space wherein a seemingly never-ending circular staircase went up into the heavens. Beginning to ascend, I followed after my guide, level after level. Soon we were passing through clouds and there were no more walls. Almost at the top, I again became scared. "Come," the spirit with me beckoned, "you are almost there." "But I am tired." I said, groaning. "All these stairs have worn me out." "Aaaaah," the spirit replied, "breaking down the

walls and barriers was not easy, but you have done it. Just at the top of these stairs lies our destination." Quickly, he shot up the stairs beyond my vision, and I followed.

When I reached the top, my guide had had disappeared. Only a bright a luminous being remains and his holiness was apparent. Beginning to feel unworthy, he held his arms out to me and wore a big smile. Smiling back, I said nothing, as our exchange was entirely silent. Embracing me with a warm and loving hug, I became transparent as his height blended with my lowness, in a communion meant to bring my spiritual energies higher. As my energies began shifting, I suddenly . . .

Looking closer, I suddenly recognized this spirit as the higher self of one of the souls I'd been watching over. Pulling back, his peaceful eyes conveyed appreciation, and I knew that he was thanking me for working with an aspect of himself on the ground which remained completely unaware of our work. "You're welcome." I conveyed sheepishly. (The higher self is that part of a soul that is closest to God, and that there are many aspects on the various levels below it manifesting in myriad worlds and those manifestations are as different from their source as God is from his many creations.)

***"The entire matter of reaching union with God consists of purging the will of its appetites and feelings, so that from a human and lowly will it may be changed into the divine will, made identical with the will of God."***

*The Collected Works of St. John of the Cross, The Ascent of Mt. Carmel, Chapter 16, No. 3, Page 238, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. John of the Cross)*

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Hearing a tremendous call for help within my soul, I followed the timely beckon and flew about the

Earth to find its source. A man in need of help was praying, "Angels of light, my son is choosing between worlds, please help me to tell him I love him and I dearly hope he returns to me." As he spoke, our Heavenly Father filled me with knowledge. Having an adopted son who just got his girlfriend pregnant, he had been involved in a car accident and was now in a coma.

As I flew over an intricate sand carving his son had made, he sub-consciously turned to see me standing in the room. "This is my most cherished possession. I know it is asking much, but if you will help me I will be eternally grateful." "It will be my pleasure to help you," I said, "I will go now and do what I can."

Inner urgings led my soul to a place beneath the sea where his son's spirit was busy playing with some mermaids. Approaching quietly as I didn't wish to disturb his joy, two dolphins swept us up and took us for a ride. Smooth and luxurious to the touch, the skin of the dolphin was very soft. Arriving in a location where 100 angels had gathered, I turned to him. "My dear brother, you are now between worlds and you must make a choice. It is beautiful here, but your father calls for you in tears. His love is unmarred by the pregnancy, he just wants you back."

Waving my hands across the sea, I showed him images of his father, so that he might feel his great grief. "I will return to my body tomorrow morning," he said. Dancing in joy and singing heavenly songs of love, the angels formed a large circle as we held hands and shared light. Leaving the boy to enjoy his final day amongst the angels, I returned to his father, who looked up sadly.

"Thanks for trying, anyway." He said. "No," I replied, "you do not understand. Your son will return tomorrow morning." Beginning to cry, he walked over to the sand carving and picked up a statue of Nefertiti.

"Take this," he said, as he handed it to me, "you have earned it."

Placing my hands on the statue, my spirit whizzed to the sky, returning to the angelic kingdom I'd left before. Angels sang in joy and euphoria as a masculine light being, ominous in size and holiness, came towards me. Looking into my eyes with peace, he said, "Eter Oar." Instinctively, I repeated, "Eter Oar." Handing him the Nefertiti, he replied, "Come forth for thy wings." Moving forward, I said nothing in the sacred moment but remembered the words that had been chanted to me in sleep, "In the evening bronze, the night wind sings, chanting visions and songs, calling forth the Nefertiti wings." Touching my shoulder, ethereal wings appeared on my back. Moved to tears, I fell to my knees as the angels began singing and dancing in a circle around me, while the magnificent angel who had given me the wings, stepped back, smiled . . . and disappeared.

***"Amen, I say unto you: The soul for which ye shall pray, if it indeed is in the dragon of the outer darkness, he will draw his tail out of his mouth and let go that soul. And moreover if it is in all the regions of the judgments of the rulers, amen, I say unto you: The receivers of Melchisedec will with haste snatch it away, whether the dragon let it go or it is in the judgments of the rulers; in a word, the receivers of Melchisedec will snatch it away out of all the regions in which it is, and will lead it into the region of the Midst before the Virgin of Light."***

*Pistis Sophia, Book Four, Page 271, Paragraph 2, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Sent to observe a soul caught up in a cycle of time, I hovered in space. The nine planets of our solar system appeared like scattered rocks as they followed their

individual paths around the sun. Encircled in an energy beam, the man I'd come to assist was floating about the top of his orbit, preparing to make a change. "He is ending a cycle of time." A voice said. "He has created a repetitious energy pattern which has hindered productivity in his life. Remember the words of release, and tell him." Calling out, "Chorub Lee!" he raised his hands to the sky and began pushing forward. Repeating the words, I again called out, "Chorub Lee!"

Pushing forward to rescind its circular form, he shot straight forward down a new, direct line of energy, a forward motion rather than a circular spinning of the wheels. "The cycle of time has been completed and changed." The voice said.

***"The Principle of Cycles manifests that universal circular direction of process or progress which is apparent in all the manifested world, from its highest to its lowest manifestation."***

*The Secret Doctrine of the Rosicrucians, Part XIII, Section V. Paragraph 1, (Mystery Religions, Rosicrucian)*

***"Just as the present aeon, though a unity, is divided by units of time and units of time are divided into years and years are divided into seasons and seasons into months, and months into days, and days into hours, and hours into moments, so too the aeon of the Truth, since it is a unity and multiplicity, receives honor in the small and the great names according to the power of each to grasp it."***

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Tripartate Tractate, No. 5, Page 71, Paragraph 2-3, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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# CHAPTER TWO
# Chief Joseph, Mysteries of Evolution, the Knowledge of Good and Evil, Medicine Women from throughout the Ages, Five Winds of Alteration, Spiritual Warfare, Taking One's Heart Out.

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***"Get up now, and stand on your feet, I have appeared to you for this purpose, to appoint you as a servant and witness of what you have seen (of me) and what you will be shown. I shall deliver you from this people and from the Gentiles to whom I send you, to open their eyes that they may turn from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God, so that they may obtain forgiveness of sins and an inheritance among those who have been consecrated by faith in me."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Acts 26:16-18, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

***"O Lord, I am Thy servant; I am Thy servant and the son of Thy handmaid: Thou hast broken my bonds in sunder. I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of praise. Let my heart and my tongue praise you."***

*The Confessions of St. Augustine, Book IX, Page 184, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Augustine)*

"My child, you are sleeping." His voice rang out as if echoed through time, as my spirit began waking in another realm. "You seek to know?" The Indian Chief asked. "What?" I responded, confused as my vision was still cloudy and distant.

His face was worn from time and harsh weather, and his long black hair was braided. Many beads were about his neck. "Tell them my story." He said, as I felt the reverence of this soul. "Walk the pathway with me." "The pathway?" I asked, "I'm not sure what you mean."

"But you will my dear traveler. Beyond the gateway, beyond the ascension is the knowledge of life. Walk with me."

With great respect, I awakened, stood and looked this spirit in his eyes which visioned deep knowledge to me. "Who are you?" I calmly asked, feeling the familiarity of this soul. "I am Chief Joseph." Reaching his hand towards me, I remembered him. "I will tell your story, I will walk with you."

He began to speak, and I listened . . .

"I was born as particle of light. My mother was the Universe, my father, a star; an idea born of life, becoming life, to seek life. No man came before me, but myself. No thought entered reality without my knowing. I was one."

"Then came the scattering, when clarity became confusion. Light became darkness, love became hatred. I'd never traveled that road before, when my fellow life became a destroyer of life. My brothers became my enemies, my sisters, the hunted."

"Everything was confused then, and I sought to understand. What had changed? Why had the harmony been broken into chaos? Where could I retrieve that seed of life that began it all, and save the world I perceived as my own? For years, I fought their battles, their wars, defending the peace I so missed from my heart. And then one day . . . I stopped. I was Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce, now . . . I am life. I exist in a new world, a new reality, where the seeking is sacred. This is my story."

***"Hear me, my chiefs, I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever."***

*The Words of Chief Joseph as he Surrendered to General Sherman*

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Awaking from death silently, the distant wailing

of a woman could be heard. Looking around him, he could see no one but the whimpering sadness he felt alarmed him. All was dark and black, nothing existed here, it seemed. Suddenly, he could not breathe. As Chief Joseph looked up, a huge entity had placed its hands over his mouth. Fighting for air, Joseph suddenly realized he no longer needed to breathe in the same way. Still the entity continued as though he was trying to extinguish his soul. Raging at this violation of life, Joseph threw his arms back, lunging backward and away from him. Now the entity stood in front of Joseph with a threatening glare.

In the distance, he could hear the whimpering cry of a woman, but he could not yet find its source. This lone and distant song of a mournful soul touched him, and he wanted to help. Suddenly, a train carrying the souls of those who had died to the spirit whizzed by him, the blaring engine and the cries of these lost souls were humbling and horrid. "They seek the dead side," a voice with no apparent owner spoke. Their moans and cries for help hurt his soul terribly, for in this state he could truly feel all their pain, even though it had been self-inflicted. "Why?!" He cried out to their fear-laden faces, "Why do you seek to maintain death?!" The black around their eyes was haunting, and there was no response, no change.

Without warning, the large entity lunged forward again, as Joseph called out to it in absolute rage. "As long as I AM, no one will violate my life!" The entity didn't budge, and Joseph didn't know what to do. To become dead, you must become complacent in thought, acting on impulse without regard for the harm you cause, and without regard for reason or higher purpose. In disregarding life, you choose death, and Joseph was not about to choose this horrid state.

"In the name of the spirit, I demand that you leave my presence, I choose life!" Joseph called out as the entities energy began to lessen. Another hand took his own, but he could not see the formless image of the spirit who had come to retrieve him. Repeating Joseph's words to the dark entity who had tried to take Joseph in the moment of death, the formless image said, "In the name of the spirit, I demand that you leave our presence."

A whirlwind of light cascaded about him as the formless image began to become visible. Appearing in a white hooded robe, it was . . . no, could it be? The Angel of Ascension! Joseph felt calm now, knowing his life-force was no longer in jeopardy from the dark one.

***"'It is I,' he said, 'who am understanding. I am one of the four light-givers, who stand in the presence of the great invisible spirit. Do you think these rulers have any power over you? None of them can prevail against the root of truth.'"***

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Hypostasis of Archons, Page 167, Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Celebrations ensued in the colorful place where Joseph had been taken. Swirls of colors tore across the sky in a rainbow of energy. Before him stood someone he'd known, but couldn't place in his mind. "I cannot remember your name, old friend." Joseph bowed his head in shame. "Your memory of me is not of this life, but another," his friend replied, "you'll remember me as Daniel . . . Daniel Pierce."

Suddenly Joseph became extremely uncomfortable, but why, he didn't understand. Within his stomach, he began to feel that he might become sick, but Daniel took Joseph's hand and spoke quietly. "It is forgiven, brother. As life was taken from your tribe, you once took life from me." Joseph's eyes began to tear as his memory slowly came back, but Daniel had no feelings of animosity. "We will now seek life together, as one," he

said.

Suddenly Joseph was alone sitting amongst a plain of long dried grass. A tunnel appeared in the distance, and a man came from within it dressed oddly for Joseph's sensibilities. As he approached, Joseph recognized the symbols he wore, that of a Catholic priest. Many of these men had come into their camps speaking of their God, trying to save their souls. Sadness filled Joseph as he remembered how they had always come before the slaughter.

Looking somber, as if to say, "I'm sorry," the man came this time without a bible, but held his hands out to Joseph in peace. "How many?" The priest said. "Too many." Joseph replied. As the priest sat down, he reflected another question to Joseph. "How many groups of people have been set apart in the name of religion?" Perplexed, Joseph looked deeply into the eyes of this priest, when suddenly the field all around them became a battleground between the religions and the people. Groups came forward from every direction, all who stood apart because of their race, beliefs, imperfections, illnesses, karma or any difference to the one acceptable human that this man's religion would allow.

Crying, the priest lowered his head, as Chief Joseph stooped to look upon him. Intrigued by his sadness, he asked, "Is this not what you wanted?" "No, I wanted life, but this is what I have done!" The priest was ashamed. "But why did you do it?" Joseph asked. "I don't know, I really don't know." "Was it out of ignorance, perhaps you didn't understand?" Joseph replied, trying to make him feel better. "I wish I could claim ignorance," sighed the priest, "but I cannot." "Why is this?" Joseph said. "Because I did not question, I followed," the priest was distant, lost in his thoughts,

"and in following, I denied life. If I had asked my heart, it would have told me that this was not honoring life, that this was wrong."

Rising from the ground, the two looked on, as the groups of people who had been set apart disappeared. Joseph quietly took the priest's hand to help him, and said, "My brother, may we now honor life together? The sun is setting, a new day awaits. All of us have been guilty in one lifetime or another of not properly honoring that which was sacred. Perhaps we can seek understanding together?" Unable to speak, the priest took Joseph's hand as they walked towards the sun.

***"The prey departeth not, nor do the crack of the whip, the whir of wheels, the prancing horses, the bounding chariots, the charging horsemen, the flashing (sword), the glittering spear, the multitude of slain, the great heap of carcasses. No end is there to the bodies; men stumble over those bodies."***

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, Nahum, Chapter Three, No. 1-3, Page 315, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Seeing it for only a moment, the deeply sacred golden book encased in blue-turquoise appeared. A voice spoke from the sky. "As you seek life, you will find the holy words of life . . . of each life. Every life has its own holy words, its own holy pathway, and its own holy book. These differences allow all life to meet in understanding, as all life exists because of the other. As you follow the pathway of life, you must seek to *become* your brothers." As they listened, they sat beneath the setting sun as suddenly the priest began changing . . . within moments he had become Daniel.

***"One must, then, read the book of his own self, rather than some treatise on rhetoric. Wherefore He hath said, 'Read thy Book: There needeth none but thyself to make out an account against thee this day."***

*The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Four Valleys,*

*The First Valley, Page 51, Paragraph 2, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

Thunder struck and Joseph now stood amidst a dark, dank and dusky graveyard. Bleak headstones were surrounding him, but something was unusual. Joseph immediately knew that everything buried here was still alive, it was the graveyard of things not yet fully dead, held in this state by the memories of those who would not let the past go. Grave diggers were busy opening up a grave, pulling out the dirt around the body of man who was dead in every way; although decomposition had not yet set in. Joseph was shocked and alarmed when he saw that it was himself.

Looking somber as she spoke, an angel appeared, "You must now let your former self die to become a part of the one. Who you were is not what you seek to become. You can no longer be Joseph, you must become life itself." With her words, the body began to quickly decompose as they laid his past to rest. But as he began walking slowly out of the graveyard, he noticed that other aspects of himself and his former life were following him. Running in fear, he was afraid of these zombie-like memories that chased him, but then he stopped, realizing that he had to allow these things to die, as well. Childhood fears, past loves, those who had passed before, all were among his memories that must cease. "They are not of the now." The angel said. "They must be allowed to die. The past is already dead, but if it does not die within you, then it grasps hold of you and stops you from living. Their aliveness is maintained by you, but still they are no more alive."

Then he saw her. As the image passed before Joseph, he began to cry tears that had been unfulfilled within his own lifetime. She'd been gone for so long, but her face had never left him. Having never told anyone

about her, she stood before Joseph reaching out to hug him in joy. Strong and certain, her love relinquished his fears, and quickly put them to rest. "I love you," she said, "but you have held me in your heart long enough, let it cease. A love that can never be is a dead love, how many years did you weep for me?" His tears were drying now, "So many, and no one ever knew." "Yes," she said as she dried his final falling tear," and it held you in that which no longer lived, you were never completely free again. Now . . . you are free, my beloved Joseph. Our love will always remain, but what you hold onto must die. Seek life, and in the seeking, let this go. Spirit directing life always directs it towards the path of the highest good; we were what we were meant to be in that time." Joseph looked up," I never did let you go . . . completely." Hugging him tightly, she comforted him, "There is one thing I must leave you with, life continues to create, life continues to love . . . it never ends. But life can cease movement when it holds onto dead things. If you wish to seek life, you must follow this," placing his hand upon his heart, she concluded, "always, my love, always." In a flash of light, he suddenly saw Daniel, and in an act that initially confused him, she walked into Daniel, as the two souls became one. In a flash of knowing he realized . . . Daniel, the priest, and she were one.

"Great spirit, I am confused." Joseph cried out to the heavens, as a voice echoed from the highest realms. "You believe something is being taken from you, but it is being given back." A huge lighted hand reached from heaven to touch Joseph's head. "Challenge your beliefs, Joseph, because they are only a disguise to the truth. What do you *believe*, and what do you *know*? Which pathway will you follow, life or death?"

***"Lord, incline your heavens and come; touch the mountains and make them smoke. Flash forth lightning***

***. . . reach out your hand from on high; deliver me from the many waters."***

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Psalms 144:5-8, (Christianity, Catholic)*

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"Welcome." Joseph said. Hovering above his small encampment, he was sitting before a small campfire motioning me to sit. A small teepee was behind him, and he wore modern clothing; a brown hat, a vest, and a blue flannel shirt with a pair of old jeans. "Come, sit by my fire," he said. "Before we continue," Joseph said, "you must pass through a small test." "A test? I just want to tell your story, you know, of the pathway." "In order to follow me, you must follow the pathway. The next step requires a small rite of passage."

A vibration entered my spirit as I began to whirl. Within moments, my soul was manifesting in another place, another reality; a modern looking restaurant decorated in frontier fashion with lots of woodwork. People were laughing and making merry on the cool November day. Beginning to manifest into this energetic reality of a potential future, I was sitting at a table with about ten people who acted as if they knew me.

Turning to look out a window behind me, I noticed a man holding a gun. "Uh oh," I thought, "here it comes." Without any warning, a burst of about twenty armed people poured into the restaurant, happening so fast that most of those present could not possibly ascertain what had occurred. Shooting in the air, they were demanding that the people gather in one location, which everyone did except for me. Attempting to make a statement about the social conditions in their country, they'd taken about 25 hostages. Wanting peace, love and understanding . . . justice for their people, I Immediately understood why I was present.

Beginning to talk to them, I was cracking a lot of jokes, which was not the custom for most hostage situations. Enraging the captors, the other hostages were concerned that I was going to get shot. One of the men was wearing a shirt depicting a well-known musician in their realm, John Lennon. Walking quietly over to him, he pulled out his gun as I approached. Ignoring his threatening stance, I asked, "So you like John Lennon?" "Yes, I do." "Well, I love him, too. What was your favorite song of his?" "Well, that would be 'Imagine.'" "Oh, I love that song, too." Beginning to sing, I savored every lyric, "Imagine there's no countries, it isn't hard to do, nothing to kill or die for . . ." Angry, he shouted, "I know the song! Just shut up and get over there with the others!" Cocking his gun, I continued singing. "You may say I'm a dreamer. But I'm not the only one. I hope someday you'll join us. And the world will live as one." "Shut up!" He said again. Walking up to him, I put my hand on his shoulder. "You wear a shirt with John Lennon on it, and you carry a gun, that makes no sense. You *must* know that he was killed by a gun, too." With that he got very mad, "Don't tell me that, that's bullshit! John Lennon is not dead!"

Suddenly, I realized that I had entered a parallel reality, and in this parallel, John Lennon had not been murdered. "Where I come from, the reality of earth I live in, he died of gunshot wounds over ten years ago." Looking at me shocked and angry, some of the others thought I was crazy. Not wishing for me to interfere with their plan, they were sick of me using up their time. Wanting us to focus on their cause, they said that they couldn't have done this in any other way.

Two women suddenly grabbed me and took me to the other side of the restaurant. "You are not going to mess this up for us." I started laughing, "Mess this up, I

really care about what you are trying to accomplish, but whatever possessed you to try this technique, I don't understand." "Shut up, it's time for you to die." "Do you realize the message you're sending out? You are asking people to care about other people . . . by killing and hurting others." One woman began yelling and screaming, and the other stopped her. "She'll be very quiet in a moment." "No . . . I won't." I said, looking at them very seriously. "If you shoot this body, it will simply disintegrate and I will manifest a new one. I'm sorry, but because of my purpose here, I will not go away with something as simple as the illusion of a gunshot." They looked at me, grabbed my shirt, and held the gun to my head. I didn't wince or respond. "Do what you gotta do." I said.

Suddenly, she dropped her hands and began to cry. "I don't want this, I really don't. Why does it take something like this to get the attention of the people? Why do you have to go to such extremes for them to notice injustice or cruelty?" "I don't know that answer myself," I said, "I battle uncaring in my own world, my own realm. I cry for injustice, I cry for the environment, I cry for life! But I've learned that battling such uncaring cannot be done by engaging in the tactics of uncaring people." They both calmed, as did the entire group. "But nothing ever changes." "Yes, it does change. Change sometimes comes slowly, but the change you desire can only come from love. You must allow it, you cannot force it. "Well, what do we do now?" They asked. "To be honest with you, I don't know what can be done at this point. You've probably caused a major stir, and violent retaliation is what has been created by your action. I am concerned." With that, they all pulled back and began thinking. What could turn back the tides of time?

Several hours passed and everyone became closer in this hostage drama. Hugging me, the man with the Lennon shirt came to hug me. Very quiet, he had calmed down a great deal since the beginning of the episode. Everyone, hostages and captors, were beginning to hang out together as if nothing had ever happened. Now I was concerned as to how to get this turned around so they wouldn't all be killed by the SWAT team that was currently surrounding the building.

One of the women agreed to go out and talk to the police, asking for an opportunity to release everyone safely. As she walked out the door, I immediately felt that she was in danger. Grabbing the door, I ran out with her acting as a hostage to prevent gunfire. Police were ready to fire, but when they saw me they stopped. Whispering to her, I told her to act as if they were releasing me as a good-faith hostage. Running towards the police, I met with the man in charge. "These people have made a mistake and they know it. They want to let everyone go and release everyone safely. No one is in danger anymore and they really want this to end, their motivation was distorted, that's all." Agreeing to allow me to return into the building, I was given the task of preparing everyone for safe release.

Walking through the building, the hostages had already been gathered for release. But as they began leaving, I felt something was terribly wrong. In the corner of my eye, I noticed someone who wasn't there before, a member of the SWAT team. Glancing around, I saw many more of them. "Oh, my God, NO!" I screamed out, as they began firing at the captors. Bodies lying in a pool of blood, I was crying uncontrollably. Nineteen had been lost.

On the wall before me, Chief Joseph's face

appeared, encompassing its entirety. Compassion was in his eyes as he pulled me outside of the turmoil and into an energy vortex. "Well done." He said. "What do you mean, well done!" They're DEAD!" Joseph interrupted me. "They have finished a program in that realm. However, you did everything within your power. You gave them knowledge about their choice, and then it was up to them to choose. It is the natural order of cause and effect. Violence begets violence. Sometimes, although perceptual alterations occur, the act cannot be turned around." I understood. Grateful that they had changed their perceptions before their death, it's always better to realize truth in our mortal state, than to awaken to it after death. But grief is grief, and I continued to cry. "Go home, now, child. You have done enough for one night."

***"Their faith was shaken severely. So great was their alarm, that many of them, discontinuing their prayer, apostatized their faith. Verily, God caused not this turmoil but to test and prove His servants."***

*The Kitab-I-Iqan, Page 50-51, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

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***"The Divine Physician is keeping you in the hospital of earthly delusion until your disease of desire for material things is cured. Then He will let you go Home."***

*Sayings of Paramahansa Yogananda, Page 70, No. 2, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

Having room for only two people, the horse-driven carriage was small. Open to the elements, we were happy that it was a warm and sunny day. My sister and I had ridden into town to go to the bank. Flirting with a handsome gentleman who held the door for her, she was older than me and could do things lacking in propriety. After she emerged from the bank in this one road town, we headed back to the farmhouse. I was a

teenager.

Black servants were working very hard; a cook in the kitchen, and a frail young woman boiling water for my younger brother's bathtub. Walking by without a word, the door was open. White folks were above such menial tasks in a household such as ours.

Larry, my fiancé, was waiting for me on the front porch. Playing ball with Luke from the farm nearby, they seemed upset about something so I wandered out in the sun to see what could be the matter. Carrying my lacy umbrella, it protected my pearly white skin from sunburn. Down below the hill on the dirt road, a black family was driving an automobile. Immediately, I understood their outrage! Apparently they were the first in these parts to own an automobile and they were BLACK! My insides were ripping me apart with the injustice of such a thing.

My spirit tumbled out of that body, whizzing through time and space into another.

Our escape was only moments away, as our plan had been set into action. We'd been held for a very long time as prisoners because of our religious beliefs. Unwarned of our plan, our captors didn't know what hit them when the gunfire began and the escape was in progress. People were dying all over the place, and for a moment, I looked behind me at the suffering of those who had held me captive. The dead and dying caught my caring for only a moment. It was God I was fighting for, and God wanted them to die!

Ripped and squeezed out of that form, my soul whizzed through time and space into another.

The stout older man looked me in the eye, as his wife had just passed of a horrible illness. We'd just received word that one of his two sons had died in the war this same day, fighting for the Union army during

the Civil War. Promised to their other son in marriage if he returned from the fighting, he'd just signed up for the Rebel forces.

Suddenly, there were two of me. My former self was continuing within the body, while my present self overlapped and observed and felt from my own current vantage point. My present self was concerned as to how this father would handle these two deaths in his family *and* the knowledge that his other son was preparing to fight to preserve slavery for the Rebel forces?

My former self was unconcerned with slavery and its ramifications, it was self-consumed. Tears were running down my future father-in-law's face, "I told him joining the Union army would kill him . . . AND his mother," he said to my present self's astonishment. Realizing that this family supported slavery, and that I was very much a part of it, I also discovered that my former self was not offended by war at all.

The haze began clearing from the intensity of the shooting star that took me back into the present. Chief Joseph looked calmly into my face. "You felt it?" He asked. "Yes, oh yes, I sure did. It was so strange." I replied. "You went back to the parts of you that violated life; you saw and felt through their eyes again, what did you feel?" His question instilled shame within my soul. "Nothing," I replied very softly, "Isn't that horrible? In my mind, I didn't see it as violating life. I saw it as perfectly okay. Isn't that horrible?" Taking my hand, Joseph looked deep into my eyes. "No," he said, "that is very good. Now you are ready." "For what?" I couldn't help but ask. "You felt the separation and the duality, now you will feel the oneness. If you could violate life in those lives without having any conscious awareness of it, is it not possible that there are things you have not seen or fully understood about life in your present, is it

possible you could be violating life now and not be aware of it?" This shocked me to realize the magnitude of what he might be saying. "Yes," I replied, "yes, that is very possible." "Remember, life is greater than you know, its meaning, its significance. You've remembered how easy it is to be ignorant; you don't even have to think about it. There are some things that you've never thought about . . . things you might find horrible if you had."

Interrupting him, I said, "Okay . . . but, I'm confused, I thought this story was going to be about you." Joseph smiled in a knowing manner. "Why, Daniel, I thought we were seeking the pathway together?" My gaze didn't move from his eyes as the meaning of his words penetrated into my soul. "Daniel Pierce, that was me?" "Welcome to remembrance, Daniel, now you are ready."

So, I was the soul of that priest. "Whoa," I thought, as I returned to my body.

***"(Thou wilt make) an end of all that oppress us; and we shall give thanks unto Thy name for ever."***

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, The New Covenant, Page 437, Stanza 4, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Joseph's long black hair was flowing around his neck and shoulders, and a hat shadowed his face. Lighting a peace pipe, he handed it to me. Smoking the aromatic vapors, I became PEACE.

A group of Native American wise men appeared and began singing ancient chants. I'd thought it odd that they did this in my presence, because I was white. "Isn't this disrespectful to the spirits?" I asked. "It is wise to sing," the leader said, "we sing for you today." Not knowing what to say or do, I just listened, as I suddenly noticed a young Indian boy had appeared at Chief

Joseph's side. "The river," he beckoned, "you are going to the river."

Waves thrashed and spun all around me as I had been immediately transported into what could become my watery grave if I wasn't careful. Hurled through the enclosed underground waterway for quite some time, it was very narrow in spots and I'd banged my eye and lip very hard from being hurled against the rock wall.

Emerging in another time and place, the river was open again as I was climbing onto the surface of the bank. My long gray dress was soaked and tattered from my journey, and behind me, I could see there was trouble. Remembering, I saw a group of people lined up against a wall on the other side of the river, inland a ways. A firing squad was about to shoot all of them, but someone had come to help me escape. "Come on," said a man with a deep English accent, "hurry up! We've got to go!" Pulling me from the water, we were running in the wilderness towards a boat. Gunshots were heard in the distance, and I was very confused. Everything had happened so fast, and my present self had no idea who this man was or what was going on. Hearing other footsteps behind me, we were almost there. "Come on! There is no time!" He yelled again loudly. More gunshots rang out, and due to the grace of God, we weren't hit. Moments later we were on the boat as it steamed down river.

As soon as the boat began to move, I passed out cold on the wooden deck. Awaking in a daze to a man's face looking above me; his light brown hair framed the concern in his eyes. "It's you!" I shouted, as I reached to hug him tightly. Taking my hand, he looked into my eyes and didn't say anything; he was just relieved that I was okay.

"Wow!" I said, as I opened my eyes to another

face. Chief Joseph was amused at my return from the past. "That was romantic," I said, "what a rush!" Continuing to smile, he projected almost a sarcastic humor. "What?" I said, defensively, "It *was* romantic!" Interrupting my rampage, Joseph said, "I want you to remember now. You've traversed many lifetimes since the beginning of your journey. You've remembered many pasts." "Yes," I replied, "I have." "Well, tell me if you see a pattern." Pausing a moment to think, I replied, "I saw the pattern of unrequited love, that was obvious." "Do you see another in your many lives of adventures, mercenaries . . . battles of the light and the dark?" He was so serious now; it almost ruined the fun of my little adventure. "Well, I get really excited in those battles." I said. "You even thought it romantic?" Joseph questioned. Pausing to think, I was afraid I might be getting trapped into the truth. "Okay, yeah." "How could this affect you now . . . in your path?" "Well," I mused, "maybe in my relationships . . . or my life in general . . . maybe I have a tendency to get bored with calm . . . peace." "But yet, you say you want peace?" Joseph was inspiring intense thinking within me now. "Yeah, isn't that strange?" "You are turned on by adrenaline, not love." Joseph said. "This is why you are drawn to the dramatic, bored with peace." "My Gosh!" I screamed, "You are right! I get turned on by battling the dark forces on the ground or torrid romances . . . you're right! I do!" Joseph reached the peace pipe to me as I took another smoke. "When you travel the pathway to life," he said, "you begin to alter the energy that surrounds evolution, by that very existence. There are various stages of the evolution of humanity; one stage is the battles that occur on the ground, highly dramatic; and the next stage, energetic alteration, highly peaceful. Now that you are embarking upon this energetic alteration, those parts of

you which still entertain fancies of the dramatic must be prepared to become peaceful. Then the energy works *through* you, rather than *by* you . . . and it happens all the time, whether you are aware of it or not." Somewhat ashamed, I asked, "How do I transform those parts?" Joseph was kind, "First, you become aware that they exist, and then you are able to recognize that which no longer serves your path. Those lingering questions, thoughts, fantasies created in your own mind about what was or could have been . . . are only that. Love is not what you have believed it to be, it is not torrid romance or danger-filled rescues . . . love is patient and kind . . ." Smiling, Joseph disappeared on a wisp of smoke from his pipe.

***"Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous or boastful; it is not arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrong but rejoices in the right. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never ends. As for prophecies, they will pass away; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will pass away. For our knowledge is imperfect and our prophecy is imperfect; but when the perfect comes, the imperfect will pass away. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became a man, I gave up childish ways. For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall understand fully, even as I have been fully understood. So faith, hope, love abide, these three; but the greatest of these is love."***

*The Holy Bible, Revised Standard Version, 1 Corinthians 13: 4-13, (Christianity, Words of Paul)*

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And so it came to pass that Joseph took me aboard a starship to show me the state of the auric field

of the Earth. Showing me the former earth of many moons ago, a triangular grid was surrounding the planet keeping it in balance, energetically. Meshed together, the triangles were in harmony when mankind's thoughts reflected harmony. When the Earth had once been peaceful, the electrical currents of negativity and evil still struck at the field, but were kept in check by the grid. As Joseph showed me the grid that surrounded the Earth now, I began to cry. Everything was a complete electrical distortion, as energy blitzed out in every direction, like thousands of lightning bolts striking all at once. Falling away in one corner of the planet, the triangular part of the grid was dissipating from the energetic imbalances of mankind's thoughts and deeds.

Chief Joseph put his arm around my shoulder. "It is sad," he said. "What has happened?" I asked. "Death to the ways of life, death of the spirit." I nodded. "As life dissipates from those who inhabit a planet, the energy of life can no longer hold on." "Is this our future?" "That all depends." "On what?" "On you . . . on me . . . on every being who walks the Earth." "What can we do?" "Walk the pathway; walk *with* life, not against it. Life will beget a new Earth." The starship was moving towards Mars, and Joseph took my hand. Joining us as we began to fly to Mars, the starship captain listened to the chief.

Floating on the pink energy of the angels, we soared to Venus to gather the white light of love. Returning to Earth, the energetic disturbances were strong and continual, but we took the energy and distributed it amongst the entire auric field of the Earth. Pulling the grid haphazardly into some shape, it was still incomplete but it would give the Earth more time. "You know," Joseph said, "one person really does make a difference. One person who cares amongst an entire planet is all it takes." "What do you mean?" I asked.

"Caring is powerful. If one person . . . one person . . . asks that it be saved . . . prays to the spirit of life, to the Great Spirit, that planet may be saved for that one caring soul. If you care . . . just you . . . that might be enough to pull it off." The light trails were flowing all around us. "Caring brings clarity, and clarity will balance the earth. Then it will shine a radiant blue, green and gold throughout the universe." "Wow, won't that be beautiful?" "It will, it will, my friend."

"Let me show you something." Joseph said, as we entered the starship which was now heading straight into the Earth's energy field. "I want to show you where life, peace and caring still exist." Landing amongst a mountainous region, we walked towards a winding river. Sitting on an old log by the water, I noticed my reflection. "What do you see?" He asked. "Life is everywhere, the trees, the river, the fish . . . Oh!" I was dumbfounded as I noticed a beautiful white-tailed deer striding through the woods. "Oh, how beautiful!" I shouted. "Do you know where we are?" Joseph asked. "No." I replied. "We are in the energetic reality which surrounds the earth, the ether reality that wishes to descend into physical reality." The deer was staring at me. "Who is it?" I said under my breath. "Oh, my God, it isn't!" "Yes, he's free now." (A few days before, I had found a deer that had been ritually sacrificed in the woods. I'd gone to a great deal of trouble to try to get the perpetrators caught, but to no avail, but afterwards focused on the traumatized soul of the animal, freeing him from the bondage of his death.) "Oh, he's so beautiful, how could anyone . . . how could they?" "That is past, look to the now." "Why does he keep looking at me?" "He is grateful." "For what? I was unable to help him." "You cared." Giving me an intentioned glance, the sun caught its eye as it glimmered like a diamond.

Suddenly, he leapt into the wilderness.

"I have something else to show you." Joseph said. I was so busy admiring this beautiful natural world that when I looked up and saw a highway, I was totally taken aback. "How'd that get there?" I asked, almost angry. "We've now entered the physical reality of the place we were." Litter was strewn everywhere, the mountains were covered with electrical poles, highways, houses, smokestacks, but there was one sacred space remaining . . . where we sat. Looking in the water, I noticed my reflection again.

The starship captain walked forward, as Chief Joseph disappeared. "We must go now. Our ship only remains in the energy field of the earth for a short time! Come!" Running to the ship which was now perched on a dusty highway, the eyes of the deer were still piercing my mind. Somehow we had become one, because of our mutual caring. Shuddering momentarily as it rocketed out of the electrical disturbance of the Earth, the starship eventually shot forth.

Mankind bears free will which bears its own cost. Angels can only interfere with the natural results of our thoughts and deeds when given the eternal directive to do so. And this eternal directive is only given to protect the evolutionary programs of souls, or to protect souls from their own ignorance. There does come a time when we are no longer afforded protection, when we are expected to accept the results of our own thoughts and deeds, because as every soul matures, he is required to take on greater responsibility.

And so it came to pass that Chief Joseph and the angels began to teach me of evolution, as it was a part of my purpose to give back some of that which had been given to me.

***"'A man of realization does not perform any miracle***

***until he receives an inward sanction.' Master explained. 'God does not wish the secrets of His creation revealed promiscuously. Also, every individual in the world has an inalienable right to his free will. A saint will not encroach on that independence.'"***

*The Autobiography of a Yogi, Chapter 12, Page 136, Paragraph 5, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Author: Paramahansa Yogananda)*

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Following the sound of a distant drumming, I found Chief Joseph surrounded by a large tribe of Indians. "Graduation requires a rite of passage." Joseph said, as I looked at him quizzically. Beginning to create something in his hands, it was a ball of light. Handing it to me, he said, "This is the medicine, take it with you." "What medicine?" I asked. "You will know." Joseph said, as I was suddenly transported elsewhere.

Having entered a crowded restaurant, a flash of information suddenly came into my soul. I *knew* that, in a moment, a man was going to run into this public place and begin randomly shooting at people, and it was my job to stop it. Panicking, I ran towards the door as the man entered and blocked his gunfire with my body, taking the shots into myself and falling to the ground. The man stopped shooting.

Chief Joseph's voice spoke in my head, "Try again, you'll understand." But the same scene repeated two more times, and I responded in a similar fashion. What made it more difficult was that before each try, I couldn't remember having done it immediately before.

Appearing to me with his peace pipe, Joseph looked at me intensely. Suddenly, I saw them. Their energies were phasing in and out, in and out. Hundreds of them appeared in a circle of energy around me. Chief Joseph continued smoking the pipe. "These are the

Medicine Women from throughout the ages," he said, as one approached me holding a white-fringed native dress, moccasins and a pair of wings. Humble and quiet in her demeanor, she said, "We wish to pass our medicine onto you." Amazingly honored, but also deeply afraid, I replied, "I don't know. I don't know if I even want to be a Medicine Woman. I don't even know what that really means." She was unmoved by my cowardice, "You will know," she said, "receiving the medicine is receiving that knowledge." Hesitating, I didn't say anything more. "Just try one more time, see how you do." Her patience made me feel somewhat ashamed. "Okay," I said, cautiously allowing myself to be drawn into the state of unremembering again.

As the man walked into the room, I looked down in my hands noticing the gift from Chief Joseph. "The ball of light!" I thought loudly. Throwing the ball towards the man's hands, it began to meander through the air because of my pathetic aim, but the power of the medicine quickly swept it up and carried it to its proper destination, knocking the gun out of the man's hand and rendering him unconscious.

Apparently, it is better to alter something without allowing harm to come to your own soul, for this keeps you strong to do God's work, and although my initial approach was successful in the accomplishment of the directive, the purpose of attaining the medicine is to become capable of altering realities without taking on the destructive energies you have come to alter. The destructive energies must be altered, not just redirected.

Joining the Medicine Women in celebration, we were engaging in a ritual designed to assist me in becoming one of them, the Buffalo women. Giving me a garment consisting of a white buckskin pantsuit, two white moccasins, and a pair of white buckskin wings, I

wore it as they danced and rattled all around me. Energies were vortexing, lightning was striking, and energetic particles began merging throughout and within, as my soul became fire, energizing me in the ways of the medicine. Hair turning long and black, the energies were transforming me into a true native. Becoming one with them, a familiar face appeared. Red Jacket sat down peacefully by the fire, smiling in pleasure at this rite of passage achieved. Knowing this to be the fulfillment of the prophecy which foresaw my entry into the lodge of the Buffalo women, I accepted it with humility.

Moments later, I was standing before a statue of an Indian chief which began to give me detailed instructions for an upcoming alteration. My spirit was flown to the scene in an instant.

Whizzing in, I caused a spirit wind strong enough to force the three people in the store to the floor. As they did this, bullets began to spray their building. Remaining on the floor where they might be safe, I applied energetic pressure to a phone in order to call for emergency assistance. An ambulance and the police arrived very quickly.

Dying of a blood disease, the perpetrator of this horrid act had remained very bitter about his shortened life. Hovering inside the ambulance, they had placed him inside, as no one else had been hurt. Hovering to take on an energetic understanding of his state of mind, I learned that he was getting much weaker. Reaching into my pocket, I now had many balls of light within them. Placing them around him on the stretcher, he went into a deep peaceful sleep.

Saying nothing when he came out of his body, I noticed him staring at my image, covered in white robes and light. Smiling, I handed him some energy from my

hands. Imagining light swirling about the room, it did. Looking at it in wonder, he seemed to become calmer. "Everything's going to be okay, isn't it?" He asked. Nodding that he indeed had nothing to fear in death, he gently fell back into his body. Now a peaceful soul, he was grateful that no one had been harmed by his wretched act, and that he had been protected from the deserved consequences of his own wrath.

Chief Joseph was standing amidst the great ocean as he handed me a sacred book. Holding it open, I tried very desperately to absorb all the knowledge contained within it before my time to view it had come to pass. "You hold the medicine now, my friend, do you realize what this means?" Nodding no, Joseph said, "You are no longer Marilynn . . . you are life itself." Turning, he walked quietly atop the waters away into the distance, and then faded from my sight.

And so it came to pass that I began entry into the realms of energetic alteration, but also continued to receive information about others who came into my life on the ground. The information ranged from past-life knowledge, warnings about upcoming events which could be altered if another path was taken, warnings and specific information about the actual energetic alignments of people in their lives, specific spiritual insight into the issues that blocked them, messages from deceased loved ones, etc. Limited only to what the Lord deems to share with me, I would often pray to receive on behalf of others who ask of it, because this light is only given if and when the Lord chooses.

***"If you saw that a man was going to hit another, you could step in front of the intended victim and let the blow fall on you. That is what a great master does. He perceives, in the lives of his devotees, when unfavorable effects of their past bad karma are about to descend on them. If he thinks it wise, he employs a certain***

***metaphysical method by which he transfers to himself the consequences of his disciples errors. The law of cause and effect operates mechanically or mathematically; yogis understand how to switch its currents."***

*Sayings of Paramahansa Yogananda, Page 47, Stanza 2, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

***"It would help much to increase the humility of those who are endeavoring to obtain that virtue, so dear to the heart of God, if they were to present themselves before Him with these sins, as it were, upon them, the sins that God in His Truth sees they would have committed if they had not been prevented by God's watchful Providence, turning them from paths in life that would have been fatal to them, giving special assistance at certain times of danger, and in the numberless other ways by which He shows His care for those who are dear to Him . . . "***

*Devotion for the Dying, Mary's Call to Her Loving Children, Page 175, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Mother Mary Potter*)

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"In order to understand life," Chief Joseph said, "we must first understand death."

Soaring to another lifetime, I was working in an old frontier bank. Only moments passed before a bomb exploded, killing me instantly. As I lay in death, Chief Joseph whispered, "Dead man's might . . . and the light spread." Another light came and suddenly I was aboard an old ship during a massive sea storm. Preparing to sink, we had only minutes to live before the water reached the ceiling below deck. Our last breaths filled our watery grave. Surprised at how quick and painless these deaths were, Chief Joseph whispered into my ear again, "Life manages, life slates, from on and on into

eternity." "Amen." I added. Reflecting on these moments and how I no longer felt anything, I asked, "Death is no longer *feeling*?" "Exactly," he said, "Vitality is life. Numbness is death. When you no longer *feel*, you are dead."

***"It is not death, but a bad life, which destroys the soul."***

*The Pythagorean Sourcebook, Select Sentences of Sextus the Pythagorean, No. 91, (Mystery Religions, Pythagorean)*

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And so it came to pass that Chief Joseph taught me the mysteries of evolution as we sat at his fire smoking the pipe of peace, a little bit of which I share with you now. "If what is, is; then what is not, is not. In the kaleidoscope of creation, what is continually expands and changes. What is depends entirely upon the point of now in which you peer through. What is, in this now, is. But what was, in another now, no longer remains, unless you separate that point in time."

"Evolution is like a bit of tobacco. If you light a flame to the tobacco, it catches fire. In moments, smoke will begin to rise, curling into the air, parts dissipating and parts becoming. Creation is the flame, for it is the fire of love which forever changes everything it touches. Tobacco will remain tobacco indefinitely unless something changes. But if it is touched by the flame, it will no longer be tobacco. Transformed by the flame into a completely different substance, it becomes ash. Life is transformed by the flame of love, just like the tobacco is transformed by the fire; nothing remains of what once was. What is . . . is no more. What is holds the memory of what was, but no longer is what was."

"If in one moment, lies all eternity; then all time, holds all things. Time is like a kaleidoscope. If you were to place a blue bead in a kaleidoscope which had only

red, yellow, white and green beads within it, you could watch the transformation of a piece of God. A singular bead is a moment in time; perhaps a lifetime, a fragment of a soul. All the beads together represent all lifetimes and all life. Looking through the kaleidoscope, you will notice that with every movement of your hand, the images will constantly change unless you stop applying the movement. Appearing as a star at one moment, it's a triangle the next. If there is only one blue bead in your kaleidoscope, you will notice that it continually moves and changes according to the movement of the entire creation. The image never remains the same, it no longer is, what was, but yet, all the separate parts which create it remain the same. Creation can be seen in this manner. All moments exist as one, yet are continually altered by that which we become in the current point of now. Every piece remains essentially the same, yet is completely transformed by that which we become in the present."

***"Although (the consciousness) appears in other ways, its nature remains the same as before and is permanent . . . Consciousness appears in other ways, and although the (different modes) are not true, (their nature) is one and true . . . It is the nature of merely being conscious that is one and true."***

*A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Chapter IX, Part II, Page 155, Stanza 3, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Shantideva)*

"Let us return to the tobacco seed. What we are as humanity, can either energize or de-energize evolution. All begins with the tiny seed of life which God entrusts to every one of us. Imagine a small seed of tobacco which represents your portion in God's plan for humanity. As you place this seed upon the earth, you know that each part of humanity has a choice of what they will do with their own seed. Some will grow into vibrant and healthy plants, while other's seeds will

wither into nothing, ceasing to grow . . . death. If you give your seed the water of life, the living water of the eternal, the seed has the potential to blossom into a beautiful plant . . . or it may wither into nothing, but you water this seed because you know that this water gives it the *potential* to grow. If you give it nothing, we know for a certainty that it will die. The water is caring. A world that has thrived on old ways needs to be watered regularly to grow. But you must also understand that what is . . . is. Humanity is still a seed, but what is, is never a constant, as it is always changing."

***"Note the unfolding order in the growth of a tree from seed to new seed; reflect on the continuous effort in all stages after self-propagation . . . Furthermore, if you can think spiritually enough, you will see that this energy does not come from the seed, nor from the sun of the world, which is only fire, but is in the seed from God the Creator . . . and is from Him not only at the moment of creation, but ever after, too."***

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

"Understanding this, we must take the knowledge of evolution even farther. Evolution comes in phases, not all at once. What is now, is now, and what will be, is not now. Evolution takes place when the seed recognizes what is, and allows life to direct its course in a pattern of becoming. Individually, we energize evolution by becoming, and this comes about from an understanding of cause and effect and personal responsibility."

"Every realm has its own laws of cause and effect. You know that if you jump off a mountain in your astral body, you will fly. But if you do the same thing in your physical body, you will fall to the ground and be crushed to death. This is cause and effect. Because humanity is a

karmic species, they tend to constantly run into one another and bump off of each other's programs. Karma tends to invade other programs in search of the missing part of itself which resides with God. Because the Earth is a karmic realm, most human souls operate in karmic desire, which has many varying manifestations of selfishness. Karmic souls live primarily off of the energies of others, although there is some self-generation present."

"An eternal soul does not have the same need, which is why they thrive in aloneness and silence, and have a wish to be unseen. An eternal soul lives from the light within, and the knowledge of oneness, not from the energies of others."

"Because of the deluded state of karmic programs, those involved in them often do not recognize the cause and effect of their actions, and feel they are victim to circumstance and bad luck. But the reality remains, if you follow the ways of gluttony, you may get fat and unhealthy; if you follow the ways of lust, you may have children out of wedlock, be victim to a number of diseases, suffer from frequent heartaches, and never find true love; if you follow the ways of greed, you may or may not have many things in life, but you may never find meaning or peace of soul; if you are prideful, you may be blind to your own corruption, perceive yourself above others, and ignorant to the ways of the spirit; if you follow the ways of sloth, you shall never achieve anything of significance on the ground, or up above; if you follow the ways of vanity, you may be compulsory in your need for attention, and your soul shall be marred by the self-gratification it craves, unable to see the true need's of other soul's, unable to give love or receive it in a true sense; and if you follow the ways of avarice, which is unforgiving and hateful, you shall also be unforgiven

and hated. Worst of all, if you follow any of these ways, you may never truly know God."

***"When a target is set, arrows are shot at it, when a woods is luxuriant, axes are taken to it. It is not that they beckon it, but it happens as the result of the situation."***

*Wen-Tzu, No. 94, Page 86, Paragraph 5, (Buddhism, Taoism, Words of Lao Tsu)*

Chief Joseph also taught that our intention is just as important as our action. "The energetic truth behind all that we do determines the validity of an interaction, not simply moral reasoning. We are protected for a time when we are ignorant from the true effects of some of our own causes, but after a certain point, we will no longer be afforded protection and the full magnitude of our causes will become effects."

Chief Joseph's face became very dreamy as I began to remember the harm I had done to others. Deeply ashamed, Joseph wanted me to feel this, but he was compassionate, "Remember the energetic truth; it determines the validity of all interaction. You were protected as you followed your karmic path, your own destiny protected you, but if you were to engage in such acts now, you would not be protected. Because your destiny protected you, you have attained knowledge, and your actions actually energized your path." Knowing this did not lessen my remorse, for it is through remorse and repentance that humility is birthed. Sincere ignorance is understood, even compassionately, but *chosen* darkness is not tolerated by the Lord.

"They will come in five winds," Chief Joseph said, as he disappeared.

***"And the wickedness of a Soul is ignorance; for the Soul that knows nothing of the things that are, neither the Nature of them, nor that which is good, but is blinded, rusheth and dasheth against the bodily passions; and***

***unhappy as it is, and not knowing itself, it serveth strange bodies and evil ones, carrying the Body as a burden, and not ruling but ruled: And this is the mischief of the Soul."***

*The Divine Pymander of Hermes, Fourth Book, No. 27, (Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Hermes)*

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Beginning to teach me how to manifest in and out of realities, we began to fulfill the prophecy of Toam. "You have learned that what is . . . is. And you have crossed into the understanding of personal responsibility. Now you are ready to undertake the threshold of energetic responsibility." Pausing, I didn't yet understand him. "When you are given the gift of knowledge, you must then take responsibility for alteration of energy throughout your realm." "Wow," I said, "that sounds intense." "It is a great gift." Joseph said. "When it is given, you will be tested, not just once, but continually. What you choose to use this gift for, will determine whether it remains." "Okay, I'm ready." I said. Joseph conveyed to me that the medicine was already my own, and that now I must use it to shift, alter and energize life in our realm. "But . . ." I asked. "It's the next phase, Marilynn. That means you don't know it, yet."

***"It often happens that we pray God to deliver us from some dangerous temptation, and yet God does not hear us but permits the temptation to continue troubling us. In such a case, let us understand that God permits even this for our greater good. When a soul in temptation recommends itself to God, and by His aid resists, O how it then advances in perfection."***

*The Voice of the Saints, In Temptation, Page 68-69, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Alphonsus Liguori)*

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Quietly lighting his pipe, Chief Joseph returned.

"Very few incarnate beings act purely in conjunction with the spirit," he said, "to do so requires a surrender of their own will to a Greater One, but it is only by this that true power is achieved." Handing me the pipe, he began showing me images of all I'd seen throughout my journey to date. "It's so beautiful," I replied, "I'm so blessed and so grateful. To think how many people would *die* to see what I've seen." Chief Joseph looked very serious. "To think how many people *have t*o die, to see what you've seen." "What do you mean?" I asked. "People do not reach for it, until they die. They do not think of it, until they die. And many who do are not willing to become energetically responsible, to give up their existence as a glorified part, and become a part of the one." Intrigued, I asked, "But why, why is that Joseph?"

Becoming very upset, his face showed an intensity of emotion I'd never seen in him before, as his eyebrows wrinkled in worry. "Because they refuse to *see*, they refuse to *reach*, they refuse to *change*, and most of all, they refuse to *care*! They do not recognize that which has value, it has to be given to them in such a way that precludes their own discernment." Pausing, he looked at me as I absorbed the deep impact of that truth. Beginning to lighten, he said, "This is why those of you who are willing to see, reach, change and care become so important. You are the ones who take on the energetic responsibility for your world, altering those things that could destroy it if there hadn't been intervention. You know that your significance lies in conjunction with your spirit, and you realize that the knowledge of your many selves is meaningless if it is not linked with higher knowledge. Reaching to the Great Spirit requires pure intention, otherwise it means nothing."

Looking off into a magnificent sunset that had

just begun, Chief Joseph took another smoke from his pipe. "Today is a wonderful day!" He almost shouted, to my confused look. "Wonderful?" I replied, "It sounds so very sad. So many people will die without knowing the truth, without caring, without becoming even a tiny part of their highest potential." Smiling, Joseph quietly said, "But not you." A small tear fell from the corner of my eyes, as I was so grateful for all I'd been shown, all I'd learned. "Today we bring home one of our own," Joseph said, "take the pipe, it is yours."

Handing me the sacred pipe, I was stunned. But as it touched my hands, the energies all around me began to stir, phasing in and out. Appearing and disappearing with the energies, the Medicine Women who had initiated me into their fold were appearing and disappearing with the energies. Hair becoming long and black, my white buckskin dress felt good, pure, energized and lively. Becoming fully native, fully Indian, I suddenly became one with them . . . and I was gone.

***"When the superior man hears the Way, he is scarcely able to put it into practice. When the middling man hears the Way, he appears now to preserve it, now to lose it. When the inferior man hears the Way, he laughs at it loudly. If he did not laugh, it would not be fit to be the Way."***

*Tao Te Ching, No. 3, Stanza 1, (Buddhism, Taoism, Words of Lao Tsu, Translation: Victor Mair*)

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As all things occur in an energetic realm before they hit the ground, this is where the Lord's warriors go to assist in the five winds of alteration which are undertaken by guardian angels, eternal warriors, and various souls who work for the Lord. Five winds of alteration take place: 1) Alteration of perception, 2) Alteration of the outcome of a physical event, 3) Removal

of dark energies around souls, 4) Removal of evil spirits or demons around souls, 5) Rendering benign or de-energizing demons that are incarnate in human form. Beginning with the first wind, my first mission involved the alteration of perception.

Appearing in energy form, I had awakened in a mountain hold with six other astral spirits who were my students. Two women were walking in the woods, and I immediately knew that they were going to be killed by a group of people who were angry because the women were planning to terminate their pregnancies. Attempting to take charge, a couple of men in the alteration group were unaware that they didn't have eternal permission to do so. "We'll wait behind those bushes for the killers, and then we'll kill them before they kill the women." Surprised by their arrogance, I quietly said, "We will not."

Although they were perceiving an actual physical death, in alteration the term 'kill' actually means a fatal blow to the energetic field of the perpetrator, de-energizing their physical ability to perform a particular destructive action, rendering benign the energy behind the destructive source.

"We will not," I repeated, "we will go to the group in the woods and take a bigger risk for a better alteration." Confused but obedient, I hid my own fears as I walked forward while the trainees stayed behind. One of the men spoke up as I approached the group, "But what are you going to say?" "I don't know," I honestly replied, "I just go with guidance, I don't act on my own accord."

Walking forward into the group of about fifteen people, the leader approached me immediately. As he had given a flower to each member of his group, he handed one to me. Taking their flowers, the others had

started a bonfire, but I held mine to my heart. "Who are you?" He asked. Smiling at him, I said nothing. Two women approached; the potential victims in a well-planned murder. As violence began to erupt, I lifted my hands, sending a lighted beam all around the group suspending them in time. They couldn't have moved if they tried . . . but no one tried. Recognizing that this was a force outside of their control, they surrendered.

Walking towards the two victims, I held their hands and led them to talk to the others about their lives, their pregnancies, and their fears; and as I allowed the lighted beam to lift, the violent feelings had been completely de-energized. Replaced by sincere interest, caring and love, the formerly hateful group emerged with a sincere desire to help these women find other options. I was gone.

***"When we believe that ours is the only faith that contains the truth, violence and suffering will surely be the result."***

*Living Buddha, Living Christ, Chapter 1, Page 2, Paragraph 1, (Buddhism, Author: Thich Naht Hahn*)

***"The angels, however, also have the power to function in a supernormal fashion within their own normal areas of activity. They then act with more strength and force than is required for the natural order. This occurs when they act to bring about miracles and wonders in the world, according to God's will."***

*The Way of God, Part III, Chapter 2, No. 7, Paragraph 4, Page 197, (Judaism, Author: Rabbi Moshe Chayim Luzzatto)*

Alone in an energetic void, I awaited my next mission only to be surprised by the arrival of one of the young men who had initially tried to take charge of my first operation. No longer confrontational, he was very nervous, and kept looking around. "Who are you looking for?" I asked. "The others in the group," he said, "I can't do this alone." Smiling, I took his hand. "The

spirit path can only be taken alone. We all want to bring somebody with us, hoping their presence will give us the support we need to move on. But it is only in our aloneness that the spirit path appears to us."

Taking a guitar off his shoulder that had been bound by a strap, he asked, "But how can I leave them?" His concern was a common one. "You cannot bring somebody from the outside in, if you try, you will fail. The spirit path is within; all that is without cannot go there." "How can I go there?" He asked. "Live your life according to caring, do not become self-righteous, but seek to become the highest ideal within yourself. *Be* the light, but do not be afraid of the darkness. Allow things to be altered *through* you, rather than *by* you. And never exalt yourself above the human race, because it is only by being fully human *and* fully spirit that you may serve and ultimately give humanity a higher definition." Face filling with wonder, he reached to hug me before he would be gone. Disappearing into the ether, I saw a single tear fall from his eyes. "Today is a wonderful day!" I shouted to him, as he disappeared.

Chief Joseph's face gleamed brightly in the sky as suddenly the pipe he had given to me appeared in my hand. Blowing upon it a single breath so that it would light, I took a smoke. Joseph began singing and making hand signals. Forming a teepee with his hands, he then clasped his hands together. Knowing that the first sign meant 'teepee' or 'home,' the second meant to 'come together.' Inviting me to join him at his lodge, I reflected upon this great man's earthly life. Chief Joseph died on September 21, 1904 while sitting next to the fire in his lodge. Spending his life fighting for justice, many say he died of a broken heart, broken by the unkept promises and violence perpetuated upon his people.

Heinmetooyalakekt, his Indian name has been

translated as 'Thunder Rolling in the Mountains.' As he began to disappear from my view, he told me the correct translation, 'Thunder Traveling to Loftier Heights.' Then he was gone.

***"You, O religious souls who live in the prison chosen by Love, often deemed useless and even dangerous in the eyes of the world, have no fear; in your solitude and moments of stress, let the world rant against you . . . only join your heart yet closer to God, the one object of your affections, and do all you can to repair for the sins and the outrages of mankind."***

*The Way of Divine Love, Page 272, Paragraph 2, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ, Author: Sister Josefa Menendez)*

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***"Know ye, O man, that all of the future is an open book to him who can read. All effect shall bring forth its causes, as all effects grew from the first cause. Know ye, the future is not fixed or stable, but varies as cause brings forth an effect. Look in the cause thou shalt bring into being, and surely thou shalt see that all is effect."***

*The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean, Tablet XII, Page 65, Paragraph 2, (Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Thoth)*

Chief Joseph stood before me for only a moment. "Remember the bright white light," he said, as I thought of the gift of the medicine, "you must give back that which has been taken. Restore that which has been lost." Pausing for a moment, he began to slowly dissipate, "You must return to the mountains in the sky and learn from the Old Ones." Then he was gone.

***"This day is salvation come to this house . . . for the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."***

*King James Bible, New Testament, Luke 19:9-10,*

*(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

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Venturing upon an ancient time, my long tattered dress seemed a burden to me within these prison walls. Almost full-term, my pregnancy remained a sign of the rape that had occurred at the hands of the native men who'd captured me many months ago. Standing before the Chief, who was angry and burdened by what this young brave had done, the rapist with bushy hair wore nothing but a loincloth. A very honorable man, the Chief had charge over these cave dwellers, but his hair was long, black and straight, unlike the others.

In the center of the cave was a fire-pit holding red-hot burning rocks. Now that the two stood before each other in confrontation, the rapist took a burning rock and began searing his own skin upon his chest, making three horizontal lines which bled profusely. Somehow a sign of bravery, he began to laugh with an evil tone as he tossed the still raging and fiery rock to the Chief. In his mind, there was no way the Chief could top this sign he had made.

Surprising us all, however, the Chief caught the rock in his bare hands as its solidity became more and more fragile. Reaching it to his mouth, he bit into it as blood began pouring out into his hands. This was a very powerful symbol, one that surprised the younger native, and showed superior strength. "I will take your heart out!" the Chief said.

The strongest words an eternal alterer may utter, 'taking someone's heart out' means that they will be made to look upon it, and to truly *feel* all the pain they have inflicted upon others, thus, coming to the receptive end of their own defilement. There is no greater suffering than this.

***"He also saw a skull floating on the water; he said to***

***it: 'Because you drowned others, they drowned you; and those who drowned you will be drowned eventually."***

*The Siddur, Minchah for Sabbath, Page 553, No. 7, (Judaism)*

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Fire was raging all around us, as I hovered with the angels over the Earth. A section on the planet earth was bursting with darkness, and although I didn't immediately understand what was happening, I assisted the angels in energizing a destruct/construct operation in the area. A large city was completely on fire and the angels . . . were energizing the action. But simultaneously, the angels were energizing a 'construct' to fill the voided space once the dark destructive energy had depleted itself; an angelic realm to reside above the city.

Sadly, we knew that in order to construct something higher, we had to be willing to allow the destruction of the lower. But destructs of this magnitude were rare, and proper respect for the magnitude of this action was vital to carrying it out successfully.

Two days after this experience, the L.A. riots broke out over the city of angels, the city of the alteration. Fires, looting and murder abounded for days, but afterwards, the people began to work together to clean up the horrible remains of this expulsion of the dark energies. Now it would be up to them to guardian their thoughts and deeds, to energize the higher construct which remained only as a potential; a hoped for reality.

Light energy is energized action and provides construction, whereas, dark energy is de-energized action and provides destruction. Light energy goes towards life, creates and serves dominion. Dark energy goes away from life, towards death, destroys, and serves domination. Light energy is energized and, therefore,

provides for itself, whereas, dark energy is de-energized and, therefore, is parasitic of others.

Energy magnetically draws its like to itself, and thus, when dark energy is expressed - either through thought or action - it begins to magnetically draw similar energies towards itself.

Over time this energy can form clouds of darkness requiring destruct operations, which are required to actually energize the depletion of increasingly harmful or dangerous mass retain. By depleting its energy, it deactivates future potential destructive capabilities and makes room for new constructive action.

Dark energies consume and destroy until they are expunged and depleted, because dark energy is continuously destructive at random. Destruct operations energize a high level of destruction to occur within a short period of time to completely deplete the energetic cloud. A construct action follows because it places the potential within the etheric atmosphere for souls to be turned towards the light.

Clouds of energy like these are created by the mass thoughts and deeds of humanity. Because man has free will, they are given the freedom to choose between darkness and light. Because of the nature of mortal realms, that of karmic circling, almost everyone incarnate soul is circulating his own specialized delusions, which are, in essence, dark. Delusion is darkness, although there are many levels of darkness upon which delusion can take form. God limits the scope of the chaos through his angels, who enter into the world to alter and change energies, thoughts, actions or deeds which would be destructive to individual or mass programs. Doing this for our own protection, without it, many of us would die premature deaths and never learn

anything.

Various levels of understanding exist in mortal realms, the lowest being evil which are turned on by power and domination and enjoy causing serious harm to others. Dominant darkness is controlled by vice, and chooses darkness consciously, usually by rationalizing bad acts as good, and it perceives *true* goodness as naive and inferior. Ignorance, on the other hand, wants to do what is right, but rarely does so because it is controlled by karmic delusions.

Because all who are incarnate have unseen karmic defilement, much of what happens to us can seem unfair or unjust, when if seen through the eyes of clarity, it is quite easily discernible as karmic retribution. But there are also things which occur simply because men have free will. No great eternal purpose may underlie a grievous action, and it may simply be a tragic act of evil. Because the mortal realms are dominated by the battles between good and evil, good does not always win. Everybody can help this situation by looking closely at what they truly generate on the ground.

***"The adviser says to him, 'If you see those whom you know personally, as well as other travelers, be they men or women, tell them that there are many poisons and evils on that path which can cause them to lose their very nature and life. Do not let them seek their own deaths."***

*Sutra of the Past Vows of Earth Store Bodhisattva, Chapter 8, Page 182, Paragraph 2, (Buddhism, Pure Land)*

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Sand blowing across the desert, my spirit manifested in a dank political prison somewhere in the Middle East. Thirty new prisoners had arrived, and I was immediately made aware of my assignment. If it were not accomplished very quickly, this reality could not be turned back, and all these souls would suffer and

die in this truly God forsaken place.

Naked men and women laid in their own feces, roaches and rats crawling all over them. Aching, my heart had never been witness to such torture. Manifesting as a woman who'd just arrived, we had not yet been put in the cages with the other prisoners. Distracting the guards by being loud and obnoxious, the eternal gave the command to the others to use this distraction to make an escape attempt. Hesitant to do so, they feared they would leave me behind; but as I urged them on, they ran for it. Guards attempted to run after them, but I lunged forward using my body as a shield to trip them.

Leading to my capture, I was brought back to a torture chamber where they put me on a rack and beheaded me. They hadn't realized that this was an energetic reality, so I just put my head back on. Staring at me in confusion and fear, I looked at them coldly. "I will take your heart out," I said. As the words came from my mouth, they all began grasping their own necks, screaming in terror and pain.

Returning to form, there had been nothing left to say as the eternal command had come. Chief Joseph appeared before me, "I am very happy with your efforts!" "Everything is so complex!" I replied, "I feel overwhelmed, there is so much darkness that must be altered!" In his eyes, I could see that he understood, as a concerned tear fell down his cheek. For a moment, I couldn't help but wonder if he was reflecting upon his own people, and what had been done to them. Reaching to touch his hand, he smiled and disappeared.

***"Great are Your deeds and mighty, humbling the haughty and straightening the bent; even if man lived thousands of years, he could not fathom the extent of your powerful deeds . . . God to Whom belongs honor and greatness, save Your sheep from the mouth of lions,***

***and bring Your people out from the nation of its exile . . . "***

*The Siddur, Sabbath Evening Meal, Page 367, Stanza 2-4, (Judaism)*

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The hostage situation was out of hand when I arrived, as the perpetrators were enraged. One woman had already been killed and a black man had been stabbed in the leg before I'd even gotten there. As I manifested into the potential future, I was immediately targeted for violence because I'd appeared on behalf of the light. Leading this band of angry people were those who served darkness, but those who followed their violent ways were suffering from karmic delusion and ignorance and they were misled.

As I'd already energized the seeds to end this hostage crisis, the leaders wanted to kill me. Holding a knife to my throat, the man who served utter darkness was losing favor with his followers who were uncomfortable with the violence they had seen perpetrated. But they didn't have the courage to stand up to this very dangerous man. Making a stand against racism, the perpetrators were black people who were angry at the white race due to injustices committed against their own. This type of focus, looking at a group of people rather than individual dark thrusts, always leads to the corruption of intent.

An innocent bystander, Hank, had just been stabbed in the leg during the raucous, and he was a young black man. "Well," I said, "since you intend to kill me anyway, why don't you give me a minute to let you know who you are killing." Scoffing, the leader didn't want to listen, but the others immediately agreed. "I am you," I said, "and you are me. My life has been dedicated to the quest for the truth, and towards the evolution of

myself and humanity to create a world where domination doesn't exist." Beginning to calm themselves, I showed them my hands. "What you see is not what you get, you see white, just as those who have violated you have only seen black. But is that really who you are, is that really who I am?"

Using the medicine, I began to resonate light all around my body. Beginning to change form, I appeared in the form of my many lifetimes; all races, all sexes, all species of the animal kingdom, and then I became a tree. Suddenly, I heard Hank cry out . . . "Please help me!"

Running to him, we all dropped what we had been previously doing to assist him as he was going into shock from the bleeding and it appeared he might die. Holding him towards me, blood was everywhere. "You are my brother," I said to him, "do you remember me?" His glazed eyes didn't recognize anything at this point. Beginning to cry, I knew that he was going to need help in crossing over. Surrounding him in light to hopefully suspend the shock, I began preparing him for death. "Hank, you are going to see a light," I said, still attempting healing in hope that it would not be too late, "follow that light! You're going to see some lighted beings who reach to you . . . take their hands, Hank." He began to twitch. "You are going to feel a vibration in your body as you separate. It may feel almost like pulling off a band-aid, real fast. Remember how it's easier to pull off a band-aid fast than to do it slowly? This is the same." I felt his soul's release.

But just then, the alteration medics finally arrived; and in moments, they'd brought him back. Hank had seen the light, and he'd touched the unconditional love of God. "Thank you," he said quietly, looking at me with a deep recognition. "I . . ." Pausing in his weakness, he looked upon my face. "I do!" he said. A

medic turned to me, "Your light work was very effective in holding the shock in check." I thanked him. "I remember you." Hank said. "You're my brother. I hope we'll be friends forever." "We already are." Happy that he'd remembered me, we had indeed been brothers in several lifetimes.

***"In all space there is only ONE wisdom, though seeming divided, it is ONE in the ONE. All that exists comes forth from the LIGHT, and the LIGHT comes forth from the ALL."***

*The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean, Tablet VII, Page 39, Paragraph 6, (Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Thoth)*

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And so it came to pass that American soldiers who had died in World War II War appeared before me. "Sometimes you've got to have the courage to stand," they said. Understanding that they had given their lives to conquer an evil incarnation (Hitler), they'd prevented pure evil from taking dominance over the Earth. Bowing to them, I acknowledged their honorable and brave sacrifice on behalf of the light. They disappeared.

Standing before a headstone bearing the name of 'Adolf Hitler' in the deserts of Iraq, Saddam Hussein stood aside it as a voice from the heavens explained that he was the reincarnation of this evil soul and bore the same intentions to rule the world with absolute evil. People of the light would be tested again, to see if they had learned that you cannot allow evil to reign at any level, it must be stopped. Many of the Nazi S.S. officers had also reincarnated into the strange group of people who emerged later in our century, the skin-heads and neo-nazi hate groups who again perpetuated the evil delusion of white supremacy.

Lighted people often operate through naiveté because they don't understand the mechanism of true

evil. Believing that everyone has right to their own view, they do not discern between dark and light thinking. Eternal law states an entirely different supposition, 'The moment you violate another's life, you immediately rescind the right to your own.' Because many souls violate life without intention or through ignorance, God sends angels and guides to protect us from what we may truly deserve. But true evil violates life with evil intent because it carries within it absolutely no compassion or empathy, it has not yet cultivated these traits and it sees only its own survival and need. Evil is predatory and cannot be tolerated, it must be *stopped*.

There are times when you *must* have the courage to *stand*.

***"Pythagorus said that, 'Those who do not punish bad men are really wishing that good men be injured."***

*The Pythagorean Sourcebook and Library, Select Pythagorean Sentences, No. 166, (Mystery Religions, Pythagorean)*

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Something was amiss amidst this alteration, and I immediately knew it. Andy and I had come together, although he was sub-conscious. Hiding behind a car on the streets of a large city, another car had wrecked into a fence in this parking lot. Telling Andy that we needed to tune into what was happening before proceeding, but he chose not to listen and walked out from behind our protective barrier proceeding towards some hotel rooms.

Waving a rifle around and obviously on drugs, a man who was so out of it that he didn't realize the danger he represented, was blithering in his stupor. Using the medicine, I shot a light beam towards Andy and pulled him back behind the barrier. Preparing a lighted wall of protection to contain us, I then placed a circle of light around the entire reality to keep everyone out of the dangerous perimeter. Instructing us to wait for him to

come out, the eternal directive came telling us to allow him to come down from the drugs and pass out. Sending a time-coded message to the police through the emergency phone system, I arranged for them to arrive just as he passed out. Taking him away at the correct time, it was hoped that he would get help and alter himself back towards the light.

Because nobody had been in the immediate area when he did this, this man was very lucky. If there had been other programs threatened, the results would have been very different, because he would have automatically rescinded the right to his life by being a threat to the lives of others. Having a chance to awaken the next morning, he could realize what he had done and make a change.

Pulled from the scene and hovering over my bed, Chief Joseph appeared. Handing me several Indian dolls, he said, "These are gifts from the Old Ones, Waki." Never having called me this before, it became a nickname for me, and I found that its meaning was hidden in the Hopi language, 'Place of Shelter.' Beginning to sing medicine songs, the music of the dolls entered within me, and as I hovered over Andy, Chief Joseph began energetically altering him. Chanting prayers above him, Andy began speaking a native tongue. Joseph was like a mirage in the night, appearing and disappearing as he sang, smoking a pipe and disappearing into the ether.

***"O Kali Primordial, from Thy hand of creative power issue the vibrations of Aum, materializing in an inexhaustible, bewildering, and wondrous variety of finite forms. Another hand holds the astral sword of preservation, keeping guard over planetary rhythms and balances . . . Thy fourth hand stills the storm of delusion and bestows on devotees Thy rays of salvation."***

*Whispers from Eternity, Page 178-179, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

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# CHAPTER THREE
## Origin of the Concept of the Devil, Star Map, Angel Implants Device to Discern Energetic Truth, Understanding Falsehood and Darkness, Understanding Phases of Knowledge, More Energetic Alterations and Spiritual Warfare, Re-Energizing Station, Court of Herbethius, The Tribunal.

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Returning to take me on another quest, the interstellar beings upset me with their words. "We are here to take you directly into the energy that people call Satan," they said, as I hesitated, "You must KNOW it, to become capable of changing it, you must walk directly into darkness in order to seed its ascension." Cringing, I said, "I must be fearless." "You must recognize your function," they replied, "and that is to go where there is ignorance, where there is darkness, where there is hatred, where there is illusion . . . and show them reality."

Stepping onto the spaceship, we soared back to the time of the ancient mariners who were on a very perilous journey. Seeking a mythical creature, the old wooden ship was small in comparison to what the stories had said of this beast's size. Tales had been told of the sea monsters that literally ate humans and their boats in one single bite, the people greatly feared him because they believed that he took his victims to the great underworld.

Observing my fellow humans with interest, I was very surprised when we actually saw the huge creature emerging from the depths. Although in myth and legend he was portrayed as reptilian, he was actually formed out of a green jelly-like substance with blisters and warts on his skin. Awestruck by his size and

serpent-like appearance, the sea creature didn't appear hungry.

Listening to the words of those around me, they said, "It is the vengeance of God! To be chosen by this creature must surely mean damnation." A man came running towards me in a panic. "Surely, we have sinned! We will be taken to the depths of the sea, under the world, if we do not repent. The Gods are angry with us!" Pulling me from the ship, the interstellar beings conveyed that mankind's views of hell and the dark side had originated in myth, and the realities of it were yet to be known.

***"One of the manitos is a spirit of ill will, who creates serpents and sea monsters, flies, and mosquitoes. The forces hostile to humans were often symbolized in Lenape myths and stories by horned water snakes and water in general."***

*The Red Record, Book I: Verses 9 through 15, Page 55, Paragraph 4, (Tribal, Lenape)*

Suddenly standing amidst a desert, an ancient circular stone star map was laid out on a rock before me. Looking somewhat like a shield, I picked it up and began hearing the songs of melodious angels. In a moment, a huge and beautiful angel appeared before me dressed in blue and white with large, feathery and soft wings. Touching my shoulder, she smiled. "When you can hear me singing, I can come to you." Placing her ear next to mine, she said, "Do you hear that?" A vibrating tone emanated from her ears. "Yes," I said, pulling back. "It's okay," she responded, as suddenly an etheric circular star map appeared before me in the air. Continuing the tone as the odd configuration of stars manifested before me, the map contained detailed knowledge of all Universes and realms. Making it clear that the detailed information within the map was for me alone, I was given permission to share the basic structure of it which

was encompassed in the 'Universal Sphere of Realms.'

"The tone has been implanted," she said, "the tone warns you of deception and untruth." "Thank you," I said, as I began to feel catatonic. Falling to the ground, I stared at the swirling star patterns no longer able to move or respond.

Shooting through time, I appeared at a gathering in the eighteenth century. Voice singing wildly in my head, the angel remained with me, but I was the only one who could see her. In the front of the room, people were discussing the problem of the Indians calling them heathens and savages. Anything they couldn't understand, they attributed to Satan. A vial of holy water was being passed around the room in order to purify themselves from evil presence of the natives. As the tone began ringing wildly in my head, I didn't partake of their vial, but took the angel's hand and left.

Spinning above me as the white mists became our path of flight, the swirling cosmic vortex led us whirling, swirling and spiraling in the encompassing etheric mass.

And then a hideous face stood before me. Wearing the garb of an ancient soldier, his uniform was red and had many buttons and two brush-like attachments on his shoulders. Handing me a cross, I immediately fell sick to my stomach as it was not an ordinary cross. Upon it were the skins of all the people who had died in the name of Christ. Appalled, I intensely sought the knowledge within as the tone began ringing incessantly. Christ's name had been used to perpetrate all forms of evil upon the Earth, and its sacredness had been tarnished and violated. Remembering the shackles upon Christ's spirit and the torture in his eyes, I began to cry softly.

As the soldier disappeared, another person came out of the ether wearing a ceramic head. "Don't you

know me?" she asked, with genuine concern upon her face. "No," I replied, "I cannot know who you truly are until you remove your false face. Take off the ceramic head." She refused. "I'm hurt. If only you knew who I was, you'd feel foolish for not recognizing me." For a moment, I did feel foolish, but then the tone began ringing. "If you were who you purport to be, you would not come to me wearing a false image. You would show me who you really are." Beginning to cry, but refusing to remove her ceramic head, I said, "Do you fear that by showing your true self, you will no longer be loved?" She didn't respond. "Perhaps you should know that unless you show me your true self, I cannot heal you." Still, she refused to remove her disguise.

Turning to walk away, an old man appeared and stopped me. "One must be willing to know that which lives in darkness, in order to become capable of altering it." Turning back around, I shot a beam of light to her head as it cracked and fell to pieces.

In her hand, she now held a human heart, severed from her own body. Looking into her face, I saw uncaring disguised as religious dogma, sloth disguised as victimization, heartlessness disguised as political views, arrogance disguised in self-esteem, and perhaps the most painful; manipulation and self-aggrandizement, disguised as some form of spirituality. "I am humanity," she said, "I show you my heart." Breaking down in tears, I cried uncontrollably. Forming a pool of tears around me, I noticed a face forming in the watery chalice. Watering my heart with my own tears, the old man was very methodical. "This is good," he said quietly, "it is through tears that the seed of humility is watered . . . and where there is humility, love grows." Placing the final tears upon my heart, he placed his hand upon mine. "From love, comes wisdom."

***"Hark ye, O man, and list to my Voice, open thy mind-space and drink of my wisdom. Dark is the pathway of LIFE that ye travel, many the pitfalls that lie in the way. Seek ye, ever, to gain greater wisdom, attain and it shall be light on thy way . . . Open thy Soul to the BROTHERS of BRIGHTNESS, let them enter and fill thee with light . . . "***

*The Emerald Tablets of Thoth the Atlantean, Tablet VII, Page 39, Paragraph 1 & 3, (Mystery Religions, Egyptian/Hermetic, Words of Thoth)*

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Meeting me in the clouds below the mountains in the sky, thunderclouds were bursting on the horizon. Dancing with me amidst the light, he quietly said, "The purpose of life on earth is to alter the predatory will into the will of love." Staring in his amazing eyes, I knew that this sky dance was a pathway, a passage into just such an endeavor.

***"Governing things is not done by things, but by harmony. Governing harmony is not done by harmony, but by people. Governing people is not done by people, but by rulers. Governing rulers is not done by rulers, but by desires. Governing desires is not done by desires, but by virtue. Governing virtue is not done by virtue, but by the Way."***

*Wen-Tzu, No. 134, Page 130, Paragraph 1, (Buddhism, Taoism, Words of Lao Tsu)*

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And so it came to pass that the Old Ones came and began to teach me of the ways of altering darkness and evil. When the time came for graduation, I began to hear the soulful sounds of mourners crying in the distance. Raising their hands as thunder billowed in the mountain winds, the grandmothers commanded the wind. "It is a balance," one said, "when you move beyond the predatory will to the will of love, it is natural to no

longer be comfortable with the predatory nature of life in this realm. This indicates that you are moving towards a higher existence, however, it doesn't diminish the natural function of the realm you are moving beyond. You must respect the function, the phase of knowledge it provides." I nodded, as she continued. "The will of love asks that you love the children, not despite their ignorance, but because of their innocence. This love will guide you ever forward." Touching my hand lightly, I was greatly honored, but I was disturbed by the mourners that I continued to hear crying in the distance.

"Why are they crying, grandmother?" I asked. "They are mourning the death that must come in order that a new birth might take place. Suddenly, my soul was going further and further away and there was nothing I could do to stop the movement. "It is time," grandmother said, "it is meant to be this way." "So it is my time to die?" I asked, confused. "It is time to go," she said.

Feeling very peaceful about leaving, the only thing that kept me from leaving was the sounds of the mourners I'd left behind. Sending them my love, grandmother conveyed to me that they, too, could grasp hold of life whenever they chose. "I love you," I shouted back to them as I took grandmother's hand and walked into peace. Again the two grandmothers commanded the thunder as it struck across the horizon, I knew that they were the ones who would make this alteration complete. "Thank you, grandmothers." I said as the second bolt let my soul to another place.

Lying flat in the sky surrounded by six spiritual guardians, they began to perform mysterious levitations upon my spirit. Programming new thought processes, they were down-loading old programs from my spirit, and correcting my imbalances in thought, word, and

deed. Altering something near my crown chakra, I realized that existence is like a blinking light, momentarily passing from one place into yet another more suitable to the path of knowledge. As we pass, we give our vehicle back to the realm chosen to guide us, so that those who follow in our footsteps will find the energetic clues we have left behind to assist them in attaining their passage, just as we, too, have found them. Returning the gifts given to our souls from the realm that harbors us in our sleep, the part of us that dies returns to the ground, altering that which is possible by remembering that which has come to pass.

***"I with my lips have fashioned for this Hero words never matched, most plentiful and auspicious, for him the Ancient, Great, Strong, Energetic, the very mighty Wielder of the Thunder. Amid the sages, with the Sun he brightened the Parents: glorified, he burst the mountain; And, roaring with the holy-thoughted singers, he loosed the bond that held the beams of Morning."***

*The Hymns of the Rgveda, Hymn XXXII, Page 304, Stanza 1-2, (Hinduism)*

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***"To show them special mercy, I, dwelling in their hearts, destroy with the shining lamp of knowledge the darkness born of ignorance."***

*The Bhagavad Gita As-It-Is, Chapter 10, Text 11, (Hinduism, Translation: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)*

***"The power angels have in the spiritual world is so great that if I were to cite at this point everything I have seen, it would be beyond belief. If there is something left there that needs to be removed because it is in opposition to the Divine design, they raze and destroy it by a sheer force of will, with a look."***

*Heaven & Hell, Chapter 26, No. 229, (Christianity,*

*Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)*

Dropped into the body of an investigator, I was brought here to deal with the case of a mass murderer. Someone had been killing pregnant women mostly by the use of a poison that had been placed in food, but the investigators on the case were missing a crucial piece of evidence, and if it were not found, they would convict the wrong man.

A homeless man named Maxton was the prime suspect. Knowing the killer was from the homeless community because of the evidence they had, they'd suspected Maxton in particular because of his tendency to get into fights. Energetically, he was closer to insanity than the true killer who was a man by the name of John, the ex-husband of the first victim. Because he had beaten his ex-wife to death rather than poison her, he'd never been a suspect. It all began when his ex-wife miscarried their child years before.

After they split up, she eventually remarried and became pregnant with another man's child. John's life hadn't gone as well, and he had become homeless. Bitter and angry, he blamed her and sought revenge. Raped, beaten and left to die in an old abandoned farmhouse, he began poisoning other women after her death, although it was not something he had planned. Losing perspective completely, he allowed himself to be swept more deeply into evil.

Several other investigators were with me as I followed the instructions of the eternal. Boarding a bus to go to an abandoned store where a group of homeless people were living, we had gone there to search for Maxton, and for further evidence to prove that he was the killer. Directed by the eternal to go to a far corner of the building where there was evidence that would otherwise never be discovered, I found an old plastic

football with John's full name written upon it, and a bag of hair with dried blood stains.

Taking this immediately to the chief investigator, he was intrigued but not convinced that there was another suspect, but as I walked through the building, I *felt* his presence, and knew danger was in the air. "Be careful, I feel the killer's presence." I warned the other investigators.

Noticing a man with a bedraggled long beard, if you'd seen him anywhere else, he would have appeared harmless . . . but I *knew* it was him. Sitting next to him, I asked, "So who are you?" "John," he smiled innocently, almost as if grateful for the attention. Heartbroken at seeing a shell of humanity which no longer contained a heart, I could see the broken dreams in his eyes.

Other investigators continued to pursue Maxton who was holed up inside a closet, but as they did, a small fight broke out. Another homeless man had a bad cut across his hand. Running towards him, I gasped in shock. "Raymond?" I cried out, "Oh, my God, it's you!" Raymond was a soul I occasionally guardianed from above. Bleeding badly, I ran into the bathroom to find some toilet paper to clean him up. Not as bad as I'd originally thought, I still cried, because I was sad about Raymond's homeless plight. "Do you remember me?" I asked him, as I looked deeply into his eyes. "Sure, I do, Odyssey, how you been?" "Don't move." I said, as I prepared to implant him with a seed of light. Looking surprised as he saw the spark of light hovering above my finger, I slowly reached to the center of his chest. "What are you doing?" He asked. "I'm not leaving you here without implanting you with the energy to get you out." Confused, he allowed me to finish.

Investigators, meanwhile, were looking at the evidence I'd found. Also containing a powdery

substance which appeared to be poison, the bag had turned out to be vital evidence. The eternal command came, and I was finished. No wrongful conviction would occur, and the mass murderer would now be stopped.

As my soul was being swept away, I exploded out of that body, but turned for a final look at Raymond, whose tiny seed was beginning to grow.

My eyes were slowly opening as a gentle face stood before my bedside. "She's waking," she said to her invisible spiritual partner, "she's being born into the now." The other voice responded, but no face could claim it. "The alteration's complete, then?" "Yes," she replied, "it has been righted." I turned over and closed my eyes.

***"Thou mayest step on the right path and walk in the presence of Angels. Thou mayest sing of the Earthly Mother by day and of the Heavenly Father by night, and through thy being may course the golden stream of the Law. But wouldst thou leave thy brothers to plunge through the gaping chasms of blood, as the pain-wracked earth shudders and groans under her chains of stone? Canst thou drink of the cup of eternal life, when thy brothers die of thirst?"***

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Volume 2, Page 118, Stanza 1, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Energetic debris was all around me and I was having trouble breathing. Coming from people in my life who still retained delusion and darkness within them, they were throwing their 'trash,' so to speak, in my perimeter. A person doesn't have to be evil to spew dark energies, just ignorant. Every time I had the debris almost cleaned up, they began tossing more of their 'trash' into my sphere.

Suddenly, a small little green faerie appeared,

about two feet high. Holding a stardust wand, she began tossing stardust and cleaning up the mess around me. Laughing and joyful, she conveyed that her name was, 'Uri,' and that she was an old childhood friend of mine. Excited to see her, I grabbed her by the shoulders and began dancing around the room with her. "Look!" She said as she took my hand.

One of the souls who had been throwing his trash into my perimeter was standing before her in the distance. Throwing stardust all over him, I was surprised to notice that it had absolutely no effect on him, not even on sub-conscious levels. I'd always believed that even when it was clear that a person had chosen their dominance, rejected the eternal hand, and accepted darkness as their path, showering light in their direction couldn't *hurt*; but I realized now was that it did absolutely no good, either. A waste of eternal energy, it was needless to shower it on souls who would in no way benefit from it. Further, I had allowed them to toss their waste into my perimeter and smother me in the debris of their dark ways. Eternal energy is to be used where it can be absorbed and bring about transformation, and if a darkened soul later became open to the reception of light, the eternal would respond swiftly.

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Two dogs appeared in the sky, one lighted, the other dark. Fighting for dominance over the world, the dark dog was vicious and cruel, taking dominance over the light with amazing ease. Having moments of dominance, the light dog would lose its power as soon as the darkness began its next inevitable invasion, due to its passivity. People felt helpless to this fluctuation of light and dark.

Looking to my side, I noticed that I was wearing my angel wings, and I flew frantically to the people, as

they observed my flight in surprise. Raising my arms to the sky, the energy began to alter . . . slowly . . . towards the light. Doing nothing, the onlookers just stood there. "YOU MUST CHOOSE, AS WELL! Which will it be; darkness or light?" Understanding my plea, they all began to raise their hands to the sky, focusing their consciousness as the lighted dog's dominance began to take hold. But then something happened which surprised all of us. The dark dog began melting into the light dog . . . and they became one.

***"The Supreme must be an entity in which the two are one; it will, therefore, be a Seeing that lives, not an object of vision like things existing in something other than themselves: what exists in an outside element owes its life to that element; it is not self-living."***

*Plotinus: The Enneads, Nature, Contemplation, and the One, Page 280, Paragraph, 2, (Mystery Religions, Greek, Author: Plotinus)*

Suddenly, the men in black appeared. Wearing black suits and hats, they were faceless and very stern about their purpose. Coming with a dark energetic surge that would frighten anybody, I'd seen them many times before. Intimidation was their function, and their purpose was to retain the dominance of darkness in this realm. Going after souls who seek higher knowledge, they desired to convince them to leave the service of the light. Because they were powerfully dark, they often achieved their goal. Threatening me, I got mad.

"Get out!" I yelled, "You will not stop me from fulfilling my mission for the light!" Seeming unsure of how to cope with my lack of fear, they jumped back for a moment. "Get out!" I repeated. They stood quietly. "I will serve only light," I said, "I will fulfill the destiny I have come to fulfill. I will open the doorway of light into the third dimension! You cannot stop me!" They didn't move. "It's time for you to go!"

Raising my hands, I sent a surge of light barraging through them like a hurricane wind as their spirits became particle energy and were dismantled. In a final surge of light, I sent them back to the second dimension, and never saw them again.

Darkness is simply a lower form of evolution than our own. Souls walk the pathway from the depths to the heights. When a soul is sent back to the second or first dimension, they are simply being returned to the place in which they are compatible. Just as we are not given entry into higher worlds, until we have learned to abide by the laws of their realms, and have become compatible to them.

***"May they be saved in the sight of everyone and let not the wicked dominate them."***

*The Siddur, Selichos for Thursday, Page 841, Bottom, (Judaism)*

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Transported to an alteration to take place around a falsely religious man, he was surrounded by little dark energies which had been magnetized towards him because of his self-righteousness. Being very fearful, he had drawn to him a particularly dark entity who supported and energized his fears.

Wandering around him, the short dark creature immediately noticed me and began trying to pull off my arms and lash my spirit around so as to frighten me away. Beginning to pour a pile of his own waste in front of me, I asked him, "So, who are you?" Grinning widely, he responded, "Lucifer." As I began laughing uncontrollably, this relatively benign creature seemed confused by my complete fearlessness when he used such a guise. "Oh, you think you're really funny, don't you?" I said, as he all of a sudden began to cringe.

Now he knew he was facing a servant of God,

rather than a fearful soul and he began to shiver. Using Lucifer's name in the past to intimidate people, it was obviously not his true identity, and I knew it. "You have two choices?," I said, "either you become transformed and serve the light . . . and I will turn you into a nice little animal, perhaps a dog or cat . . . " Even as he shook, his arrogance didn't wane. Most demons do not realize that their arrogance energizes their demise. "Or . . . I will dismantle your energy and send you back to the second realm." Not responding, the eternal command came quickly. "Okay," I said, "have a good journey." Sending a bolt of light towards him, he was immediately dismantled into thousands of dark little pieces. With another bolt of light, the eternal blasted him back to the second realm.

Apparently that this man's thoughts had given entry to this demon, and the eternal sometimes removes these things to disengage lower thrust. When darkness is removed, some souls will retain the new construct, no longer having contact with the demons of vice. But it often happens that souls do not change their thoughts, giving quick permission for the return of the demons of vice. Our thoughts, intentions and deeds magnetize guardians from below . . . or above.

***"The messengers of fear are harshly ordered to seek out guilt, and cherish every scrap of evil and of sin that they can find, losing none of them on pain of death, and laying them respectfully before their lord and master. Perception cannot obey two masters . . . what fear would feed upon, love overlooks."***

*A Course in Miracles, Chapter 19, No. IV, Page 410, No. 11, (Christianity, Metaphysics)*

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Native faces energetically meshed all around me, beckoning and calling. Seeking to grasp the essence of their urging, an interstellar spacecraft began to rise

upwards above me as I entered it. Soon we were in the heavens looking down upon the Earth below as the energetic vibrations were increasing. Descending, the mountain loomed gently in the sky as the energies shifted and I found myself hurling through space.

Landing on a fire hydrant in a dirty ghetto, danger was all around me. Focusing to achieve the knowledge about the mission at hand, a street gang was about to be the victim of a drive-by shooting, and all of them were going to die. Wanting to save one soul among them, the eternal had sent me in as a homeless woman. As the gang in question quickly approached, the one I was supposed to save wrapped a jacket around me to protect me from the cold, while the others contemplated a sexual assault.

Taking my hand, he warded off the overt advances of his animalistic friends. Beginning to lose focus in remembrance, I missed the vital moment when the eternal command had come. If I'd listened, I would have thrown him to the ground, but I was too late. The spray of bullets came out of nowhere as the killers sped by in their cars armed with machine guns. Only a second passed before all of us were on the ground, wounded and dying.

Because I'd been shot, I'd suffered a serious blow to my energy field, and I couldn't remember anything. Beginning to take on the actual identity of the part I'd come to play, the memory of my mission and spiritual status was completely gone. Grief was multiplied by confusion, as the one I'd come to save lay dead. 'Who am I, why am I here, and how'd I get here?' I thought.

Walking out of the energetic body that had been shot to death, I wandered around the ghetto aimlessly. Angry sirens approached the scene of the deaths, as the streets remained lonely in the night. Hearing them from

a distance, I wandered further and further away towards an old run-down building where prostitutes were hanging out. Approaching them, I saw a man signaling me to follow him, who appeared to be a street thug.

Following him anyway, he took me inside the run-down building which was abandoned. Pointing to a locked wooden door, I was afraid. But light came from his hands, swinging the door open, and my eyes were filled with brilliant light. A white door heralded the top of a long staircase into the heavenlies, as I instinctively began walking towards it. An invisible force shut the wooden door behind me, and when I reached the top step, I fell to the floor from the magnitude of my energetic wounds.

Awaking later in an astral hospital bed, my memory was slowly returning. Having gotten lost in the temporary identity of an energetic alteration, many other alterers laid in beds around me in the same predicament. Emotionless as he asked me questions about my missions, memory and true identity, the doctor was sending white light through my spirit from the hospital bed below. Gunshot wounds in my auric field were closing and re-energizing. "Where am I?" I asked the doctor. "The re-energizing station," he said, "I understand this is your first visit?" "Yes," I replied. "Well, that's pretty impressive. You must be good at what you do." "Thank you." I responded sheepishly.

"How's she doing?!" came somebody's frantic voice. "She's going to be fine," the doctor said, "but I think there is emotional residue." Placing a flat, clear, cylindrical object above my soul, I began to enter a natural state of detachment. Realizing my error in losing focus, I vowed never to do so again. Now calming, the frantic man conveyed to me that he was the supervisor on several of my missions. Terribly upset about the

failed alteration, he calmed me, pointing out that another alterer would go in at an earlier point in time and try to fix it.

"Well, you're all healed up, time to get back to work," he said. "What!" I shouted, annoyed. "If you don't go right back into it," he said, "you won't have the courage to try again." Within less than a second, I was off, led to complete two more alterations this night, which I did successfully.

Sitting upon a mountain peak, two Indian men approached me. Handing me a document with pictures of twelve Indian chiefs, they said, "You are the eleventh generation, welcome home, Red Hawk."

***"When the nervous system functions it conveys the experience of objects through the senses of perception and it engages itself in activity through the organs of action. Functioning in this manner it becomes fatigued. If the fatigue is slight, perceptions become less sharp and the man begins to feel drowsy. If the fatigue is greater, perceptions cease because the mind fails to experience."***

*The Science of Being and Art of Living, The Art of Being, Page 126, Paragraph 2, (Hinduism, Transcendental Meditation, Author: Maharishi Mahesh Yogi)*

***"What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?"***

*King James Bible, New Testament, Romans 8:31, (Christianity)*

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***"The Saviour answered again and said: 'Nay, but all the mysteries of the three spaces forgive the soul in all the regions of the rulers all the sins which the soul hath committed from the beginning onwards. They forgive it, and moreover they forgive the sins which it thereafter will commit, until the time up to which every one of the mysteries shall be effective.'"***

*Pistis Sophia, Third Book, Page 251, Paragraph 2,*
*(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

Cautiously, I walked into the cave, as I'd been sent forth to appear before the court of Herbethius. A cold night in this ancient world, the air was dark. Knowing that coming here meant that I'd made a very grave mistake, I shook with fear for what I may have done. Now I would speak for my energetic crime before the courts who judge the servants of God.

Herbethius wore a long white robe, and his face was very stern. "Hermes!" He shouted to me, as I shook with fear. Herbethius directed me to look towards the sky, and I saw many space vessels from other worlds, but I also saw my crime. Having recently tried to help a woman who was of somewhat high standing in the physical world, a deceased relative had come to me begging me to give her some specific messages. Feeling obliged to give them to her; I'd had contact with a close friend of hers who'd told me she wanted the information. Sending it to her, I immediately knew I had made a mistake. Eternal law requires that souls *must* come to you. But because of her earthly stature, I had agreed to send it to her through this intermediary who had apparently given me a horribly wrong impression of her true desires. Although it didn't sit right with me, I'd done it anyway.

Information like this can be harmful if someone is not ready to hear it, and you must attain permission from the eternal to give it, regardless of whether or not a deceased relative comes to you; for those relatives do not often hold eternal knowledge, power or permission. Ironically, I'd known when I met her that she was not very open to the spirit and if she hadn't been in this particular position in life, I would never have given it to her. Falsely attributing Earthly significance to eternal

significance, I'd interfered with eternal law and now I stood before the court for judgment to be rendered.

Herbethius was harsh, because ancient ones do not take lightly the violation of eternal law. "Hermes! If you had done this with the *intention* to violate eternal law, you would have been shot on the spot." What he referred to was a de-energization of eternal power. Taking away the power of the light within you, it renders you benign and scatters your consciousness. In order to steward power, you must honor the laws of beholdment. "However," he continued, "because you did not violate these laws with the *intent* to do harm, but out of *ignorance*, I will give you the chance to argue your case. If you do not satisfy me that you have learned your lesson and that this will *never* happen again, you will be beheaded." Being beheaded is to lose your head, lose your reason, which would manifest as scattered, fragmented confusion. All that had been given to me in the realms of knowledge, would, in essence, be taken away.

Kneeling down, I began to beg. "I am so sorry. I really *see* what it is I've done. Oh, I hope I have not hurt this soul terribly in my stupidity. Oh, my God, what can I do to make this right? I really do see what I've done." "Hermes," he replied, "I believe that you are indeed repentant of your mistake and that you do indeed *see* why what you've done was wrong. Because of this, you will not lose your head."

Pausing, he allowed me to tremble as I awaited his final words. "You must perform your mission . . . nothing more! You must never do anything for self-serving reasons, only the cause of furthering eternity. Do you understand?" "Yes," I said, "thank you, thank you!" Pointing to a hallway where my paintings, writings and music were displayed, he said, "This is what we ask of

you now. Only do what we ask of you, nothing more!" "Yes, yes, I will!" I shuddered.

Transported through a beam of light from one of the spaceships above, the light beam altered me and energized understanding of my purpose and the lessons of my mistake. A second chance was a grand gift, and I was honored, humbled and unworthy to receive it.

***"I have sinned, O Lord, I have sinned, and I acknowledge mine iniquities. Be not angry with me for ever, by reserving evil for me; neither condemn me into the lower parts of the earth. For thou art the God, even the God of them that repent; and in me thou wilt shew all thy goodness; for thou wilt save me, that am unworthy, according to thy great mercy. Therefore, I will praise thee for ever all the days of my life: for all the powers of the heavens do praise thee, and thine is the glory for ever and ever. Amen."***

*The Apocrypha, The Prayer of Manasses, Page 254, (Judaism, Christianity)*

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Wanting me to go with him, I was initially attracted by the incredible amount of sexual energy he emitted. Looking into his eyes, however, something felt amiss, and I questioned him. "Who are you?" I said quietly, knowing that darkness must always reveal itself to the light. Turning into a black creature with bat wings emerging, he replied, "They call me the gull," he said, "I am destructive sexual energy." "Be off with you, then." I said, lifting my arms, and revealing the medicine. Plummeting down to the realm of his domain, the light had forced him to return to the second dimension.

Another one approached who called herself Aschira. "What do you want of me?" I asked, impatiently. "I can give you everything you want . . ." she replied, as thousands of gold coins began appearing in front of her like rain. "It can all be yours." "But I could care less about

those things; I don't even want what you have to offer." Looking confused, I lifted my hands, "Goddess Aschira of the dark, take your greed and stealth back to the place it belongs." Plummeting, she was instantly gone.

***"Watching for riches consumeth the flesh, and the care thereof driveth away sleep."***

*The Apocrypha, Ecclesiasticus, Chapter 31, Page 199, Paragraph 1, (Judaism, Christianity)*

Vortexing like a band of light, I found myself amongst a circular cave. Inside, there were slaves of all races upon the earth, their orders to rip at the walls of the cave and destroy it. Immediately, I was angry. "This is our Mother Earth!" I shouted, as I ran through the cave pulling the slaves abruptly from their posts. As they were in a daze, I had to jolt them harshly in order to awaken them to reality.

Those who heralded this darkness were like ominous dark clouds of energy from above, voices of demise that came from the outer cave walls. "How dare you!" I said. "They are your slaves no more and your destruction will not be energized."

Hoards of people were exiting the caves into the sunlight, and a familiar man approached me from among them. When our eyes met, neither of us said anything. Still busy, I had to finish freeing the remainder of these souls. But after a time, I became curious as to why he had sought me out. His involvement in this oppressive situation concerned me.

Gauging my surroundings, I became aware that he had been the one who called for my assistance. As I walked closer to him, he reached his hand out to touch mine, and I traveled into his eyes.

Peering through his reality and vision, his futility was immediately apparent. Wanting to see me, he was hoping I could free him from this life, but this was not

my place. Locked in his past, he hadn't been able to break the chain, because he was honoring false gods, thus, he was living a false life.

Taking his other hand, I exchanged telepathically. "Thanks for asking me to come, I'm honored that you've requested me to help you. But you must know that what must be changed comes from within yourself. It is not I who holds the key to your destiny, but you, my friend. I understand. I really do. You've trapped yourself by following what you were told, what was supposed to be important, what was supposed to be real, what was supposed to be the meaning of life. But the boat has been lost; you've never known *true love*, my friend." I paused. "Shall I say in parting, however, that it is never too late to honor love?"

A lone teardrop fell from his face as our hands began to sever. Beginning to disintegrate, I offered him one last word. "You needn't be a slave to the material world, but you can be a steward of your spirit. Don't stay here my friend; you deserve much, much more." Then I was gone.

***"And a terrible pain seized me as I felt within me the souls of all those who had blinded themselves, so as to see only their own desires of the flesh."***

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Volume 2, Page 111, Middle, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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"You must let go of everything with an energetic past," the Old One's said. They spoke of things, as we were selling everything we owned to follow the beckon of the inner spirit westward. "Beware, for the backwards flow would have you destroyed. You have stated your intent, thus, energizing your destiny. Now they will come."

And they came with a vengeance, the god's and goddesses of the lower worlds came like a torrent in the

night, attempting every illusion, temptation or trick they could muster. Their only power was their sheer numbers which overwhelmed me at first. Knowing the darkness simply couldn't prevail, I simply couldn't allow it. Aschira returned, goddess of greed, laughing hysterically about the fact that anytime Andy or I had a single thought of greed, she had an invitation to enter our spaces. Anytime anyone bears a single thought of gluttony, lust, greed, pride, sloth, vanity or avarice, it gives passage to these predators of darkness to be near your soul. After all, it is their duty to energize your destruction. Purifying my thoughts would be vital in the fulfillment of my destiny. "You won't be getting anymore invitations, Aschira." I said, shooting her with light to send her away. Disappearing, I never saw her again. We must purify ourselves not only in word and deed, but in thought; so that our thinking does not bear the markings of the beast.

Demons encircled me, their fanged teeth laughing their backwards laugh. For two nights, the battles continued, but I refused to give in to their terror and fear. By the second night, they no longer even frightened me, for I considered them a nuisance which simply had to be tolerated in the attainment of a higher good. They had come to tempt my soul, and they simply would not be allowed to win. Finally, I called out Otara, asking for my eternal alliances to assist.

"We will eat you alive," the consumption energy threatened. "Go ahead, try!" I responded as the golden angels descended and with one mighty stroke of their hands, completely annihilated them. Safe for the moment, the golden angels left me with the knowledge that the dark side would try me for the remainder of my life. Because my function was to save many souls from their hands, they wished to destroy me.

Erupting into an epiphany of awareness, I realized something. It is a gift when you receive that moment of awakening where all life is eternal, all things timeless, and your life seems to pale in its imagined importance in the overall scheme of things. In this moment, you find humility. And when you realize that you are but a blink of an eye, eternity rushes in, in one majestic sweep of awareness!

***"Lord, I call to you; come quickly to help me; listen to my plea when I call. Let my prayer be incense before you; my uplifted hands an evening sacrifice. Set a guard, Lord, before my mouth, a gatekeeper at my lips. Do not let my heart incline to evil, or yield to any sin."***

*New American Bible, Old Testament, Psalms 141:1-4, (Christianity, Catholic)*

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Making the motions of death, I can say without reservation that in that moment, I had no doubt that I was truly going to die. Terror swept over me in this moment of death, which surprised me. After all I'd experienced, I hadn't realized how frightening the final parting would be. "No!" I screamed out to the spirit world, "I don't want to die alone." I was dying in my sleep. Seemingly endless, the spiraling void went on forever, but all of a sudden there was calm.

"In death, you will know." A voice calmly stated. "In death you will know things that only death can teach you." Calmly accepting my fate, my fear had begun to fade. "If I must die, then I will go quietly," I said with resolution. Suddenly, an unexplainable understanding came over me, the knowledge of death.

Another parting soul approached, a woman, "I know my destiny!" She shouted. "It is to forge the bridge across forever." "Yes, that is true," I replied, "but it is *everyone's* destiny to forge the bridge across forever. That is the destiny of humanity, to enter timelessness and

leave time behind." But when you cross that bridge and return to the present time/space continuum, the knowledge of forever returns with you. In my death, I'd crossed this bridge, and now suddenly, my soul was going the other direction again . . . towards time.

Swinging over rough waters, I knew I had the opportunity to go back over the bridge with the awareness of forever intact. If I could do that, my impact could be much greater within the continuum. A man approached, "So, you're going out West?" he asked. Something felt strange, but he looked nice enough. "Yeah," I said, "but I gotta go now."

Walking towards the bridge, he blocked me with his hands. "Do you think I could go with you out West?" "I guess you can go wherever you want," I replied, not realizing the impact of my statement until he suddenly turned into a deathly decomposing man. Immediately, I knew I was in trouble, the darkness had tricked me, and I'd fallen for it.

Manifesting a large wooden cabinet, he pushed it over to crush me. Running out of its way, I shouted, "Who the hell are you?!" His white ashen eye sockets revealed where his soul resided. "I have sent my granddaughter to hell," he said, "now I must kill you to get her out." Desperation filled his pitiful eyes, but he didn't realize that he was following a lie for this action would only sink his soul deeper into the abyss. A soul cannot *serve* darkness in order to be *freed* from it. Surely, a reasonable man must know that no one can be freed from hell through a dark act; a soul can only be saved from the abyss through love.

Conveying to him that he'd been misled, and destroying me would not give his granddaughter freedom, his violence didn't dim. Sending him an understanding of love's deliverance, I couldn't get

through to him; he was lost, condemned by his own hatred. Dark forces had used this ignorant man who had lost his soul to stop me from bringing forever back. With a quick thrust of my hand, I pushed him out of my way and ran towards the bridge. Chief Joseph awaited me on the other side. Still breathless, the danger had passed.

Showing me an image of things that he wanted me to do, he never mentioned my encounter with the man in front of the bridge. "You have been given the gift of words, I would ask that you go now and speak on behalf of my people," he said. Kneeling to the ground, tears were streaming down my face. "I am honored," I said, "I am so amazingly honored that you would trust me with something that important. Please, I just ask that you always be with me, so that my words are yours and that I honor the people with only the truth." He nodded.

Returning to form, Andy awoke from sleep to give me a message. "I was shown many faces," he said, "and they all looked nice enough. They seemed like they were okay, that there was nothing to be concerned about. But then they all changed and a voice said, 'Beware the serpent for he comes in many faces.'"

***"He who desires happiness for himself by inflicting injury on others, is not freed from hatred, being entangled himself in the bonds of hatred."***

*Dhammapada, Canto XXI, No. 291, (Buddhism)*

***"Blessed is he whose conscience hath not condemned him, and who is not fallen from his hope in the Lord."***

*The Apocrypha, Ecclesiasticus, Chapter 14, Paragraph 1, (Judaism, Christianity)*

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"You asked for help, didn't you?" I said to the angry face that now stood before me. It was only a moment, but what seemed like a long sleep to him, and we were far away from the battlefield. Fighting for the South at the time of the American Civil War, it was my

duty to get him to the North. Having prayed for understanding, he'd wanted to know if he'd been doing the right thing. His sincerity had inspired the powers that be to give him an opportunity. Agitated with me anyway, he was suited up and ready to meet his Northern comrades, nonetheless.

Unable to tell that he was a Rebel, I'd altered his uniform so he would appear to be one of them. No one had to know that he was the 'enemy.' Anger diminishing as he listened to them, it wasn't that he went over to their side, but he began to understand why they perceived the slavery issue differently than himself. Because he'd never known anything else, he joined the army in the fervor of the battle call, never really thinking deeply on the issue. After a great deal more time, he began seeing that maybe he did agree with them a lot more than he ever felt he could. Laughing with these men, he found it odd that he would have killed these very same individuals had he seen them in battle.

Time for me to go, he came to find me. "My life will never be the same comrade," he said, "come with me, be with me." "You don't understand," I said as I began to disappear, "I am in your dreaming, when you wake I will be gone." Reaching to grab hold of me, he panicked, for he suddenly realized he would wake again in the South. What would he do? Would this new understanding change anything? Would he have the courage to stand for what he'd been shown? He could *die* for the truth, would he take that risk?

When he awoke, it was night. Walking away from his camp, he began his journey northward. Dying at the hands of one who did not know his heart, a Yankee soldier killed him, feeling that no Confederate deserved to live. Born into the light, there was no regret, no remorse. "I am glad I've been born," he said, "for no life

will end by my hands today. For it is better to die standing for life, than to live standing for death."

***"(Mark the blameless man and behold) the upright, (for there is pos)te(rity for the ma)n of peace."***

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, Psalm 37, Page 330, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

***"Without anger, without trembling, not boasting, without remorse, speaking in moderation, not arrogant, he indeed is a sage restrained in speech. Having no attachment to the future, he does not grieve over the past. He sees detachment in respect of sense-contacts, and is not led into (wrong) views."***

*The Group of Discourses II, IV. The Chapter of Eights, Page 98, No. 850-851, (Buddhism, Theravadan)*

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A funnel of black had pulled my soul away, and I didn't know where I was. Lost and confused, I frantically feared I would not be able to find my way home. A warm house appeared in the distance and I ran towards it like a thirsty man looking for water in the desert. At the door, a woman approached, but I immediately felt that something was amiss. Ignoring my instinct, I began to talk with her. Offering me a pair of magic pants that would give me magical powers and guarantee that I would never want, I suddenly had the feeling of witchcraft. "Come on," she said, "just take them. They will lead you out of your confusion." "No," I said quietly, "those are not magic pants; they are a temptation away from the light." Her face began to crinkle like an old witch, as she began to turn into her true self. Everything around her turned into blackness and her face became pitiful and wretched. A dark gull man emerged from the other room. "YOU WILL TAKE OUR GIFTS!" he shouted at me angrily as his dark black cape followed him. Lifting my hands, I said, "No, they are not gifts, they are destruction, itself." Turning, I

began to walk away. Grabbing my shoulder, I knew that he wanted to destroy me. "No." I repeated as I lifted his hand from my shoulder. Very upset that they had lost this seemingly perfect temptation, they both sunk. Unable to get to me even when they'd intentionally scattered my focus, they were in a state of angry despair.

Light flashed wildly as the skies began to open up. Standing in another place amidst the clouds, I looked up to see an image forming above. Her white veil covered her head, but did not hide her radiant face. Sky-blue robes shimmered as if moved by a light-source emanating from beneath them. Mother Mary looked at me with a serene gaze. "I will be with you much more, now." She conveyed to me. "I want you to be aware of my presence all around you." Saying nothing, I just looked at her in awe. Feeling the presence of Christ, I could see Him coming in and out of view behind her. St. Joseph appeared behind them, in and out. Calming, I fell to my knees.

Reaching her hand towards me, our hands clasped. Disappearing slowly like a mirage in the astral sky amidst a realm where angels fly and visitors *must* be invited, I bowed my head, "I thank you. I am honored."

***"Let the storm rage and the sky darken - not for that shall we be dismayed. If we trust as we should in Mary, we shall recognize in her, the Virgin Most Powerful 'who with virginal foot did crush the head of the serpent.'"***

*The Voice of the Saints, Behold Thy Mother, Page 137, No. 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Pope Pius X*)

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And so it came to pass that I fulfilled hundreds of alterations, and continued to seed evolution within the Earthly realm. Many temptations came from the dark side, as I slowly began the arduous process of purifying my thoughts. As long as these forces are present around

you, it remains difficult to banish the confusion, destruction and wrong views which they continually barrage upon your mind. Through the power of the eternal, I was able to overcome temptation after temptation, beginning to slowly realize how deep this purification must eventually go to be fulfilled completely within my soul.

***"To abstain from sinful actions is not sufficient for the fulfillment of God's law. The very desire of what is forbidden is evil."***

*The Voice of the Saints, The Challenge of Chastity, Page 58, No. 3, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. John Baptist de la Salle)*

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Having been called in to assist on a home haunted by pure evil, I was very nervous because of the nature of darkness I was about to face. Out of body, I was floating around the house looking for the cause of the disturbances when I turned a corner and saw something which totally frightened me. A totally black humanoid demon was standing before a boiling cauldron, his energy so intensely energized towards darkness that I wasn't sure I could take care of it; but as the demon glanced my way and saw me, I knew there was no turning back.

Lifting my hands and pulling together all the power of the eternal, I swept it as a gale-wind towards the beast. Already in the process of preparing to energetically assault me with his own very empowered demonic energy, I was terrified. But my thrust hit him and he blew into thousands of little pieces. Sending him back to the first dimension, he was gone, never to be seen again.

***"These signs will accompany those who believe; in my name they will drive out demons."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Mark 16:16-18,*

*(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

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Darkness came with a vengeance that I had not anticipated. In the night, I witnessed the angels of the light and the angels of the darkness battling over the sustenance of my life. Since I was unwilling to be thrown off the pathway, the darkness determined that death was the only way to stop me from fulfilling my cause. A powerful virus overcame my body, and I became very sick.

Drifting off to sleep, I saw a dark being laughing above my bed. In the window, there stood an owl. Instantly, I *knew* it meant death. Suddenly feeling terror, the dark man laughed. "Get out!" I said to him, as I sent a beam of light directly towards his third-eye. Immediately pushed back, the impending pressure of death still mounted my soul.

Before I could think to respond, a wild Cheetah appeared out of nowhere. Grabbing the owl, he threw it down, disabling its power. Disappearing in terror of this powerful being who had come to my defense, the dark man was gone. Looking at me with immense love, I said, "Thank you, thank you," as the graceful Cheetah walked quietly away. Weeks earlier, I'd been told that my future son would be born under the sign of the Cheetah, and I *knew* that this was his spirit. (I was not yet pregnant with this son, who was to be my third child. My second child, a daughter, had not yet been even conceived.)

Waking the next day, I'd been healed.

***"It is human to fall, but angelic to rise again."***

*The Voice of the Saints, Contrition, Page 73, No. 1,*
*(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Mary Pelletier)*

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Leaving form, the eternal swept me into a vortex of compelling energy. Showing me a situation that the

eternal wanted to alter, they were unable to do so because the sub-conscious mind of this soul was unwilling. Vital knowledge, everything that is done in the alteration framework is done with the permission of the soul, on some level of consciousness, sub-conscious or otherwise. It cannot be compelled, even by the eternal. A vortex of energy surrounded this man, trying to get him to do what was right, but he wouldn't.

An angel appeared and spoke to me about the souls of those I'd had to leave behind in order to follow my path. "It is not that you do not love, my child, it is that they will only choose to truly love you if you are a certain way. This way that they want you to be would destroy who you truly are. Although they perceive you as the unloving one, they are the ones incapable of loving you." Seeing my soul being strangled and held down to the Earth by vines, their hands became roots beneath the Earth, carrying me below ground.

But as I began to sing angelic praise, their shoots began to wither and my soul began soaring upwards towards a heavenly gate, a choir of angels singing with me. As the angel prepared to leave, she said, "You've always loved them, you still do, it's just time for you to go."

***"He Who makes peace in His Heights, may He make peace upon us . . ."***

*The Siddur, The Mourner's Kaddish, Page 369, Paragraph 4, (Judaism)*

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Five undercover police officers were infiltrating the mob. A female double-agent had been ordered to murder them, and it was my job to get to them in time so that they would not be killed.

In the energetic realm, she knew my purpose. Perceiving me as one of them, the police held this view

even though in physical reality, my part in this did not exist. Headquartered on the eleventh floor of a hotel, I had to get to their room before she did, and warn them.

Chasing me, she was shooting in the back rooms where no one could hear her silenced gun. In her perception, shooting me would kill me, because she was not aware that this was an energetic realm where things are played out before they happen. In my perception, getting hit might send me into a state of forgetfulness, which could make me lose the alteration.

A long chase ensued before I was able to elude her, and find a back entrance to the upstairs. Not more than three minutes after I arrived in the eleventh-floor room, she'd made it, but it was not too late because I'd gotten there in time. What would have ended in the slaughter of several police officers, ended in this woman's death.

Pulled from the scene, I felt a duality inside because I'd saved lives at the expense of another. An angel appeared and placed her hands on my back. When someone refuses to respond to the light, their dark plans are sometimes carried out upon themselves. And though it is sad, it is a vital part of evolution; because becoming the victim of your own vile plans, sparks awakening and empathy. As is proper when one must be a part of an extreme action resulting in the loss of life, the angel and I mourned her death. Kneeling down, we asked God for grace.

Appearing before us, the woman who died had thoughts to share. "It is not for you to mourn me," she said, "for you have energized my evolution. I have not died, but found life again. It is for me to thank you for altering the pathway of destruction I did follow." Bewildered, I looked at her with interest in her higher form. "I'm sad that this had to be done, was there no

other way?" I asked her. "No, there was not. My darkness was deep; you had to break my sleep." Pondering her words, I said no more. "It is the earthly part of you that sees only tragedy," the angel spoke up, "the eternal part of you sees something entirely different." "What does it see?" I asked. "The eternal part of you sees evolution in progress."

***"For I know, that oppression will exist and prevail on earth; that on earth great punishment shall in the end take place; and that there shall be a consummation of all iniquity, which shall be cut off from its root, and every fabric raised by it shall pass away."***

*The Book of Enoch, Chapter XC, Page 146, No. 6-7, (Judaism, Christianity)*

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Several spirits were gathered in a gymnasium learning about the first stages of energetic alteration, and it was my job to teach them. Allowing the group to peer in on a simple alteration, we went back in time to a gunfight. Doing a simple maneuver, I jammed both of their guns with a bolt of light. Quickly, we returned. Many of the students were novices, still learning about moving through objects and adeptness at flight, so we worked on those issues for several hours.

Preparing to leave, another alteration teacher came in and said, "There's a lot more to alterations than what's going on in their minds." Tuning into their minds, I understood her observation. "They see it as baby-sitting, or a quick fix. Some look at it from very self-serving eyes and only a few see it from the realm of knowledge." Disappointed, I knew she was right. They saw it as an intellectual endeavor, or from the standpoint of their ego. "Only a few of those, if that many, will be chosen to continue in this learning. The others are not doing it for the right reasons." We flew away.

***"If your sight is still too weak and is repelled from this***

***vision, turn the eye of your mind to the road where wisdom used to reveal itself for your delight. Then remember that you have postponed a vision which you may seek again when you are stronger and sounder."***

*On Free Choice of the Will, Book Two, No. 167,*
*(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Augustine)*

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Never had I faced such evil, and I sincerely hoped I never would again. A satanic ritual murder had occurred in our town, wherein the body had been dismembered; the skin peeled and kept in foil, the blood drained for drinking, etc. Making contact with the deceased, I was shocked to realize that it was the same spirit who had tried to kill me days earlier when the Cheetah had come to my rescue. A cult member who had agreed to a ritual suicide, he felt he would be much more powerful in death than in life. Pitying him for the evil that he was, I didn't for one moment let down my guard.

Without warning, he attempted to enter my spirit. "I WILL CRUSH YOU!" He said. Powerful to the dark side, his energy was terrifying. "GET OUT!" I screamed. Shocked, I'd never encountered such evil and I was in shock. With his fingers, he attempted to crush my skull. As I'd gathered plenty of information regarding the perpetrators, to insure that they would be caught, I screamed out, "Don't think for one minute I'm doing this to avenge your murder! You are pitiful! I feel sorry for one who has embraced evil as you have. I'm doing this to nail your friends who share in your evil. It will not be tolerated, the eternal has spoken."

Trying to enter me again, I called out to Jesus. "My Lord and Savior Jesus Christ!" Immediately appearing, he directed me to sing a song, 'Hallelujah and the light came tumbling on in! Hallelujah, and the light came tumbling on in!' Singing with power and fury, the

light came barreling in from all directions. In moments, the demonic presence was gone.

***"Woe to you, ye obdurate in heart, who commit crime, and feed on blood. Whence is it that you feed on good things, drink, and are satiated? Is it not because our Lord, the Most High, has abundantly supplied every good thing upon the earth? To you there shall be no peace."***

*The Book of Enoch, Chapter CXVII, Page 160, No. 20, (Judaism, Christianity)*

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Painted and dressed for the ceremony to honor the dead, the natives came into the room. Dancing around a fire, a man handed me a bowl with an herb inside it. Bidding me to take a piece and eat, I was hesitant. Placing it in my mouth, I felt the coarseness as I swallowed.

Speaking to me as the others danced around the fire, the native man said, "We must honor the dead even when they are as he is. Because he is dead in spirit, as well, we mourn for his lost soul." Feeling the immense sadness of it, I listened to him carefully. "It is our ceremony for the dead that honors our loss, as well as our knowing that all souls return in their own time." A tear dropped from my eyes. "But there must be no mistake; there is no tolerance here for that. Evil will not be allowed here, in our love we will not hesitate to dismantle him."

Turning to the fire, he said, "Now you must sweat." Beginning to cry, he comforted me. "It is the cleansing of your soul. You have walked directly into the very heart of evil and now we must cleanse you." Afraid to sweat, I knew it would hurt. "Don't be afraid to sweat," he said, "all of these energies will come out and it will not be comfortable, but you *must* sweat." With that, I did so, feeling pain in every joint of my body as the

toxins poured forth.

An honored guest quietly walked towards me. He was so quiet that I didn't notice His coming until I saw His sandals before me on the ground. Looking up, the beautiful face of Jesus was looking at me. "You have courage, my daughter. You are truly a warrior of light for the forces of the Lord, thy God." I couldn't speak as my body was shaking while the sweat poured out. Walking away quietly, his sandals made no noise upon the ground.

***"He renounces himself, and takes up his cross, who, from having been unchaste becomes chaste; from having been immoderate becomes temperate; from having been weak and timid becomes strong and courageous."***

*The Voice of the Saints, Contrition, Page 78, No. 3,*
*(Christianity, Catholic,*
*Words of St. Jerome)*

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Powerful and frightening to watch, the tribunal stood before me, as Christ had bid me to go with him. Sitting in the audience, we were watching the judgment of the soul who had tried to overtake me. In a grave position, the one who had tried to crush me had violated eternal law. There was no vengeance towards him; his actions were simply not to be tolerated. Now he would face the consequence of the intentional misuse of power. Quickly, I ascertained that the fate of those who came before this tribunal was greatly determined by their intent and remorse. There was no remorse here.

Twelve Old Ones wearing long white robes filed in to stand as judge before this soul and others. Christ made it clear to me that I had no say in this matter; this was not in my hands, and it was not up to me. Allowing me to come because He'd wanted me to know that I was safe; He wanted me to see the protection of the Lord in action. For he who wished to crush me they pronounced

sentence. "Death," they said.

Starting to cry, I felt conflicted. My caring for this lost soul clashed with my awareness of the depth of his evil. Not fully understanding, I didn't know what this sentence would mean, because he'd already died an Earthly death.

Christ took my hand and led me away, for He knew I didn't understand. "It is not for you to understand," He said, "it is just for you to know." Asking again for further clarification, He simply repeated His words. "It is not for you to understand, it is just for you to know." The tribunal filed out of the room, as I gazed into my savior's eyes, and then He disappeared.

***"But as for cowards, the unfaithful, the depraved, murderers, the unchaste, sorcerers, idol-worshipers, and deceivers of every sort, their lot is in the burning pool of fire and sulfur, which is the second death."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 21:8, (Christianity, Catholic)*

***"And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."***

*King James Bible, New Testament, Matthew 10:28, (Christianity, Words of Christ)*

***"It is of no importance to me how you or any other human court may judge me: I will not even be the judge of my own self. It is true that my conscience does not reproach me, but that is not enough to justify me: it is the Lord who is my judge. For that reason, do not judge anything before the due time, until the Lord comes; he will bring to light everything that is hidden in darkness and reveal the designs of all hearts. Then everyone will receive from God the appropriate commendation."***

*New Jerusalem Bible, New Testament, 1 Corinthians 4:1-5, (Christianity)*

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# CHAPTER FOUR

## Dealing with Pure Evil - Consumer's of Children, Fame and Greed, an Encounter with Satan, Rage, False Religiosity, Holy Angels, Sutta on Evil, Demons of the Common Man, Drinkers and Partiers, Angel of God, Gargoyles, Gossip, Gluttony, Lust, Satanism and Witchcraft, False Prophets, Adultery.

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Struck down with illness, the impurities within my soul were now manifesting upon my body in the process of purification and removal. But my sicknesses became rampant and numerous, as I became bedridden for several months. Beginning their torments and temptations, the dark side made a very strong effort to see if I would give in to my sickness and suffering, and turn away from God. Determination strong and body weak, my saving grace was my faith in God's love for my soul.

Flying through the stars, I suddenly felt someone touch my shoulder and looked to see that it was jet black. Instantly transported into a barren, eerie and ominous wilderness, I knew something was terribly wrong. For a moment, it appeared that I was alone, but everything was backwards here. It was daytime when it should've been night. Then he appeared.

Covered entirely in black robes including his face, only two holes showed where his eyes must've been. Because I was pregnant, I *knew* that he had come to take the child from my womb. Guilt filled him as he tried to explain himself and his function, but I had little time to hear him as twenty more of the dark-robed beings instantly manifested before me carrying with them the mortal remains of children. Parasitic creatures

crawled along the ground eating the remains of the children who had perished at the hands of these creatures. Then I *knew* . . . I was in hell. These were the 'Consumers of Children,' dark creatures who energize all forms of evil towards children on the Earth, from molestation to murder.

"Don't you think it's hard choosing whose children must live, and whose children must die?" The first one said. "No." I said calmly. "Your child must die," the creep said, "and if you will not surrender it to us, you both shall die." My rage brewed at his words and at the grisly scene, the horridity of which cannot be described. "ENOUGH!" I shouted. Despite my outrage, I knew I could not take on all of them at once. I would need more help . . . but if I could get this one alone?

As I slowly turned and walked away from the others, he followed me, and within a few moments, we were alone in another part of the barren wilderness. Picking up a boulder, I began chanting an ancient prayer that destroys the power of evil. Throwing many boulders at him, I continued chanting the prayer because nothing seemed to have an immediate effect. But as the final and largest boulder came, the secret words inspired it to begin glowing. Hurling it towards him, he fell over and his robes disintegrated. Now revealed, the blonde man was ashamed as I ran to him and tore off the final part of his robes covering his face.

Calling out to the Universe, I shouted, "Behold! The Consumer of Children!" Exposure is what evil fears the most, and doing this made him shudder and bow his head down in shame. As the light was now entering his eyes, it was more than he could stand. Painful to him, this revelation of his true identity shamed him to such a degree that he began appearing incongruent. Dismantling, he slowly disappeared.

***"For everyone who does wicked things hates the light and does not come toward the light, so that his works might not be exposed. But whoever lives the truth comes to the light, so that his works may be clearly seen as done in God."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, John 3:19-21, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

***"The material race, however, is alien in every way; since it is dark, it shuns the shining of the light because its appearance destroys it. And since it has not received its unity, it is something excessive and hateful toward the Lord at his revelation."***

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Tripartate Tractate, No. 14, Page 95, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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As I slept soundly in my body, a rapping could be heard from outside. Leaving form, I went to see who might be calling me from form at this time of night. A well-known musician stood at the door, one whom I had used to find quite appealing. But his appeal was not of the light, and as I looked upon his countenance, I realized that he was aligned with the gull, the demon of destructive sexual energy.

Immediately upon entering my home, he began undressing and making sexual gestures as though he wanted to make love to me. Watching his strange behavior with curious interest, I knew something was terribly wrong. Even he seemed uncomfortable with the forwardness of his act. Having already taken his pants off, he was kneeling on the ground and removing his shirt. Gently, I touched his chin and lifted it so that he could look into my eyes. "Do you come here on behalf of the dark side?" I asked. With no pause, he replied, "Yes, I do." Lowering his head in shame, he put his clothes back on. "I have two things to tell you," he said as he began to get up. My reaction to this was lukewarm, as I

could not imagine that he expected me to have any interest in the words a representative of darkness might have to say. "One is that everyone who forsakes his true destiny has surely bought himself a place in hell." "Surely not!" I replied. "What do you mean?" "Well, it may be their own personal hell, but it is hell nevertheless." "Surely," I replied, "Christ will redeem them if they are willing." "But many are not willing, and it is hell, nevertheless." His revelation shocked and saddened me. "Well, what about you?" I asked, "I am aware that the music you write serves darkness, but why? Why have you chosen this?" Looking down in shame, I could tell that despite the fact that he did indeed serve darkness and was very much caught up in fame, money and glory, he wasn't proud of it. "Well, I have these good ideas," he replied, "but they are always turned down." "I see," I said, "you gave yourself to the god's of darkness because their ideas are popular in the physical world." "Yes, for fame and wealth, I sold my soul." Nodding, I understood. Choosing a lower destiny for its quick profit and reward, he'd lost his higher path which would have taken time and probably given him less worldly success.

"The second thing I must tell you is this," he said, as his face became intensely serious, "I brought the whole power of darkness with me . . . and still . . . the light *triumphs* in you!" At that moment, I realized that if I had fallen for his temptation, I would have been uniting with darkness, and fallen from grace. Taking note of the fact that his flattery might well be a ploy from the dark side to lower my guard, he walked away as he continued talking. "Well, I must admit that even I, who came here on behalf of the dark side, cannot imagine the world without the knowledge and grace you are bringing into it." I interrupted him. "Well, that's interesting. So in some ways, I really sense that you regret serving darkness, at

least on this level of consciousness." Nodding that this was true, he remained unable or unwilling to give up the treasures that the dark side had given him - money and fame - even with the awareness that doing so would be the only way to save his soul. "You have been willing to give up the reward for substance," he said, "I wish I'd been able to do the same." Looking at him, I knew he read my sorrowful gaze. It was his choice, his free will. "Well, day is breaking on the East coast," he said, "I need to go."

Taking his hand, I quietly said, "Bye now, but please don't forget those good ideas you get. It's not too late . . . yet." A tear fell upon his cheek as he disappeared from my presence.

***"Wisdom is poured forth like water, and glory fails not before him for ever and ever; for potent is he in all the secrets of righteousness. But iniquity passes away like a shadow, and possesses not a fixed station."***

*The Book of Enoch, Chapter XLVIII, No.1, Page 55, (Judaism, Christianity)*

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Awaking in the spirit but not in the flesh, my soul sat up in bed noticing that the sheets at my side were ruffling. A spirit was sitting at the foot of my bed, and in irritation, I shouted, "If you are here on behalf of darkness, I order you to leave by the power of Jesus Christ." Beginning to stir and reveal itself, a heart-shaped light of iridescent yellow appeared amidst a blue-green essence. Inside the heart were four silver stars, each representing a member of my family, including our unborn member, Mary. "You're my guardian?!" I shouted, feeling badly. "I am the guardian of your family," he replied.

Noticing that a demon had appeared in the corner of the room, I asked my guardian spirit to take care of it, taking note of the fact that I must be more vigilant in monitoring my thinking so as not to allow

such annoying creatures entry into my perimeter.

***"The demon knows cogitations better than the soul of another man does, not because the demon sees cogitations themselves but because he sees them through more hidden external signs."***

*On Evil, Question XVI, Article 8, Reply to 13, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Thomas Aquinas)*

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Hearing a raucous from my bedroom, my spirit quickly exited form to go see what was happening in the bathroom next door. Sitting in the bathtub, was a demon wearing a very sarcastic grin upon his lips. Feeling irritated, the pause taken gave him an opportunity to reach towards and touch me, sucking me into an abyss of darkness far away from home.

First he led me to a place where much deviant sexual activity was taking place; orgies and perverted sex with hundreds of souls. "We are going to make you participate in this with us," he said. "If you would only give us a chance, you'd understand us and come over to our way." Not only laughable, but completely absurd, I refused to even talk to him. Enraged, he took me to an even more horrible place.

In this second location, body bags were lying all around filled with the souls of those trapped in darkness, but not yet truly dead. Attempting to squeeze their final breath from them, their hope was that they'd give in because of pure and simple exhaustion. Placing me into a body bag, he sealed it as I could hear the breathing of the others.

Pleased with himself, the demon took me to a third location, where he showed me a best-selling book, my name written on the cover as author. "Accept this gift, and you can go free," he said, "you will have a best-seller and it will be quite financially lucrative." As I was not speaking, he got angrier. "Will you accept this?!"

Looking around the blackness of my bag, I unzipped it from the inside and peered into his ugly reptilian face. "No," I said, "I don't care about having a best-seller. I don't even want it."

Quietly, I stepped out of the bag. Continuing to experience higher and higher levels of rage, the demon hadn't expected me to know that I could free myself from any kind of bondage that Satan might put on my soul.

In a flash we were in a fourth location, a stage transfixed upon an open field. A big tour bus waited alongside it, as trucks were arriving for an upcoming concert. Offering me fame and fortune as a musical performer, the only catch was that I had to give up the hymnal given to my by the Lord Jesus. His icky little hands were reaching out to me in a 'gimme' kind of fashion, hoping I would hand him the book. Saying nothing, I turned away in irritated anger, shrugging my shoulders at his stupid attempts to bribe me.

An old black woman approached and for a moment, I was confused. Because of her age, I wondered if she could be an Old One, but something didn't feel right. "What is your name?" I asked her. "Monica," she said, smiling an evil grin. But because I had paused, she quickly snatched me by the remaining arm that wasn't being held by the demon. "Are you here on behalf of the light?!" I asked her, hoping that maybe she had come to rescue me. It was already too late when her sinister smile told me the answer, as another very evil man appeared to take me somewhere beyond the gateway of darkness she seemed to herald.

The fifth location was merely an open field. A sinister grin overtook his ugly face, but this man, despite how obvious it was that he was very evil, did not appear as a demon, but a person. "You know, I've killed people before," he said. "Oh, really," I retorted, unperturbed.

"Why?" I asked. "Well, the last one was eating crackers, and it got on my nerves," he said. Replying with absolute calm, I said, "You're a sick son-of-a-bitch, you know that?" Laughing, he spoke again, "Well, maybe I could teach *you* something. Maybe you're getting tired of all that religious stuff. Maybe you're ready to come serve a *true* master, a *true* god."

Without warning, a voice more ominous, sickening, awful, disgusting, and torturous to hear than any I'd ever heard began echoing across the entirety of the sky. Much more powerful than I'd ever imagined it to be, it scared me to death. "YES . . . COME SERVE ME! I WILL TEACH YOU ABOUT TRUE POWER!" Immediately knowing who this was, though I had never heard it before, I would be grateful to never hear his voice again.

Overwhelming in its power, I prepared my response with an absolute inner knowing that I would be crushed, destroyed and annihilated from existence upon responding, and I yelled at the top of my lungs, "**** YOU, SATAN!" YOU'LL NEVER HAVE ME! I SERVE THE ONE GOD, THE GOD OF LIGHT! **** YOU, SATAN!" Lowering my head, I awaited the crushing energy I expected to descend. But instead, all of the darkness dissipated within seconds. Satan was gone, along with his demons.

Two Jewish Rabbi's approached quickly and quietly, covering me in ceremonial robes and leading me away. As they led me through an ancient ritual of purification, I silently fell to sleep. In awe of God's true power, I meditated upon the strength of the Lord to whisk us away from Satan's very grasp, if only our heart remains true to Him.

As I sat quietly watching the rabbi's, an old man walked in. Dressed as if from the middle ages, he quietly

spoke, "I believe we should let all people worship as they please," he said. "The Jewish rabbi's have always given me nothing but light, and I will always support them." Nodding in agreement, I felt absolute gratitude for their help this harrowing night.

***"Then Jesus was led by the Spirit into the desert to be tempted by the devil. He fasted for forty days and forty nights, and afterwards he was hungry. The tempter approached and said to him, 'If you are the Son of God, command that these stones become loaves of bread.' He said in reply, 'It is written: One does not live by bread alone, but by every word that comes forth from the mouth of God.' Then the devil took him to the holy city, and made him stand on the parapet of the temple, and said to him, 'If you are the Son of God, throw yourself down. For it is written: 'He will command his angels concerning you,' and 'with their hands they will support you, lest you dash your foot against a stone." Jesus answered him, 'Again, it is written, 'You shall not put the Lord, your God, to the test.' Then the devil took him up to a very high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in their magnificence, and he said to him, 'All these I shall give to you, if you will prostrate yourself and worship me.' At this, Jesus said to him, 'Get away, Satan! It is written: 'The Lord, your God, shall you worship and him alone shall you serve.' Then the devil left him and, behold, angels came and ministered to him."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 4:1-11, (Christianity, Catholic)*

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And so it came to pass that I was introduced to the many mansions of evil within the Universe. Journeying into these scary places was disconcerting at first, especially after having experienced many of the heavenly mansions of the Lord for such a long period of

time. These stately old haunted places all had ominous characteristics correlating to the vice in which they were founded. Some souls in these horrid places were trapped there after death, as they clung tightly to their sin. Others would go there in their sleep, at night, unaware that the evil one was working hard to *increase* their vice and destructive deeds, through sub-conscious suggestion.

Having a very eerie quality, this particular haunted mansion shared the quality that most of them bore. My purpose was to rescue souls from these places, exorcise them, and dismantle certain energies as commanded by the Lord. Holding the energies of past dark acts committed in the Wild West of the United States, it was haunted by criminals, train robbers, bounty hunters, and every possible crime of that era. Amidst the agitation, a soul was calling for help.

All it takes is that one sincere look to the sky, 'Lord, there has to be more, what does it all mean?,' and all the angels of the Lord are called in to nourish that spark, so that it may one day become a flame. Lying awake in an old-fashioned bedroom with pictures of the greatest criminals throughout history, I appeared to the man. "Let's get out of here," I yelled to him, not wishing to stay in this dark place long, "but first, we must exorcise these demons."

Confused by my request, I began to demonstrate this vital process to him. Thinking that he could not possibly leave until all of his family and friends were ready to come with him, I tried to help him to understand that they would not be leaving for a very long time. Not yet having asked for redemption, they'd not even recognized their need for such a grand event to take place within their soul.

As hundreds of dark entities reside in haunted mansions, when you enter, many immediately cling to

your soul and try to burrow within. It's not possible to even *enter* without having them attach, so if you've resided in a particular haunted place for any amount of time, there are many demons to exorcise. Even if you enter for the purpose of helping another, you must go through an exorcism before you may leave safely. Exorcism is not comfortable to experience or witness, especially at first. But once you understand the mechanisms of darkness and its various forms of assault and energetic invasion, you recognize that in certain circumstances deflection is not enough. Just as if a man were drowning in a muck pond, you would recognize that in order to save him, you must be willing to jump into the muck. No possibility would exist that you would be able to do so (to save him) without yourself being covered in grime and odor. Knowing in advance that you will have to cleanse and purify upon exit, you go in anyway because it is the only way to save him.

Beginning to pull all my energy upwards from my feet all the way to my crown chakra at the top of my head, I instinctively began reciting the first stanza of the Lord's Prayer: "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on Earth as it is in Heaven" Repeating these words over and over, I concentrated deeply on the meaning of each phrase as I continued pulling the energies up. Dark energies settle in the lower chakras and the lower stations of the body, and in order to remove them, you must pull them up from the very bottom to the top, and out. Knowing they would invariably pass through my throat chakra on their way through, I began *thinking* the Lord's Prayer deeply within my mind so as not to give them any repose once they'd snatched my vocal chords. As the invasions rose, they came screaming out at the top of their lungs, trying to stop the painful exorcism, as they

did not want to leave. Chanting continuously, my words and the power that they invoked gave them no choices. In minutes, it was over and they were gone.

In shock as he watched this event, the man was very uncomfortable with the idea of experiencing the out-of-control nature of an exorcism himself. Not wishing to go through his own process, I said, "You can't leave this place until you exorcise the dark spirits within you." His face revealed that he couldn't believe that *he* could possibly be possessed by such things. "They are within you . . ." I said, to his disbelieving face, "they are within you. Do you remember when you've felt that rage coming from your gut all the way up to your head and you lost control completely?" Now, he understood. "Who do you think fuels your rage?" I asked. Even so, the exorcism was too scary for him to undertake. "It is the only way to remove them," I said, "you may be able to control them sometimes, but inevitably they control you." He wasn't ready, and began looking agitated. But agitation is one of the most easily recognizable signs of demonic interference.

Leaving him with the knowledge of the exorcism, I said, "When you are ready, begin chanting. Someone from the light will return to retrieve you when you are ready." Nodding, it was only a matter of time before this soul would accept deliverance, even though it would not be easy.

All of a sudden, my spirit was hurling through a black hole in space. A star tunnel swept my soul into a higher energy that took me light years away from the haunted mansion I'd visited. Cascading around me in purplish blues, the stars filled my vision.

***"The evil within a person is hell within him . . ."***

*Heaven & Hell, Chapter 57, No. 547, Page 453,*

*(Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel*

*Swedenborg)*

***"Were the eye to be anointed and illumined with the collyrium of the knowledge of God, it would surely discover that a number of voracious beasts have gathered and preyed upon the carrion of the souls of men."***

*The Kitab-I-Iqan, Part 1, Page 31, Middle, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah*)

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Appearing benign at first, the serpent could amass enough rage to explode into a raging, reddish-orange, thirty-foot, cobra-like demon within seconds. Fire, venom and smoke poured out of its mouth like a volcano, and this demon was attached to his solar plexus. Ironically, in its benign state, it appeared as a small, four-foot, and green snake.

An old man was present, very obviously well versed in the area of exorcism. Allowing me to watch as he extricated this monstrous demon from the soul of the man in the haunted mansion, we'd been summoned by the eternal to retrieve him, as he was finally ready to accept the exorcism. You simply could not describe the look upon his face when he saw what was inside of him. Afraid to proceed, he agreed sheepishly, feeling confident in the presence of this experienced old man.

"You can only restrain a demon like this one for so long," the old man said, "you can try to control it, but it is much too excitable . . . ultimately, it will control you." As the demon finished its spewing forth of vile things, it began shrinking into its benign state. Seconds later, something else riled the creature up again and it began the entire cycle all over again, turning into a huge raging inferno of darkness. Taking cover, the old man directed us to stay back while we waited for another opportunity to grasp a hold of this demon in its benign state. Very calm and expert in dealing with this process, the old man

patiently waited for its benign state to return. Reciting the Lord's Prayer repeatedly, the younger man in the haunted mansion joined him in its recital. As the creature became benign, the younger man's face was still filled with terror. "You think *you're* scared of this thing?" The old man said, "Don't you think you've scared a lot of people letting this thing come lashing out of you?!" Awareness and remorse lit up the younger man's face.

Ironically, this man was not evil, especially in the sense of what you might expect in witnessing what had been living inside of him. Pointing out that this particular demon was quite common; the old man had much to say. "The demon of rage is what they call it," he said, "it often sparks outbursts of rage and lives inside a great many people who are anywhere from verbally to physically abusive." Pausing to look our way, he made sure we were listening to importance of his words to come. "This is not the demon of the mass murderer; it's the demon of the common man."

Taking the now benign creature and placing it into an unusual aquarium, we realized that this aquarium had the power to keep the demon benign and at rest while encapsulated within. Feeling relief, the man who'd undergone an exorcism felt relief, but still harbored shock from the experience. "It's time for you to get out of this place," the old man said, "before you get contaminated again." Waving good-bye to us, the younger man disappeared.

***"The worst people of all are the ones who have been involved in evil pursuits as a result of self-love, with an accompanying inward behavior stemming from deceit. This is because the deceit penetrates their thoughts and purposes too thoroughly and fills them with poison, destroying their whole spiritual life."***

*Heaven & Hell, Chapter 60, No. 578, Paragraph 1, Page 483, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel*

*Swedenborg)*

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Amidst a cloudy realm, several religious leaders were waiting for me to arrive. A large silver cross adorned my neck, and I was wearing the Essene robes. Expressing their concern that the laity were having religious experiences, the religious leaders were dumbfounded as to why this would occur. Because they were the leaders, they considered themselves 'chosen ones,' and it was they who should be experiencing such unusual events.

"God chooses whom He chooses." I said as they looked at me wryly and with sarcasm. "You've become political figures, not necessarily holy men. God doesn't contain Himself to your boundaries, you must seek Him on His terms, not your own." (Although being a political figure for the sake of God can be a *very* holy calling, it is simply a different calling.) Angered, a priest replied, "Well, who are you to tell us this? You're no prophet!" "I've never claimed to be a prophet, I only serve the Lord."

***"(Howbeit), in accordance with the tender mercy of God, in accordance with His goodness and with the wondrous manifestation of His glory, He has (always) granted it to some of the earth-born to gain admittance to the Congregation of the Holy, to be reckoned among the community of angelic beings who are with Him, to have station there for life everlasting and to be in one lot with His (celestial) Holy Ones. All men are punished(?) or marked out for distinction according to the lot which (God) has assigned to each, (some for eternal shame and contempt, and some) for life everlasting."***

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, The Epochs of Time, Page 523, Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Enraptured in flight, my soul emerged upon the altar at a holy church. My white robes and cross were glistening as I kneeled before the sacred altar to Mary. Bowing and praying, I lit a candle in the name of the priest who had admonished me, to honor and respect his post and his holy place with God. As I quietly arose, this same priest approached me. Fearing a further confrontation, he greeted me with a smile.

Saying nothing, he showed me a book. Immediately, I recognized it as my own, the one I had written. "An angel came to me!" he shouted in exuberation. "She showed me your writings and told me that you are a servant of the Lord!" Smiling, I placed my hand in his.

Insisting on administering Holy Communion to me, I felt unworthy but his insistence brought tears to my eyes. Deep from inside his robes he retrieved a box containing a small statue of the Holy Mother of God, and then he placed a small amulet of Mary around my ankle. When he finished, I said, "Thank you, thank you fellow servant of the Lord." As I said this, he smiled.

Noticing that the angels had given him a gift when they'd come to him in vision, on his teeth were golden hieroglyphics, markings visible only to the eyes of God's servants. Bowing in honor of this grace he had received, I said, "I must go now," disintegrating into only a light, I disappeared.

Soaring gracefully to an angelic realm, I was directed to put on my angel wings. Upon attaching them, my robes turned into a magnificent white-gold. Flying to my destination, two young Mormon missionaries who truly loved God and were seeking with all of their soul had failed to find all the answers they needed. "Your path provides you with only a fraction of the truth," I said to them, "there is more to know about the Lord."

Confused and hesitant at first, they both reached to touch my wings. As they touched them, they immediately knew that I was a servant of the Father. Sitting down to teach them, these souls were young and childlike, and in their in their innocence, they sought true knowledge, and were willing to learn even if it contradicted the doctrine they had previously been taught.

Soaring outside to an iridescent river flowing amidst a wanton mountain forest, I pointed to the trees that were all around us. "How do you look at a tree?" I asked him. "I look at the top, primarily." He said. "Well, you must look at a tree from the ground to the sky if you want to watch its ascent to heaven!" As I said this, he looked at it this way, and a grand smile overtook his face. Heavens opening and skies parting, it made way for the arms of the Lord to reach humanity. "I must go now," I said, as he tried to convince me to stay. "I'm sorry, I have others I must assist, but I do have a message to give you from the Creator." He was excited. "I have been given permission to grant you one miracle, so think about what you would like, and when I or another returns, it will be done." Smiling with childlike glee, I soared into the heavenly realm that now lay open in a pinkish mist.

***"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."***

*King James Bible, New Testament, Mark 10:14-15, (Christianity, Words of Christ)*

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Having worked with a particular soul in attempting to elevate her to a higher degree, Andy and I found that no matter how hard we tried, it seemed that this soul couldn't understand what we were trying to teach her, and she continued in the ways of her former sin. One night, the Lord bade me to see a set of three

lights. Andy and I had ignited all three of these lights within our soul, but our friend had only lit two of the lights. A voice from the heavens said, "She has only two of the three lights, and thus, she cannot understand." This gave me insight.

***"Nor has any one known that there are three degrees of love and wisdom, in accordance with which the angelic heavens are arranged. Nor that the human mind is divided into that number of degrees, to the end that it may be raised after death into one of the three heavens, which takes place in accordance both with its life and its faith."***

*The True Christian Religion, Volume I, No. 24, Part 7-8, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)*

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Again, I was holding 'The Sutta on Evil,' as I was being prepped before being sent upon my way.

Soaring into the alteration, this particular mass murderer had spent her life completely undetected; a black woman had killed anyone who possessed anything she felt she didn't have. It could be anything from money to physical beauty. Partly because she was a woman, she had gone completely undetected by the law despite the overwhelming number of victims she had to her debit.

Upon my arrival, she was confronting her latest target; a woman with large breasts and a voluptuous figure which she envied. Walking towards the two, the murderer began speaking angry words to her potential victim. Conveying her intention to kill her, the woman didn't take her seriously. And as the murderess did not leave things be; the other woman reached her arm back planning to sock this screwy stranger in the face. Knowing that that action would energize further violence, I knew I must subdue this move. Having unusual physical strength, the perpetrator could have

overtaken her with no difficulty. Grabbing the potential victim's arm, I held it. Upon seeing me, the black woman began running, so I summoned the aid of two other alterers to assist. Appearing, they chased after her, while I ran around the other side of a building, knowing that she would be chased right back to me.

Running frantically, seeing me struck absolute terror in her. Somehow, she *knew* me, and she *knew* of my purpose with her. In a flash of light, I transformed her into a small domestic cat. Picking her up, I placed the 'Sutta on Evil' on her back and allowed the knowledge of its energetic pages to enter into her being. She hissed as I did this. "You have always followed the ways of 'fight or flight.' We cannot allow you to continue doing harm; you have had your chance as a human and failed to attain higher learning. Your predatory nature will now be monitored in a more harmless form."

Even as a cat, she remained terrified of me. But as I held her, I began to pet her anyway. Hissing and lashing towards me with her claws, I said, "You cannot hurt me. You *need* love in your heart. You *need* to learn a higher way." Agitated still, the darkness within this soul had much to overcome.

Placing her on the ground, I looked again at the Sutta which contained the knowledge of these lower evolutionary incarnations which occur in energy.

Because the border worlds, realm three and four, are mortal realms of light and dark, incarnations are allowed from lower evolutions (the hells) to give opportunities for growth to occur, and from higher evolutions (angels, the heavens) to give opportunities for higher knowledge to descend. Those from lower evolutions who fail are most often returned to the animal kingdom or one of the hells until they again show potential to reach a higher thrust. Evil exists in the mortal

realms because of free will and the function of evolution in these realms. Mortal realms contain elements of higher love, slightly lower love, souls in karmic purification, karmic darkness, dominantly dark souls, evil souls, and the animal kingdom which is completely predatory. From this, you see the range of function in karmic purification, but now we will focus on the element of evil.

Some demons are actually given entry into the third realm through human incarnation. Although these demonic incarnations are few in comparison to those in the state of karmic delusion, the actual evil which occurs in this realm is often instigated by incarnate demons or former wards of hell who manipulate other incarnations to do their dirty deeds. (Usually karmic darkness, or dominant darkness, but sometimes those of the light who are naive, and as a result, fall from grace.) Karmic darkness is always surrounded by some demonic influence and can usually be easily manipulated. All souls who incarnate in mortal realms, except for very unusual souls who volunteer to come from above to fulfill a higher task, are controlled by the elements of darkness to a certain extent. Even a soul who achieves karmic purification has only begun to purge all such influence.

Demonic incarnations are brought into the third realm to actually give opportunities for the advancement of their souls. In their human birth, it is hoped that the parents will teach them in infancy of respect and honor for life, the essence seeds of compassion, but in the case of demonic birth, a parent must be extremely diligent for even the smallest bit of growth to occur. In most cases, but definitely not all, the parents chosen for the task are a few levels above or below the soul incarnating and are fairly dark themselves. Because of this, they are often

easily manipulated into accepting wrongdoing and protecting or sympathizing with the disturbed child. It goes without saying that if a demonic birth can sometimes be altered through the hard and tedious work of parents, that children who are born with very strong karmic programs can be turned around in childhood, also, but only if they are given parents who work diligently to teach them the proper truths, within the understanding of their inherent delusions, and if the children are open and receptive to the seeding of new awareness. Parents are often chosen by their conscious or unconscious ability to transform particular karmic programs, but because of the delusional state of mankind and the inherent difficulty in overturning karma, many, if not most, children are unable to accomplish this in childhood. Because of the nature of parental sin being visited upon the children, many of these souls not only don't catapult, but rather, turn backwards, embracing additional vices of their parents. Because of the difficulty in rearing souls and the self-centered nature of our society; parents and their children sometimes fail this most important task, because they are too distracted by worldly attachments, or because the child is too deeply ingrained of its karmic or evil view.

***"Moreover the same enemy instills into the parents a base neglectfulness and carnal love for their offspring; and he incites teachers to carelessness, so that the children find no support against evil in their education, but become depraved and spoiled by many bad habits, losing sight of virtue and their good inclinations and going the way of perdition."***

*The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Transfixion, Chapter II, Page 404, Middle, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mary)*

A grand difference exists between those surrounded by dark influences and incarnate demons or

wards of hell. Incarnate demons can vary from an actual incarnation of a god of vice, to very powerful demonic manifestations (former wards of hell) who encompass many or all of the deadliest vices. As the most evil of souls in their potency, they are difficult to identify (they can be smart and they come in many faces), and they can maintain a semblance of absolute normalcy to the outside world. Demonic souls are good at disguise.

An incarnation of a singular god of vice or multiple vice evil is difficult to distinguish and can only be verified by energetic means. Because ignorance, dominant darkness, and evil manifest such similar behaviors, it is difficult to recognize the difference between them on the ground; for they differ only in intention and movement.

Demonic or dominantly dark incarnations can often be discovered by a singular flaw. On the surface, they will not often reveal their identity, but their singular flaw is their absolute *hatred* of God. As opposed to someone who just doesn't believe in God, this type of incarnation experiences rage, discomfort, agitation or nervousness upon the mere mention of His name. Despite this abhorrence of God, it does not necessarily keep them from attending a church. Becoming increasingly agitated in the presence of beings of higher incarnation, they are severely affected by those with energetic influence or who use the name of God with true power. Assaultive at times around their opposite, they try to keep this hidden side of themselves under wraps. Many mass murderers operate in this manner, as only their victims see the demonic image behind the mask they wear, and of course, they don't live to tell.

To keep up appearances, the deception of the serpent, the evil one will do whatever it takes. Many very sincere spiritual seekers will not have the same

affect on a demonic soul because they are not able to discern energetic liaisons. Because of this, demonic souls may be very comfortable around such as these, as long as their true nature is concealed.

Interestingly, those involved in karmic darkness may sometimes demonstrate this behavior, as well, because they are very often still possessed by dark forces, or surrounded by their influence.

Benign at times when the soul is in complete control but violently assaultive at others when control has been usurped; the most popular disguise is the silent, violent one, keeping its dark destructive agitated behavior behind closed doors. Those possessed by such influences may be very agreeable in public, kind and laid back, but in their own home they may be abusive, or energize destructive thoughts within others who then carry them out for them; keeping their own hands clean of the carnage of their own vice, at least for the sake of appearances, but not in the sense of the absolute.

When someone is surrounded by darkness, simple dismantling and removal of the bad energy is accomplished, although many re-energize the return of such influence rather quickly through their vice-filled thoughts. In regards to incarnate evil, however, because they *are* the bad energy, they are given a certain amount of time to show movement towards a higher ideal, before the eternal energizes their death and rebirth to a lower life form or realm. Although this can be an animal birth, because many animal species are compatible to the predatory will, this is usually a temporary fix.

Because evolution is meant to be forward movement rather than backwards flow, any soul who is traveling towards life will be energized further, no matter at what level they may stand in the spectrum of understanding. Thus, those who are traveling away from

life will also be de-energized accordingly no matter what level they may stand in the spectrum of understanding. Giving insight into God's mysterious ways, a soul who has been given much light, might be turned backwards if he ceases movement forward; just as a soul who may still be deeply ensconced in ignorant karmic darkness (ignorance, because chosen darkness and evil always turn away from life), may be given eternal assistance and protection on the basis of their pure intent and desire to move towards God.

Many incarnations of evil have ruled, as have incarnations of light. Society must learn to discern the serpent from the lamb, but society often fails and evil is chosen. Evil is not simply a benign presence that needs to be rehabilitated, true evil must be ***STOPPED***. Sympathizing with darkness only magnifies and implodes its ramifications, and it can only be stopped by swift, severe, deliberate retribution. When a society fails to perform this responsibility, society becomes the host and victim of the darkness it hasn't the courage to stop. The serpent comes in, oh, so many faces, and his manipulation is won with hundreds of reasoning's and excuses for the rightness of his acts. Although the eternal recognizes ignorance, there are no excuses for dominant darkness or evil. When you face chosen darkness on this level, good and evil do become black and white.

Birth in the lower hell realms is appropriate for the deepest forms of evil because their thoughts and acts reflect the deafening violence to which they are compatible, and they are quite at home in such places. In the lower hells, souls undergo the tortures that they have inflicted upon others, and a soul who *is* destruction, is not compatible to God, whose existence *is* creation. Enjoying the infliction of pain upon others, an evil soul is aeons away from the ultimate and divine mercy of

God.

Evolution is not an issue of judgment, but of compatibility. Birth in the hell realms is appropriate for those souls who *love* their vice. Souls who love God, despite their ignorance, will naturally amend to a higher status through the influx of heavenly forces. Because of the millions of possible configurations, each path is unique and can only be understood energetically. Jaded with many elements, and many forces of both good and evil at work to lay claim to its destiny, only God may stand as judge of a soul, and His judgments are always true.

***"Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."***

*King James Bible, New Testament, Romans 12:19, (Christianity)*

***"We can determine the nature of hellish spirits' malice by looking at their unspeakable arts . . . These skills are virtually unknown in the world. One kind has to be with the misuse of correspondence; another with the misuse of the lowest elements of the Divine design; a third with the communication and inflow of thoughts and affections, using transformations, investigations, other spirits beyond themselves, and emissaries. A fourth kind involves working with hallucinations, a fifth, projection beyond themselves so that they seem to be present where their bodies are not. A sixth kind involves impersonation, persuasion and lies. An evil spirit comes by its very nature into the use of these skills when it has been released from its body. They are intrinsic to the nature of his evil . . . Hellish spirits torment each other with these skills in the hells."***

*Heaven & Hell, Chapter 60, No. 580, Page 484, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg*)

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Ordering that I be allowed to see the demons of the common man through the souls of an average family, the Lord had ordered them to come to me and show me their true selves. Each were hesitant as they approached, and but they were under divine command to be revealed. The first came with darkness in his eyes, as his face slowly became reptilian and metamorphosized into an ugly demon. Conveying that he was an incarnate demon, I turned. The second's approach brought with her an ominous presence. Through her mouth a most disturbing voice began speaking, the hoarse, deep, throaty cry of Satan. "YOU CANNOT COME HERE," Satan echoed through his charge, "You must know I serve two masters." Revealed, her masters were Satan himself, and the gull, destructive sexual energy. The third approached as the demons that controlled this soul were by her side. Told that she made 'unconscious incantations to Beelzebub just by the nature of her thought processes,' I was shocked. She was not aware of this. The fourth stood alone, the darkest of all of them, a consumer of children, who stood as a mere shell of the human he had once had the chance to be, and lowered his head in shame. But he was not given permission to reveal his full status, yet, for to see such evil at this time, would be too much for my soul to bear.

In a flash, I was sitting in the center of a small living room. The Dalai Lama came and sat down on the floor, attempting to teach the members of this family. Showing them pictures of transformations in progress, he tried to make them understand what they must do to purify themselves and deliver themselves from darkness. Rudely shouting, they screamed. "We are not what you say we are!" Displaying irritation, the Dalai Lama was completely in control of his emotions despite

their total disrespect of all that is sacred. But I couldn't stand to see such a holy man be treated in this manner, "How dare you speak that way to one of God's holy men!" I shouted. Raising his hand to me, the Dalai Lama motioned me to stop as he began to speak of compassion.

Beautiful and eloquent, his words were difficult to grasp. But I listened as intently as I could so as not to miss any of his mastery. Coming to show me that it wouldn't matter if the holiest of God's servants came to these people, he wanted me to realize that they would respond with arrogance and rage, nevertheless. Needing to be mindful of my anger, it would only be through a calm and peaceful mind that the Lord would be able to work. "You must accept their choice," he conveyed, "it is theirs to make. This journey will strengthen you in your ability to perceive those in the lower realms with compassion."

Before he left, the Dalai Lama made mention of the recent birth of our daughter. Smiling with joy at her arrival, he chuckled and disappeared.

***"Vasudeva tried to pacify Kamsa by good instruction as well as by philosophical discrimination, but Kamsa was not to be pacified because his association was demoniac. Because of his demoniac associations, he was a demon, although born in a very high royal family. A demon never cares for any good instruction. He is just like a determined thief: one can give him moral instruction, but it will not be effective. Similarly, those who are demoniac or atheistic by nature can hardly assimilate any good instruction, however authorized it may be. That is the difference between demigod and demon. Those who can accept good instruction and try to live their lives in that way are called demigods, and those who are unable to take such good instruction are called demons."***

*KRSNA, Chapter 1, Page 19, Paragraph 2, (Hinduism,*

*Author: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)*

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The rowboat was moving slowly along the river as we began our trip to the wilderness of demons. A Buddhist monk rowed the boat very mindfully towards three separate destinations in the eerie woodland. Taken to learn more about the demons of the common man, as manifested in this particular average family, I was unsure.

Walking through the woods was the demonic form of the gull, destructive sexual energy, wearing a skirt up to her buttocks; she kept trying to get the monk's attention by taunting him sexually. Unmoved by her attentions, he had no interest in such manifestations. The young woman owned by this gull appeared next to her, as I acknowledged her charge.

Inviting the demon to join us in the boat, the monk remained totally at peace as we rowed further towards a mountainous area. I was not very comfortable sharing the boat with a demon. Arriving at our second destination, we exited the rowboat and traveled on foot to a spot deep in the woods.

Standing there was a very large raging demon; fifteen or twenty feet in height. Introducing me to the demon of rage, he was given to uncontrollable fits of rage, which made him grow larger. Frightened by this particularly reptilian demon, I moved back; but the Buddhist monk stood forward, even as the demon raged. The demon stood on two feet and had green horns. Holding his hand to the demon, the monk asked him to join us in our boat. Two members appeared at the side of this demon, father and son, as the monk made me to know that this demon controlled them both, having been passed from one generation to the next. In this, I saw how the sins of the father are visited upon the sons, for the

demon of the father had been inherited by the son.

In the face of this simple monk, I saw complete compassion and understanding. Imperturbable, he generated no anger or hatred towards the demons, just a polite understanding of the causes of such births. While we rowed in the boat, the demon of rage would burst into fits of violence at random moments, which made me fearful and uncomfortable. But the monk remained completely unchanged, as if it were simply a small child throwing a tantrum on the floor.

Rowing quietly to our final destination, we reached the home of the final member of this family. The beast continued his rages and the gull continued her sexual tauntings; but the monk parked the boat quietly with no response to the emergent defilement. His compassion was something I could not yet fully understand.

Attached to the side of this soul's home was a haunted mansion, overrun by demons and haunted memories from her past. Anything but benign, this haunted mansion was inhabited by the soul who made unconscious incantations to Beelzebub, just by the nature of her thoughts.

As the monk walked with me to the door, he directed that I should enter alone. As I did, I saw the demons, ghosts and maniacal ravings of the occupants of the haunted mansion, while this woman stood amongst it, unwilling to do anything about it. "You could free yourself from this plight if only you would be willing to examine and process these energies singularly." I said. She folded her arms in defiance. "No!"

Leaving the home, I closed the door. As we re-entered the rowboat the demons disappeared and reappeared on the shore in this demon wilderness. Smiling and waving at the monk, they seemed grateful

that he understood their true nature and felt compassion for the inherent suffering of such a state. Finding it compelling that all of these demons were common, not unusual in any way, it was shocking to me to realize that almost all incarnate souls are possessed to a certain degree by such varied demons of vice.

Being with the monk transferred a very important knowledge, that of compassion and love to even the most vile of creation. Continuing to row the boat until we exited this forest of demons, the monk said and conveyed nothing more. But I reflected a great deal on how I used to perceive darkness. And now, I understood something I'd never fully grasped. Darkness knows no happiness, for it doesn't know God. This is very sad.

***"To encounter a true master is said to be worth a century of studying his or her teaching, because in such a person we witness a living example of enlightenment. How can we encounter Jesus or the Buddha? It depends on us. Many who looked directly into the eyes of the Buddha or Jesus were not capable of seeing them . . . When a sage is present and you sit near him or her, you feel peace and light."***

*Living Buddha, Living Christ, Chapter 4, Page 52, Paragraph 1, Page 53, Top, (Buddhism, Mahayana, Words of Thich Naht Hahn)*

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Wandering through a haunted mansion which was quite different than the others, I found it to be more of a middle of the road haunting. Huge and endless in its number of rooms, only a few of the rooms were actually haunted by demonic spirits. What stood out about this mansion, however, was the overwhelming amount of corruption, putrid water, rotten walls, dirt, grime, and mold which was growing everywhere. But it was also the most populated mansion I'd ever come across, there

were literally thousands here at any given moment, for it was the haunted mansion of the common man.

Resting in a small bedroom, Andy was with me and within moments of our arrival crowds of people were waiting in lines to see us. "Would you mind?" I said, rather irritated, but Andy quietly touched my shoulder and said, "No, you don't understand, I must minister to these people."

Immediately, I realized that Andy worked on behalf of the souls in this mansion on both levels of consciousness, here and through the court systems, to restore that which has been lost.

***"Shaking the palaces of all demons, awakening the minds of all sentient beings, those who received the teaching and practiced it in the past, they cause to know the true meaning."***

*The Flower Ornament Scripture, Ten Dedications, Page 667, Stanza 8, (Buddhism, Mahayana)*

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Walking into the old duplex, it was a smaller, but very defiled haunted mansion. A group of young, college-age men lived there who were drinking and partying with several young women. One of the young men was being very attentive to a young woman who was slightly overweight. Using flattery and insincere compliments, she eventually agreed to go have sex with him. But when they returned from having sex, he treated her like trash, as though she was worthless, humiliating her in front of the other men and women who were engaging in other various levels of sexual activity.

Asking the monk beside me, I begged the question. "He seemed so sincere; I don't understand why he is behaving so terribly to this woman now." As I asked this, barracudas appeared in the middle of the floor, long black fish which I immediately understood to be their penises. "It is another manifestation of darkness," the

monk said, "their penises have become serpents used to humiliate women."

Suddenly, he was gone.

An inner knowing was leading me to find the Buddhist monk who had taken me upon his rowboat. Scheduled to be speaking somewhere in the astral arena, in order to get there, I would have to travel alone through several dark and dank streets. In the deepest of ghettoes, I felt no fear, only expectation in seeing the monk.

Up ahead, a worldly man, still trapped within the defilement of his own ways, was watching me; angry that I'd emerged from the prison of vice that still held his soul. Glaring at me as I turned away, I conveyed, "You have no hold on my soul, your bondage is your own."

Arriving at the place where the monk was to be, many souls were engaging in frivolous speech, talking endlessly. Sitting quietly across the room, I watched the serene and peaceful monk as he said nothing. Walking over to where I waited, he sat down next to me.

Conveying silently, he said, "I am impressed with your state of mindfulness." Placing his hand on mine, I gave a glance of thanks.

***"Craving steadily grows in the mortal whose mind is agitated by (evil) thoughts, who is full of strong passions and ever yearning for what is pleasant. Such a one makes his fetters strong."***

*Dhammapada, Canto XXIV, No. 349, Page 137, (Buddhism)*

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Now pursuing me, the demonic man was in a violent rage. Holding a gun to my head, he had been led into this vile state by his own bitter darkness, but his rage was multiplied because I had given him the truth of the state of his soul and would not take it back; he was a consumer of children. Astral police officers were standing by to disarm him, but I didn't think I would need them. Reaching down, I took his first gun and

handed it to the police. Pulling out a larger gun, I saw within his eyes that he was truly capable of killing me, although this should not have been surprising, for he was quite violent in the physical realm. "I will destroy you!" he said, as I gazed into his crazed eyes. "You may kill this body, but the Way is established in me and cannot be destroyed. This is what you hate, is it not?" I shouted. Confused, he began shivering and didn't know what to do. "DO IT!" I shouted at him. "I've no fear of losing this life. The Way is established within me. It will not die, and it will haunt you more than my living body ever could." Taking the gun from his hands as he quivered, I handed it to the police and disappeared.

***"To accept death at such a time, in order that the Will of God may be fulfilled, merits for us a reward similar to that of the martyrs, because they accepted death to please God."***

*The Voice of the Saints, The Meaning of Suffering, Page 122, No. 2, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Alphonsus Liguori)*

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Alit beyond the threshold of time, my soul flew fast along a roadway as hundreds of singular red roses began emerging from the ground; not on bushes, but each alone atop a single stem. An angel came gracefully carrying within her hand a single white rose, as the hundreds of red roses continued to emerge around her. Handing me the white rose, she asked me to give it to my husband, Andy. "The white is a constant symbol of the presence of God, and within each petal of every rose lies the secrets of all existence." Conveying that it was a medal of honor for his work in restoring that which had been lost, the angel acknowledged his courage in the face of much darkness to strive to save souls who would otherwise be lost to the Lord. Taking notice of his many personal sacrifices on behalf of these souls, this had

pleased God. He was being honored for his work as a prosecutor in the court system. She began reciting the Lord's Prayer. "Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name . . ."

***"I saw there roses, white and red, and I thought them symbols of Christ's Passion and our Redemption."***

*The Life of Jesus Christ and Biblical Revelations, The Creation, No. 2, Page 5, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Ven. Anne Catherine Emmerich on Paradise and the Garden of Eden)*

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Before I knew what had happened, a group of spiritual guides had swept me away to follow them on their missions for the night. About fifty men and women, all were trained in the de-energization and extrication of incarnate consumer's of children.

Like a SWAT team, they were unfailing in their lures and devices to entrap and capture the assailers of God's most precious ones. And if there was even the smallest of hesitation to cooperate with God's answer to the consumer's of children, they were immediately destroyed. No tolerance whatsoever was given to those who perpetrated evil upon children. In fact, I had never seen such immediate, total and thorough retaliation by any force of light for any other crime. Perpetrators of such acts were held accountable for the soul's they defiled, and were given no second chances. Sympathy was absent for this putrid form of evil. Committing such an act seemed to render immediate judgment against your soul to be administered at God's command.

Preparing to take out a particularly horrible soul who had committed many acts against children, the SWAT team revealed to me how many victims, crimes, and unspeakable acts he had committed, all of which were hard to fathom. Leading the SWAT team on a long and arduous chase, it resulted in a confrontation in a mall

where he was now surrounded. Randomly, he shot at people all around, because he knew he was doomed but did not want to give up.

One of the team members took my hand as he wanted me to see this particularly vile character God had sent them to annihilate. Directing me to look upon the countenance of this creature, I followed him quietly and turned to face this man who had piled up all around him the disgusting lures and horrific devices he had used on his unfortunate victims. "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah," I screamed in horror, as I looked upon the face of the consumer. "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah." Showing no emotion, he had nothing to say regarding the charges brought against him; but his face was covered by a pox, the visible sign of his sin. An angel of the Lord appeared. "Choosing evil is enough to drive a man away from God," she said, "but even this has the hope of salvation. But to bring other souls to damnation is a violation of God's law to the highest degree. To deliver children into the hands of evil is a crime against God for which you are accountable." The consumer saw two souls for which he was paying due. One had been born into darkness, but because of this man, had become worse, and had gone backwards. This was very bad. But then the angel showed him a sweet innocent young child, who'd been born in a state of grace, but because of him, had become filled with demons of various kinds, causing this soul to fall from grace. This was so much greater a loss, so much greater a sin, and this was very, very bad.

As I watched, I realized that being the cause of another soul's fall from grace is a much greater sin than any other. Falling apart at the sight, the man said nothing, nothing at all. Cowering, I turned away because I couldn't look as the team moved in and destroyed him. Time for destruction now completely over, he was

rendered completely benign. To prey upon children is the lowest form of evil, and to commit such acts, is to almost assuredly commit your soul to hell.

***"Silence is equivalent to confession."***

*The Talmudic Anthology, No. 189, Paragraph 1, Ketubot, 11, (Judaism)*

***"Whoever offends an innocent, pure and faultless person, the evil (of his act) rebounds on that fool, even as fine dust thrown against the wind."***

*Dhammapada, Canto IX, No. 125, Page 51, (Buddhism)*

***"He said to his disciples, 'Things that cause sin will inevitably occur, but woe to the person through whom they occur. It would be better for him if a millstone were put around his neck and he be thrown into the sea than for him to cause one of these little ones to sin."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Luke 17:1-2, (Christianity, Words of Christ)*

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***"Even though there may be an every-day purity, silt-clear as a river's water in autumn, how can it possibly compare with a luminous spring night, the moon softened by haze? Many are the houses where people yearn thus for a spotlessly clean life, but, however much they sweep this way and that, their hearts are still not emptied and clear."***

*The Denkoroku, Chapter 7, Page 40, Stanza 1, (Buddhism, Zen)*

Arriving with a calm smile upon her face, the most reverend master walked towards me, complimenting me upon my monastery and how it had been erected to *almost* perfection. Every religious statue, picture, symbol and book had been arranged according to energy, placed to create a specific energetic function. Showing me an area which was not quite finished, she told me what changes needed to be made to make the monastery 'energetically' perfect, thus, affording

energetic protection from dark forces.

Another monk stood beside her as she quietly asked, "Have you studied the next Seraph?" "Yes, I have and I believe I am ready for the following," he replied. Walking closer to her, I bowed lightly. "Master, would it be alright if I posed a question to you?" "Yes, it would." She replied. "You use the word 'seraph' and I don't know what it means." "Seraph," she replied, "is a word we use in scriptural study to represent a level of training and attainment." Conveying that she acknowledged my continued desire to learn and serve the Lord, she had grave concerns regarding my naiveté regarding the power of the dark side and their desire to destroy me. Satan hates souls, but he hates the souls that steal others away from him all the more. "You must be more aware, diligent and empowered to destroy the demons," she said, as she suddenly saw something coming from behind me and shouted, "Close your eyes!"

Having arrived without warning, the demons were pouring some type of harsh chemical from above intended to blind my spiritual sight. Because of her quick action, my eyes were closed and I was able to protect myself from this dark plan.

After opening my eyes, I saw an orange demon about four feet tall with a cup in his hands. Beginning to pour out spindly dark-winged creatures onto the floor, they immediately began multiplying by the thousands. Standing back, the reverend shouted, "It's too late! The gargoyles multiply too quickly, you will be defeated!" "NO!" I shouted.

Walking forward as the gargoyles began clinging to our arms and legs, parasites by nature, I began praying fervently to the Lord. Allowing a part of His enormous vastness to enter into my spiritual body, the Lord began shouting through my vocal chords, "The Almighty One

demands your death! The Almighty One demands your death!" Realizing the vastness of God's mercy, in that moment, I also realized that His wrath is equally powerful.

The reverend master looked shocked at God's presence within me, as she truly believed that we had been beyond saving and that it was too late. Imminent destruction was so profound and I, too, was amazed at God's voice blending with my own, but I couldn't really contemplate it right now. "The Almighty One demands your death!" echoing over and over, "The Almighty One demands your death!" Gargoyles began falling to the ground like flies, as the reverend master took my hand in respect, acknowledging the presence of God within me. Walking away, I thanked her for her warning, for it surely had proven quite vitally true.

***"My Son, let not the fair and subtle sayings of men move thee, for the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power."***

*The Imitation of Christ, The Third Book, Chapter XLIII, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Author: Thomas A Kempis')*

***"And the seventy returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name."***

*King James Bible, New Testament, Luke 10:17-19, (Christianity, Words of Christ)*

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As the Lord continued His promised purification of my soul, I began experiencing an expungement which frightened me. Within my soul were several spindly creatures, and as the Lord began removing them one by one, the demonic realm would assault me continually at night. Sending various forms of temptations, usually in the form of lust because of my karmic propensity to this vice, they were relentless in their search for an avenue which would allow them to return.

As soon as I recognized a temptation within my

soul, I would immediately awaken from sleep, and the spindly creatures would be pushed out through my neck by the power of the Lord as I saw them bouncing on and off the walls in my conscious state. Soaring quickly to them, I grabbed the creatures and soared into the heavens, placing them in the hands of angels who would insure that they be returned to the second realm. Far be it from me to leave a dark force to roam the Earth seeking a new host.

***"The devil sleepeth not; thy flesh is not yet dead; therefore, cease thou not to make thyself ready unto the battle, for enemies stand on thy right hand and on thy left, and they are never at rest."***

*The Imitation of Christ, The Second Book, Chapter IX, No. 8, (Christianity, Author: Thomas A Kempis)*

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Silent demons are worse than those who are more obvious, acting on impulse. Because their rage is multiplied by several times and are more likely to incite another to commit grave and deadly evil acts. Despite their sometimes benign appearance, the silent demons appear on the surface to never be angered, but inside they hold vile thoughts and hatreds, which they keep to themselves in public, but behind closed doors they energize hatred, destruction and disunity in others.

***"Hypocrites are excluded from the presence of God."***

*The Talmudic Anthology, No. 147, Page 201, Stanza 5, Sotah, 42a, (Judaism)*

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Soaring outside of my body, I felt the sheer of the spirit as the eternal directed me to the heavens. Beginning to demonstrate how a single soul can affect millions by doing God's will, I watched and saw as the energies of the Lord poured through my lithe form and my spirit followed His commands without hesitation. In a way that defies words, I understood how truly

significant every single soul can be. But I knew that my small little life could be very large in God's eyes, if I would follow His will. Beyond that, I was told that it is *only* by following God's commands without hesitation, regardless of how little sense it may seem to make at the time, that a soul can ever achieve true greatness, in an eternal sense.

***"All do We aid - these as well as those - out of the bounty of thy Lord, and the bounty of thy Lord is not limited. See how We have made some of them to excel others. And certainly the Hereafter is greater in degrees and greater in excellence."***

*The Holy Qur'an, Part XV, Chapter 17, Section 2, No. 20-21, (Islam, Words of Mohammad)*

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Standing within a school house, two women were arguing. One was a party girl, and the other was more reserved and virtuous. Walking away, the virtuous girl was no longer present as I walked towards the party girl. Dressed very sexually, I looked at her calmly and said. "I used to be just like you. I thought it was cool to be the party-girl, the fun one, the one that everybody noticed and wanted to hang around. But I was wrong. It is much more virtuous to be somewhat reserved and more prudent about what you wear and how you behave. It is a very different thing to try to look nice because you want to be your best, but it is quite another to dress in a very sexual manner, wearing lots of jewelry and makeup, simply for the purpose of attracting attention and wanting everyone to notice you, that is vanity and it is a deadly sin." Looking at me strangely, I walked away.

There are seven deadly sins according to the bible: Sloth, Greed, Vanity, Avarice, Gluttony, Lust and Pride. If you are incarnate, you came in with a tendency towards at least one and more likely two or three. Virtue

must replace vice, but the desires and cravings that come from vice must naturally amend into the higher thinking that results in virtue: Wisdom, Justice, Temperance, Courage, Faith, Hope and Charity (Love). Forgive and be merciful to all . . . for as Christ said, it is easy to love those that love you, but it is hard to love those that hate you.

***"Do not think lightly of evil, saying, 'It will not come to me.' By the constant fall of waterdrops, a pitcher is filled; likewise the unwise person, accumulating evil little by little, becomes full of evil."***

*Dhammapada, Canto IX, No. 121, Page 51, (Buddhism)*

***"Before I come as the just Judge, I am coming first as the King of Mercy."***

*Divine Mercy, Notebook 1, Page 42, No. 83, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ, Author: Sister M. Faustina Kowalska)*

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Taken to a very demonic young man, he was in distress. Because of his evil nature, nobody was willing to help him, so I walked towards him and placed my hands up his head. As I did this, he became a baby, and I held him and comforted him until he was calm and felt safe. Turning to his brother, I said, "Be merciful to him, and you will see him change." Taking him into his arms, he changed back to his current age. Although evil was still present, his energy had been completely altered, as love's power was present in his tearful looking upon my countenance. "Be merciful, my dear child, and mercy will come to you." Tears began pouring in his release, and as they fell, some of his demons began to emerge and leave him.

Awaking suddenly to face a large demon tarantula sitting upon the pillow next to my hand, I realized that he had been unable to enter into me because I was holding the rosary.

***"At death we will not be judged by the amount of work***

***we did but by the love we put into it. And this love must come from self-sacrifice and be felt until it hurts."***

*The Love of Christ, Part II, Page 55, Paragraph 7, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mother Teresa*)

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Soaring through space, the eternal call had led me to a home that was up for sale. A woman was about to buy the house and she was with her real estate agent preparing to write out a contract on the home. My job was to stop her, for presences lurked within this house of which she was unaware.

Appearing in spirit form to them, they were unafraid. Asking the woman to follow me into the basement, which was a very ornate part of the home, they followed with caution. As soon as we were there, I commanded the spirit of Satan to reveal himself. Apparently, this home had been the site of satanic ritual, and the demonic forces were very well established here. Appearing immediately, the demons tried to hide their faces from the light. "This house is inhabited by Satan," I said to the lady, "do not move here." Satan's presence was not seen, but felt, and hordes of his demons infested this place like termites.

In shock, the woman appeared grateful as she ripped up the papers. The real estate agent seemed more concerned with the loss of a sale. Flying away, my task was done.

***"Many people, when moved by fear, run to mountains, jungles, hermitages, shrines and trees in search of safety and asylum. But these are no real refuge and they afford no real protection . . . But if sometime someone turns for refuge to the buddha's, the dharma and the sangha . . . this is the real refuge."***

*Training the Mind in the Great Way, Point 1, Page 87-88, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Gyalwa Gendun Druppa, the 1st Dalai Lama)*

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A pool of rattlesnakes had formed in my backyard, the demons of gossip and foul speech regarding one's neighbor. Sadly, I could say nothing, for it was true. It shocked me that I had never really considered the damage of my foul speech before, because it seemed so easily identifiable in this moment. Representing foul speech on every level, the snakes represented gossip, slander, and vanity in the use of the name of the Lord. If our mouths are merciless about the faults of others, then the mouths of the demons will also be merciless about our own faults on judgment day. Having been merciless, I'd shown poor judgment and caused harm to others with my mouth.

Judgment had been passed as one of the small rattlesnakes, about three inches in size, was given leave to poison me. Biting me in the arm, I knew that I wouldn't die, but would suffer illness for a time as penance, atonement and repentance for all the harm I had caused with words. Accepting the Lord's judgment as just, I prepared for the next wave of illness.

***"One way of talking is like death."***

*The New Jerusalem Bible, Old Testament, Ecclesiasticus 23:12, (Judaism)*

***"But those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart; and they defile the man. For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: These are the things which defile a man."***

*King James Bible, New Testament, Matthew 15:18-20, (Christianity, Words of Christ)*

***"R. Shmuel bar Nachmani said: 'They asked the snake, 'why are you found near fences?' He answered, 'because I breached the fence (that protected the world).' 'And why do you slither with your tongue protruding?' (The snake answered), 'it was my tongue that caused (my***

***transgression).'"***

*Taharas Halashon, Chapter 5, Page 55, Bamidbar Rabbah 19:2, (Judaism)*

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Stealing a pick up truck before my eyes, I flew after the criminals and witnessed their crimes. Arriving at a bridge, a stand-off erupted, and the two were now pointing a gun directly at me. "We are going to have to shoot you," they said, "you're a witness." Remaining calm, I opened a book of Torah law. "No, no, no," I said, "you've got it all wrong. According to Torah law, the laws given to Moses, you've sinned greatly already; you certainly don't want to add the taking of a life to this list. Let me teach you the laws of repentance." Looking bemused, they became disoriented. "First, you need to return the car, then you need to feel genuinely badly about what you've done, and thirdly, you must beg of God to forgive you for completely ignoring His sovereignty over you in this world and the next." The gun dropped as the confused men had not a clue where to begin. "The Lord gave us laws for our behavior in every circumstance," I said, "He even gave us laws as to what to do when we have violated them. Here . . . "I tossed the Torah to them, "read the laws, abide by them . . . most of all repent for all you have done that is evil in God's eyes." Catching the book, they looked upon it as I disappeared.

***"The Lord Himself not only shows us the evil we are to avoid and the good we are to do (which is all that the letter of the law can do), but also helps us to avoid evil and do good - things that are impossible without the spirit of grace. If grace is lacking, the law is there simply to make culprits and to slay; for this reason, the Apostle said: 'The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life.'"***

*The Fathers of the Church, Volume 2, Admonition and Grace, Chapter 1, Page 245-246, (Christianity, Catholic, Author:*

*St. Augustine*)

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Happy to see this soul I'd watched over for years, I remembered when I'd energized him with a seed of light in the ghetto to energize this very moment. Homeless and having gotten into a fight, I had placed a seed of light within his heart chakra, hoping that it may bear fruit over time.

Crowds of people surrounded us as we reunited, my joy obvious, but they were judgmental in his regard. Having spent time in prison, he was just getting out. Addressing the crowd, I quietly stated, "Mercy is a very important thing, we are all going to need mercy when we face our Creator." Ignoring me, I walked away with my friend whose troubled soul had become more focused and direct in his incarceration. Disappointed by the crowd, I knew his life would be difficult because of his former ways.

God loves a repentant sinner just as much as He loves the just. Be merciful to those who have been lost because of the impetus of the original sin catapulted upon them. If they embrace the ways of the darkness, accept their choice and let them face whatever consequences will come of it. But if they choose to energize a higher way, then be merciful in forgetting their faults, and give them a hand when they begin their climb.

***"If you kept a record of our sins, Lord, who could stand their ground? But with you is forgiveness, that you may be revered."***

*The New Jerusalem Bible, Old Testament, Psalm 130:3-4, (Judaism)*

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Three teenagers had broken into a small shop which was owned by an elderly woman for whom they had befriended. Her home was attached to the back of

the store, and it was quite obvious that this kind old woman could get hurt if she walked in on this robbery.

Noticing the soul of a gentleman had appeared, he was very skilled on the ground in martial arts. As we walked in on the robbery in progress, several things had been broken into and the store was already trashed, but we were here for another type of alteration. Because of the well-known martial arts skills of my 'partner' this evening, I turned to him in a respectful gesture and offered the alteration to him. Standing motionless, he was completely unable to respond. Completely unaware of what needed to be done, I was surprised that one who appeared so empowered, strong and invincible on the ground, was actually very weak in this eternal context.

Smiling at him, he seemed embarrassed, but I motioned him to move aside and be unconcerned. This was nothing of which to be ashamed, for he served his function well on the ground.

Looking at the three youths, whose heads were covered with snow caps in a stupid attempt to disguise their identity, I placed my hands on my hips and just stared at them. As the light from my eyes penetrated their hearts, they began to feel shame. A kindly old woman who had tried to help them had become the victim of their evil design. Beginning to look down, their bodies became slumped and cowardly. Never having to say a word, they just *knew*.

Grabbing all three of them, they filed out of the store, as a life-threatening potential had been changed. I'd seen something I'd not previously understood; the illusion of power on the ground being challenged from the sky. Putting my arm around this man's shoulder, I looked him in the eye and smiled. Slowly, we walked away as there was no necessity for words.

Coming again the next night, he showed me just

how empowered he was on the ground. Impressed by his ground alteration capability, it became apparent to me that both aspects are needed for balance; energetic interception in the sky, followed up by ground alteration.

***"The Highest Wisdom decreed that in order for all things to receive God's sustenance, they must first bind themselves to each other. The lowest things bind themselves to those above them, and these in turn to the ones that are still higher, continuing in this manner until the root Forces, which in turn depend on God Himself. His sustenance is then extended to these Forces, and it spreads downward appropriately to all levels of creation. In this manner, they all regain their ordained level and function."***

*The Way of God, Part IV, Chapter 6, No. 10, Paragraph 6, (Judaism, Author: Rabbi Moshe Chayim Luzzatto)*

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As my sleeping body lay in bed, the spirits of several demons came without warning and began hurling my soul to and fro about the room. Mercilessly, they'd ripped my spirit out of the body as I began flying around the room, banging into walls and hitting the ceiling and floor. "In Jesus Christ's name, I demand that you leave." I said repeatedly. Hurled into the abyss by the force of His name, my spirit was left at rest.

***"Many demons were expelled without their knowing who it was that thus hurled them back to hell. Yet they felt the divine power, which compelled them and wrought such blessings among men."***

*The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Incarnation, Book Four, Chapter IX, Page 376, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Ven. Mary of Agreda)*

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Standing amongst the multitude, I was feeling rather low because I felt that I didn't play a large enough

role in the world. Suddenly, my soul was swept into an ecstasy wherein I saw a golden angel administering to the children. As my face was forced upwards and my soul fell down on its knees, I couldn't move for several minutes. When I came out of the ecstasy, someone pointed out to me how lucky I was that I had seen the golden angel, when no one else present could. At that moment, I was humbled, and I knew gratitude.

Beginning to use me as a vessel for the multitude, many of them were lost sinners. Taking me into several ecstasies, I saw the holy souls and angels in heaven. After going into five ecstasies and sharing the energies of what I had seen, a Eucharistic host formed in my hand. Placing it on the altar, I turned to the multitudes, many of whom were now coming forwards in conversion.

Others in the crowd were not yet ready to convert, and were pleading with me to feed the poor amongst them. Knowing this to be outside of my power at this time, I began explaining to them that my purpose was to feed souls the food of the spirit. A particularly troubled soul came to me, exclaiming that God wouldn't come into her life because she was a slut. Rather than being a humble announcement, it was more of an enraged defiance indicating that she was fighting God's presence in her life. "God loves all His children," I said to her, "and He wants to come into *all* of them." Screaming at the top of her lungs, she replied, "I don't want God to come into me!" "Then God *cannot* come," I said, "but it is not because He doesn't want to, but because you don't want Him to."

Very few skeptics remained, and many were convinced of my sacred mission. But one particular soul arrived suddenly with rage on his face. As he wanted to kill me, the Lord began manifesting several more miracles through my body; ecstasies, visions and holy

occurrences among the people, but this particularly demonic man would not give up.

Beginning to ask me about him, the crowds lit up in inquiry. "He is a scientist," I said, "a physicist in particular, and for these accomplishments, the Lord is very pleased with him. But his singular flaw is that he is a deviant atheist and refuses to allow others religious freedom." Directed to walk towards the front of the room, he came to confront my words with physical violence.

As he approached, I said to the crowd, "Beware the serpent, for he comes in many faces. Look upon this face for he is one of them." Possessed by a demon of rage, he tried to jump me. Warning him one last time, I said, "The power of God is with me tonight." Attacking me violently, God sent energies through my hands as I de-energized him quickly. Holding his benign spirit in my hands, I replied, "God's mysterious ways, God shows his power in mysterious ways."

Walking towards the altar, the remaining unconverted souls were ready. Taking the miraculous host from heaven into my hands, those who came forward touched it. Despite the obvious presence of the Lord, the atheist proceeded forward again, trying to prevent the new converts from reaching the altar. "Can you not let others exercise their religious freedom?" I asked.

Protecting the new converts from him, I held him aside until heavenly forces pushed him away. Saddened, I turned to the others who had been lost, but were now found. Joy filled my eyes, but sadness welled inside for the one sheep that would remain lost, for now.

***"Blessed art thou inasmuch as the darkness of vain imaginings hath been powerless to hinder thee from the light of certitude, and the onslaught of the people hath***

***failed to deter thee from the Lord of mankind."***

*The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Chapter 17, Page 259, Paragraph 2, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

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***"Deny thyself and put off all the works of human weakness, and, by the true light, which thou hast received concerning the works of my Son and my own, contemplate and study thyself in this mirror, in order to arrive at that beauty, which the highest King seeks in thee."***

*The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Transfixion, Book 5, Chapter III, Page 411, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mary)*

Taken to observe a soul obsessed with gluttony, he was wandering around a grocery store placing excessive amounts of pastries into his cart. Jesus appeared, adorned with the Sacred Heart, and begged my assistance in extricating this soul from sin. After he had received several divine warnings and intervention on issues within his life (such as careless driving and bad associations), my spirit was taken in to help him.

Taking out some of the items, I said, "You don't need this." Angered, he insisted that I keep them in his cart and leave him alone. Wishing to join the crowd, he went outside, despite my protests of this action. Making a lot of noise, and being rather verbose, he thought he was fitting in with the crowd when in truth, he was just making a nuisance of himself. "You're only out here acting like this because you're obsessed with having everyone else's approval; you want everybody to like you." I said. Interestingly, he looked me in the eye and replied, "You're absolutely right, that is why I do this." But then he went about his way, disappearing into the crowd.

Following him, I eventually caught up to him in a hotel room where he was now sleeping. In the corner

of the room was an open vase with holes along the sides, inside it was a gleaming green light. Tapping him on the shoulder, he awoke and began to tell me about his spiritual guide, the green light from the vase, which continued to speak to him of the wonders of arrogance, gluttony and the importance of following the crowd so that you will be greatly liked. It went so far as to implant seeds of divorce within his mind in regards to his marriage, and seeds of thoughts that he should sue for custody of his children.

Turning to the vase, I said, "Do you come here on behalf of the light or darkness?" "Um, uh, I, uh," said the vase, as I shouted my reply, "Do you come here on behalf of the light or darkness?!" "Uh, I don't know," he said, whimsically. Moving aside, I shouted, "In the name of Jesus Christ, I command you to leave. In the name of Jesus Christ, I command you to leave!" Very attached to his ward, he would also have to release him before I would be able to banish the dark spirit. "In the name of Jesus Christ, I command you to leave! Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," I said, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!" Repeating it probably thirty or forty times, it took that long for the demon's energies to pull in towards the vase, and then to be hurled downwards towards the abyss.

***"The doors of Perdition shall close on all that Perverseness has conceived, and everlasting bars shut in all baleful spirits."***

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, The Book of Hymns, Page 154, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Turning to the former ward, he replied, "I am dreaming of this spirit right now." Tuning into his soul in his dreaming, I pulled him out of the dream to hopefully reduce any potential damage.

Looking at him, I noticed that his lower chakras were lighted all the way up to the throat, but his third

eye and crown chakras were completely closed and unlit. Placing my hands around the sides of his head, I tried with all my might to light them, but could not because the influence of the demonic force had been too strong. Requiring time to recover from his fall from grace, I chastised him for his stupidity.

Knowing this person in the physical realm, I'd contacted him to discuss this issue. Having just returned from a dream where he was gathered with friends, engaged in a gluttonous party which was adorned with pastries of all kinds, all who had come were ruled by a singular evil spirit. He'd realized that he'd allowed something dark to come near him, but before he could respond in terror, a mysterious force had pulled him out of the dream, awaking him instantly.

Many are there whom have come upon this great juncture in their own paths, but because of their fear or inability to accept the true nature of their alliances, ranted off angrily at the messenger bequeathing the message rather than the truth it beheld, tarrying off into the night, abasing themselves before the viper, unwilling to battle him anymore, wearied of the fight, surrendering their eternal souls at his clenched, reptilian, engorged and most vehemently disgusting feet, denial playing them for the fool they had become, denial keeping their awareness at bay to the true fall they had taken from grace.

Paramahansa Yogananda came to impart wisdom. "Do not listen to the 'spirit guides' that others speak of in concentration, for they are impure."

***"A weak will is a mortal will. As soon as trials and failure cut it off, it loses its connection with the dynamo of the Infinite."***

*Man's Eternal Quest, Answered Prayers, Page 35, Paragraph 2, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Author: Paramahansa Yogananda)*

***"I should flee far away from childish people. When they are encountered, though . . . I should behave well merely out of courtesy, but not become greatly familiar."***

*A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Chapter VIII, No. 15, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Shantideva*)

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Andy, my husband, was given a temptation. Two lustful women approached him and were trying to allure him. Looking to the side, Andy saw a radiant image of me holding a baby, exactly like the Madonna of the streets. Surrounded in a golden hue, I was afloat in the air. Power from my image immediately obliterated the two demonic women and they cowered, almost as if they were melting. Andy pointed in my direction as he quietly replied, "No, thank you, I'm going home to that."

***"Jesus said, 'Grapes are not harvested from thorn trees, nor are figs gathered from thistles, for they yield no fruit. A good person brings forth good from the storehouse; a bad person brings forth evil things from the corrupt storehouse in the heart . . ."***

*The Gospel of Thomas, Page 41, No. 45, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

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Soaring amongst a place which lay infested with satanic and witchcraft activity, I destroyed several satanic and witches covens, their evil books, and de-energized them completely. Taking care of the children they had harmed, I tended to their injuries; both physical and emotional, and prepared to leave.

***"The women that first allowed themselves to be ruled by evil spirits were fully conscious of the fact, though others were ignorant of it. These women had it (the principle of possession) in them like flesh and blood, like original sin."***

*The Life of Jesus Christ and Biblical Revelations, Sin and its Consequences, No. 5, Page 33, Paragraph 4, (Christianity,*

*Catholic, Words of The Ven. Anne Catherine Emmerich)*
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Someone had been faced with a temptation given by Satan. "Come in, whores," Satan's deep raspy voice had taken this person aback. Twenty or thirty women entered the room. "Take one," he continued. Looking at them, he noticed that they were all spiritually dead, their bodies were worn and battered. "No," he replied, "I have a marriage vow." "If you don't take one, they will die," exclaimed the raspy voice. Confused for only a moment, he finally retorted, "They aren't going to die." Satan left and they all disappeared.

Perchance, he had been given to witness the true energetic thrust of the craving of lust. In the faces of Satan's charges, he witnessed a spectacle most unappealing. With the manifestations of their sins apparent upon their countenance, they all showed scars, paleness, weathering, pock-marks and other signs indicating spiritual death. Lust was unbecoming in its true imagery, as it manifests its ugliness vividly in the energetic realms. Repugnant, this man's issues of lust were revealed to him in such a manner as to *repel* him from this vice and it was ironic that the grand tempter had succeeded in discouraging the vice with which he had come to sanction a fall.

Awaking with the haunting memory of the deep, raspy voice of the master of darkness, he said, "I wouldn't mind if I never had to hear that voice again." Because of his confusion at the point when he was told that the women would die if he didn't comply, I reminded him that we are to help others as much as we possibly can, but if we *must* commit sin to help them, we are required *not* to commit sin. Everyone must take responsibility for their own condition and alliance and there is plenty of opportunity for charity outside the

confines of sin and destruction.

Perhaps it should be repeated for those with a listening ear, that the surest way to defeat evil, is to deny it, deny it, and deny it . . . no matter what skillful guise the tempter may thrust before you, you must turn away.

***"The heavens shall thunder loud, and they that now do dwell on the crumbling dust of the earth be as sailors on the seas, aghast at the roaring of the waters; and all the wise men thereof be as mariners on the deep when all their skill is confounded by the surging of the seas, the seething of the depths, as high o'er the swirling tides the billows (surge), the breakers roar, while the gates of Hell burst open, and at every step they take, they face perditions shafts, and only the raging deep hears their cries. Yet anon shall the gates of (salvation) be opened; all baleful deeds (will cease)."***

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, The Book of Hymns, Page 153-154, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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Suddenly, I became aware of my sleeping body on the bed. A huge and ugly tarantula was waiting to lunge into my hand from the floor. Instead of being black, however, this one was a light brown. In an instant, I felt the stinging assault in my hand which occurs when a master spoiler attempts to enter into your body.

Imaging light from my hand, I sent a pulse of light through the ugly demon and watched as the dark abyss opened to receive its viper. But, angered at my victory, several more came out towards me in the direction of my other hand which was holding a rosary. Sending a bolt of energy towards me, the rosary began vibrating in my hand as a large sting could be felt in my palm. Startled, I tossed the rosary towards the wall, unaware of what was happening as the surprise assault came so quickly. Now, I was mad.

Picking up my rosary, I became fully conscious

and awake, yet still quite aware of the battle with which I was entrenched in the ethereal realms. Remaining visible to me, the nasty tarantulas were coming again, hoping to gain victory and entry into my form. Imaging light, a huge beam of light came down from the heavens, and I watched as the terribly immense and black pit opened to receive the lurid creatures. Initially, they went one at a time, and then suddenly they began falling in droves into the pit from the force of God. Grateful, I prayed to the Lord in thanks for His divine protection.

***"Even if you are considered to be the most sinful of all sinners, when you are situated in the boat of transcendental knowledge you will be able to cross over the ocean of miseries."***

*Bhagavad Gita As-It-Is, Chapter 4, Text 36, (Hinduism, Translator: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)*

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Taken to see a man claiming to be the second coming of Christ (This man had no connection to Baha'ul'llah and the Bab), I didn't believe him at first, but because of several ruses he'd used to demonstrate spiritual abilities, I began to believe he was true. But I soon recognized his falsehood.

What initially made this distinction difficult for me, however, was that the man spoke many truths, he showed many signs and wonders, and he behaved initially with the actions of a saint. If it had been simple to discern, the Lord would not have found need to warn us of such false claims. If the deception were attended by an obvious falsehood, then warning would not be necessary. Christ warned about the false prophets and messiahs because they would come in many believable faces, showing many believable signs. If these counterfeit messiah's were to come bearing the face of the demon, there would be no challenge in identifying their falsehood. But if they were to come as good people with

good intentions, who simply got lost within their own ego . . . that would be a little more challenging. If they were to come as prophets with true purpose, who simply got lost within their own ego . . . that would be *most* challenging. Yea, Christ warned us because warning was necessary, and it is only through energetic discernment that a soul can know the truth pertaining to such matters.

At this time, the false messiah wanted to silence me, because I was discounting his claim. Coming after me in an energetically violent manner, I managed to escape and went about my way. Let not yourself be deceived, let not yourself be deceived . . .

***"The soul is absolutely perfect, but when identified with the body as ego, its expression becomes distorted by human imperfections."***

*Where There is Light, Chapter 1, Page 5, Stanza 1, (Hinduism, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

***"Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there; believe it not. For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect. Behold, I have told you before. Wherefore if they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the desert; go not forth: behold, he is in the secret chambers; believe it not. For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."***

*King James Bible, New Testament, St. Matthew 24:23-27, (Christianity, Words of Christ)*

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Going on a drawn out mission as a social worker for a family in crisis, a family of three was being torn apart by an affair perpetrated by the husband with a very young girl. Their five year old son was having a difficult time adjusting to the changes in the family, and there were several issues facing them. Currently living with

the young girl, the husband had split with his wife who lived elsewhere, and saw his son on the weekends.

Frustrated because the young girl wasn't good with his son, the husband had not yet taken responsibility for having a relationship with someone so immature. Because the young girl had chosen to be such an affliction to this family, she now had to be responsible for what she had chosen to take on. Handling this adulterous liaison with amazing maturity and grace, the wife was not in need of assistance.

After working with the two on their perceptual delusions, an interesting thing occurred. The young girls clothing slowly began metamorphosing into a whole new form of attire as her shirt and shoes now depicted pictures indicating St. Augustine's writings on the Trinity. Realizing that my reward for working with these people was to receive this ancient sacred text, I inquired further into the images and was catapulted into an ancient sacred text library.

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Adrift with visitations from the spirits of souls I'd helped in the past, they'd come to thank me and show me that my efforts had changed their lives. Some were souls I'd spent hours talking with on the phone, trying to assist and energize their ascent forward; and others I'd worked with on energetic levels, to release their baser selves and thrust into a higher catapult. There is no greater gift than this, to know your life has been meaningful to others. Thank you Lord, for the gift of this window.

***"When the mother of Rabi saw that his son was weeping excessively and passing sleepless nights, she said to her son: O my darling, you have perhaps killed somebody. He said: O my mother, yes, I have killed. His mother said to him: Whom have you killed? I will take pardon of the family members of the murdered***

***person. By God, if they see your condition, they will certainly show kindness to you and pardon you. He said: O mother, I have killed my baser self."***

*Ihya' Ulum-Ud-Din, Book IV, Chapter VIII, No. 21, Page 429, (Islam, Sufi, Author: Imam Gazzali)*

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# CHAPTER FIVE

## Angels Assisting in Awaking to Eternal Life, Test of Alliances, Heavenly Specter, Lukewarm Souls, Demon Disguises Himself as Holy Mother, the Crossings, Avalokiteswara, the Golden Buddha and Zarathustra Come to my Aid.

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Confused and disoriented, I stood amongst several brothers with great musical abilities who were bickering over who had written which music. It seemed, for the moment, that my purpose here was somehow to help them decide who should take credit for which works, but something wasn't right. Because they were so much a team in their musical endeavors, I couldn't figure out who should take credit for what, and I was unable to discern what music belonged to whom. Many other people were among us, two separate and distinct groups; regular mortal humans, and the others who bore a distinct marking.

These others were more liquid and fluid, despite their solidity in human form. A marking lay upon their heads, somehow a sign of the difference between us. In a sense, they were almost like rubber people, movable yet erect. My soul and the souls of many others among us were being led towards the same road that these souls had taken. Despite the fact that they were joyful and full of happiness, quite unconcerned about the squabbles of the brothers, we were rather afraid because the changes that had occurred within them were so profound, it seemed to us that only through dying could one achieve such status. Indeed, this turned out to be true.

Our bodies began floating towards a gate, and instinctively we knew that this gate was the doorway to death. Trembling and afraid, we slowly arrived at the

juncture to find ourselves surrounded by boxes and boxes of candy bars. Without any effort on our parts, the candy bars flew into our mouths and began being chewed and digested. Realizing then that these candy bars were the harbingers of death, we fell into a deep sleep of death as everything became tranquil and quiet.

A great deal of time passed, but it seemed like only a moment before I suddenly awoke. All of us who had been taken through the sleep of death were awaking in unison, and hundreds of angels had come to assist each individual soul in awaking to eternal life. A beautiful female angel greeted my own sleepy soul as I aroused from death. Her long auburn hair surrounded her happy face, and her bright yellow-white wings adorned her back in a very comfortable looking manner. Interestingly, she wore jeans and a white T-shirt, not the attire I always expect from heavenly hosts. Immediately, she spoke, "Do you wish to have immortal life?" Because of my experiences in the past, I had to ask a question. "Do you come on behalf of darkness or light?" She repeated herself. "Do you wish to have immortal life?" Again, I asked, "Do you come on behalf of darkness or light?"

Pulling back, she smiled a knowing smile, as suddenly, a most magnificent angel appeared before me, gleaming with light. Wearing huge and luminous wings, his face was only light. In answer to my question he conveyed that he was a servant of God. Very pleased with my question, as I was the only soul who wished to be certain that the gifts offered were from the Lord, he touched my shoulder. It is not uncommon for dark forces to offer souls immortal life, although they cannot give it. All they may offer is the attainment of a longer physical existence, at the expense of your soul, and even this existence must be for the purpose of serving the viper. It is wise to ask, before you accept any such gift. Never

forget the host of muddy flats and his vile gifts in disguise which lead only to destruction. Such discernment is wise when one wishes to serve God. "Because of your wise question," he said, "you will be given an extraordinary gift beyond measure." Suddenly, my soul transformed into an immortal form, just like those other humans who had been with us of whom we had been unable to define. Tasting of eternal life, I felt the joy, bliss and ecstatic union with the Lord of all creation; immortality.

But suddenly, I saw the keys of a giant piano coming from the great light in the heavens coming towards me. As they came, they entered into my now fluid and liquid mouth and expanded into vocal and musical abilities beyond all measure. Singing in a very high tone, my voice rang out amongst all who had come to receive immortality this eve. The angel began floating upwards towards the beautiful light, with a huge joyous smile. Although his joy was great at the gift given to me, his elation over my discernment was beyond words. Stunned by the magnitude this question I had posed had meant to the universal Lord, I was humbled.

Without warning, we were all returned to the former place where the bickering brothers remained. But having been transformed into immortality, the truth had set us free. No one bothered to mention it to the brothers who had stayed behind in mortal life because it was so obvious. No one had right to claim the music, it belonged to God alone. The sleep of death seemed so short, and there was no pain for any of us, but now in our immortal states, we, too, had become fluid joy.

***"This is the plane whereon the vestiges of all things are destroyed in the traveler, and on the horizon of eternity the Divine Face riseth out of the darkness, and the meaning of 'All on the earth shall pass away, but the face of thy Lord . . . ' is made manifest."***

*The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Valley of True Poverty and Absolute Nothingness, Page 37, Paragraph 1, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

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Approaching and gesturing towards me, a Native American horseman approached. Initially, I said no and backed away. As he rode off, however, I gave it a second thought due to some texts I'd been reading which expounded that the belief in darkness was purely superstition. Crying out, I said, "No, wait!" Before I could realize the profundity of my error, the horseman turned dark and came at me with profound red winds of destruction, energized all the more by my slip in judgment. It became all the more clear that the refutation of the existence of darkness only energizes its affront towards you.

"In the name of Jesus Christ, I demand that you leave!" I shouted several times. Then I began singing a hymn, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, forgive our sins and please pray for us." Still, the red winds were upon me, so I shouted, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary!" Over and over again, my voice shouted, until the energies depleted and were halted by the power of God. Ashamed of my lapse in judgment, I thanked Jesus and Mary profusely for saving me from the dark force which, through my naiveté', had been invited.

***"The living beings had been confused, but when they heard this command of yours, their virtue flowed like streams and rivers . . ."***

*Gnosis on the Silk Road, Chapter 23, Hymns to Mani, No. 115, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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The following experience is related for the purpose of demonstrating how the Lord sometimes tests our alliances and loyalties. Sometimes, in order to be certain that a soul has made great changes or alterations

in liaisons, the Lord places a test within their midst.

Packed with souls, both of the living and the dead, we were being taken to a camp. There was only one way to discern who was alive on the Earth at this juncture, and who was deceased. Placing a mirror before them, if their reflection bore fruit, they were living upon the Earth, if not, they had passed. Although I was unaware of it at this juncture, the Lord had permitted that a temptation be placed before me. But as far as I could tell at this moment, everything that was about to transpire was coming from a purely up front source. All of the souls gathered were here to learn more intricate details of their personal destinies.

Literally hundreds of souls were lined up to receive information about their purpose. As souls were awaiting their turn, they talked quietly amongst themselves, sharing ideas and inspirations for higher destinies, with the hope that some of these ideas might reach the conscious minds of some of the living members of this congregation.

Giving information to others, the man who was giving counsel suddenly came over to me. Because I was so impressed with what I'd heard him tell others, I was quite expectant as to what he might have to tell me. Handing me a cassette tape, he guided me to look upon the jacket and read something that was scribbled in handwriting upon its sheath. The work of a male musician, he had scribbled a note in his own handwriting on the cover. 'Dear Marilyn,' it said, 'I am looking for you, my true wife. Find me.'

Looking at a black and white photograph of the musician contained within the cassette, I couldn't say that I held any memory at all of him. Telling me that this man was looking for me, the 'guide' told me that I was this man's true wife. But nothing he said resonated

within me, and I began to suspect foul play. "I have absolutely no memory of this soul," I said, "and besides, my name is spelled with two N's." Looking down, he noticed that I was correct about the spelling. But then he asked me to look inside the jacket, wherein my own handwriting supposedly lay. Looking inside, the words were a plea to eternity to help this 'Marilyn' find her true spouse. However, my name was again spelled incorrectly and it didn't appear at all to be my own handwriting. So I looked upon his face and said, "I have absolutely no memory of writing this, or of this man, or of anything connected to this cassette." The 'guide' was now smiling.

Saying nothing more, he walked quietly to the next person. Before he began to work with this other person, he said to me, "Okay, now allow yourself to resonate to the real reason you are here." Intrigued, it seemed to me that this subtle temptation had been placed before me to test my alliances. Could I be so easily swayed away from my marriage commitment? Had I really changed? It seemed I'd passed. Smiling at him, he smiled back with a certain approval.

Watching the others, I noticed that people were exchanging ideas. Speaking quietly in my ear, the 'guide' said, "It is ideas which cause funds to come into being, things to be accomplished, and evolution to occur for mankind." Nodding, I suddenly felt my hand resonating to a distant location within the campground. Following the resonation, I found myself going towards a very different cassette tape bearing the image of a female performer, quite unknown, who had built her own recording studio to accomplish her life's work in music. My hand was literally stuck to the tape like a magnet, and I took this to be a true signal of something the Lord might wish for me to be open to in the accomplishing of

His will. As soon as I realized this, all those present who were destined to be performers broke out from the crowd and began singing a song together in unison.

Those with other purposes; medical, philanthropic, business, legal, etc., were all grouping according to such traits listening to the performers. At this moment, I realized that performance can be done aside from the ego. If done to please God, it can be a talent or gift like any other which requires expression and dissemination. Performance bore a purpose in God's design. At this moment, I was pulled back to my body.

But upon return to the astral state, my soul was returned to the heavens to a place known as the Emanuel Swedenborg Institute, teaching the visionary knowledge of the 17th and 18th century Christian mystic.

Immediately directed to take a shower, I was given a special rose scented soap and shampoo. Lathering up, the smell of the roses permeated every cell of my being with a tranquil joy. After showering, I went to the dressing room to discover what they might bid me wear. Told to put on some, 'Divine Providence' and 'Love and Wisdom,' these titles of Swedenborgian texts (The second title reads, 'Divine Love and Wisdom') were arrayed in a most beautiful garment which was to adorn my body.

Gently taking it and lowering it over my head, I felt such immense peace. Below the garment, was a rose scented perfume with which to adorn my body. Smelling like a rose, it was obvious to me that the concepts of Divine Providence and Divine Love and Wisdom were an integral part in the Mysteries of the Redemption, and as I wore the garment of the Lord, the knowledge of it was made energetically manifest unto me.

***"Conjunction of good and truth in others is provided by***

***the Lord through purification in two ways; one through temptations, and the other through fermentations. Spiritual temptations are nothing else than combats against the evils and falsities exhaled from hell and affecting man. By these combats a man is purified from evils and falsities, and good and truth are united in him. Spiritual fermentations take place in many ways, and in heaven as well as on earth; but in the world it is not known what they are or how they come about. For evils and their falsities, let into societies, act as ferments do in meal or in must, separating the heterogeneous and conjoining the homogeneous until there is clarity and purity. Such fermentations are meant in the Lord's words: 'The kingdom of heaven is like leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened (Mt 13:33; Lu 12:21).'"***

*Divine Providence, No. 25, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)*

***"It is because the very divine essence is love and wisdom that the universe and everything in it, living and inert, remains in existence as a result of warmth and light. Warmth in fact corresponds to love, and light corresponds to wisdom. So spiritual warmth is love, and spiritual light is wisdom."***

*Divine Love & Wisdom, No. 32, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Author: Emanuel Swedenborg)*

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Returning to dream vistas, my soul awoke upon the sky amidst a sunlight filled oasis. Up in the heavens, a large lighted heavenly entrance resided, wherein the thoughts of an invisible specter spirit were issued forth to my ears in the form of a divine decree. In order to ignite my soul properly, I was commanded to reveal the truth to myself about the general status of the people of the world, regarding their dark ways.

Sometimes attempting to be kind about the truth, minimizing darkness, or trying to lessen its impact, allows our souls to become entrapped within that lie, allowing the darkened designs of those we've minimized to become maximized potential; both in society, and certainly within our own selves. Because the energetic nature of darkness is assaultive, no matter what level you are dealing with, whether it be highly energized violent behaviors, or less obvious applications of vice on the ground, it will continue to energetically barrage a soul unless and until the soul draws a definitive and distinct line, disallowing all manifestations of the viper, no matter how great or small, to enter into their soul's depths. Even if such things do not manifest on the surface, the true energy and liaisons of an individual, like vanity, lust or greed, continually seek to implant other souls through thoughts, example and dreams. Despite the benign or disguised appearance of many souls filled with darkness, the energetic nature of them cannot be denied. Absolute exposure of the truth of darkness is the only avenue of reproach within its confines. If you choose to ignore such need, whether you realize it or not, your attachment or denial of such qualities allows them to exert energetic thrust within you of a backward nature.

So in following the command of the heavenly specter of the Lord to reveal the nature of the world, I allowed myself to ponder not only the obvious sins and darkness of the world; violence, sexual deviance, etc., but the less obvious manifestations of darkness which appear in our world due to accepted delusional thinking or living Godless lives.

"For years, you've minimized the truth to yourself about this issue," the heavenly specter told me, "and the world around you as a whole, primarily for the

sake of kindness." Because of the world's denial of such truths, I tried very hard to reconcile that which I was shown in the astral realms of the truth, with my desire for there to be peace on earth. Such an ideal will come about through global purification. Unfortunately, dark liaisons are far from uncommon, and all karmic souls who reside upon the Earth harbor some vice.

Although it is difficult for anyone to look upon such truth, the truth remains that every soul who walks the Earth would be shocked and stunned to witness their true alliances, alliances I shared until very recently . . . but for the grace of God, go I.

As directed, I began writing down the excruciating details of the darker aspects of the world, remembering if it had not been for several hundred acts of God, that I, too, would share this status. Meant only for my own eyes, they were very necessary in this instant for my own soul to be somehow freed from the constant barrage of energies which were sent my way by backward forces and those in my own past. Some dark energies were thrust upon my soul for nothing more than the fact that I believed in and loved the all-powerful God, these types of energies coming from the agnostics and atheists of the world, some in my own past. In their eyes I was fanatical or extreme, and this honesty regarding our differences was necessary for my soul to be ignited in a higher way. The truth shall set you free, and indeed, the truth was affording my soul final and true liberation from the ties of my worldly origin.

Although the darkness of violence and abuse is obvious to most, it is not always so well known within the perimeter of a perpetrator. Oftentimes, victims or families deny what the perpetrator has done, leaving him open to continue his destructive acts. Even a dangerous individual can remain undetected in our

world. But the other members of society, whose darkness does not lie in violent or deviant behaviors, are even harder to discern. In fact, with most members of society, it is safe to say that few if any souls in their perimeter would recognize the true status of their souls. Of course, these same individuals very possibly would not recognize the true status of their own souls, either; which is, in essence, the point I am trying to make. There is a darkness which lies beyond the more obvious forms; the murderers and rapists, and these are the dark activities of the common man, and such things can plummet a soul to lower realms or reincarnation just as quickly as the other more obvious transgressions, albeit, perhaps a different sort of lower realm, a different sort of reincarnational experience.

Allow us to peruse some of the other forms, as all of us have born witness to manifestations such as these. Lukewarm religious persons, Christians and/or worldly souls whose love of God is limited, who attempt to make others who seek to become purified and holy feel that they are extreme or fanatical in some way. Practicing religion which is self-serving and momentary, they are guided by their own wishes or designs, rather than the wishes of God. Perhaps this is a lesser transgression than the atheists, who use their arrogant 'intelligence' to make others who love the Lord feel silly for their 'illogical' beliefs. Not looking the part is key for the most common forms of darkness. They may have a good education, hold a job, be accomplished in their field, dress well, have a family and kids, live in a nice house; but interiorly despise the Lord, be indifferent towards the Lord, practice various of the seven deadly sins, hold contempt against their fellow man, or harbor extreme arrogance regarding either themselves to their fellow man, or themselves to God. Very few if any other souls recognize

such darkness within them, but the preceding honorable actions will in no way diminish their great inward taint. Looking within, energetically, you will be able to know the true status of a soul. Many souls' bear upon their foreheads the sign of the viper, but to the outside world appear to be 'good' people. Let me state unequivocally that for such souls, this appearance of 'goodness' to the world will in no way hinder their projection into the lower realms or reincarnation upon death.

Perhaps it is most difficult to herald the truth regarding such dark propensities within our own perimeter, for we tend to make excuses for those we care about. Although this forgiveness is essential, recognition is the key to freedom from original sin and entry into the mysteries of the redemption. Expression of truth is for the purpose of knowledge, not blame. To analyze these truths for the purpose of blame would serve no greater purpose, but to analyze them for the purpose of understanding, accepting and acknowledging an energetic reality . . . this can harbor many fruits.

My honesty prompted a huge and magnificent ecstatic emergence within my chakra centers emerging and thrusting upwards. Perhaps I can describe it almost as a thirst which unfolded into fulfillment experienced as a blissful hum, more like a continual ecstasy than a momentary one, holding me in a heightened state of spiritual union with the Lord.

As this occurred, I was given to see a chart which showed three balls of violet light, each depicting subsequently higher ways a soul can demonstrate unity with the Creator. Currently embracing the lowest form, it was portrayed as a light violet-white glowing warm globe, described as a somewhat hidden flame, a hidden light, it was called 'Idle,' and I had been operating from it most of my life, waiting for the world to validate the

need for my journey to a higher place, something which would never happen. Suddenly, my consciousness erupted into an ecstasy, striking my flame to attain to the second level, a level titled simply, 'Consciousness,' portrayed as a deep purple globe surrounded in emergent orange, yellow and red flames coming warmly from the top of the sphere. Continuing to expand as the truth was setting me free, my soul emerged at the highest levels, portrayed by a violet, yellowish-white globe with bright yellow flames emerging from the entire sphere upwards towards God consciousness in a gracious ecstasy, this level was called, 'Shooting out Flames.' Thrusts continuing as violent bursts upward took me through the spheres of knowledge.

A spectacular spiritual guardian now emerged from the holy cloudeous lighted gateway to the heavens. A glorious angelic man framed in light who appeared to be a warrior spirit, arose from this flame of consciousness and conveyed to me that I had always held my flame within because of my *attachment* to the welfare of the world.

Leaving the world behind, I turned and entered a home filled with worldly souls who had continued to deny God. Turning to cruelly distorting my musical and literary work into examples of their vices, I protested as they immediately became enraged and began to verbally argue. Attempting to accuse me of some crime, an astral federal agent appeared. Calmly, I pointed to them. "They are atheists, and I love God. This is their motivation in trying to accuse me of such crimes." Immediately, the agent understood, nodding as he said, "You should have nothing to do with them, then, for these types are very dangerous," he disappeared.

At this point they began chastising me for not looking upon my creative work in terms of financial

lucrativeness for the future, because in their eyes, I was a fool. "No," I said, "you don't understand, you've missed the whole point. You have to do this kind of work knowing full well that you may never earn a thing." Enraging them to the point of violence, an eruption ensued, wherein they argued and fought with me over the existence of God. Merciless in their attacks on the Lord Almighty, I stopped them and asked, "What are you going to say to God, when you die . . . on your own judgment day?" One replied, and the words spoken were too vile to repeat. Suffice it to say, I turned and walked away, in full understanding of the need for exile.

***"Those who are thus bewildered are attracted by demonic and atheistic views. In that deluded condition, their hopes for liberation, their fruitive activities, and their culture of knowledge are all defeated."***

*The Bhagavad Gita As It Is, Section 9, Text 12, (Hinduism, Translated by: A.C. Bhaktivedata Swami Prabhupada)*

***"'Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather division: For from henceforth there shall be five in one house divided, three against two . . ."***

*King James Bible, New Testament, Luke 12:51-53, (Christianity, Words of Christ)*

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Standing before me were lukewarm souls who all bore the same vital flaw, they were unable to make commitments in their lives. In order to bridge the gap between their present understanding and the truth, it was my duty to speak to them on the nature of commitment.

In their view, committing to another person in marriage was a waste of time, because they felt that life was too changeable to make such an inquiry. Unable to perceive their intimacy issues as being self-generated, they believed that they were pursuing a superior path.

Speaking of the importance of being willing to make a sacrifice for the attainment of a greater good, I spoke on many issues.

"Commitment begins with friendships, but then expands into the ability to achieve intimacy with one other individual, a life partner, for the purpose of achieving balance and stability within your own soul. Marriage serves to give continuity to one's life, as well as, a sense of honor, loyalty and devotion. But this commitment often expands into the lives and souls of children, for the purpose of rearing them appropriately, assisting them with their own karmic issues, as well as, the developmental issues which affect all children, according to the laws of society of the ways of God."

"Commitment thus expands into society, in following its parameters and helping your fellow man. Beyond this, and the many other types of commitments we must share in order to grow and evolve as human beings, lies our greatest commitment, that to God."

Commitment is a vital link in the evolutionary spiral, it must occur within the confines of love and wisdom to fully mature. If a soul chooses to go through life making no commitments, this is a weakness not a strength. In order to make a true commitment to God, you must first be able to make the smaller commitments in your Earthly life. Commitments become a vital link in the mysteries of the redemption, because they provide opportunity for true self-sacrifice, duty, honor, loyalty, and goodness. As our lives become less self-serving and more geared towards serving others, we move closer to the redemption, something which cannot come about without this vital link. If a soul cannot commit to anything in its life, then it will be most difficult to make the ultimate commitment to do the will of the Lord, no matter what that may be."

"This does not mean, however, that every soul must be married or have children, but that every soul within the confines of his own life experience must choose to be faithful to that which is true and good, those people in his life which are true and good, and those experiences which bring truth and goodness upon him. Some souls are truly never meant to be married, and this is a purely acceptable status, but many others will never marry because their self-serving interests consistently get in the way of service to one another, or to a higher ideal."

"Some people may have many opportunities for eternal connections to take place, while others may not be destined for such unions, but it is not uncommon for eternal links to remain unrecognized and lost due to the blindness of souls on the ground. Easy avenues for self-gratification are not provided by the Lord, but rather, He places difficult paths before us so that evolution may occur. Paths of self-gratification do not serve the soul, they serve the self. Commitment can be a vital link in the redemption, because to commit to something greater than yourself is the first step in committing to God's kingdom by loving your neighbor as yourself. In so doing, you naturally amend to the even greater attainment of loving God with all your heart, your soul and mind."

As I tried to explain these concepts to the group, one among them became especially angry, because he still believed that making commitments was an inferior path. Unmarried, he'd gone through life using women to fulfill his sexual needs and treating them unkindly. Wearing the demon vice of the serpent penis used to denigrate women openly, the concept of commitment affording a higher path to his soul had never occurred to him in his self-serving view. Angry that the concept had

been presented to him in such a blunt manner leaving his life bare in all its putrid filth, he was good at using words to make his exploits seem desirable or worthy. Lacking in true commitment to anything in his life, his greatest deficit remained in his lukewarm 'commitment' to God. Knowing my words would perform whatever function the Lord had deigned, I turned away. It was time for me to go.

***"I know your works; I know that you are neither cold nor hot. I wish you were either cold or hot. So, because you are lukewarm, neither hot nor cold, I will spit you out of my mouth."***

*New American Bible, New Testament, Revelations 3:15-16, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

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Coming to me disguised as the holy mother, it was not difficult to discern the most inglorious apparition as a putrid lie. As she began to sing a song, I raised my arms up to her eyes, shooting a beam of light continuously into them as blue ooze began dripping profusely from them. Blankets covered something on the ground around this false Madonna, and as I picked them up, the bodies of several dead and mangled witches lay around her. A demon appeared behind me, and said, "Another dead witch, another dead witch." But I didn't allow her distraction to shift the focus of my beam of light, as I cried out, "I demand that you leave in the name of Jesus Christ!" Completely discharged, the blue ooze melted as the demon had been exorcised. Falling to the floor, the body which had been made for its use fell over flat like a lump of melting flesh. Repeating my words to the demon behind me, I said, "I demand that you leave in the name of Jesus Christ! GET OUT!" Managing a sinister grin before dissipating and disappearing, the two demons were dismantled and discharged to the lowest of realms.

Awaking distraught but victorious, I returned to sleep moments later, stunned by what had now begun.

Standing before me was a demon whose direct line of command came from Satan himself. Wearing a body of bluish white and cold from the viper who held its reigns from behind, this demon was powerful and dangerous and had come with an entire legion from hell to defeat me because of their anger at the dismantling of two of their dark warriors who had come before.

Battlefield surrounded in tens of demons, I noticed that tens of lighted souls had appeared on my side of demarcation. 'Perchance could I expect any assistance?' I thought, realizing that these lighted souls were the typical Christian but lukewarm souls who lacked energization towards the forces of evil. In essence, I was on my own. What initially appeared as perhaps a bit of help, now became clear to me as a crowd of lighted souls who needed my protection.

As the ugly demon approached, his bluish white body was cold from death, two horns protruded from the top of his head and he had a leatherish reptilian tail. Human in form, but demonic in detail, I raised my hand and centered a beam of light upon his form, directly at the eyes and the heart. "I demand that you leave!" I shouted, "In the name of Jesus Christ, in the name of Jesus Christ!" Still clinging tightly to the beam of light which held him to his spot, within moments the blue within his form began oozing out through his eyes, completely draining his innards from within to without. A wisp of dark energy left the demon body as it fell to the ground. Leaving momentarily, but I knew he was far from gone.

Spirits of the dark and light were now surrounding me, and it was difficult to discern which bodies were animated by demonic predators and which

were not as many of the de-energized light people had become infested. Because I was the only one present as an energized warrior for God, the others were leaning towards the light, but unwilling to make sacrifices on its behalf, making them benign and morose. Because they were so de-energized in their light that they could not protect themselves from such an onslaught of evil, I had to protect them. Because of this difficulty, I repeatedly had to ask the alliance of each animated form, before responding. "Reveal yourself, in the name of Jesus Christ! Reveal yourself, in the name of Jesus Christ!"

The constant onslaught of the dark side was met with beams of light and pronouncements bidding the name of my most beloved Jesus Christ. Allow me to state that without His most holy name, I would be victorious in very few, if any, battles with the dark side. Jesus Christ's name is the most powerful weapon you can take into such battles.

Within a short period of time, while trying to keep the primary demon charges at bay, the primal demon re-animated a new body created from the fabric of that which had been destroyed. Doing this several times throughout the battle, each time I dismantled it through the power of the holy name.

Becoming very intricate, the battle was highly charged intricate and there is so much that I can no longer recall which would be fascinating to tell, for this battle appeared to be my own personal Armageddon. Having come to defeat the light within me, the dark forces had failed. But despite their persistent failures, the dark side continued to come at me mercilessly, while I fought alone with the souls I'd vowed to protect. Becoming very clear just how important it is that souls who seek the Lord, become energized through His hands, I took note of the inexplicable level of wrath the

dark side bore my soul. The depth of their rage towards me was something I didn't yet understand.

Having placed several holy statues within our home recently, I was surprised to note that much of the demons rage was directed towards them. Bade to witness their thoughts, they were afraid of what the statues represented (the mysteries of the redemption), and the holy protection they offered.

As the battle became more and more strategic, I became almost like a medieval queen trying to direct and guide the benign army of the light, as my main purpose with these souls was to attempt to keep from being possessed in their idleness.

As the battle drew to an end, a voluminous green cape was draped over my body. Symbolic of St. Jude, the patron saint of lost causes, I'd saved souls who otherwise would have been lost, and my victory in Christ was now displayed upon my spirit. But this represented more than just the lost cause which was won tonight, as it represented my own soul, the ultimate lost cause. Once, a grave sinner unaware of my defilement, now a sinner attaining to repentance and redemption, my love for the Lord had saved me. Born of darkness . . . into light.

But this pronouncement made something very clear. As the souls aside me were so easily taken over by such forces, I saw the simplicity in which the dark side often controls the lives of many Christians who become benign because of their misinterpretations of Christ's words. In their desire not to be judgmental, they lose discernment. In their desire to help the poor and lowly, they don't see it when their assistance is being used by those hardened in darkness and evil, against them and against goodness. A lighted warrior must always be aware that their caring *can* be used against them. Discernment is *key*. In their desire to be kind, they don't

acknowledge what *is*, in regards to good and evil; and their submissive and passive approach allows for all forms of darkness to take hold. Eventually, if undetected, such darkness can infect entire congregations of people.

As I was given the green robes of St. Jude, it inspired a defilous rage which cannot be understood or comprehended by my soul. But if they had been outmatched before, they were certainly outmatched now. Secretly, the forces of the Lord conveyed to me that Satan's forces were so angry because of that which the Lord intended for me to do. Thy will would indeed be done!

Walking past several de-animated forms which had been exorcised; my cape was blowing lightly in the wind. Taking a moment, I paused to pull the robe up closer to my neck, because I was concerned about exposing myself. Suddenly, from the right came another demon in disguise, this one looking like an animated human, bearing no markings of the bluish-white of the viper. Appealing to my vanity, he told me that a particular gentleman who was very handsome thought highly of me. Immediately, I said, "That's not true," but then stopped myself, because I realized that they wanted me to argue the point simply because it might energize my vanity, and therefore my own destruction. Shouting, I said, "That's not true, and it's completely irrelevant!" Disappearing, the dark side was unavailed by my defiance.

Again approaching from the side, the main perpetrator (the bluish-white demon with horns and tail) said, "It is useless, you can't win this fight. My army is too powerful." His grin was wide and filled with sarcasm. "Just give up, come over to our way, you will eventually have to anyway. There's no escape from here,

my power is too great for you, you *cannot* banish me." Making me very angry, I said nothing to him, but grabbed a hold of my green cloak of lost causes, and waved it before him in defiance of his atrocious words. As I did so, I was immediately delivered from the battlefield. Soaring through space to return to form, I heard the moans of the viper, distraught at the loss of his prey.

May I simply state that no soul who seeks to attain to God's highest holy ideal, can do so without energizing themselves properly through the intervention of the Lord. So many souls are lost in the battles between good and evil, eventually giving in to the hosts of darkness because of their lukewarm morality and virtue, and their fear of the power or their attraction to the 'lures' of dark ways. Let no man walk with weakness in his heart, for only a soul with conviction to withstand the constant barrage of temptation, vice and sin, shall pass through such inexplicably arduous trials. Do not be fooled by pride, vanity, greed, lust or whatever, do not be fooled!

Pride and vanity are the easiest and most common downfall of the mystic dweller, because a soul who has received his first visions or extraordinary experiences is in the time of greatest peril. So many fall into the vain and prideful interpretation of their own importance or significance, and the viper takes them easily, then using them to trick those who genuinely seek the light. For the vain and prideful can easily take a holy experience from the Lord thy God, and use it to glorify themselves rather than the Lord, thus, tricking others into believing that they are to be followed.

The Way, the Truth and the Life . . . is Jesus Christ, and the rest of us are simple wretched souls seeking to understand the karmic mystery which holds

our souls to mortality. Never follow another, only follow God.

If my words help others, it is not because of any quality of worth on my part, but only through the saving grace of God, who so makes use of the trials and failures of one soul to teach another, and allows the ignorant ramblings of one soul who seeks the summit to be as an arm to those below, pulling them up towards Him.

Redemption is for everyone who reaches for it, no matter how lowly, lost, sinful or wretched you may think you are. But you can only reach it through true resolve to conform your life to His ways, honestly striving and reaching for Him, and most of all, truly *loving God* in your heart. If you don't have that love, ask Him for it in prayer for He will provide it for you. Mercy is the greatest and most mysterious attribute of the Lord; He gives in full measure to those who will accept it. Will you?

***"Go down into the abyss, you evil appetites! I will drown you lest I myself be drowned."***

*The Voice of the Saints, In Temptation, Page 65, No. 5, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Jerome*)

***"St. Peter and St. Paul warn us in the strongest language to beware of the devil, for he is using all his tremendous power, his mighty intelligence to ruin us, to harm, to hurt us in every way"***

*The Wonders of the Holy Name, Chapter 10, Paragraph 2 & 5, (Christianity, Catholic)*

***"My persecutor did not cease to attack me in every way."***

*The Autobiography of St. Margaret Mary, No. 89. Page 102, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Margaret Mary)*

***"Though my body be pained by the trials that befall me from Thee, though it be afflicted by the revelations of Thy Decree, yet my soul rejoiceth at having partaken of the waters of Thy Beauty, and at having attained the***

***shores of the ocean of Thine eternity."***

*Prayers and Meditations, LX, Paragraph 3, Page 96, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

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Amongst the crossings, I was again shown the powerful simplicity of my own past, how I'd been thrown into life at an early age to make it on my own in the world. But the final run of this experience found me wearing the habit of a nun crossing hundreds of mountaintops in a single bound, not a single foot touching the valleys below. My soul seemed to be alight in the sky, high above the great mountains of the Earth, and my legs were so astute they could attain to each peak without need of contact with the valleys below.

My first destination, however, resided within a crevasse in a valley. Placing upon my collar a simple metal pin, a sign which indicated that I was amongst a particular league of souls; those in the valley were not to hurt me. Running again, this time through the valleys, I came upon a dark, dreary ghetto, where several derelicts were following me. For a reason unknown to me, I was unafraid. Everything here was decomposing, dead and rotten from the putridity of the sin of mankind. The 'Valley of the Doomed,' those who resided in this place were lost from the graces of God, because they truly wished not to receive of them. 'How can any soul truly wish not to receive God's grace?' I thought. 'Such a state of misery must be a true hell.'

Apparently, in order to attain to my final destination, I had to cross this singular valley of death which had warranted the protection of this sign upon my collar. As soon as the derelicts caught sight of the pin, they backed away and left me alone.

Having passed through, I began crossing hundreds of mountaintops in a single bound again, as I

interiorly understood that these peaks represented the care of children and my many years of service to such tasks. Depicted upon these peaks were the graciousness of such skill in rearing children in the ways of the Lord, and the honor bestowed upon those as who do such things.

Upon leaving these peaks, I stood at a beauteous shore, my body older and more middle aged than it is now. Coming to this marvelous shoreline was another time in my life, when I would proffer other services to the Lord upon other peaks of service to humanity. A chest of drawers appeared before me on this rocky peak before the shore. As the waves crashed and hit, I began asking the Lord to bid me His calling as to what He might wish for me to do at such a time as this.

There were four main questions, one for each of the three drawers, and a second question for the top drawer. But I remember only a farthing of what I was shown. In the drawers, I was shown many papers written in cryptic coded messages, almost biblical in fact, stating profound truths regarding the gift of service to the Lord. Upon the pages were intricate drawings of cosmic substances attaining to physical strata's, which represented my work in bringing eternity into that which is mortal, heaven to Earth. Retaining very little of the contents of the drawers, I did remember that in drawer one and two were messages regarding paths of service my soul might take in the future. Many things were shown to me, but they seem nebulous now. Reference was made to my past experience in the media, and that this would be of use in God's future demands.

But I do recall the question for drawer three, "What exactly do I need to do next to make these things come to pass?" The answer came on an ancient piece of paper. A simple drawing of a man whose arms reached

upwards and out, his legs were going downwards and out, representing a soul in total surrender to divine will. Upon it were the words, 'You must bond deeply in your sleep with the purpose of this command.' Many papers followed it, with directions for each successive step, but I recalled none of them upon waking. Looking at all that had been shown to me, I became overwhelmed and shouted out to the Lord, "How am I to recall all these messages upon return and record them according to your will?" Pulling my soul away from the visionary abode, the message was clear. A picture of a power plant adorned the next page, and upon it were many sets of cryptic messages. Stopping on one, it said, 'The fire will guide you to the place of power, then cease your imaginings and create rapidity upon the ground.'

Begging not to be pulled away, I asked one more question which bid the fourth and final allowance to emerge from the top drawer. Closing the one below, I asked a question I cannot remember, and received answers I cannot recall.

After returning from the experience, these words came into my conscious being:

"Oh thou glorious passer through thy realms of glory, cease your traveling upon the heavens for a time, to reach below and dip within the suckling of the Earth the heavenly odors and fragrance you have attained. Do not, I say, put forth thy soul unless and until it lingers with the heavenly odors and longs to encroach such eternal wisdom and suckle upon the wards below."

"Seek the highest wisdom in the nighttime stars; to be redeemed by the Lord thou must follow His whims and fancies beyond your idle imaginings. For the Lord is all great and all powerful and beyond all imaginings, and His method of approach is to seek to find souls of

great magnitude to do His bidding in the fashion and manner of His bequest. Thou must seek to know His will, and His will awards you with service and purpose of many degrees beyond the present day necessity."

"Beyond such necessity of childbearing, allow the Lord to guide thy soul into the ever present image of His love, and to bid thy calling to thee when the time is nigh. For whotofore may know of what is asked, for thy soul is prepared for great things on the Earth, not as the Earth would perceive, but only as thy heavenly Father might bestow."

"Upon this lot, know that thy service is to be ministered with humility with the attainment of knowledge fully in place, and upon thy bough, wherever thy Lord may send you, thou shalt go with kindness fulfilling the work of His calling in an energetic manner, beyond the realm of the knowledge of mortal men to know. Thou wilt be as a small person, unknown and undefiled, but thy works will be done according to His great will. Your works will be unseen to humankind, until long after your passing and beyond this, only when thy Lord decrees. Such as the Lord decrees bear witness to the grand scope of your ministry, but they shall remain unrevealed until the time of which the Lord shall deign to reveal. Of this, you know the greatness of this time and these acts."

"Seek to know the wisdom of the ages, in this thou shalt find peace. For only in God will the time bear fruit of which you must reap. These reapings are thy bequest to the Lord, thy only gift that thou may offer to thy Holy Host. What fruit shalt thou bear for Him? Beyond the fruit of thy prophecies, thou shalt bear the fruit of redemption for all mankind through thy words and thy unseen deeds. A soul who bears the guidance of the Holy Host bears within him the secret codes of life

eternal, and within these codes the highly prized mysteries of the all powerful redemptive spirit are found. Who among thy world must bid to give thee the knowledge, for there is no one, but for thee thy Host has reserved the greatest pleasure. Thy pleasure is the fruit of the redemption, illustrated through thy words and travelings to the other worlds and realms of the heavens. Thy pleasure is the grand knowledge of the fruits of this redemption for ages to come, for thy words shall be used for the purpose of cleanliness and purification."

"Thy soul has become the harbinger of great things, unmanifest as of yet, but to be born so soon through thy handiworks and obedience to the will of the Lord. Most blessed are the works of the Lord done by thy hands. This is the great majesty of the heavens, the great Lord of creation. He can take thy hands, empty and meaningless of themselves, vases of clay, and fill them howsoever He pleases."

"O thou soul of thy passing, come forth to bid thy soul to service in the realm of the learned, and then cease your upping to charge forth to thy next abode of traveling. Howbeit that a soul must bid welcome to the Lord of Hosts in such manner, but yet it must be done. Through the horns of a Ram (My astrological birth sign is Aries, the Ram) shall the Word of thy Lord be manifest. Through the magnitude of one soul shall the mysteries be revealed to the common man in the worlds of the below. The synchronicity of the soul must be achieved through the redemption of the beloved. Allow thy words to become as a flame of purgation for souls, and as a novena to ever present holiness."

After these words came to me, an image symbolic of the redemption came into my mind. Seeing many ancient clay vases, all but one, were together in a huge

clump on one side of the floor. Those who stood together leaned away from the other vase which was leaning in the opposite direction, resting comfortably in the palms of the hands of the Lord. Hands glowing and brilliant in light, He formed the vase according to His will. Placing upon the singular vase a sign, the sign of the redemption, the other receptacles bore no sign upon their bough.

***"(He who) had understanding and remembered everything, the first, intermediate and final things; (his) lips and tongue responded and he uttered great praises with . . . his mouth. He revealed the path of salvation and the road of purity (to all) souls who were in harmony with him."***

*Gnosis on the Silk Road, Chapter 3, No. 2, Verses k, l, m, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

***"In this world, there is nothing so sublime and pure as transcendental knowledge. Such knowledge is the mature fruit of all mysticism. And one who has become accomplished in the practice of devotional service enjoys this knowledge within himself in due course of time."***

*Bhagavad Gita As-It-Is, Chapter 4, Text 38, (Hinduism, Translator: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Prabhupada)*

***"I will put my words in his mouth, and he will speak to them whatever I command him. And it shall be: (any) man who does not hearken to my words which he speaks in my name, I myself will require (a reckoning) from him."***

*The Five Books of Moses, Deuteronomy 18:18-19, Old Testament, The Schocken Bible, (Judaism)*

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***"By reflecting upon the evils of life in the round of successive existences, mayest thou be incited to seek Emancipation."***

*A Buddhist Bible, The Supreme Path, No. IX, (Buddhism, Tibetan)*

Thrust upon a place of darkness, all was fearful and overwhelming in the nature of the vile energies ensconcing this abode. The dark forces were hidden, but immensely present as their essence was elusive behind the lurid cracks and walls, invisible to our eyes, but very noticed by our other senses. Everything was gray and dark. Andy was with me and we were praying to be delivered from this darkness into the light.

Emerging from the floor in prayer, a dark creature close to Satan in the line of rank in the armies of darkness appeared to me as a serpent with many heads. Looking like cobra heads, his body was reptilian, but of human upright form. Spitting venom into my face, he tried to convince me that I was doomed.

"Why bother," he said, "you cannot win this battle. You will be easily overwhelmed by Satan's forces, for he has sent quite a battalion here in your honor to have you defeated." I said nothing. "Accept it, you are doomed. You shall be defeated. You may as well accept this and come over to our way while you still can. We could make use of you." Although unafraid, I was quite overwhelmed by the ugly nature of this creature. His spit was like vomit, and his serpent heads were so disgusting I could have upchucked.

Rather than this, I said a few words to him. "What shall I say to you?" I said, "Shall I tell you of Christ?" Looking concerned, he began to hiss. "Or shall I speak of the second coming of Christ?" Throwing him into a tizzy, I continued, "Perhaps I should speak to you of the return of the Buddha, the Buddha to come . . . Maitreya?" Reptilian skin sizzling with flame, he spit and hissed in discomfort. Now in flames but not yet destroyed, I turned and saw an amazing spectacle.

Behind me in the room appeared two life-size statues; a large golden Buddha which stood next to

Avalokiteswara in deep purple robes, the Buddhist personification of compassion and Holy Mother. As the statues synchronistically came to life, all the darkness within this place became animated and visible. Creatures of the dark appeared; jelly-like parasitic critters sticking to walls, moaning in the darkness, many forms of black bugs, and tiny three-foot tall reptilian creatures who stood upright and had long tails with hooks at the end. An odor surrounded the place and a dark cloud had sprung from every nook and cranny, but I couldn't be afraid or even notice, because I was stunned at the sight of these prophets who had bid me the honor of coming to life before me, in all their holy splendor. Staring at them, their beauty and awesome power was mesmerizing.

Avalokiteswara and the golden Buddha were in the forefront, as the Buddha pointed me in the direction of another room. His arms held within them a power expressed in moderate movement, almost as if he were performing a spiritual aspect of martial arts in response to the forces of the dark. Avalokiteswara emitted an aura of kindness which shone around her in white and green flames. Interiorly, I understood that the Buddha was fighting the darkness with his singular arm which represented his special power, the *balance of wisdom*; while Avalokiteswara was fighting the darkness with this spectacular aura, the *essence of love*. Following their guidance to the next room, I saw a third statue, this one of the prophet Zarathustra, wearing intensely green robes. Coming to life, he began fighting in a very physical manner the forces of darkness with a sword, which was a personification of the *light of truth*.

Interestingly, I had noticed that both the Buddha and Avalokiteswara had appeared fully oriental, but Zarathustra also had a small amount of oriental blood

which could be seen in the partial slant of his eyes. Ceasing not once his battle with the forces of darkness on my behalf, he pointed to a room in the far off corner for which he wished me to traverse.

As I walked closely towards it, I opened the door to find a stunning pronouncement regarding the mysteries of the redemption revealed before my eyes. Having his back to my view, the personification of the second coming of Christ stood wearing a long white robe. Brown hair was cut short to his upper neck, as I wondered if I was witnessing the manner in which He would manifest in the flesh. Wondrous inexplicable things were revealed to me energetically regarding His second coming, and I was made to know the power of this moment. Displaying a power and peace indescribable, I felt holy honor. Something inexplicable was revealed to me regarding the power of this second incarnation, that it instilled a fresh terror amongst the demons who so wished for it to never occur. Saying no words, I turned when bidden to do so by the Lord.

Running frantically back towards the many headed viper, I shouted! "In the name of the second coming of Christ, I invoke your destruction!" As I did this, the demon began shrieking a horrid sound from his many mouths, and began to dismantle before my eyes. In moments, Satan's charge was a dismembered serpent lying upon the floor. Many other smaller and less powerful demonic charges lay motionless upon the floor as the name of the second coming of Christ gave the demons a fresh terror, renewing powerfully the horror of which his first incarnation had given them.

***"The nearer we approach our goal, the more will Hell strive to prevent our reaching it."***

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

Within moments, the dark and dank dwelling was completely exorcised and the living Buddha in gold, Avalokiteswara in purple, and Zarathustra in emerald green, stood all around me; joyous and triumphant. Hugging Avalokiteswara tightly, I cannot even begin to explain the consolation I felt in her arms, for she was filled with the essence of love, and her spirit of kindness was very motherly and soothing. Refusing to let her go, I grasped Zarathustra's outreached hand with my other hand while still embracing the Bodhisattva of Compassion (Avalokiteswara). Within Zarathustra's hands, I felt the light of truth and the power it held. The Buddha did not reach to me, as he only gazed in a very moderate manner towards my eyes, filling me with the balance of wisdom he encompassed.

***"Attach thyself to a religious preceptor endowed with spiritual power and complete knowledge . . . Seek friends who have beliefs and habits like thine own and in whom thou canst place thy trust."***

*A Buddhist Bible, The Supreme Path, No. III, No.'s 1 - 3, (Buddhism, Tibetan)*

Although not given another privileged opportunity to see the manifestation of the second coming of Christ this eve, I came to understand that He would encompass all the qualities which lay before me and much, much more. Come in one form as the second coming of Christ, AND the Buddha to come, Maitreya, within His soul lay a native element, as well, known only to me as 'Son of the Twelve Chiefs.'

Though Andy had not been present for most of the battle, he reappeared holding a card covered in pictures of bouquets of pale blue roses and carnations. "I figured you all looked so beautiful," he said to the prophetic guests, "I needed to put a light on you." As Andy held the card towards me, the many roses and carnations now beamed with a holy light as the essence

of their fragrance overtook my soul.

Awaking surrounded by pale blue roses and carnations, their smell surrounded me in my bed, as I lay in comfort and peace.

***"What, then, is the state of this happy soul in her bed of flowers . . . ?"***

*The Collected Works of St. John of the Cross, The Spiritual Canticle, Stanza 26, No. 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. John of the Cross)*

***"The perfume is an announcement or the confirmation that he has heard our prayer or request."***

*Padre Pio, The Stigmatist, Chapter III, Paragraph 11, (Christianity, Catholic)*

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# CHAPTER SIX

## Dark Secrets of the Satanic and Witchcraft Realms, Samadhi, Cherub, Milinda - Warrioress of the Oriental Tribes, Swami, Serpent, Spider and Bug Demons, Incarnate Demons, Exorcism, Satan's Attempt to Sacrifice My Life, Conversion of a Rock Star, St. Michael, Reptilian Demons, Suicidal Sacrifices to Satan, Misused Grace, Satanic Cult, Deviant Sexuality, Saving a Baby from Abortion.

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Having come without warning, the demons had thrust my soul into a disgusting and horrible place of darkness, a place of brainwashing which was used to bring in witchcraft cult members on the ground. Knowing I had to be careful in my escape, this place was a realm of the energized demonic activity, one of the realms of the satanic cults. What initially gave permission for them to take me here was a very stupid error of words on my part. Some people who I had immediately known to be dark had approached me speaking of war and brotherhood. In the past, they used to engage in warring amongst themselves, but now had learned to form brotherhoods of men, instead. "Yeah," I said, "I believe in brotherhood." Speaking of an entirely different kind of brotherhood, my soul was immediately transported to their realm.

Propelling my soul from one council of Satanists to another, each tried in a different way to trick me into agreeing with their evil doctrines. Each council submitted me to one form of torture or another, along with spells and castings by the demons and their Earthly witchy wards. Beginning to pray, I repeated the 'Our Father' and the 'Hail Mary.'

Brainwashing souls into false doctrines, they specialized in energizing the spirits fall from grace. As I had the opportunity to observe those things which gave Satan and his charges great glee, I learned several things. First and foremost, there is no such thing as white witchcraft, because witchcraft of any kind involves manipulating energetic reality, which is against eternal law. Angels and spirits of the light do not respond to magical whims, only demons do. It gives the demons great pleasure to deceive souls into practicing any form of magic, even those which claim benign status; white witchcraft or magic, Wicca, sorcery, etc. They all originate in darkness because manipulating reality is an energetic crime against God.

Other aspects of great joy to Satan and his charges were several doctrines they had managed to defile and distort. The first is the belief that there is no dark side, demons, hell or Satan. The second is the misinterpretation regarding the doctrine of the 'self.' Many souls believe the 'self' is their ego, when the 'self' spoken of in Eastern religions is truly the divine element within. In order to experience the true 'self,' a soul must experience a state of ecstasy or Samadhi. Because this is something achieved primarily by prophets, saints and mystics, remaining undiscovered to the masses; many souls misperceive the 'self' to be their desires, their wants, their dreams and aspirations, and by so doing, they become selfish and self-centered making the job of the demons much easier. The third was a teaching they particularly enjoyed, a distorted teaching of unconditional love which says that there are no right or wrong actions, making the job of demons extremely pleasant, because they didn't even have to break down the walls of moral foundation. The fourth, was the belief that any 'channeled' entity comes from a higher source,

when in fact it was given to me to observe several demons fulfilling this function, some going so far as to make lofty claims about their identities, saying they were great masters and the like. Although there are legitimate channelers who speak with the tongues of men and angels, it was made very clear that a great deal of discernment was required in knowing the true from the false prophets. One obvious criteria for making such discernment would be to stand aware of any of these erroneous doctrines.

***"For he who uses the gift of tongues to seek after riches, or to hold sway over his enemies, he shall no longer be a Son of Light, but a whelp of the devil and a creature of darkness."***

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Volume 4, The Essene Communions, Page 11, Paragraph 4, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

Diabolical liaisons surrounding souls who believed such doctrines included dark parasitic creatures, bats, tarantulas, webs, serpents, ooze and sludge coming from the pores. Disturbing to witness the level of darkness involved with such erroneous beliefs, all of them were completely deluded, convinced they were following a higher path. Neglecting to realize that what they believed was very similar to another well-known doctrine, the doctrine of the fall, they were being led down the road of perdition completely unaware. Beware the serpent, for he comes in many faces, and he deceives the most sincere among you.

Many souls were led down this road of perdition, even though they had begun their paths sincerely. Who would not prefer a doctrine of unconditional love which supports a soul, no matter what place upon the path he may be? But this doctrine of unconditional love was *not* meant to harbor souls in their sleep, but rather to catapult them into movement on their paths of karmic

purification. Compassion and understanding are very much needed as a soul travels down the rocky road of karmic influence, but with the truth firmly rooted at his side. Forgiveness and understanding regarding one another's fallibility cannot be overstated, but within the constant confines of abiding truth.

Easily weakened and overcome by several prayers, the demons could not fight the 'Hail Mary,' because the Most Holy Mary has the power to crush the head of the serpent. Unable to withstand the 'Our Father,' it is actually used in the process of exorcism, and renders them benign. Another prayer which made them benign was, "Jesus, Mary, I love you, save souls." Throwing them into a tizzy, it literally hurled them away from my soul.

Brainwashing in the form of energetic manipulation, if you became fearless in the face of their torture, it could not enter into you. Their brainwashing is actually doctrine which enters the soul in an energetic form, via demons and dark spirits. None could enter me because of the holy names I continually used and the prayers I offered. Also, most importantly, I continued to deny every doctrine of falsehood they presented to my soul, despite their torture at my denials.

Lashed about, thrown against walls, stomped on, etc., despite this, I knew the Lord had allowed this temptation for my greater knowledge of such falsehoods. Throughout the night, the battles continued and I wasn't sure how I would escape them. Continuing to torture me, my soul was thrust into a horrid position wherein my mouth was locked shut and I heard the voices of the demons shouting. "Where there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth." Repeating in my mind the words, "Christ crucified, Christ crucified, Christ crucified, Christ crucified," they plunged into a rage and howling. For a

moment, they couldn't come near enough to torture me. More powerful than all the prayers I'd already used, in their anger they attempted another temptation. "We can make you become a saint," they said, as in my shock and horror I was taken aback, suddenly lashed against the floor because of my moment of stun. Repeating their offer, I was horrified to think that the demons could make such a thing really happen for somebody who wanted something like this because of their ego. It was shocking! But now suddenly having the faculty of speech, I began to shout, "I don't want to be a saint! I am not a saint! All I want is to be like Christ crucified, Christ crucified, Christ crucified . . ."

Laughing at my reply, my soul was horribly thrown against the floor and placed in the position that Christ was placed on the cross. "Then you shouldn't mind dying the way He did then, should you?" Pounding their reptilian heels and feet into my appendages, I continued repeating 'Christ crucified,' the 'Our Father,' and the 'Hail Mary.' Holding large nails which they intended to pound through my hands and feet, they ran out of time. Within a few moments, the demons howls became blood-curdling, and they began to plummet into the depths of hell, far away from my soul which was rising towards the heavens far away from their bleak world. The power of the Word had released my soul from this affliction, and I'd emerged victorious. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Unfortunately, I awoke with some of the signs of the battle upon my body.

***"Do thou set thyself to endure tribulations, and reckon them the best consolations; for the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us, nor would they be even if thou wert to endure them all. When thou hast come to this, that tribulation is sweet and pleasant to***

***thee for Christ's sake, then reckon that it is well with thee, because thou hast found paradise on earth."***

*The Imitation of Christ, Second Book, Chapter XII, No. 10-11, (Christianity, Catholic)*

***"Oh that thou wert worthy to suffer something for the name of Jesus, how great glory should await thee, what rejoicing among all the saints of God . . ."***

*The Imitation of Christ, Second Book, Chapter XII, No. 13, (Christianity, Catholic)*

***"Let us understand that God is a Physician, and that suffering is a medicine for salvation, not a punishment for damnation."***

*The Voice of the Saints, Chapter 15, No. 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Augustine)*

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Entranced by the level of the vibration, my soul was thrust into a very long state of ecstasy or Samadhi. Lasting for three and a half hours, I could see everything around me in the room, above my home, into the stars and the ether, and into all heavenly abodes which might possibly overlap my current threshold, despite the fact that my physical eyes were closed. When your soul is alighted into such a state, all things become enlivened, you can see the consciousness in all things around you, the molecular structures, and the living ether trails which unite all life.

***"Samadhi but extends my conscious realm, beyond limits of the mortal frame to farthest boundary of eternity where I, the Cosmic Sea, watch the little ego floating in Me. Mobile murmurs of atoms heard, the dark earth, mountains, vales, lo! Molten liquid! Flowing seas change into vapors of nebulae! Aum blows upon vapors, opening wondrously their veils, oceans stand revealed, shining electrons, till, at last the sound of the cosmic drum, vanish the grosser lights into***

***eternal rays of all-pervading bliss. From joy I came, for joy I live, in sacred joy I melt. Ocean of mind, I drink all creation's waves."***

*The Autobiography of a Yogi, Chapter 14, Page 170-171, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

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Lying down amongst a multitude of souls, a tiny little baby boy came down from heaven and landed on my tummy, sitting up in joyful laughter on my lap. All the souls around me were too busy with grounded things to notice the happening. Cute, adorable, happy and filled with joy, something totally amazing began to happen. A pair of bright pink wings shaped like rose petals began to spread out from upon his back. As they did, they seemed to bloom before me much like a rose, in that there were several layers to these wings, three layers to be exact. "Oh, my goodness," I thought, "It's a cherub!"

I'd never seen one of these most holy cherub angels before, and my soul felt as though a great honor had been bestowed upon it. And what I cannot express fully is just how adorable and cute the tiny baby angel was. Looking around me, I tried to point out to the others in this dimension that we had been honored by the arrival of a cherub, but no one seemed interested. In his face, I read a message of my future, my upcoming journey. In his eyes, I saw an invitation. Little did I know that this little cherub was to be my third child, a son named Jacob, to be born two years later.

***"I have talked with angels about heaven's bond with the human race, noting that while a churchman might say that everything good is from the Lord and that angels are with man, few of them believe that angels are intimately connected to man, and fewer still that they are within his thought and affection."***

*Heaven & Hell, Chapter 33, No. 302, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Words of Emanuel*

*Swedenborg)*

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As Andy was immersed in the spectacle of sleep, he began to feel an infernal rumbling, as suddenly a horrid orange egg-shaped driving demon with pointy teeth and much drool, popped out of his soul. Thereupon vexed, the nasty little spirit went angrily away from his former host, as now he was no longer welcome.

***"When you feel the assaults of passion and anger, then is the time to be silent as Jesus was silent in the midst of His ignominies and sufferings."***

*The Voice of the Saints, In Temptation, Page 68, Stanza 2, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Paul of the Cross)*

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Pulling up to the gas station, I was now manifesting as a young oriental woman, my long black hair shone in the light, and my pale face was accompanied by a shimmering peach-colored body suit. Upon my brow was a red dot, above my third eye. Although this was a Hindu, thus Indian, sign, I was actually a warrioress of the oriental tribes, my place now well secure among the adepts since my invitation to join them from the swami. For this fortnight my name was Milinda, and I was to experience another aspect of my soul residing in this very unique place I had just ventured upon.

Unknown to me at the time, my soul bore a sign of reflection and malaise. In my essence was a tinge of self-satisfaction. Such a thing could well be dangerous for an adept, for it made them vulnerable to outside forces. As I was waiting for my vehicle to be fully gassed, another entity awaited me invisibly from above, awaiting my return to the gateway of initiants. Because I was blinded by my self-satisfaction, I didn't notice the tiny brown and white speckled fawn standing in the center of the road. A warning of my vulnerability, the

frail, gentle creature held an imminent knowledge of a battle to come.

As I made it to the tubes of the initiants, I prepared to enter, find my resting abode, and sleep for the night. Unknown to me, the invisible specter remained hovering above. The initiants in this realm were adepts at psycho-kinesis and other powers of the mind. Upon entering the abode, the initiants were placed in a long, narrow, bluish white tube which contained on the right side many doors, leading to the many cells of the warrior adepts. In these cells, they would rest and sleep, being energized to higher stations for their return to their Earthly places. But the one who had hovered invisibly and unobserved was waiting for me, to challenge my place within this hall of initiants.

Such a challenge was considered unlawful, but was often attempted by those who bore the sign of the serpent. In their manipulative abilities, they would attempt to win over a cell or a place within the warrior sect, by using their own psycho-kinetic powers to remove the memory of the former occupant, replacing it with memory of themselves. This was a rare occurrence, for the warrior adepts were aware of such guises. But on some occasions such maneuvers would be attempted, when the serpent was especially tricky and energized. For instance, when an adept was especially self-satisfied or in any other state proving them vulnerable in preservance of their station.

Locating the cell of a particular adept, they would overcome him, and take to it because the cells carried within them initiation into higher spheres of knowledge and power. If an occupant could be tossed out, they would then be the beneficiaries of this particular energy. If they were to be successful, they could use such knowledge and energy for their dark designs.

Sitting in a lotus position, I closed my eyes and quickly lifted into the air preparing to find my place well among the third series of tubes. White rounded hallways tinted by a bluish light, much in the shape of large water pipes, the locked doors were along the right side. Moving without the aid of my physical body in lotus position, I used the psycho-kinetic powers I had use of in this realm to move slowly in the air towards my cell, eager for further energization and spiritual sustenance.

But suddenly behind me, the spirit who had been watching manifested openly as a woman, her long black hair pulled into a high ponytail, and her body clothed in a shimmering blue body suit. Quickly attaining to the lotus position, her psycho-kinetic powers in this regard were quick and fast.

Within moments, the two of us were darting through the tubes, the one in the blue body suit chasing myself in the peach. Battle raging, the only thing that I now had on my side was my singular knowledge of the location of my special cell. If the challenger were to take my place in the warrior elite, she would first have to figure out which cell was my own. Even though her psycho-kinetic powers regarding speed of movement might have been slightly more advanced than mine, if I could outsmart her intellectually, than my place among the tubes, and thus the initiants, could not be overtaken. It was my duty to protect the initiants from an invasion from the dark side of such a nature, especially since it was my own self-satisfaction which had made this attempt possible. There were literally hundreds of cells locked against the white walls tinged pale blue by the light, and each door was locked, only able to be opened by the psycho-kinetic powers of those who bore them.

Within moments, I realized that my challenger held superior psycho-kinetic movement abilities, but I

also quickly reasoned that her mental prowess could not be quite so advanced, because her assault was completely through the movement of her body in lotus position. "You'll never be able to find my cell." I called to her, as she was only about twenty feet behind. My challenger shouted, "You will reach your cell in due time, and then it is that I shall have it." But I had already prepared a way to defeat this challenger, although it would mean my extrication from the warrior sect, anyway.

Swami would be so disappointed in my lapse, but I had to do what I must to protect the hall of initiants, even if it were to be at the expense of my own place.

When first being initiated and entering into the tubes, we and all the warrior's were given special orders regarding behavior during such a challenge, and this included rules regarding our own extrication. If a warrior passed his own cell, he would lose it, and if a warrior passed through the entire series of tubes without finding his cell, he would be automatically extricated. Knowing and finding your own cell were a special mental quality, which if not met, rendered immediate extrication. In certain cases, you could win back your spot, but having a firm mental hold on the location of your own cell was determined to be of great importance, one of many disciplines required in this spiritual warrior sect.

Assuming I would never give up my cell in such a manner, my challenger had assumed that I would reveal the location of my cell and try to reach and lock it first. But that was not what I had planned. Within moments, we had passed by my cell, although my challenger was unaware of it. And several moments after passing my cell, I counted on something else, the fact that my challenger might be wearing down with fatigue.

After all, we had raced through several tubes since we'd been there; all very long, and all very complicated.

Turning to face my challenger who remained about twenty feet behind, she was cocky and arrogant, making statements regarding my eventual need to reveal the place of my cell. Sending a ray of light to throw her off her path, I took the challenger off guard. As the light came from my hand, the ray of light shot directly towards her left knee, which altered her balance, causing her to topple through the tubes. Taking this opportunity, I began soaring at high speeds towards the final thrust of the tubes, unaware of how much time I might have to extricate myself.

At the end of the tubes was a large drop off. Cruising in lotus position towards it, I fell but did not land through this final series of tubal thrusts. Exiting the tubes, a house awaited. Upon the door was a sign which offered this home for rest to those who had either failed initiation, or been extricated from the tubes. Declining this offer, I knew that my challenger would emerge with a fury very soon. Noticing that the roof seemed inviting for some unknown reason, I went there to lay my wearied form. Within a moment, the roof's special properties made my form invisible and transparent, which at this moment was a grand blessing. Never at any time did I notice my challenger exiting the tubes. Assuming she'd been left far behind and defeated, I prepared to make my next choices which would determine whether or not I could retrieve my place amongst the initiants.

In transparent form, I flew off into the vistas of the night praying and asking for guidance as to what I should do next. Everything seemed dark and dreary on the edge of my defeat, and I didn't know where to go. I'd done what I should, protect the order, but had lost my

place within the order in the same mechanism.

As I flew invisibly through the streets of the city, a large muscular man who was jogging ran right up to me, taking my invisible arm into his visible one. Conveying telepathically that he had come to assist me in re-proving my status as a member of the warrior sect, I welcomed his assistance.

Spending several moments evaluating his inner spheres, I knew without a doubt that he'd been sent by the eternal, and that he was not another clever ruse from the dark side. Because I'd lost everything by soaring through the tubes, in a sense, I had momentarily even lost my identity.

Directing me to another location, the scene of a staging of many initiants, all were exhibiting their spiritual prowess. Many battles of the spirit were occurring between two at a time in several locations, these things being done for the practice of spiritual skill. Bringing me to a place amongst the crowd, I immediately recognized the face of my challenger within it, the woman in pale blue.

Somehow, despite my safeguards, this serpent was still attempting to manipulate the order. Intending to eventually be admitted by the swami through a very intricate disguise of her true liaison, she had been allowed to be a part of everything, even given status among them just short of being initiated. Remaining invisible, my presence was known only to the man who had brought me.

Challenging the woman to battle, the man prepared to reveal her true identity to the crowds. These battles were not physical in nature but entirely energetic, spiritual and mental. Proving to be quite less advanced with this aspect of mental adeptship than she had been with speed in psycho-kinetic flight, within less than a

moment, I sent an energetic bolt through the man to the woman, which had sent her roaring to the floor in a station of defeat.

Other's were now coming over to assist this woman in getting back up, while the crowds were rambling about the quickness of this battle. Directing me to materialize, the man told me to make known my claims against this serpent invader.

Appearing in the air above the crowd, I immediately materialized. "I am Milinda," I said in a magnetic voice, "I was initiated by the great warrior sect ten centuries ago. It is I who has defeated your woman in pale blue." Remaining silent, I, too, was silent for a moment as my conscious present self took in this knowledge. Shocked that I remained in existence, the woman in pale blue had assumed I was dead after the challenge in the tubes; for many such warriors take their own lives after losing their status among the warrior sect.

Conveying telepathically what had happened, I made clear as to how this woman had unlawfully challenged me for my place in the warrior sect, and how I had chosen to give up my place rather than reveal the sacred location of my cell, thus, jeopardizing the whole order.

At this information, the crowds insisted that I be given another opportunity to crush the head of this serpent. Forcibly placing the challenger within a ring of some sort, although her battered mind, body and soul remained on the floor in a status of defeat, I said, "I will show mercy to this serpent, I shall not fight her when she is down." The crowds began roaring, "She is not only a great warrior, but she is a great saint!" Cowering at this proclamation, I revealed that it was deeply untrue. Telepathically, I revealed to the others the self-satisfaction which had given entry to this serpent woman

in disguise. Merciful in my confession, the crowds settled down.

Turning towards the swami who resided over the sect, I knew that my fate would be entirely in his hands. And by his mercy, I was given re-entry. The crowds continued cheering my return, and as they did, all began to fade away into the night. Reflecting, I knew of the great sacrifice the swami had made on my behalf, for it was my own negligence which had brought about all these events. This humbled me, and I vowed never to allow myself to engage in the deadly sin of pride again.

***"Humility is the abasement of the heart to Him Who knoweth the unseen."***

*The Doctrine of the Suf'i's, Chapter XXXIX, (Islam, Sufism, Words of Ruwaym)*

***"Likewise if I wish to be happy, I should not be happy with myself, and similarly if I wish to be protected, I should constantly protect all others."***

*A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Chapter VIII, No. 173, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Words of Shantideva)*

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Reaching his hand to me out of the ether, the swami handed me a book whose title read, 'Early Beloved.' As I opened the book to peer upon its contents, I was quickly guided through two separate energetic emergences which manifested as ecstasies originating in my lower chakras which thrust upwards throughout to the crown. As this completed itself, I began to spin uncontrollably like a vortex, as elements from within my soul were becoming more outward and elements from without were becoming more inward.

Many hands were now appearing to me in the ether, and they all seemed to come from the swami. Hundreds of hands surrounded my soul, and each would emerge from its place of benign status, to sound forth another harmonic spin within my soul. As I spun, I

traveled to many worlds and realms, only to remain a moment, soaring in the wanton majesty of the worlds of the beloved.

***"Everywhere are His hands and legs, His eyes, heads and faces, and He has ears everywhere. In this way the Supersoul exists, pervading everything."***

*The Bhagavad Gita As It Is, Section 13, Text 15, (Hinduism, Translation by: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)*

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Several witches attempted to torment me, but I found that to repeat the stanza, 'deliver us from evil,' from the Lord's Prayer was very effective in overcoming their attempt.

***"Whilst yet on earth Christ empowered the Apostles to cast out demons in His Name, and in His last solemn charge He promised that the same delegated power should be perpetuated."***

*The History of Witchcraft, Diabolic Possession, Page 206, Paragraph 2, (Christianity, Catholic)*

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Sent among a community which was ravaged and completely overcome by serpent, spider and bug demons, it was my task to save a particular soul and return him to God. In order to rid themselves of these creatures, the people of this community had begun to purge them from their souls, but there were so many that when they were set loose in such a manner, the streets of the cities became filled with these infestations. Because of this, no one could truly be purged, because they had not developed a plan to take care of the creatures after they were extricated from individuals.

One individual was secretly working for the serpent, and he was the object of my journey this eve. Having led the people to believe that he wanted to lead them to safer land, in reality, he was tricking them. Leading them to a place where they could be re-infected,

the dark side would re-attain control of their souls.

Because I knew of this status, I would not allow him to take control of the group. Rather, I led the people to begin sweeping up the bugs in dust pans. In so doing, I had them take the bugs to another location where they could be placed in one spot. As this was accomplished, I began energetically sending these creatures back to lower realms, dismantling most of the serpents, but leaving the bugs intact.

Enraging the man I was here to serve, I began flying into the air shouting to him as inspired by the Lord. "Your soul cannot be lost," I said, "The Almighty God wants you back, and I won't stop until this is so." Stunned by these words, he knew how vile and evil he had become. Even in such a state of sin, God had sent assistance to bring him back to the light, and this had obviously affected him deeply. Turning to assist the others in gathering up the infestations of bugs and serpents in dust pans, no more did he interfere as I sent them away from this community for good.

***"Our Lord preserves us most carefully when it seems to us that we are nearly forsaken and cast away for our sins, and because we have deserved it. But because of the meekness we get through these trials, we are wholly raised in God's sight by his grace. We are moved with such great contrition, compassion and true longing for God that we are suddenly delivered from sin and pain."***

*Revelations of Divine Love, Chapter 39, Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Juliana of Norwich)*

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Regarding incarnate demons and demonic tendencies among juvenile delinquents, my spirit was shown that those who are born in deep darkness have very little hope of rehabilitation due to counseling and other techniques. For those steeped in deep darkness, restriction and punishment are absolutely necessary if

one wishes to preserve the safety of society, for these levels of evolution are very predatory by nature.

Unfortunately, society does not recognize the different levels of existence, and often makes judgment calls regarding only one level of evolution. What works for a soul in karmic ignorance, will not work with someone existing in the element of dominant darkness or evil.

***"The worst people of all are the ones who have been involved in evil pursuits as a result of self-love, with an accompanying inward behavior stemming from deceit. This is because the deceit penetrates their thoughts and purposes too thoroughly and fills them with poison, destroying their whole spiritual life."***

*Heaven & Hell, Chapter 60, No. 578, (Christianity, Swedenborgianism, Words of Emanuel Swedenborg)*

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Coming to the crowded room to exorcize the demons of many within the audience, the exorcist was instinctually drawn to those with the most serious infestations, as he violently overthrew them and yanked them out of their wards. Approaching them, their bodies would immediately begin to jerk and writhe, some of them beginning to scream.

All of these people appeared normal to the naked eye, and no one would have guessed that they had infestations. I remembered when the Buddhist priest had first made me aware of my own infestations and how shocked I had been. After considering the infested cases of five or six people, my spiritual guardian who sat to the right of me, asked him to assess my case. Becoming concerned, I'd learned to never take anything for granted. 'What would he assess?' I thought, 'Had I made any progress regarding the task of exorcism in which the Buddhist priest had said, 'these things take time?''

Ready for anything, he came nearer, and held out

his hands in a smile. "This one is perfect," he said, (Meaning I was no longer infested by any dark forces. Not that I was truly perfect, by any means.) "She's a wife and mother . . ." Giving me a clean slate of spirit, I was thrilled at his diagnosis, and so happy that the exorcism begun upon my soul so long ago by the Buddhist priest was now complete.

Certainly, these things do take time, just as he had said, but they can be accomplished with diligence and effort. Smiling with joy, I couldn't restrain my glee at realizing that my soul was pure and clean of such defilements. Considering how awful it had been to become aware of such infestations in the beginning, such a pronouncement upon my soul was truly joyous for us to hear.

Hallelujah to the Lord!

***"Let the evil that I have earned be turned away from me."***

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, Poems from a Qumran Hymnal, No. III, No. 5-7, (Christianity)*

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Before the delivery of my third child, Jacob, the Lord Jesus appeared personally, showing me the status of a soul who was apparently about to encounter an early death. Despite having a family who needed to be cared for, I was shown that this soul had earned a place in hell because of his extreme atheism and hatred for God. Screaming in the fires of the abyss, I cringed at the fate he was about to endure which the Lord had bade me to witness. Asking me to offer up the pains of my labor as a sacrificial penance for this soul, the Lord said that if I were to do this for him, he would be given another opportunity to continue to live, and thus, possibly change his wicked ways. Agreeing to do so with great fervency, this chastisement was indeed lifted and this

soul was given another chance at life. Only time would tell how he might use it, however, and whether or not he would save himself from this hellish fate.

Continuing to journey into the status of various souls, I was bidden to observe a pitifully sad situation wherein a soul, who had been given great spiritual opportunities to advance by the Lord, was allowing herself to be taken down the road of perdition by a boyfriend. Succumbing to temptation, she had yielded all that she knew to be true in order to be with a man who was obviously following the wide road to perdition. Having chosen the status of 'death,' which had been emblazoned upon her chest, her body was decomposing. Experimenting with her decomposition, her boyfriend repeatedly said, "She needs to go to hell, she needs to go to hell . . ." Very concerned, I made it clear to him that he was now responsible for the state of her soul and that he would pay dearly for this in hell. Unconcerned, he couldn't care less but because of the many bad choices she had made up to this point in bringing her soul to such a pitiful reality, there was little I could do but wait and hope that she would stop this horrid reality before it became solidified and final on the ground.

Giving me an opportunity to warn this soul in her physical waking world, she eventually broke free of this defilement, and became one with her eternal destiny.

As a sharp contrast to the former experience, I was shown a soul who bore within her a twenty-foot high, blue-green, rounded and fat demon of sloth. Literally taking the breath right out of you, it was smothering in its incessant wants and 'needs.' Unrelated to work ethic, this sloth demon had appeared from laziness in regards to spiritual development.

Giving me an opportunity to warn this soul in her physical waking world, it inspired within her a torrential

flood of transformative energy which resulted in the expungement of the demon and a grand deepening of her spiritual life.

Finally, the Lord Jesus allowed me to experience a demonic battle wherein I'd called to Him for help and none had come. Feeling this absence, Jesus wanted me to understand the isolation of those who live consciously sinful lives (hardened, repetitious, actual sin); those who seek repentance in words but not deeds. Because they belong to Satan, he may torment them at will, and they may not always receive swift help. Differing from the type of temptation or torment meant to *try* a soul, Satan must have permission to reach one who already belongs to God, and the purpose is expiatory, to build a crown of strength.

Returning to form, I immediately went into labor as Jacob was born.

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Covered in blood, the muddy path seemed ominous as I looked ahead to see where my spiritual guardians might be taking my soul. A gathering of satanic worshipers loomed ahead. "Oh, geez!" I thought, as the Lord made it clear that I *must* go. The angel aside me quietly and very calmly said, "The Lord asks for your presence." Not replying, it seemed that they were awfully calm about sending me to such a horrific place.

As soon as I'd arrived, I took notice of a throne in the center of all the activities with a small statue of Satan sitting upon it. The people were wandering around in a state of dazed confusion; many of them had joined together in smaller groupings to 'do their own thing.' (Their own things were violent, sadistic, sexually deviant, etc.) Ceremonies had yet to begin as I wandered around observing, remaining as incognito as possible. Because these were demon-filled Satanists, many knew

immediately that I was a Christian and filled with the Holy Spirit.

Running towards me with fists upraised, an entire band of them began coming after me to take me out. As they did this, I yelled out various truths about Jesus Christ, and began calling out His name, over and over, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus . . ." Continuing with His many titles, I said, "King of Kings, Jesus is the Lamb, Jesus is the Messiah, Jesus is the Savior. You are following a false king, for Jesus is God." Beginning to speak words from the gospel of John required in the discerning of spirits, I was inspired! "Jesus came down from heaven and became flesh; He is the Son of God. Jesus rose from the dead and ascended into heaven. Jesus is the King."

As I spoke these words to them, there were three reactions. The really violent and vicious ones would get angry and want desperately to rip me to pieces, but they couldn't because I was protected. Others that were not as rooted in evil would just walk away because they knew they couldn't do anything. Those that were lukewarm in their satanic leanings, thus borderline and open to the possibility of conversion, would start crying openly and uncontrollably; which embarrassed them to no end. Waving for me to go away so that they could stop this embarrassing display, I stayed and spoke more about Jesus. Having no control over this process, the Lord had literally taken a hold of them as they were 'convicted in the spirit.' I felt sorry for them, for evil knows no joy.

After a good long while, about fifty of the approximately two-hundred participants had been taken to this state of conviction and I was hoping I might be able to leave. But when I least expected it, one of the truly nasty Satanists grabbed me from behind and sat me down in a chair, blocking my view of what was going on

to the right of me. In a moment, he moved away to reveal that I was sitting next to the throne I'd seen earlier, but it was now occupied by Satan himself. Looking like a caricature of a big time wrestler with gray colored skin, the texture of sand, the bulging muscles in his chest were overtly large, exaggerated and frankly somewhat frightening. Proportionately large, his head was separated into two bulging sections like a large brain with horns coming out of it. Having no hair, his image held two large black eyes.

Laughing hysterically in his own unique evil way, the ogre didn't waste any time in letting me know his purpose. According to him, I was going to die in my sleep tonight because I'd been chosen as the sacrifice for this particular satanic black mass. Surprised by his pronouncement, I quickly regained my composure and began to laugh right back at him.

"I'm not going to be the sacrifice tonight," I said, "I know that you have to have permission from God to bother me, but I also know that you *don't* have permission to do *that*." My knowledge of this had come from the book of Job, in the Old Testament of the Holy Bible. Frowning, I continued, "And besides, Jesus is the King of Kings, and you're the king of nothing." Roaring with anger, I began to recite the Apostles Creed, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty," as I said this, he moved a few inches away from me, his roar becoming more of a growl, "Creator of heaven and Earth; and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord;" his facial expression became one of doubt and confusion, "who was conceived by the Holy Spirit, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died and was buried. He descended into Hell; the third day He arose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sits at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty."

Flinging himself out of his chair, he waved me off and ran away, but so as not to appear bashful, I shouted after him, "I believe in His holy church!"

As I said this, several of his wards became invisible, planning to assault me without my awareness. But before they could touch me, the Holy Spirit filled me and took me away. Before I could awake, however, the Holy Spirit began repeating something over and over to me. "Check your house for a gas leak, check your house for a gas leak . . ." When I did awaken, I had the power company check our home for a leak and sure enough, we had one. Satan had been serious about his plans to take me out, but the Lord would not allow him to do so . . . because he didn't have permission.

The following night, a swarm of wasps came towards me as I was drifting off to sleep. Hitting me directly in the heart, I immediately felt like I was having a heart attack or stroke. Entering into deep prayer as I struggled to breathe - chest pain and pressure searing, tingling and electrical sensations traveling throughout my body - I remembered the words of the masters. "I feel no pain, I feel no pain." Centering on my place within God, I gradually began to feel better.

Although the Lord had not allowed the viper to take my life, I had suffered a grievous injury ordained by God which would not be revealed for another year and a half, a trial which was now brimming within my body and soul . . .

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Sleeping peacefully on my bed, I reached my hand over to grasp Andy's, assuming he was still there. Sometimes I don't realize it when he's already left for work, and this was one of those moments. Feeling a hand on the bed, I placed my hand within it, but I couldn't have been more wrong in assuming it was my husband's.

No sooner had I done this than the ogre had hurled my spirit into the air, throwing me around the room. Obviously, Satan had laid a trap for me, and I'd fallen right into it. Because of what had happened the previous day with the Lord, however, I became very courageous and bold.

Once he stopped throwing me all over the room, I regained my composure and began to look around to spot the haggard fool. Looking in the direction of where his energy had been, I noticed that he was invisible at this time, which frankly, was a great relief. He's so ugly! Instinctually, I knew that he was planning to materialize in front of me at any moment, so I shouted at him. "You idiot!" I screamed loudly, "Don't you know that you could've been up in heaven with Jesus! God made you such a beautiful and powerful angel and you are such a fool!" Angered by my statement, a sense of his imminent materialization was forthcoming. "Oh, please don't do that! You're so ugly and so gross! It's so sad what you've become. Please don't ruin my day by making me look upon your disgusting countenance."

Energetic quiet overtook the room, as it appeared that he might be embarrassed. Surprising me, it probably shouldn't have, because after all, Satan *is* the Lord of vanity and all deadly sins. Within a moment, his energy had completely dissipated. Calmly, I went back to sleep.
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Called into service, my soul entered the sub-conscious dreaming of a rock musician. Having no idea who he was, I was immediately made aware that his music was inspired by Satan and it carried a mesmerizing quality which lured unsuspecting crowds of people into his web. Angered that I was being called in to interfere with his loyal and devout ward, Satan appeared to thwart my attempts at saving his soul.

Throwing my soul around the room, he actually lifted my body up off of the bed as he prepared to throw me against the wall. Before he could, I called to Jesus for help and was delivered from this brutal attack before it could reach fruition.

Amidst the sub-conscious dreaming, I followed the rock musician through many epochs of his life. Observing the demonic content of his soul, I noticed that he was given to demonic rages, sometimes going so far as to allow his eyes to roll back into his head. When he performed for crowds, he appeared as a very normal, attractive man, mesmerizing many young people into the lure of the dark side unconsciously.

Following him, I continually prayed to Jesus to free this tormented soul from bondage. Speaking to him, I spoke to him of Christ's love for him. After several hours, I noticed that his soul had begun wrestling with the demons within him. Shouting loudly towards him, I told him that he must *fight* Satan and force him out.

Fighting continued for quite some time and I was unsure who was to win this battle, but once it was over, it was complete. Hurled outside and raging, the demons were screeching as his body became calm, serene and peaceful. Guiding him gently, he spoke the words indicating his acceptance of Jesus into his life, thanking me for giving them.

As a crowd awaited his next show, he quietly explained the changes which had taken place within him and his conversion to Christ. Immediately, three quarters of the crowd just left because his mesmerizing quality was no longer present. Despite this, he remained calm and accepting. Knowing that discarding the demon and embracing the truth would require sacrifice, he was now willing to make it.

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Dragging me through the mud of my past sins, a demon had tried to bring me to despair. Mother superior appeared with a priest, expunging the demon. Retaining focus of past sins disallows forward movement.

Accompanying me to my home, the priest performed a mass in my living room, consecrating the Eucharist and placing it in a tabernacle upon the altar, making complete the transformation of our home into a monastery.

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Given to return to a haunted mansion which I frequented regularly for years, I'd gone there to loose many of the lost souls who had been trapped there by their own delusional thinking. Located in an 18th century setting, this group of mansions was ornate and lush. A ballroom with them had always been the most densely populated place upon the property. In fact, it was so filled with lost and dark spirits, that I was really quite terrified of it for quite some time. Each time I returned to retrieve souls, I felt intimidated by the sheer number of lost souls and dark spirits confined to these walls.

Over the years, I've gone through this mansion so many times I couldn't possibly count them. Processing some of the energies with each visit, I had never really noticed much of a change. Despite this, I met and talked with many souls who were not yet ready to leave, but might be in the near future. Giving them information on how to extricate themselves, my business would be accomplished and I would go.

Stunned by what I saw upon entering this familiar haunted place, I immediately noticed that there was a huge decline in the haunted energies within the house. What used to feel like perhaps several hundred lost souls and dark spirits, had diminished to perhaps a

handful. Terror did not even strike me as it had done so many times in the past.

Many times over the years, I'd questioned the true and deeper meaning of this mansion, and wondered if it represented my own karmic issues in some sense. That theory was put to rest as an angel appeared and whispered into my ear. "This place has nothing to do with you," she said, "I come to proclaim the deliverance of the captives! The Lord wishes for you to see the fruits of your many labors." A place which had literally been teeming with darkness was now almost completely liberated! My work had not been in vain. Unworthy and quite honored to see how the Lord had deigned to use me, I thanked the angel for allowing me to understand this enigma. On my knees, I was in tears thanking my God.

As I did so, she faded from my view, and I disappeared to the remaining wards of this haunted place, reappearing in a darkened building filled with Christian worshippers.

Waiting in a darkened hallway, two men were carrying a large silver pot. Asking them what they were doing, they said, "This pot is filled with the life-giving water which comes down from heaven and never ends." Begging them to pour this water over my own wretched soul, I fell to the ground as the Holy Spirit filled me with an intrinsic roar.

********

Praying on my knees in the astral state, a huge torrent of energy swept me off of my feet and into the cosmos. St. Michael came this time as a huge shadowy figure, almost like a thundercloud, but in the definite form of a man. Appearing as he does in popular statues, he wore a shortened metallic skirting adorned with body armor, as his huge wings protruded explosively from his

back. Sometimes he appears as a shadowy bolt of energy, and sometimes he comes in pure living color. Magnificent size not diminished; there was something unusual about this visit. Just as huge, a female stood beside St. Michael. Flowing straight brown hair caressed her shoulders, and she wore a glimmering white robe down to her feet. Energetically, she was just as powerful as St. Michael and left me in ominous awe as I understood that she was a member of his league of angels.

Placing me upon his shoulder as he'd done in the past, St. Michael was very stern with me this evening. Wishing to discuss my visions with a particular individual who was supposed to be well-versed in spiritual direction, St. Michael and I were flying all over the world at a speed indescribable as he showed me an image of this person in the heavens. "Do not discuss this with him," St. Michael said in an energetically powerful way, "you listen to *me*!" Conveying that this person would give me false guidance regarding the mystical realms, St. Michael allowed me to see that he could jeopardize my divine mission.

Swooping down towards a building below, I saw a demon who was trying to interfere with this eternal directive. St. Michael flew by, and the demon was struck dead. (I was unsure if this striking dead was a literal rendering, or if they were struck dead in energy, annihilated in their ability to render destructive force towards the work of the Lord.) As quickly as he had swept me up, St. Michael returned me to my place of prayer on the floor of my bedroom and was gone.
********

Continuing the influx of eternal energies which had been heralded by St. Michael, my body began in an ordinary vibrational state and was separated from form.

Intensive energies began to overtake my body, as an invisible angel beside me took hold of my soul and thrust me towards heaven. Soaring past the Earth into the universal spheres, I rode an eternal wave conducted by the angel below.

As my soul gathered celestial energy, it was immediately thrust downwards to the Earth below, but as I emptied myself of these sonic pulsations, I was again thrust into the heavens to repeat this process. Continuing into the night, with each ascent into the heavens, came a descent back to Earth to bring the energies down. While soaring towards the heavens, I instinctually shouted, "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, Have Mercy on Me, a Sinner."

Remembering the importance of discerning the spirits, I turned to the angelic guardian. "In the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ," I asked, "I demand that you reveal your identity to me." Appearing as a very beautiful creature of brilliance, I finished, "Are you here to serve the light?" Swept in a thunderous energy as he spoke, he replied, "Yes."

Although I knew that he was male, he had no features like hair or eyes that were visible. Wearing no apparent clothing, he seemed to be anatomically sexless, although his essence was very clearly that of a man. Lighted and iridescent, brilliance shone outwards from his very distinctive form. This was no nebulous creature, his form was well-defined, although clearly made of light and in a splendid array of colors; pale violet, blue and white. Upon the backdrop of the stars and the heavens, this magnificent angel shone with a splendor which can only be termed stunning.

Confident in his identity, I shouted to the heavens. "Lord Jesus Christ, shall we take a journey with these eternal energies across the mountain pass, and

distribute them to all who must be energized?" Shooting like lightning towards the pass, the spirit world had made my soul aware of a pocket of darkness which needed seeding in the light.

But as I came to the edge of the location in question, there was an energetic barrier clearly present which had been placed there by Satan to mark his territory. Reinforced by souls on the ground unaware of their alliance with the ogre, I shouted, "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God . . . Archangel Michael, Destroyer of Demons, allow us to pass through this demonic gateway." St. Michael's thunderous presence became abundantly clear as we were allowed to pass through. Coming upon the people in this area, some of them had been filled with green sludge.

As there was no more I could do, St. Michael simply said, "NO!" as he quickly changed my direction. Able to bring the light in, we were unable to seed it as of yet. This eternal program was de-energized by mortals on the ground. Free will is a powerful thing.

Passing through the demonic boundary, St. Michael left me with the angel who'd come before, as we continued the process of bringing heavenly fruits into the Earthly mortal realm. Flying through the heavens together this time, a bold thought entered my mind and I conveyed it to my compatriot. "Perchance," I thought meekly, "I could go to the throne room of God?" Offering no reaction to my bold request, the angel thought, "Don't ask me, ask God." Gathering my boldness to make my grand proclamation, I shouted to the heavens, "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, may I come to the throne room of heaven?!" Shooting immediately through the universal beauty of space, I was given to see many tremendously awesome things.

As we'd traveled a great distance in a very short

amount of time, I saw ahead a very brilliant city of light. Our souls were edging closer to this magnificent place, and on the periphery of this city of light you could see light trails leading from the outskirts of this heavenly mirage to within its sacred walls. Coming close enough to see details, I noticed that there were children playing who had distinctively human features, but yet, were surrounded by auras which made it clear that they were not physical beings. Light beings were walking down a side road near the children, as well as, other adults who looked more like the children, with physical features but distinctive auras. Happiness, serenity and bliss emanated from the city, and I felt honored to view it from such a close proximity.

As I expected, however, the Lord did not deem me suitable or worthy to go to the place I'd requested. Instead, because of my boldness which the Lord had apparently enjoyed, He'd allowed me to come to this periphery of what appeared to be heaven, and he gave leave to my angelic host to take me on a most spectacular journey through the galactic heavens.

A celestial tour ensued wherein I gave witness to visually and energetically stunning solar systems, galaxies, stars, planets, orbs, black holes, nebulae, etc. Entranced by this panorama, I shouted a sigh of thanks to the Lord of hosts, whose presence was with me, inside me, around me, and one with me as I soared through this newfound, magnificent world . . . this world was Galactica.

********

A horde of demons approached in the black and red cloud of dust which came in their wake. Hundreds of them appeared to me as a legion of dark reptilian creatures with bat wings coming towards me. The demons swarmed like vermin in the inner part of the

cloud, and the outer part of the cloud was jet black with no boundary. As they came near and surrounded my soul with their stench, I could see and feel them all around me, but their attack felt like it was coming from the inside of my body. Clearly visible outside, they surrounded my body in vociferous smoke and odorous hues. Writhing, they came in waves of red as I felt internal symptoms from their assault.

Intrigued by this fact, I'd never experienced something quite like this. Although demonic attacks do affect you physically, what I'd experienced in the past were attacks which clearly delineated their way from the outside in. Although these demons were very clearly outside of me, their attack was coming from within, although they hadn't actually even touched my soul.

Standing before me in the form of a black tunnel filled with swarms of satanic hosts, I knew that I had to fight my way through them in order to prevail. Pushing with all my strength and might, I shouted out for the assistance of Jesus and St. Michael to help me wage war and break free from this demonic stronghold which wished to overcome me this night, and as I did, I began moving ever slowly through their ranks, pushing them aside. Screaming for help, I also shouted out physically, for my husband shook me awake, releasing me from the grip of the demons for this night.

After this battle had been waged, it very quickly became known to me why the demons had sent such a stronghold to stop and de-energize me the previous night. Attempting to de-energize my spirit because the Lord intended to use me in a planned effort to redeem a very lost soul, Satan wanted to keep it. Thus, I was targeted.

Arriving in an old hospital, I had no idea what had led me here until I heard some of the staff speaking

of a haunting which had been occurring on the pediatric floor. Deciding to go investigate, I was very shocked at what I found. A young boy of about nine years old was haunting this floor and was *very clearly completely demonic*. As soon as he saw me, he came after me like a torrent of lightning. Appearing as a mixture of white and gray matter which had formed in the manner of his former body, the demon's medium-length white hair stood on end as if held by electricity. Coming towards me, this little child had the appearance of a madman.

Remaining calm, I grabbed a hold of his arm and began reciting over and over again the 'Hail Mary.' Sending him into a tizzy, he was now feeling dazed and confused enough that I was able to corner him and take a firmer hold of his soul. "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on this lost soul." Repeatedly, my cries shot through the ether into the heavens, and as I did this, his soul began to be de-energized as demonic power left him. When it was finished, he became limp and powerless.

Knowing my job was finished, I handed him over to the angelic hosts awaiting the return of his soul. All were happy and joyous, for we all knew that Satan had put up a huge battle for this little one, because it gives him the greatest pleasure of all to steal the soul of an 'innocent;' innocent in the sense of his age, but not in any other regard. Although it was somewhat shocking to realize that even a small child can be completely demonic and aligned with darkness, it was very clear that they *can* and *do* choose such things, and it was important for me to know.

********

Having come into the room while I was sleeping, the demon lurked as my spirit sat up in bed beginning to separate from my body. Turning to Andy, he was

sleeping and sub-conscious. Shouting at him, I said, "Andy, look!" Pointing in the direction of the ten-foot high, brown, reptilian looking demon with strange wing-like protrusions coming from behind his ears, I said, "Don't you see it?! Help me!" Andy was simply unconscious, and unable to respond.

While I'd been asking for help, the demon had taken a live electrical wire and placed it in my hands. Stuck to the chord, I was getting electrocuted and I struggled to release myself. But as soon as I detached from the chord, the demon reached for me and literally threw me across the room. Looking towards Andy, whose spirit was sitting up in bed in a sub-conscious astral state, I said, "Do you believe me now?!" Andy had no problem in recognizing the presence of demons; he'd had many encounters of his own. But he had no idea how violent these demons truly behaved towards me, although I spoke to him about such things, because it was not within his experience to be tormented at this level. As many people may believe things they haven't seen, their depth of understanding radically deepens once the experience becomes their own.

Nodding that he did believe me now, I noticed that his eyes were glassy, indicating that he was sub-consciously astral. Before I could surmise that I was on my own, the demon whipped up a huge wind of satanic energies which began blowing me all over the room. After this unpleasant encounter, he tried to force a very extravagant ring upon my finger.

Shoving it back in his face, I noticed that it was made with the most exquisite of emeralds, diamonds and other jewels of the Earth. But what horrified and stunned me, was that the ring was covered in blood.

Immediately, my soul knew without any tinge of doubt that the blood on this ring had come from aborted

babies. An angelic host appeared above me for protection, funneling knowledge towards me regarding this particularly horrendous ring which the demon had tried to force upon me. A symbol of wealth, position and prestige, the extravagant ring was covered in blood, the symbol of the children who have died on the altar of the previous vices. Beyond the obvious profiteers of abortion, those medical practitioners who make their living performing abortions, there was a more discreet form of profiteering which cost these children their lives.

Because so many abortions had been performed for economic reasons - financial, educational status or position - many had sacrificed their children for whatever goals they had hoped to achieve as a result of terminating an ill-timed pregnancy. Some of these people had sacrificed the children in order to attain position or wealth which may not have been available to them if they'd kept their child. (Obviously, there are many reasons that women choose abortion and this is not meant as a blanket statement to cover them all, nor is it meant as a judgment upon them. Many women who have abortions experience severe regret, and their suffering as a result is immeasurable. But the healing from such things begins with recognition of the lies which begot it in the first place; our culture of death which states that children are a burden rather than a blessing, and that we may pick and choose such events in our lives as we please, even if we must destroy life to do so. This same world view is what fuels the ideas of Euthanasia, when a person no longer remains 'productive.')

In such cases, abortion has become a sin of greed, and the future 'success' of such individuals has been bought with blood. Looking to the angel, she sent a stroke of lightning towards this grotesque figure who

was assaulting me. As it hit him, he and his gratuitous adornment of blood had disappeared.

Shaken, I reached towards the angel, who calmly took my hand and led me back into my body. Directing me to go to a church and sit before the Eucharistic Tabernacle, she said, "The Blessed Sacrament expels certain demons."

Along with this I was given to look upon a particular demon of deviant sexuality who ***sometimes*** inhabits those of a homosexual nature. But it was made equally clear that this demon does *not* possess *all* those who have the tendency, and that many souls who display homosexual tendencies are perfectly within the bounds of that which God wants them to be.

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Becoming conscious in this horrendous place, I looked upon the disgusting pterodactyl-like creature, of which I knew to be a demon, ravaging a human victim. Pecking with his long beak into his flesh, he was tearing him apart with his claws and eating him. Doing this under the cover of night, the cowardly creature only performed his hideous function in total darkness.

Satanic high priests were overseeing the torture of the wards of this realm, who had appeared in the form of normal human men. Surrounding them were a host of snakes and two-headed serpents filled with deadly venom. One of the high priests approached me as I had lurched forward in an attempt to run away from this disgusting abode. Throwing me over a glass balcony, I was cut in the hip severely as I fell to the ground. Not moving, I realized quickly that my torture was to simply be present in this hellish place watching the torture of others. If I stayed put, the satanic priests did not approach me, at least at first. Many bodies lay all over the floors, appearing as if dead and there was a rack of

bodies hanging as if on a closet rod on one wall. Also appearing to be dead, I inherently knew that they were suicides, although they were not your ordinary type. Unusual as it seemed, these were souls who had committed suicide believing that it would be an honor to do so for some evil purpose. (Of course, these did not include those who had committed suicide in order to prevent a torturous death at the hands of an enemy, or to prevent the revelation of knowledge that would harm others during a war.) Speculating on their motives, I wondered if they were the souls of satanic worshippers who had given themselves in sacrifice, not an unusual practice among Satanists. Another very odd circumstance that I witnessed was that after the demons were finished torturing the humans, they burned them to the finest ash. Everything burned, including their bones.

Before I could ascertain a means of escape, the high priests approached me. "You're not saved," one said, "and you are a fool to believe that the Lord could forgive your sins. You are totally dark and destined for hell." Although this frightened me, I said nothing, contemplating that their motive was probably that of despair. When I wouldn't speak, one of the more prestigious high priests grabbed me angrily and took me to a second floor area where there were no other humans present.

Covered with snakes and two-headed serpents, they were slithering around in hideous fashion. Throwing me to the ground, he had come towards me holding one of the two-headed serpents with which he had hoped to assault me viciously. Before he could, however, the serpent fell dead to the ground, infuriating and enraging the demonic host to no end. Thrashing the dead creature all around him, he banged it on walls and

doors, raging at its impotence. Within moments, before I had thought to call for assistance, my soul was liberated from this hell but taken to witness another fascinating phenomenon regarding these wards upon the Earth.

As I watched totally unnoticed, the Lord bid me to observe the goings-on as several of these same high priests appeared as ordinary men walking upon our planet. Nobody could see me and this made it possible for me to observe some very interesting facts. In my inmost soul, the Lord bade me to distinguish between the regular people walking around this ordinary street corner on the Earth and those who were Christians. As you might expect, nobody could distinguish the high priests from others within the crowd, and they were regarded as regular ordinary people.

Very developed in spiritual power, the high priests were accomplished in their dark thrust. As a stark contrast, most of the Christians were not developed in this manner at all because they lived by faith. Because of this, they noticed nothing unusual about the high priests and were unable to discern their evil states. However, despite this difference in regards to spiritual power and attainment, the Christians, completely unknowingly, *tortured* the high priests simply through the power of their faith in the Lord!

Completely oblivious to the impact they had on these evil souls, the Christians approached them, speaking as if they would to anybody else. Unbeknownst to them, however, the energy of their faith would rebound on these evil wards because of the presence of the Holy Spirit within them. Allowed to listen to the energetic interplay, I noticed that whenever one of these dark souls was near a Christian, he was, in a sense, 'bowled' over.

Expressing his rage hearing the voice of the Holy

Spirit, one shouted, "Every time I get near one of those Christians, I have to hear THAT VOICE!" Holding his hands over his ears, he was cringing in pain. Unable to tolerate the power of faith, the demons were tortured without the need for effort or even notice on the part of the Christians. Holding mundane interactions with these people, discussing everyday things, their faith spoke *for them* in energy. Having no hold on the Christians, despite their advanced spiritual abilities which had been refined towards the darkness and the deep, the demons were whipped just by being in their presence. Wow! Perhaps this is one manner in which the Lord marks the souls of the faithful.
********

An angel of the Lord had been given charge to show me a woman who had been given much in the way of religious training. Allowed to witness the true outcome of her life beside what could've been the status of her soul if she had made good use of the graces provided by God, the angel described her current manifestation as that of a 'meaningless bimbo,' while next to her stood the beautiful image of a woman looking towards heaven emitting a great degree of holiness. Exhibiting great disgust at what she had become despite the great workings of the Lord, the angel regarded her with sorrow.
********

Fond of the darkness, these unusual men who lay before me, about to become my quest for the night, were Satanists. Abhorrent and violent people, it only made sense that I should be terrified of them, but by a special gift from the Lord, I wasn't.

Beginning in a darkened sideway behind some large trees and near two very big rocks, two people with a knife approached me and Andy, who had joined me

only for the beginning and end of this quest. Asking us to participate in a ritual with them, they promised not to hurt us if we would do so. However, I inherently knew that they would attempt to hurt us either way. Despite couched terms used to deceive us as to the motives of their ritual, I was very much aware of the fact that these were members of a satanic cult and their ritual was dark, disgusting and blasphemous to God. Never specifying this truth to their followers, they always used terms which were vague and misleading. In truth, they were the darkest of the dark, as evil as souls may get, and their master was Satan. Sad . . . so very sad.

Threatening to cut Andy with the knives, I approached them, grabbing the arm of the guy who did not have a hold of Andy. Repeating their intentions, they said, "If you participate in our 'ritual,' we won't harm him." Pausing, I very quietly replied, "You see, we have a little problem with that." "What's that?" he asked. "Well . . . "I paused, "I . . . looooooooooove . . . Jesus."

Silence permeated the place for several moments, and then you could hear a faint growl coming from his mouth. Holding my ground, they still threatened Andy, so I shouted to him. "Run! Get out of here. I'll take care of these two," but Andy wouldn't leave. Realizing I would have to aid him in departure before I could deal with the souls of these Satanists, I used heavenly gifts to attain our freedom. Even so, I sustained several energetic bolts to the chest which took some time from which to recover.

Returning that same night, Andy was no longer with me and it seemed that I was being energized to seek out and find this cult for the purpose of infiltration, dismantling and disposal. What would eventually happen, however, would be much greater than this.

Bidding my soul to arrive in a large older house,

the Lord placed my buns in an easy chair in the living room where I proceeded to act as if I owned the place. Several women were on the first floor, most of whom were completely deceived as to the true nature of their 'guru.' But there was a select group of mostly males who were apparently the 'right hand men' of the high priest, who very much knew exactly what it was they were doing. Most of them hung out on the second floor of this house, plotting and colluding in various evil and dark schemes against their enemies.

Beginning to talk to the women, I became aware that the high priest was scheduled to arrive shortly and that my time with these particularly deceived souls would be short. Mincing no words, I told them exactly who their leader really was, but they didn't believe me. So I told them to watch closely all the things he said and did when he got back, so that they might be able to discern the truth for themselves.

Walking in the door, he immediately observed my presence on the easy chair. Under his breath, he growled, but tried to maintain a good appearance to the women in his charge. Making some nebulous comments about some rituals and procedures, he directed his followers to come with him into another room where these would take place. As a master manipulator and father of lies, he often made misleading statements or those which were completely untrue and this time was no exception. Turning towards me, he said, "Well, after all, I once trained to become a Catholic Priest . . . but you know that I left the seminary because it wasn't exactly my calling." This was completely untrue, but he had said it to give credibility to his 'techniques.' Sarcastically, I looked at him and said, "Well, I'd love to join you . . . after all . . . I . . . loooooooooove . . . Jesus! But perhaps I'll wait here."

Growling again, his followers made note of his strange response to the mention of Our Savior's name, but still continued after him. Standing outside of the door, I waited only a few minutes in which time he had all of them in a state of total satanic mesmerization. Running into the room, I shouted and pushed them over onto the floor. "Oh, this is wonderful!" I said, looking towards the high priest, "Christian Meditation!"

At this point, he was really pissed off because his subjects were now coming out of their strange trances and asking me what had happened to them. Quietly, I said, "Oh, nothing like a little satanic memorization to control your wills and minds." In their faces, you could see that they were beginning to realize the deception which had been perpetrated upon them. Continuing, I said, "Oh, but don't let it bother you, it's just a form of *meditation*." Stating the word 'meditation' with much sarcasm, I said it very slowly so that they would understand my intent in speaking it.

Looking at me with a very quiet and subdued growl, the high priest whispered under his breath. "Leave," he said. Responding very loudly and again, with sarcasm, I said, "But I don't understand . . . I . . . looooooooooove . . . Jesus! How can I leave this intensely spiritual gathering when I love Him so much and we have here a great master of the Christian path to teach me all the ways of My Lord?" Every time I talked about my love for Jesus, the high priest and his inner circle were very much disturbed and, although they hid it on the surface, it was throwing them into an inner tizzy. Many of the less involved followers, those ignorant of the satanic nature of this cult, were becoming suspicious of them.

Following me back to the easy chair, the high priest had anger and suspicion in his eyes. Indeed, he

was well aware of who I was and Who had sent me, but he couldn't say or show this outwardly because it would affect those under his charge. Sitting down, I made my intention of remaining in the house very clear, which displeased him.

Momentarily, my spiritual vision was expanded to view the activities of the upper floor where the hard-core cult members were gathered. All were dressed in black ritualistic garments, and their conversation was putridly evil. Amongst their topics of discussion was that of mutilating a human corpse, which they intended to do in a ritual they were preparing to attend.

Suddenly, my spiritual body materialized in their presence, and I was led to act in a very ignorant manner of what they were truly planning. "Oh . . . this is wonderful . . . are we preparing to celebrate the Eucharist together?!" Looking up with disgust, I ignored them and said, "Great! You all know how very much I . . . looooooooooove . . . Jesus!"

After my disappearance from the lower level, the high priest had assumed I'd been sent to this upstairs gathering. As a result, he entered the room just as I was concluding my declaration of love for the Lord. "It's time for a final battle between forces," he stated to me very calmly. Giving me directions to a location where we would all meet, there would be a showdown. We were to meet on an island, and it was to be me against about forty of them. "Okay," I said, "I'll be there."

Flying over the waters towards the island destination, I fully expected that this battle might not be winnable. Considering the possible injuries I might endure, I was assessing my losses ahead of time, so to speak. When I arrived, however, there was a great shift in energies and things began to go very differently than I had anticipated they might.

Thirty to forty of the darkest and most evil members of the cult had shown up in full dress black. Standing before a patch of bare ground piled high in a mound, they stared me down with their eyes. Intending this mound to be my grave site, I was completely unmoved or unafraid through an inexplicable gift from God. A presence could be felt all around us and literally in the molecules of the air which I could not yet identify, but I knew that I was surrounded by heavenly protection, and even more than that, I was filled with peace and a sense of complete safety. Perhaps I had not come by myself after all, but had been given the invisible assistance of legions of angels from heaven.

Kneeling before the patch of ground, I began to continually repeat, over and over, the words which caused them so much anguish. "I love Jesus, I love Jesus. I . . . looooooooove . . . Jesus." As I did this, six roses emerged from the ground in three rows of two. Single stalks with singular flowers, they appeared in the colors of white, pink and red. Growing as if from a heavenly light, they began to expand into bushes as more flowers bloomed.

As I'd been ignoring the cult members, I was shocked to notice that the high priest had fallen to his knees, followed by several of his cronies behind him. As they did so, you could see demons leaving their bodies, coming out of their mouths in the form of black mists shaped as diabolical images. Floating upwards, they dissipated as they entered the heights of the skies. Becoming limp after the expungement, they instinctively had fallen even further forward, bowing to the ground.

Turning to him, I very cautiously said, "You know, I really do love Jesus." Looking up, his eyes were almost blank. A new energy began to surround and fill the skies above us, that of the Rosary, a Catholic prayer

in honor of the Virgin Mary and the mysteries of the life of Jesus Christ. Sparkly lights began to fall from this energy into the blank eyes of these former cult members who were still almost lying forward on the ground. You could hear whispers in the air like thousands of people praying; "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee . . ." Beginning to fill with something new, the eyes of the high priest looked towards me and spoke. "You know," he said under his breath as if almost embarrassed to admit it, "I think I love Jesus, too."

Shocked at his revelation, I was stunned at what my soul was about to witness. Many of the others expressed a similar feeling under their breath, and all began to comment at about the same time. "Yeah, me too!" "Uh huh, yeah." Without further adieu, they all began to get up and follow one another towards the church which stood conveniently nearby where they intended to receive full baptism! As they began to walk away, I reiterated to them under my breath, "I really do love Jesus." But I did not move from my kneeling position as this amazing conversion took place.

As I'd come expecting to infiltrate, dismantle and dispose, I was shocked that I'd actually witnessed a *conversion* among the most evil of souls.

Moments later, Andy and I were driving through a small town in a very bright and sunny oasis. Colorful, bright and pretty, there seemed to be a sense of lightness and good. Suddenly to my left, we came upon a building which was quite different than the bright surroundings. Dark and misty, the building appeared gray and black covered with statues of gargoyles and other demons on its eaves. For a moment, the Lord bade me to witness the building as it appeared in the physical realm, which was just as bright as every other building in town. But in the spiritual realm it was quite evidently 'possessed.'

"Interesting," I said under my breath towards heaven, "do you want me to go in?" Receiving a definitive verification, my spirit was made to know that this would be my next mission. "Okay," I said.

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Appearing amongst a coven of witches who also practiced deviant sexuality in ritual manner, they were demonstrating rituals in an attempt to convince me that there was nothing wrong with their practices. Disgusted by the blatant nature of their evil, I called for the help of Jesus.

As it had been their purpose to demonstrate the power of darkness by casting spells and performing evil and lewd rituals, I waved my arms to the sky and Jesus parted the heavens to show them eminent and *true* power. Clouds parting and rumbling to the sides, a pinkish bright white light had come down from heaven. In majesty and might, there was no doubt about the energetic truth behind what lay visible for all to see, the *truth of God revealed.* "I don't know!" I said in a very sarcastic and mocking manner, placing my hands on my chin as if I were thinking, "Which should I choose?" Because it was *so* obvious, I was making fun of the huge contrasting chasm between the heavens opened before us above, and the lewd acts of vice and evil for which they were participating on the ground.

Despite this, there was no legitimate response. Although the witches present were actually capable of *seeing* the heavens bared open, it did not move them, not in the slightest degree.

As God's display of majesty pulled back into the heavens, I called out to Padre Pio, asking if he might appear and talk with these people. No response came, however, as I began to consider that even asking this after such a bold demonstration from the Lord, could be

considered overstepping my bounds. Having presented them with an undeniable pronouncement of the truth, they made a decision to reject it. It was as simple as that.

If such a catastrophically grand event had no effect on them, it had been arrogant and presumptuous of me to think that any further display of God would prove any more fruitful. In asking the Lord to present more signs and wonders, I'd asked him to throw pearls before swine. As it says in the bible, they loved their sin more than they loved God.

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Displaying before my soul the holocaust of our time, Our Lord Jesus showed me a gruesome scene. Bloody baby corpses fully formed, and tiny hands and feet ripped from bodies were floating in a sea of blood. Spiritually bereft of any appropriate response to such horror, I looked at these images given to me by the Lord with horror and great sorrow. The holocaust of my time, that of abortion, and the full tragedy of its evil, was displayed for my soul to look upon in disgust.

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Terror surrounded Andy and I, as we were running from the villains who sought my life. Although it hadn't yet occurred to me that these murderous and violent people might actually represent the violent and destructive disease which was trying to take my life, we continued running for cover, over hills, valleys, tunnels and buildings. Emerging in a large art museum from several escape routes below ground, the battle continued raging all around the building, but for the moment, we were well hidden from destruction's force.

Coming upon a room filled with huge paintings, they emanated peace. As the battle had not yet reached this room, and I quietly looked around at these paintings which were hung on the wall, and those which were

lying around on tables still waiting to be displayed. Surrounded in ornate frames of silver and gold, the paintings themselves were filled with bright colors and were somewhere around ten by twenty feet in size.

Gazing upon them with wonder, I quietly picked up a large painting waiting to be displayed which was lying on a table. Filling with tears of joy, I called out to Andy, "Come here, Andy! You must see this!" Upon first inspection, you might have thought it was a very beautiful painting of a mountainous scene filled with color and delight, but upon further view, you could see that there was an image painted in the lower right hand corner, an old man dressed in the robes of a priest. Hair the color of mostly dark gray, the colors within his soul betrayed his youthful vibrance. Even so, Padre Pio was filled with energy and light.

Becoming animated, he remained rather still, but seemed to wish to convey something to me. As the violent battles continued all around us, Andy and I were filled with peace and silence as we gazed upon the infinite beauty of this holy man. Nodding towards me, Padre Pio's gaze gave me strength and filled me with a sense of wonder in knowing of his watchful protection over my body and soul. In his face was a grand sense of acceptance, as if he knew of my mission in this life as in regards to writing, and he approved. In his heavenly abode, he knew that what I was doing was indeed the will of God, despite the apparent contradictions previously discussed. Encouragement filled his face and a certain sense of perseverance in the battle for my life, as well.

As Andy was about fifteen feet away facing me from behind the picture, Padre Pio turned towards him, motioning him to come forth and nodding at him in approval, as well. Filling me with serenity, the Padre's

nod at Andy gave me a sense of peace in knowing that his watchful protection would also be with Andy, especially at the time when the battle for my life was lost. Because of my children, this became all the more important. Directing us to go and participate in the battle which raged on all around us, we ran for cover from the forces of evil which were now gaining on us again.

Boarding a bus towards my childhood home, we began to think that perhaps we were home free, but in fact, we had only just begun.

As we came upon the road which led to my past life within my current life, the long road of about two miles which had led to the house was overridden with dirt. Old friends from my past appeared who were to assist me in covering this road in rock, to make it beautiful and complete. But the old friends who had appeared happened to be the ones who had been somewhat dark at the time (who knows where they may be today, they may be transformed in light!) and they quickly began to display murderous intentions as they snuck up behind me and smashed rocks into my head.

Turning in self-defense, I knocked one of them out with a stone and then lay beside her with great remorse and sorrow. Although I had been defending my own life, I was now very concerned as to whether I had taken hers. As I waited for her to show signs of life, I wandered the street which was now miraculously paved with stone for a quarter of a mile, and I gathered all the remaining stones which appeared to be large enough or shaped in such a manner as to be able to be used as weapons. Upon her waking, I quietly sat beside her and talked to her about the importance of peace and love. Although she initially seemed open to such matters, within moments she had found one of the stones which had a very distinctive weapon quality. Looking upon her

with disappointment, she put it down, "I will honor peace," she said.

No sooner had she made a commitment to do so when hundreds of black snakes appeared upon the part of the road which had not yet been completed. Both of us knew that it was impossible for us to pave this entire road without anybody else's help, so we looked in horror at the scene before us. At this moment I realized that my battle was not just against the violent forces within my own body which wished to take my life, but also against the very dark forces of the Universe.

As the black snakes were very large, about five to ten feet long, and because I was easily able to take a stick and push them away, they began to grow arms and legs. With their new limbs, they began to reach towards me and attack. Without further adieu, I realized that because of the location of these battles and the now obvious signs of the presence of the dark side, that the battle to save my life was also a battle between my destiny and the dark intentions which had been placed upon my soul by those I'd left behind in my past.

Putting my stick on the ground, I gazed upon the rock pathway and the now thousands of black snakes which slithered along the dirty part of the road. Sitting down, I ignored them completely, as wisdom began to come upon me like a torrent in the night. "I understand," I said to myself, but out loud, "I cannot build this road from the light which is my present to the darkness which is my past. It is not I who need to build this road, but many others who have chosen not to help with this task . . . I'm not going to work on this road anymore." As I said this, I was no longer there.

A holy nun stood before me in a place of solitude and rest. Placing within my hands a picture of a sainted

medieval nun, she directed me to place it on the wall of my spirit.
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Raging through the darkened night, my spirit was in a hurry to arrive at the monastery in the galactic heavens which I knew would give me and my ward refuge. As we'd entered, I was excruciatingly aware of those who were quickly following behind, with the intention to harm my ward. As a result of this knowledge, I continued further and further into a catacomb-like structure beneath the building.

Bearing this tiny unborn baby in my hands, the Chinese baby could be no more than five inches long and perhaps several months along in pregnancy. Swelling feelings came from within my soul for this child, as if she was my very own, but I knew I would be giving her up soon. Those who were following me were taking a journey deep into themselves as they ventured into the catacombs, wherein their souls were undergoing transformation. As it was my duty to protect this baby until the threat of abortion was no longer present, the parents arrived moments later. Opening my hand and showing them the fragile and tiny little child, tears came from their eyes. Handing her back to them, I inherently knew that she would be safe now and that this child would not be harmed by abortion.
********

Journeying through the countryside, I was gathering my things to embark upon the next leg of my journey in this life. As I packed a bag of clothing near the house, I noticed in the distance a huge, perhaps twenty foot long, electric eel approaching. Very thick, this eel was perhaps a foot and a half in diameter, and I immediately knew it to be a demonic force. Slithering

about six feet into the air, there was a hump in the center of its body.

Grabbing my things rapidly, I ran to the truck with Andy, desperately trying to get out of there before the demon could get near us. But we weren't fast enough, and I did the only thing possible to protect myself, which was knocking the creature to the ground with my arm. Inherently, I knew that this creature had come to kill me, and that it was going to use its electrical properties to throw the electrical systems in my heart out of whack. Running, Andy had the key in the ignition and we were off.

********

Filled with knowledge of this incredibly dark soul, he had been involved in a horrendous act of violence, and was now working his way through the court system trying to figure out what to do. Having been offered a plea agreement which would punish him appropriately, but give him a chance at a life in a reasonable amount of time, he'd turned it down, despite the fact that such a choice placed him at risk of being in jail for the rest of his life.

Standing before me, he had just been shot dead energetically. As he resurrected before me, it became clear that by choosing not to take responsibility for his crime and pleading guilty, he had cut off his soul from any future potential.

Good aspects of his soul were shown to me, and the great potential that had been misused and lost because of his horrendous choices. At the very core of his soul was a large pocket of evil, which was very dangerous, unpredictable and violent. Despite these good things, this man was a threat to society, and without a conversion experience, his soul was now officially damned.

Now exiting this soul's symbolic death, I came upon this man's sub-conscious spirit and those of his violent and vicious friends who proceeded to come after me and my children in a gun battle. So that we could not escape, they slashed my tires. Evil exuded from their very pores.

Turning to the kids who I protected with my body, I called to St. Michael for help as we immediately became invisible to all of them, except the defendant. My children began to disappear from the scene, and I was left alone with the main defendant who was now standing at the door of my car inciting me to get out and fight him. Realizing that I could not get away from this confrontation, I got out of the car and stood with my arms folded in front of this man's soul, which was now bare and exposed before me.

Challenging me to fight him, I refused to do so, inciting his rage all the more. Beginning to shout, his voice rang out, "Why won't you fight me?! Why won't you fight me?!" Folding my arms, I looked directly into his eyes with no fear. As my face exuded disgust, I maintained calm and composure as I spoke to him quietly. "Jesus said we should turn the other cheek," I said. With that he tried to punch me in the face, but his fist went right through me. "Love thy neighbor," I said as my voice began to get louder and more insistent, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. If you love Me, do as My Father Wills!"

Getting more and more angry, he started to wimp out and walk away, but I followed him with continuing disgust at his violent cowardice. "You're just angry because you *know* you aren't living your life right!" Running after this bully, he was now running away from me. "You know that you are *not* doing the will of God, and that you're screwing up your destiny!" Stopping for

a moment, his head turned halfway as if he was listening to my words but did not want to admit them to be true. For a moment, a look of melancholy came over his ashamed face.

"It just drives you crazy that you know you could turn your life around, but you haven't done it! You *know* you are *not* doing the Will of God!" At that moment, he turned to look me in the face for just a moment. His gaze was uncertain, for he had chosen the evil path he wanted to walk, but he *knew* that the choice he had made was wrong, and he *knew* . . . he just *knew*. At that moment, he decided to change his plea. Without any further adieu, my spirit disappeared and was gone.

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After a series of very violent attacks against strangers in another city, I was given to witness in the astral state the nature of the perpetrator. Portrayed as an envoy of Satan, this person was spreading evil and mayhem in such a manner as to make it seem as though it might never end or be salvageable.

As I gazed upon the sad state that had been caused by this evil soul harboring no brilliant thoughts as to how to solve it, I suddenly witnessed something of stupendous magnitude. From the ground and the ashes of destruction caused by this very tormented and evil man, came a surge of light. Coming from the depths of the Earth, it spread outward as it funneled high into the sky into a wondrous beam which now cascaded with brilliant orbs of sparkly light. A white dove flew from the depths of the Earth, directly into the highest heights of heaven, and a holy feeling overcame my soul.

At that moment, I knew that the evil would be overcome through the intercession of God, and that this had been affected through the prayers of multitudes of

people. Awaking the next morning, the beltway sniper had been captured.
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Cascading through time, my spirit was taken to visit a group of souls consisting of many I'd known throughout my life. These were the souls of those who had stayed in my life, but had never embraced a spiritual path, many of them atheists or agnostics.

Gathering for this profound reunion, we spent many hours talking and reminiscing about times spent together, but as the evening wrapped up, I wandered alone upstairs. As the gathering was being held in the home of a soul who had been previously revealed to me, I remembered that her home had once been infested with many demons, almost like a haunted mansion, but now I was grateful to note that the demonic presences were gone and the home was clear of any forces.

Profundity filled my vision as I ascended the stairs to notice a grand picture displayed before my eyes. Amongst this home filled with items displaying a love of the world, was a magnificent portrait of Jesus and Mary. Gazing at it, I could not believe that it was hanging on *this* wall in *this* house. Running downstairs, I found the person who lived in the house and another of her friends. "Where did you get this?!" I shouted expectantly at their confused faces. "You mean you really don't know?" her friend asked. Nodding that indeed I did not, they both led me upstairs to a bedroom that I had not yet seen.

As the door was opened, I watched in amazement and shock. Adorned with magnificent holy relics, every wall was covered from top to bottom with religious artwork, crucifixes, statues, medals and holy books. "Oh, my God!" I said. "Where did you get all of this stuff?" "You mean you really don't know?" they both asked me again in unison. "No, I don't."

"You began sending us these things about twelve years ago, don't you remember?" Immediately, I realized that although the impact of my words through the years had appeared to be of no import on a conscious level with these souls, they had been received as heavenly gifts. Stunned, I walked around the room, admiring the beauty of these magnificent pieces. For a moment, I was almost a bit jealous because I would have loved to have these beautiful works in my own home, but realized that such thinking was very selfish and admonished myself for such thoughts.

Taking me back downstairs, the woman showed me a large picture window which was now adorned with the most exquisite curtain of roses. About 500 individual stained glass roses were formed and joined together as a large window-covering. Pointing at the spectacular vision, I turned to the woman of the house. "That was a gift you made for me before you died," she said.

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# CHAPTER SEVEN
## A Message of Redemption, Magnificent Female Angel, a Holy Deception, Angel Helping me in Exhaustion, a Dark Act of Charity, the Heavens Open, Ancestraland Ancient Demons, Borderlands, Family Demons, Betrayal, Lust Disguised as Abuse, Grace Because of Forgiveness.

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Having recently crossed over, the man who had come to me months before in danger of damnation along with a legion of demons for me to battle; returned with a very different message.

Turning to see his glowing face, I was astonished at the light that surrounded his soul and the bright smile which adorned his face. Could this be the same man who had been working through so much anger? Could this be the man who had never allowed the name of Jesus to touch his lips during his life? Indeed . . . it was.

Smiling with joy in our reunion, he gently took my left hand to his mouth kissing it with kindness, love and respect. In my heart, I knew that this gesture held a thank-you, but it was also a great gesture of unconditional love. Because I had helped to save his soul, he was now watching over me with my ancestors. He'd adopted me, so to speak. Honored beyond words, nothing needed to be said as he gazed into my eyes with love. Wonder filled my soul to see such a transformation within a soul. What had once been filled with darkness, now glowed with the brightest light!

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A magnificent female angel appeared in a white gown adorned with very large wings. In her hands before her, she held a large single amethyst crystal.

Coming towards me in a wisp, she gently pushed the amethyst into my face which immediately overlapped into me because we were all etheric. Suddenly, there was a large blazing explosion within my consciousness. Feeling and seeing the immense beauty from inside the amethyst, I began to also hear astonishingly beautiful music. Soaring sounds of mystical beauty filled my spirit, as I suddenly understood that whether or not anything happened with the seeds I had planted in a visible way in the physical world, something beautiful was happening within the souls of those who had received of it. Even if they responded with initial anger and rage at knowledge which contradicted their former views of reality (especially in regards to the knowledge of darkness), these seeds were creating a beautiful flowering of knowledge within them which was ordained of by God.

As the purple surrounded me, I began to return to consciousness.

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Our former priest had given Andy, my husband, a gift, "a relic of the saints," he had said. Arriving at our campsite, Andy showed me a piece of a broken Mason jar, upon its jagged edge was a torrent of blood. "Father gave this to me because this blood is the actual blood of many saints!" He said excitedly. Confused, I felt evil in the room, but continued to listen. "Apparently, according to our priest," he said, "this was used by a demonic force to slit the throats of many saints."

Instantly, I knew I was in grave danger. This was not a holy relic, but a demonized instrument of death dealing the blows of death and persecution to the saints. Now the force behind this demonic instrument was seeking to slit my throat.

Remembering, I thought about the mixed

feelings I'd had toward this priest which had arisen because there had been times where he had misjudged my illness and spread the persecution amongst the church. For some reason, unbeknownst to me, there had been a lengthy period where he had come to the conclusion that I was lazy. This perception had been spread amongst the congregation, and I'd gone through a period of great desolation as a result of it. There had been times when he'd made light of some of the mystics and stigmatists, because he seemed to have a disdain for supernatural gifts among the saints. At this moment, I realized that he had carried this unholy relic unawares, not knowing the truth behind his false views which had led him to bring persecution upon them. In his mind, he had thought he was properly chastising the sinner, when he had apparently been discerning the truth through incorrect means.

Taking the relic from Andy, I immediately brought it over to the campfire, trying to melt the jagged edge. Knowing that as soon as I went to sleep, this demonic instrument would animate and come after my throat, I sought to melt off the sharp side which could slit my throat unawares. After realizing it wouldn't work, I handed Andy a hacksaw and asked him to break it into many pieces. Again, it wouldn't work.

"I'm sorry, Andy," I said, "We're going to have to seek refuge from our campsite, find a hotel room where I will have some level of protection from this force which seeks my destruction." In moments, we were in a hotel room, but a loud buzzing sound was piercing my ears and driving me to distraction. Going about the room, I sought to find the source of the sound. As I found a fan in the bathroom, I attempted to turn it off. But as I did so, it only became louder and louder and louder and louder . . . and then suddenly, it stopped.

Waking to a darkened room, a huge blizzard had taken out the power, and all had gone silent. Because we usually sleep to the sound of a noise machine, the sounds immediately ceased. All was dark.

Returning to sleep, I found myself again in the center of a room in my chair unconscious. My husband and children flitted about me, unaware of my physical condition which had deteriorated. Picking myself up, I walked out the door and into a hot sunny oasis. Lying on the ground, I closed my eyes. As I did so, my garments and body became that of the medicine woman. From the ground came timbers and a leather sheet to hold my body as I realized that I was being laid out for burial in the Native American way. Baking in the hot sun, my consciousness receded to unconsciousness as I surrendered to my ill health. "It's the barometer," the angels whispered in my ear, "the barometer has dropped due to the storm and will affect your heart badly. Be careful." Nodding, I ceased.

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Traveling through the wilderness, I was trying to keep up with the others but deathly aware of my inability to do so. My heart failure situation was simply making it impossible for me to do what I had done in the past. As we approached the familiar wilderness retreat which was the home ground of the infamous haunted mansion of which I had visited and worked on extricated members many times, I realized that we would have to stay in unheated huts overnight during our stay and that I simply wouldn't survive that.

Although no one around me was aware of my dire condition, I wasn't doing well at all when we did arrive at the encampment. Immediately, I asked about my van, but somebody had borrowed it and wouldn't be back for two to three hours. "Oh, my God!" I said, "I'll

never make it that long!" Everyone was looking at me very funny except for one angelic being who appeared behind me and caught me as I fell in exhaustion. Looking into my eyes, I understood an unspoken message, 'Although no one else around you may understand the condition you are in, you will no longer be able to do many of the things - even in the spirit world - that you used to do. You need to surrender to that.' Although I had not yet even visited the haunted mansion to assess the status of the lost souls inhabiting the place, it was clear that I would not be given entry this time because I was not strong enough to perform this task anymore. Sadly, I surrendered to this in the arms of the male angel and was suddenly transported.

Arriving in a beautiful apartment building, we were living on the top floor. A huge light came down from the heavens filling the place with sunshine and heat. Andy and I were organizing a new altar to God to be built in the living room, placing white and purple linens on the table top before retrieving our relics. We were peaceful with this reality and we accepted it. Outside the open back glass patio door, was a stunningly crystal clear pool. The bright light emanated from the water like a prism in the brightly lit sky. "I guess this is my retirement home," I joked to myself softly.

Suddenly, I had visitors who literally appeared out of the ether. As I'd mentioned previously, I'd helped a man who had been in danger of damnation by fighting the demons for him probably six months before, and he had come to kiss my hand shortly after I'd won his soul back for him, surrounded in light. His ancestors were suddenly filling my living room, about thirty of them. Some of them appeared to be brothers, cousins and recent relations and others went further back. Honored, none of us said anything, but I felt their gratitude that I

had intervened on this man's behalf and made it possible for all of them to be together.

After a while, I walked into the bedroom to have some solitude for just a moment but quickly noticed that there were two Native American men in the room. One of them had long straight black hair, and was very tall and skinny. I didn't feel like I knew him, but was entranced by his beauty. The other had shorter and frizzier long black hair. A beard and moustache adorned his face as he sat silently on a couch. "Hey, can I hear some of your music?" He asked, as I timidly pointed out, "Well, my music isn't fully produced or anything, but I guess it would be okay . . . " Before I could get to my CD's, I instinctively walked over and sat next to him. My inner spirit knew this man, and I felt an intense unconditional love coming from him towards me and vice versa. Quietly laying my head on his shoulder, he pointed to the other man in the room. "My friend and I have come here to bring you the Ancient Mysteries," he said as my head cocked upwards to look in his face with surprise. "Be ready to receive the emissaries . . ." Fading from view, they were instantly gone. "I guess I'm not retiring after all," I thought, "I just got another job that maybe I can physically handle. Cool!"

Looking towards the family members of my friend in the living room, I observed my eldest daughter in the room. "Hey, what's she doing here!?!?!?!?!?" I shouted because I was concerned that she was included in a group of ancestors who were dead! The man who appeared to possibly be the brother of the man I'd come to help looked at me and conveyed a warning. My daughter was beginning to learn how to drive, it was very important that this process be undergone with great care. She had work to do, and an accidental death would be unacceptable in regards to her destiny being fulfilled.

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Gloriously decorated, the home appeared as if it were a mansion, although in reality, I knew it to be a family home. A large group of people had gathered there as some benefactor was planning to give this home to a poor family who had undergone a catastrophic medical event. In this case, it appeared that the doctors who had assisted the family were going to give them this home, but there was something sinister about it. Something was very amiss, although I could not yet ascertain it. One thing was clear in that this gift was being given to glorify the givers, more than to assist the family in need.

Wandering around the house, I noticed a large, ornate, circular stairway and quickly ascended it. But as I did, a huge windstorm overtook my soul as I looked upon the face of a particularly terrifying demon. Sitting upon a 'throne' was a man who was not ethnically a black man. But everything he wore was black, his skin was black and his eyes were a piercing red. Around his head was a large black turban and winds of evil literally blew from him in a heated storm of fury.

Tearing down the staircase, I found myself back in the familiar part of the home. People were continuing to enjoy the party, completely unaware of this unusually sinister presence. Noticing that the temperatures in the house were quickly beginning to rise, I understood that the demonic force was about to overcome this home.

Walking quietly to the intended recipient of this gift, I informed her of the demonic nature of it and that the home was completely possessed. Even if it were to be given to her for free, she should not take it. Unable to ascertain whether or not she would abide by this advice from the eternal, I was flown away from the scene of impending doom.

***"Self-complacent and always impudent, deluded by***

***wealth and false prestige, they sometimes proudly perform sacrifices in name only."***

*The Bhagavad-Gita As It Is, Chapter 15, Text 17, (Hinduism, Translator: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)*

***"He who digs a pit may fall into it, and he who breaks through a wall may be bitten by a serpent."***

*The New American Bible, Old Testament, Ecclesiastes 10:8, (Christianity, Judaism)*

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Wandering around trying to find my home, I suddenly realized that I'd been wandering in the place where we had formerly lived and it was no longer compatible to the path of my soul. In that instant, I shot immediately to our new home where we currently lived.

Instantly maneuvered into a high-powered vibrational raising, a force beyond my own control began moving my arms and legs around in some form of astral physical therapy. Because of the natural degeneration of the body which occurs in heart failure, this was very helpful to me. Feeling bliss and joy as they assisted me, I turned to notice a television screen in front of me which was depicting daily life on the screen. Bored to death, I turned it off and turned my attention to another television set which was doing the same. Equally boring, I turned that one off, too.

Continuing to receive higher and higher vibrations and astral physical therapy, I heard a thundering rumble as the roof of the house instantly disappeared and my head was turned upwards towards the heavens where the entire cosmos appeared. Because of my recent temptation with the cannibalistic demon, my gaze had been incorrectly attuned towards the Earth and I'd been mesmerized for a short time by the delusion presented to me. But as I gazed at the cosmology of the sky, I entered into an eternal mesmerization and an ecstatic state of Samadhi. I couldn't take my eyes off of

the upper ethereal heavens.

Continuing to raise my vibration and work on me physically, the process went on for quite some time because I'd been taken very deeply into ecstatic bliss. When the time came to begin returning, the vibrations subsided very slowly, so as not to jolt me back too quickly. Because I'd prayed for help in dealing with this cannibalistic demon which had proven quite a foe, I understood that the Lord was guiding me to turn my gaze from the physical world up into the heavens, a higher sphere, wherein the answer would lie. Understanding, I agreed that I would do this.

***"In this world, there is nothing so sublime and pure as transcendental knowledge. Such knowledge is the mature fruit of all mysticism. And one who has become accomplished in the practice of devotional service enjoys this knowledge within himself in due course of time."***

*The Bhagavad-Gita As It Is, Chapter 4, Text 38, (Hinduism, Translator: A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada)*

***"Only heart to heart can speak the bliss of mystic knowers; No messenger can tell is and no missive bear it. I am silent from weakness on many a matter, for my words could not reckon them and my speech would fall short."***

*The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Valley of Contentment, (Bahai', Words of Baha'u'llah)*

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Entering into an energetic reality of our home, it appeared that we had gone far back in time. Although our current home was new and never lived in before, it was built on ancient land with a rich past. Unfortunately, some of the darker sides of this past were unbeknownst to me at this time.

Inside, a play of the previous realities upon this land began to be shown to me, as I entered into a place

of torture and death which was beyond my ability to comprehend. Although it wasn't made clear how, the Catholic Church was responsible for many of the crimes in this location. Many women had been tortured and killed in heinous fashion, as well as other souls who had been tortured and murdered in various horrendous ways. (This was Native American land, however, and it might be fair to surmise from what we know of history.)

Flabbergasted, I turned to my husband, Andy, who was also stunned by this vicious past, and the powerfully demonic forces which inhabited the land as a result. "Do we have to stay here?" I asked him.

A knock on the door led me to a very quiet monk. He wore robes of light blue, his hair was dark brown and he had a moustache and beard. "Come." He said. "Stay. Purify it. Stand tall for the light." His face pierced my own with such power, that I simply turned back towards the room and gathered all of my strength. "Okay," I said. "I will stay and purify it. I will stand tall for the light."

Entering the room, the demonic forces which had taken hold of this land were terrifying, but I was no longer afraid of them or the past that they had heralded. Calling out to the dark forces, I shouted with fury. "I will not leave! I will fight and destroy you!" Beginning to barrage the room with eternal energy which had been conveyed to me by the monk's presence, the light began bouncing all around the room, throwing out the dark forces in a torrential flood of rain. Within moments, the forces which had been with this land for centuries were gone, and I turned quietly away.

***"A thick mist, a darkness and cloud is spread over all the earth. And, showing this, the Apostle said, 'For we were once darkness." (Eph. v. 8.) And Again, "Ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief." Since therefore there is, so to speak, a moonless night, and we walk in that night,***

***God hath given us a bright lamp, having kindled in our souls the grace of the Holy Spirit."***

*The Complete Writings of the Early Church Fathers, Nicene and Post Nicene Fathers, Volume 13, Homily XI, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. John Chrysostom)*

***"If you seize that Glory that cannot be forcibly seized, I shall rush upon you, so that you may never more blaze on the earth made by Ahura and protect the world of the good principle."***

*The Avesta, Yast 19, Verse 48, (Zoroastrianism, Words of Zarathustra*

***"My son, sinners entice you and say, 'Come along with us! Let us lie in wait for the honest man, let us, unprovoked, set a trap for the innocent; Let us swallow them up, as the nether world does, alive, in the prime of life, like those who go down to the pit . . . My son, walk not in the way with the, hold back your foot from their path!"***

*The New American Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs 1:10-15, (Christianity, Judaism, Words of Solomon)*

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Standing betwixt a borderland and the Earth, my soul was mesmerized upon the sky. As I'd gaze upon the various orbs such as the moon and other planets which were visible in this realm, I saw hieroglyphics upon their face. In the skies themselves, messages in various Asiatic, Hieratic, Aramaic, Hebrew and other languages would appear to me at random filled with beauty and awe. Although I understood them at the time, I would not be able to read them in my conscious waking state. Their full meaning lay beyond words, but they were, in essence, a beckoning to my spirit to the world beyond.

A larger young woman was waiting nearby, expressing agitation and anger. Coming over to me, she asked me why I was staring and gazing at the sky in such an obsessive manner. In an ecstatic bliss, without

lowering my gaze from heaven, I said to her, "My dear, I am being prepared for death. The Lord calls me from the highest of heavens and I cannot take my gaze away from Him, for He is my All. I cannot wait to go to heaven! But I must continue to wait . . . until it is time. But He echoes to me tonight that I must be *prepared* to go now." "Why would you want to go there?!" She said, as I did remove my gaze from the sky to look upon her face to understand what type of pain would cause such a reply.

"I don't ever want to go there . . . especially if people like the ones I know go there. They don't accept me; they hate me, just because I'm gay." Immediately, I was given interior understanding of this woman's plight. Taking her hand, I said, "Oh! No, you do not understand." Looking at me confused, she said nothing but listened. "Those who are unwilling to accept you as you are on Earth cannot themselves go unto heaven until they, too, have been purified of their defects. They only go to heaven once they realize and understand that they have been mistaken to not accept you as you are. When you enter into heaven, you will be accepted as you are, beautiful in God's sight!"

Lifting my eyes back to the ethereal display above me, I asked, "Can you not see that?!?!?!?!?!" Pointing to a Hebrew inscription on the left hand of the sky, I shuddered at its awesome wonder as its knowledge filled my soul in beckon. Nodding, she said, "I don't see anything in the sky." "Oh," I said with intrigue, "Then you must not yet be ready to cross over. You're not dead, yet, are you?" Nodding, 'No,' I nodded back. "Ahhhhhhhhh . . . then go back, my friend, and blame not heaven for the failings of man. And I will see you again, yes? . . . when it is your time also to die?" She smiled and disappeared as my gaze again became fixed upon the hieroglyphics of the orbs and the ancient

languages upon the sky.

***"By dint of knowledge the leaders produce many illustrations, arguments, and reasons; and considering how the creatures have various inclinations they impart various directions."***

*Saddharma Pundarika or the Lotus of the True Law, Skilfulness, No.106, (Buddhism: Mahayana)*

***"Let the man among you who has no sin be the first to cast a stone at her."***

*The New American Bible, New Testament, John 8:7, (Christianity: Catholic, Words of Christ)*

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As I was being sent back to my body, a call was heard in the ether. A young girl of whom I'd known when she was younger had taken a very seriously wrong turn in her life recently. Although she had cut off her family in order to marry a drug dealer and be part of a large crime family, she was wishing that some way could be made to open the line between them again. She had made this almost impossible because she had children with this man and the people with whom she had united were very dangerous.

Hearing her plea, I sent word back to her soul that I would pray for her; but that I could think of no way to fix this situation at the moment. Sadness overcame me, but a certain sense also of the natural order of things. Some mistakes can be fixed. But there are many mistakes we as human beings cannot necessarily be easily remedied and do carry life-long (and sometimes eternal) consequences. Perhaps repentance and forgiveness could eventually alter her path again to the light . . .

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The Lord bade my soul to go into several realms containing the energetic reality of various other families that we knew. Within several of these families, lay the

same demons which our own family had been trying to purgate from our reality.

One family in particular, the father was almost a cloned image of the exact same issue which lay within my own husband, Andy. The Holy Spirit came upon me in a powerful way, as He spoke words through me which were not my own. They contained tranformative energy, and it was directed at this father who was domineering, controlling, verbally abusive and completely comfortable with that. As I did so, he seemed to be receiving blows from the spiritual ether.

Anger began to seethe within him, but the Lord insisted I continue for hour after hour battering him with the opposite goodness to the vices of which he embraced and saw not the evil within them.

But even had I wished to stop, it was not possible. The Holy Spirit completely took me over and did the Lord's bidding throughout my spiritual vessel in a sub-conscious way directly into the heart of this man.

And when it was finished, I interiorly knew that it was going to affect him in some way consciously, that I should be alert that his attitude towards me might change because of some level of remembrance. It would be most likely that he would remember nothing, but suddenly feel ill at ease in my presence.

As the final blast of the Holy Spirit came through my voice, I uttered the final words which were intended to counter his words rooted in anger, pride, and power. Each of the Holy Spirit's responses were the direct opposite of whatever the ill-informed purpose of his initial words might be. Because it went on for hours, and because the issue was so deeply ingrained, he became very agitated that for every syllable out of his mouth of a destructive nature, the Holy Spirit would respond out of mine in the opposite construct.

When finished, it seemed that both of us were exhausted and I fell into a peaceful sleep.

********

The sky's were alit with a holy wonder this night as I followed the eternal beckon to a place I would not have expected.

Inside the offices of two men who had betrayed my husband not just once, but twice; I observed that the first partner - who was the prime instigator of evil - was standing around the room with his hands on his chin pacing the room. The second partner - who was more of a follower, perhaps could be described as a man with no backbone who did the bidding of the first partner - was quiet for only a moment until he noticed my presence. Then he became hysterical, but we both ignored him as my work was with the first partner this evening.

Ironically, the two of them had betrayed my husband by demoting him from a position that he had fulfilled with great devotion and skill. Before a local election had occurred, they had promised that they would come in and help with a large court docket. Coming from another jurisdiction, they knew that Andy, my husband, could've run against them and minced them mercilessly. But he chose not to, because he had felt that the combination of the three of them would be better for the community than he alone could provide. We lived in small town, one which could not offer the types of salaries offered in larger jurisdictions. It was difficult to get other attorney's to be willing to come to this poor community and serve. So he'd made a decision based on their word not to run against them.

But after they were elected, they both came in and had my husband do the work of three men for several years while they politicked around and took time off days, weeks and months at a time. My husband worked

seven days a week, sometimes until 11:00 at night, but at least 60 - 80 hours every single week.

Time had come, however, when his use was becoming more of a political threat to them than a help. So they used a falsehood to demote him from his position and force him out.

A judicial position had come open a few months later which the first partner had already known was coming. And this was the reason for my husband's departure. They wanted him out of the position he was in, bearing the title which would give him a political edge over them.

That time came and they were certain of their success - until the local nominating committee ousted the first partner and didn't even allow him to interview for the position at the State Capitol. Because the first partner had been close friends with the Governor, it was already assured him that if he were sent up, he would receive the position.

Anger had swelled within him. He claimed that two of the attorney's on the nominating committee had conspired against him. Although this was not true, he felt it was true. My husband and another good man were nominated to go up.

Because of the first and second partners' friendship with the governor, they didn't hesitate to betray my husband yet again by spending hours on the phone with the governor spreading falsehoods and lies.

So my husband went up and interviewed. His interview went well, over all, but he knew that the slander had been passed. Although the decision had not yet been made as to who would attain the position, the spirit of the eternal had led me here to the office of these two partners that night.

Other angels surrounded me as I approached the first partner who appeared pensive and thoughtful. On some interior level, he understood that he had been the recipient of karmic payback, swift and sure. Even though he truly had not been conspired against, he honestly felt as though he had been. And he was SO angry about it, that on a subconscious level, he was having a thoughtful moment about the betrayal he had inflicted not once, but twice upon my husband: pensive and thoughtful, yes, but emotional or caring, absolutely not.

The angels were swift and sure in bringing me up to him, as their words came out of my mouth in a holy confrontation. "You TOOK that which was not yours," I shouted, "and it was not enough." Pausing, he looked directly into my eyes. He knew that he had put our family in a desperate situation. Not only had he lost his job, but we'd lost our health insurance and the ability to be insured because of my heart failure. Because I'd saved money, we had made it through. But I had to resort to treating myself for many things, because the doctors don't return calls from uninsured patients as quickly as they do those who have coverage.

In God's infinite mercy, He had led Andy (my husband) to a job which seemed to be the place we'd been searching for since Chief Joseph began appearing to my over fifteen years prior insisting that we go to 'Ute Mountain,' our true home and help to 'restore that which had been lost.' Just two weeks before Andy became the Special U.S. Attorney for the Ute Mountain Ute Reservation in Towaoc, I had begun work publishing a book written by a social worker who'd been on the reservation for about thirteen years working with families in the restoration of alcohol and abuse situations. Her book was brilliant, inspired and before I even read it, I was slammed by the energy of the Thunder

Beings. I had said to her, "I haven't read this yet, but I KNOW I will publish it." It became available just weeks after he'd begun his new work.

I tell you this information for one reason. Because it is important to know that to those who serve the Lord, He gives them their due. Sometimes, it's not in this life and sometimes it is. Out of a betrayal of the finest proportions, God provided Andy with his true vocation. He brought him to the Reservation which we had been trying to get to for fifteen years. Ironically, he was also given a job which allowed for him to work 32 hours a week and make more money than he'd ever made. This was a huge gift because he'd been working literally day and night for years. But we didn't have insurance, we had to find ways to take care of that separately and were actively involved in doing so. That would take time.

"You took that which was not yours," I shouted again, "and it was still yet not enough! You had to try to take this, too, which you KNEW did not belong to you!" In regards to this judicial position, we were not yet aware of whether or not this position belonged to Andy or the other candidate, but it belonged to someone who had served and lived in this community for much longer than these two. We'd been here for fifteen years as had the other.

He didn't say anything yet. So I again repeated, not of my own accord, but by the power of the angels who spoke through me. "You took that which was not yours," I shouted again, "and it was still yet not enough! You had to try to take this, too, which you KNEW did not belong to you!" Taking something which is not yours is a serious crime against the eternal. But taking something which is not yours for self-serving motivations; money, power and greed, is all the more serious, especially when you take it from someone who

is a servant of God, who IS doing the will of God in that position. He hadn't taken this from us, alone, but from the community which deserved a justice system with integrity.

I remembered for a moment the day I saw the Blessed Virgin climb upon a cross and begin to weep for Andy because of the lies those two had perpetrated against him. And my husband had been doing the work in order to serve, while they wanted the money and power.

The angels around me began to speak through their own mouths of another time and place. Surprised, this was apparently not between my husband and the two of them, but myself! I was shocked. It was between myself and the first partner to the greatest degree. As they began, they spoke of another time when he had been a dear, dear friend of mine, nothing romantic, but a very close friend - and he had betrayed me then. They said, "You have learned nothing! We placed her right back in the same place in your life, but this time we made her terminally ill with three children and a husband who was completely loyal to you! And you BETRAYED HER AGAIN!" I said nothing, I was surprised that this was about me and him, rather my husband and him in a previous lifetime. "TWICE!!!!" They shouted.

Suddenly and without any warning, he ran towards me and took a hold of my body in a powerful embrace. Tears began streaming down his face as he began to wail in memory of this lost time. In his eyes, he was devastated by the memory of the previous betrayal, and realizing he had just done it again, twice, to someone he dearly loved in the world of spirit - it was too much for him.

I allowed him to embrace me, and I embraced him back. But I again said, "You took that which was not

yours, and it was still yet not enough! You had to try to take this, too, which you KNEW did not belong to you! When will it be enough!?!?!?" "I'm so sorry," he said, "let me make it up to you." Everybody in the office that had worked there at the time of my husband's departure had already left and they had open positions. "I can give you a secretarial job. Please, please, let me do this for you." I looked up at him and said, "You've forgotten. I'm really, really sick. I am not able to work full time. I so wish I could, but I'm not able. You KNEW this before you tried to destroy my family, and you did it anyway." Weeping and wailing went on as he continued to hold onto me for dear life in the hopes of some kind of redemption. My forgiveness had already been offered on the days that he betrayed us. He already had that, but he was suffering on a subconscious level because it appeared that he was starting to realize he may not be able to repair the damage he'd done. The sin would remain upon him, and all the sufferings that were to come to our family and the community because of his selfishness were about to come down upon him.

But he was very, very sincere. His tears, for what seemed like the first time, were not for himself. They were for me as the angels continued to refresh his memory of our deep friendship and the betrayal which had followed in another life. He was truly contrite . . . he was ripe for God's picking. But it was not my fruit to pick.

The second partner was hysterically running around the office telling me to leave. "It's not appropriate that you're here!" He kept saying. "You need to go now." But we all ignored him for the most part. "God will decide what's appropriate and what's not!" An angel said, as she then immediately turned to the true work at hand.

As the first partner held me and wailed, I cried with him for the loss of a friendship that could've been powerful, meaningful, deep AND eternal. But he'd thrown it away like so many do.

And then the bugs began to emerge . . .

From every crevice of the building, through every sideboard, floor, roof, ceiling and wall - the creatures of the dark began swarming the room. Ants, Roaches, Water Bugs, Black Beatles, Spiders; vermin of every kind were now swarming at his feet. What he had done in taking that which did not belong to him by eternal right - and in trying to take that which did not belong to him by eternal right - had allowed the infestation to completely encompass the room.

An angel put her hand upon my shoulder and pulled me away from him. "Oh, my God!" He shouted. "Please help me to clean this up! I can't do it myself!" The angels were stern. "It shall not be so." They said. "For this mess is yours to clean. The Lord will not be sending help at this time."

Wailing harder, the angels continued. "What you do now with the mess you have made will determine whether or not the Lord will EVER come to your aid! If you so desire such help, we suggest with all earnestness that you bring this true contrition from a subconscious level to your conscious world and stop wreaking havoc with God's will all around you." He was hyperventilating between tears. "And then, you must not only stop such wreaking, but you will have to repair - as much as is possible - the damage you have already done! Do you understand?" He nodded, "Yes."

He tried to hand me a broom to start sweeping up these bugs which were coming in from everywhere, hoping I might still help him because of my deep and true caring for his soul. But the angels would not allow

me to take it. "The Lord has specifically bidden that you shall ask no more sacrifice of her for your own gain. She will not be allowed to assist you. May I suggest you take the broom yourself and get to work before this place is so infested that there remains no hope."

I cried at this, too. But I understood. He had to clean up his own mess in order to prove his contrition. And that contrition was only manifesting on a subconscious level right now. In the conscious world, there was NO SIGN OF ANY CHANGE, as of yet.

Taking my hand, the angels threw the second partner another broom and said, "We leave you now with this. Clean it up!"

In a moment, we were gone.

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In the distance, I saw her. She was a woman who was in the process of a divorce because she had been involved in an abusive relationship for many years. But I was shocked at what I was being shown.

Although her situation with her husband was very real, and they had serious issues to overcome, she was using this as an excuse to actually indulge a gull demon that was lurking within her.

His unacceptable behavior had become an excuse to engage her own demonic force within which was seeking after lust.

This was very surprising to me because in our day it is so politically incorrect for women to try to work through issues that involve any type of abuse; whether it be verbal or physical. But I was clearly being shown that her situation could be worked out, but she was using the indulgence her husband had given to his demon of rage as an excuse to indulge her own demon of lust.

It would most likely be something never seen on the surface, because she had a genuine problem in her

marriage that she would be perfectly justified by the political thinking of the day to dissolve. But in God's eyes, that wasn't what was happening at all.
********

Taken into the home of a friend and couple who had recently reconciled after one of them had an affair, I was taken through every nook and cranny of the house to clean it of the energies and entities that no longer belonged since the partner had repented of his misdeeds.

He had to be present for this because of his own participation in what had come to pass, the contamination; but he was kept in a safe room while I did the work with spiritual guardians, angels and the power of God.

There was difficulty as I went through the house, because some of the darkness wished to cling to the place and continue to cause discord. However, by the time I was finished, everything was clean.

It was made clear to me that this couple had passed through some type of 'allowed' trial, and this cleanup job was a gift in exchange for having survived the temptation and tribulation they had undergone.

In the end, when everything was now clear, I was taken to the river which flowed nearby the house. I had to say the rosary while walking through and across the river, and when I had completed this, the river began to flow through their home.

It was clear that the channels of energy coming from above had been restored, despite this fall from grace, because this couple had survived a huge trial.
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# Spiritual Warfare, Angels and Demons

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