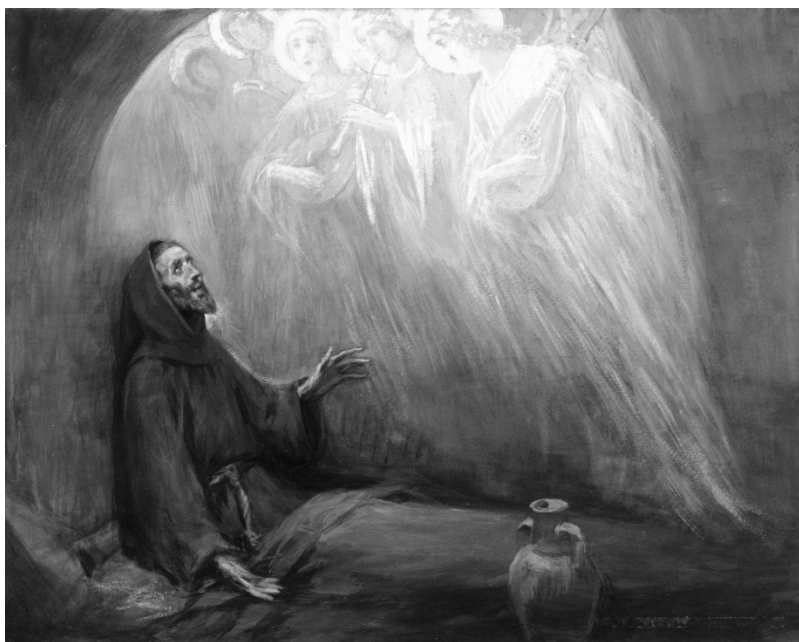


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THE SOLITARY

By Marilyn Hughes

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In my Aloneness, I Feel the Wind.

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"He compared grace to the gentle, cool breeze that was blowing about them. They couldn't see where it came from or where it went, but it was real, and it was refreshing. So also with grace. One cannot see it, but it was real and it was a new life. A man would know that he was receiving it, because it would be given to him by means of an outward sign. 'Unless a man be born again of water and the spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God.'"

*My Meditations on the Gospel, Rev. James E. Sullivan, 1962,
Confraternity of the Precious Blood*

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For information, write to:

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

<http://outofbodytravel.org>

MarilynnHughes@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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The Solitary

By Marilyn Hughes

INTRODUCTION



Abelard and Heloise Surprised by Abbot Fulbert, by Jean Vignaud, [1819]

"If God wishes to bring mellifluous color from
 fasting,
 Then let it be so
 My factors benefit you
 It was deep prayer
 And inappropriate for work
 Clouds within are lost and we are crazy
 Energy is like a lovebird" - Marilyn Hughes

From Henry David Thoreau

"What sort of space is that which separates a man from his fellows and makes him solitary?"

Thoreau Reader, Henry David Thoreau, Walden, Chapter Five

From the Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise

"Abelard to Heloise

"WRITE no more to me, Heloise, write no more to me;
 'tis time to end communications which make our
 penances of nought avail. We retired from the world
 to purify ourselves, and, by a conduct directly
 contrary to Christian morality, we became odious to
 Jesus Christ. Let us no more deceive ourselves with
 remembrance of our past pleasures; we but make our
 lives troubled and spoil the sweets of solitude. Let us

make good use of our austerities and no longer preserve the memories of our crimes amongst the severities of penance. Let a mortification of body and mind, a strict fasting, continual solitude, profound and holy meditations, and a sincere love of God succeed our former irregularities.

Let us try to carry religious perfection to its farthest point. It is beautiful to find Christian minds so disengaged from earth, from the creatures and themselves, that they seem to act independently of those bodies they are joined to, and to use them as their slaves. We can never raise ourselves to too great heights when God is our object. Be our efforts ever so great they will always come short of attaining that exalted Divinity which even our apprehension cannot reach. Let us act for God's glory independent of the creatures or ourselves, paying no regard to our own desires or the opinions of others. Were we in this temper of mind, Heloise, I would willingly make my abode at the Paraclete, and by my earnest care for the house I have founded draw a thousand blessings on it. I would instruct it by my words and animate it by my example: I would watch over the lives of my Sisters, and would command nothing but what I myself would perform: I would direct you to pray, meditate, labour, and keep vows of silence; and I would myself pray, labour, meditate, and be silent.

And when I spoke it should be to lift you up when you should fall, to strengthen you in your weaknesses, to enlighten you in that darkness and

obscurity which might at any time surprise you. I would comfort you under the severities used by persons of great virtue: I would moderate the vivacity of your zeal and piety and give your virtue an even temperament: I would point out those duties you ought to perform, and satisfy those doubts which through the weakness of your reason might arise. I would be your master and father, and by a marvellous talent I would become lively or slow, gentle or severe, according to the different characters of those I should guide in the painful path to Christian perfection.

But whither does my vain imagination carry me! Ah, Heloise, how far are we from such a happy temper? Your heart still burns with that fatal fire you cannot extinguish, and mine is full of trouble and unrest. Think not, Heloise, that I here enjoy a perfect peace; I will for the last time open my heart to you;--I am not yet disengaged from you, and though I fight against my excessive tenderness for you, in spite of all my endeavours I remain but too sensible of your sorrows and long to share in them. Your letters have indeed moved me; I could not read with indifference characters written by that dear hand! I sigh and weep, and all my reason is scarce sufficient to conceal my weakness from my pupils. This, unhappy Heloise, is the miserable condition of Abelard. The world, which is generally wrong in its notions, thinks I am at peace, and imagining that I loved you only for the gratification of the senses, have now forgot you. What a mistake is this! People indeed were not wrong in

saying that when we separated it was shame and grief that made me abandon the world. It was not, as you know, a sincere repentance for having offended God which inspired me with a design for retiring. However, I consider our misfortunes as a secret design of Providence to punish our sins; and only look upon Fulbert as the instrument of divine vengeance. Grace drew me into an asylum where I might yet have remained if the rage of my enemies would have permitted; I have endured all their persecutions, not doubting that God Himself raised them up in order to purify me.

When He saw me perfectly obedient to His Holy Will, He permitted that I should justify my doctrine; I made its purity public, and showed in the end that my faith was not only orthodox, but also perfectly clear from all suspicion of novelty.

I should be happy if I had none to fear but my enemies, and no other hindrance to my salvation but their calumny. But, Heloise, *you* make me tremble, your letters declare to me that you are enslaved to human love, and yet, if you cannot conquer it, you cannot be saved; and what part would you have me play in this trial? Would you have me stifle the inspirations of the Holy Ghost? Shall I, to soothe you, dry up those tears which the Evil Spirit makes you shed--shall this be the fruit of my meditations? No, let us be more firm in our resolutions; we have not retired save to lament our sins and to gain heaven; let us then resign ourselves to God with all our heart.

I know everything is difficult in the beginning; but it is glorious to courageously start a great action, and glory increases proportionately as the difficulties are more considerable. We ought on this account to surmount bravely all obstacles which might hinder us in the practice of Christian virtue. In a monastery men are proved as gold in a furnace. No one can continue long there unless he bear worthily the yoke of the Lord.

Attempt to break those shameful chains which bind you to the flesh, and if by the assistance of grace you are so happy as to accomplish this, I entreat you to think of me in your prayers. Endeavour with all your strength to be the pattern of a perfect Christian; it is difficult, I confess, but not impossible; and I expect this beautiful triumph from your teachable disposition. If your first efforts prove weak do not give way to despair, for that would be cowardice; besides, I would have you know that you must necessarily take great pains, for you strive to conquer a terrible enemy, to extinguish a raging fire, to reduce to subjection your dearest affections. You have to fight against your own desires, so be not pressed down with the weight of your corrupt nature. You have to do with a cunning adversary who will use all means to seduce you; be always upon your guard. While we live we are exposed to temptations; this made a great saint say, 'The life of man is one long temptation': the devil, who never sleeps, walks continually around us in order to surprise us on some

unguarded side, and enters into our soul in order to destroy it.

However perfect anyone may be, yet he may fall into temptations, and perhaps into such as may be useful. Nor is it wonderful that man should never be exempt from them, because he always hath in himself their source; scarce are we delivered from one temptation when another attacks us. Such is the lot of the posterity of Adam, that they should always have something to suffer, because they have forfeited their primitive happiness. We vainly flatter ourselves that we shall conquer temptations by flying; if we join not patience and humility we shall torment ourselves to no purpose. We shall more certainly compass our end by imploring God's assistance than by using any means of our own.

Be constant, Heloise, and trust in God; then you shall fall into few temptations: when they come stifle them at their birth--let them not take root in your heart. 'Apply remedies to a disease,' said an ancient, 'at the beginning, for when it hath gained strength medicines are of no avail': temptations have their degrees, they are at first mere thoughts and do not appear dangerous; the imagination receives them without any fears; the pleasure grows; we dwell upon it, and at last we yield to it.

Do you now, Heloise, applaud my design of making you walk in the steps of the saints? Do my words give you any relish for penitence? Have you not remorse for your wanderings, and do you not wish you could,

like Magdalen, wash our Saviour's feet with your tears? If you have not yet these ardent aspirations, pray that you may be inspired by them. I shall never cease to recommend you in my prayers and to beseech God to assist you in your design of dying holily. You have quitted the world, and what object was worthy to detain you there? Lift up your eyes always to Him to whom the rest of your days are consecrated. Life upon this earth is misery; the very necessities to which our bodies are subject here are matters of affliction to a saint. 'Lord,' said the royal prophet, 'deliver me from my necessities.' Many are wretched who do not know they are; and yet they are more wretched who know their misery and yet cannot hate the corruption of the age. What fools are men to engage themselves to earthly things! They will be undeceived one day, and will know too late how much they have been to blame in loving such false good. Truly pious persons are not thus mistaken; they are freed from all sensual pleasures and raise their desires to Heaven.

Begin, Heloise; put your design into action without delay; you have yet time enough to work out your salvation. Love Christ, and despise yourself for His sake; He will possess your heart and be the sole object of your sighs and tears; seek for no comfort but in Him. If you do not free yourself from me, you will fall with me; but if you leave me and cleave to Him, you will be steadfast and safe. If you force the Lord to forsake you, you will fall into trouble; but if you are faithful to Him you shall find joy. Magdalen wept,

thinking that Jesus had forsaken her, but Martha said, 'See, the Lord calls you.' Be diligent in your duty, obey faithfully the calls of grace, and Jesus will be with you. Attend, Heloise, to some instructions I have to give you: you are at the head of a society, and you know there is a difference between those who lead a private life and those who are charged with the conduct of others: the first need only labour for their own sanctification, and in their round of duties are not obliged to practise all the virtues in such an apparent manner: but those who have the charge of others entrusted to them ought by their example to encourage their followers to do all the good of which they are capable. I beseech you to remember this truth, and so to follow it that your whole life may be a perfect model of that of a religious recluse.

God heartily desires our salvation, and has made all the means of it easy to us. In the Old Testament He has written in the tables of law what He requires of us, that we might not be bewildered in seeking after His will. In the New Testament He has written the law of grace to the intent that it might ever be present in our hearts; so, knowing the weakness and incapacity of our nature, He has given us grace to perform His will. And, as if this were not enough, He has raised up at all times, in all states of the Church, men who by their exemplary life can excite others to their duty. To effect this He has chosen persons of every age, sex and condition. Strive now to unite in yourself all the virtues of these different examples. Have the purity of virgins, the austerity of anchorites,

the zeal of pastors and bishops, and the constancy of martyrs. Be exact in the course of your whole life to fulfil the duties of a holy and enlightened superior, and then death, which is commonly considered as terrible, will appear agree- able to you.

'The death of His saints,' says the prophet, 'is precious in the sight of the Lord.' Nor is it difficult to discover why their death should have this advantage over that of sinners. I have remarked three things which might have given the prophet an occasion of speaking thus:-
-First, their resignation to the will of God; second, the continuation of their good works; and lastly, the triumph they gain over the devil.

A saint who has accustomed himself to submit to the will of God yields to death without reluctance. He waits with joy (says Dr. Gregory) for the Judge who is to reward him; he fears not to quit this miserable mortal life in order to begin an immortal happy one. It is not so with the sinner, says the same Father; he fears, and with reason, he trembles at the approach of the least sickness; death is terrible to him because he dreads the presence of the offended Judge; and having so often abused the means of grace he sees no way to avoid the punishment of his sins.

The saints have also this advantage over sinners, that having become familiar with works of piety of during their life they exercise them without trouble, and having gained new strength against the devil every time they overcame him, they will find themselves in a condition at the hour of death to obtain that victory

on which depends all eternity, and the blessed union of their souls with their Creator.

I hope, Heloise, that after having deplored the irregularities of your past life, you will 'die the death of the righteous.' Ah, how few there are who make this end! And why? It is because there are so few who love the Cross of Christ. Everyone wishes to be saved, but few will use those means which religion prescribes. Yet can we be saved by nothing but the Cross: why then refuse to bear it? Hath not our Saviour bore it before us, and died for us, to the end that we might also bear it and desire to die also? All the saints have suffered affliction, and our Saviour himself did not pass one hour of His life without some sorrow. Hope not therefore to be exempt from suffering: the Cross, Heloise, is always at hand, take care that you do not receive it with regret, for by so doing you will make it more heavy and you will be oppressed by it to no profit. On the contrary, if you bear it with willing courage, all your sufferings will create in you a holy confidence whereby you will find comfort in God. Hear our Saviour who says, 'My child, renounce yourself, take up your Cross and follow Me. Oh, Heloise, do you doubt? Is not your soul ravished at so saving a command? Are you insensible to words so full of kindness? Beware, Heloise, of refusing a Husband who demands you, and who is more to be feared than any earthly lover. Provoked at your contempt and ingratitude, He will turn His love into anger and make you feel His vengeance. How will you sustain His presence when

you shall stand before His tribunal? He will reproach you for having despised His grace, He will represent to you His sufferings for you. What answer can you make? He will then be implacable: He will say to you, 'Go, proud creature, and dwell in everlasting flames. I separated you from the world to purify you in solitude and you did not second my design. I endeavoured to save you and you wilfully destroyed yourself; go, wretch, and take the portion of the reprobates.'

Oh, Heloise, prevent these terrible words, and avoid, by a holy life, the punishment prepared for sinners. I dare not give you a description of those dreadful torments which are the consequences of a career of guilt. I am filled with horror when they offer themselves to my imagination. And yet, Heloise, I can conceive nothing which can reach the tortures of the damned; the fire which we see upon this earth is but the shadow of that which burns them; and without enumerating their endless pains, the loss of God which they feel increases all their torments. Can anyone sin who is persuaded of this? My God! can we dare to offend Thee? Though the riches of Thy mercy could not engage us to love Thee, the dread of being thrown into such an abyss of misery should restrain us from doing anything which might displease Thee. I question not, Heloise, but you will hereafter apply yourself in good earnest to the business of your salvation; this ought to be your whole concern. Banish me, therefore, for ever from your heart--it is the best advice I can give you, for the remembrance of a

person we have loved guiltily cannot but be hurtful, whatever advances we may have made in the way of virtue. When you have extirpated your unhappy inclination towards me, the practice of every virtue will become easy; and when at last your life is conformable to that of Christ, death will be desirable to you. Your soul will joyfully leave this body, and direct its flight to heaven. Then you will appear with confidence before your Saviour; you will not read your reprobation written in the judgment book, but you will hear your Saviour say, Come, partake of My glory, and enjoy the eternal reward I have appointed for those virtues you have practised.

Farewell, Heloise, this is the last advice of your dear Abelard; for the last time let me persuade you to follow the rules of the Gospel. Heaven grant that your heart, once so sensible of my love, may now yield to be directed by my zeal. May the idea of your loving Abelard, always present to your mind, be now changed into the image of Abelard truly penitent; and may you shed as many tears for your salvation as you have done for our misfortunes."

*The Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise, Translated
in 1901 by Anonymous*

From St. Teresa of Avila

"1. THE effects of divine consolations are very numerous: before describing them, I will speak of

another kind of prayer which usually precedes them. I need not say much on this subject, having written about it elsewhere. This is a kind of recollection which, I believe, is supernatural. There is no occasion to retire nor to shut the eyes, nor does it depend on anything exterior; involuntarily the eyes suddenly close and solitude is found. Without any labour of one's own, the temple of which I spoke is reared for the soul in which to pray: the senses and exterior surroundings appear to lose their hold, while the spirit gradually regains its lost sovereignty. Some say the soul enters into itself; others, that it rises above itself. I can say nothing about these terms, but had better speak of the subject as I understand it. You will probably grasp my meaning, although, perhaps, I may be the only person who understands it. Let us imagine that the senses and powers of the soul (which I compared in my allegory to the inhabitants of the castle) have fled and joined the enemy outside. After long days and years of absence, perceiving how great has been their loss, they return to the neighbourhood of the castle, but cannot manage to re-enter it, for their evil habits are hard to break off; still, they are no longer traitors, and they wander about outside.

2. The King, Who holds His court within it, sees their good will, and out of His great mercy desires them to return to Him. Like a good Shepherd, He plays so sweetly on His pipe, that although scarcely hearing it they recognize His call and no longer wander, but return, like lost sheep, to the mansions. So strong is this Pastor's power over His flock, that they abandon

the worldly cares which misled them and re-enter the castle.

3. I think I never put this matter so clearly before. To seek God within ourselves avails us far more than to look for Him amongst creatures; Saint Augustine tells us how he found the Almighty within his own soul, after having long sought for Him elsewhere. This recollection helps us greatly when God bestows it upon us. But do not fancy you can gain it by thinking of God dwelling within you, or by imagining Him as present in your soul: this is a good practice and an excellent kind of meditation, for it is founded on the fact that God resides within us; it is not, however, the prayer of recollection, for by the divine assistance everyone can practise it, but what I mean is quite a different thing. Sometimes, before they have begun to think of God, the powers of the soul find themselves within the castle. I know not by what means they entered, nor how they heard the Shepherd's pipe; the ears perceived no sound but the soul is keenly conscious of a delicious sense of recollection experienced by those who enjoy this favour, which I cannot describe more clearly."

*The Interior Castle, St. Teresa of Avila, Chapter III,
1921*

*From L.D. Barnett**"The Perfect Contemplation*

WHEN thus vigour has been nurtured, it is well to fix the thought in concentrated effort; the man of wandering mind lies between the fangs of the Passions. It cannot wander if body and thought be in solitude; so it is well to forsake the world and put away vain imaginations. Because of love, or hunger for gain, and the like, men will not forsake the world; then in order to cast it aside the wise will lay to heart these thoughts.

Passion is overcome only by him who has won through stillness of spirit the perfect vision. Knowing this, I must first seek for stillness; it comes through the contentment that is regardless of the world. What creature of a day should cling to other frail beings, when he can never again through thousands of births behold his beloved? Yet when he sees him not, he is ill at ease; he rests not in concentrated thought; and even when he beholds him he is not satisfied, but is distressed by the same longing as before. He sees not things in their reality; he loses his horror of the world; he is consumed by his grief in yearning for union with the beloved. In taunts thereupon his brief life vainly passes away hour by hour; and the eternal Law is broken for the sake of a short-lived friend!

If he share in the life of the foolish, a man assuredly goes to hell; if he share it not, he wins hatred; what profits it to have commerce with the foolish? They are

friends for a moment, foes for a moment, wrathful when they should be pleased—how hard to content are the worldly! They are angered if wholesomely counselled, and hold me back from good; if I heed them not they are wroth, and pass into hell. When can good come of a fool? He is jealous of a better man, contentious with a peer, haughty towards one that is lower, puffed up by praise, angered by blame. Exaltation of self, blame of others, discourse in praise of worldly pleasure—some such guilt will assuredly come from fool to fool. Thus it is from the union of one with another; evil thereby meets evil. I will live alone, in peace and with untroubled mind.

It is well to flee from the foolish. If he come in thy way, seek to win him over by kindness, not so as to hold commerce with him, but in a manner of godly indifference. I will take from him only enough for the holy life, as the bee takes honey from the flower; thus in every place I will hold myself from commerce with him, like the new moon.

The mortal who thinks of his gains or his honours or the favour of many men will be afraid of death when it falls upon him, Whatsoever it be in which the pleasure-crazed spirit takes its delight, that thing becomes a pain a thousand times greater. Therefore the wise man will seek not for pleasure, for from desire arises terror; and if it come of itself, let him stand firm and wait, Many there are who have found gain, many who have won fame; but none know whither they have gone, with their gains and their

fame. Some loathe me; then why shall I rejoice in being praised? Some praise me; then why shall I be cast down by blame?

Living beings are of diverse character; not even the Conquerors can content them, much less simple souls such as I. Then why think of the world? They blame a fellow-creature who gains naught, they scorn him who gains something; being thus by nature unpleasant companions, what happiness can come from them? The Blessed Ones have said that the fool is no man's friend; for the fool has no love save where his interest lies. The love that rests on interest is but selfish, even as grief at loss of wealth springs from loss of pleasure.

Trees are not disdainful, and ask for no toilsome wooing; fain would I consort with those sweet companions! Fain would I dwell in some deserted sanctuary, beneath a tree or in caves, that I might walk without heed, looking never behind! Fain would I abide in nature's own spacious and lordless lands, a homeless wanderer free of will, my sole wealth a clay bowl, my cloak profitless to robbers, fearless and careless of my body! Fain would I go to my home the graveyard, and compare with other skeletons my own frail body! for this my body will become so foul that the very jackals will not approach it because of its stench. The bony members born with this corporeal frame will fall asunder from it, much more so my friends. Alone man is born, alone he dies; no other has a share in his sorrows. What avail friends, but to

bar his way? As a wayfarer takes a, brief lodging, so he that is travelling through the way of existence finds in each birth but a passing rest.

It is well for a man to depart to the forest ere the four bearers carry him away amidst the laments of his folk. Free from commerce and hindrance, possessing naught but his body, he has no grief at the hour of death, for already he has died to the world; no neighbours are there to vex him or disturb his remembrance of the Enlightened and like thoughts. Then I will ever woo sweet Solitude, untroubled dayspring of bliss, stilling all unrest. Released from all other thoughts, with mind utterly set upon my own spirit, I will strive to concentrate and control my spirit.

The desires beget harm in this world and beyond: here, by bondage, slaughter, and loss of limb; beyond, in hell. That for the sake of which thou hast bowed many a time before bawds, heeding not sin nor infamy, and cast thyself into peril and wasted thy substance, that which by its embrace has brought thee supreme delight—it is naught but bones, now free and unpossessed; wilt thou not take thy fill of embraces now, and delight thyself? This was the face that erstwhile turned downwards in modesty and was unwilling to look up, hidden behind a veil whether eyes gazed upon it or gazed not; and this face now the vultures unveil to thee, as though they could not bear thy impatience. Look on. it—why dost thou flee now from it? . . .

Mark how fortune brings endless misfortune by the miseries of winning it, guarding it, and losing it; men's thoughts cling altogether to their riches, so that they have not a moment to free themselves from the sorrows of life. Thus they who are possessed by desire suffer much and enjoy little, as the ox that drags a cart gets but a morsel of grass. For the sake of this morsel of enjoyment, which falls easily to the beast's lot, man, blinded by his destiny, wastes this brief fortune, that is so hard to win. For all time lasts the struggle for the welfare of the mean body that is doomed to depart and fall into hell, and even a millionth part of this labour would win the rank of the Enlightened. Greater is the pain of them that are possessed by desire than the pain of the way of holiness, and no Enlightenment comes to them. Neither sword, nor poison, nor fire, nor fall into abysses, nor foemen may be compared to the desires, if we bear in mind the agonies of hell and the like. Then shrink from the desires, and learn delight in solitude, in the peaceful woodlands void of strife and toil. Happy are they who are fanned by the sweet silent breezes of the forest, as they walk upon the pleasant rock-floors broad as in a palace and cooled by the moonbeams' sandal ointment, and take thought for the weal of their fellow-creatures! Dwelling anywhere for what time they will, in deserted sanctuary or cave or beneath the trees, saved from the weariness of winning and guarding possessions, they wander fancy-free at pleasure. Indra himself can hardly win the bliss of contentment that is

enjoyed by him who wanders homeless at his own free will and unattached to aught.

By pondering in such wise upon the excellences of solitude a man stills vain imaginations and strengthens his Thought of Enlightenment. First he will diligently foster the thought that his fellow-creatures are the same as himself. "All have the same sorrows, the same joys as I, and I must guard them like myself. The body, manifold of parts in its division of members, must be preserved as a whole; and so likewise this manifold universe has its sorrow and its joy in common. Although my pain may bring no hurt to other bodies, nevertheless it is a pain to me, which I cannot bear because of the love of self; and though I cannot in myself feel the pain of another, it is a pain to him which he cannot bear because of the love of self. I must destroy the pain of another as though it were my own, because it is a pain; I must show kindness to others, for they are creatures as I am myself. . . . Then, as I would guard myself from evil repute, so I will frame a spirit of helpfulness and tenderness towards others."

By constant use the idea of an "I" attaches itself to foreign drops of seed and blood, although the thing exists not. Then why should I not conceive my fellow's body as my own self? That my body is foreign to me is not hard to see. I will think of myself as a sinner, of others as oceans of virtue; I will cease to live as self, and will take as myself my fellow-creatures. We love our hands and other limbs, as

members of the body; then why not love other living beings, as members of the universe? By constant use man comes to imagine that his body, which has no self-being, is a "self"; why then should he not conceive his "self" to lie in his fellows also? Thus in doing service to others pride, admiration, and desire of reward find no place, for thereby we satisfy the wants of our own self. Then, as thou wouldst guard thyself against suffering and sorrow, so exercise the spirit of helpfulness and tenderness towards the world. . . .

Make thyself a spy for the service of others, and whatsoever thou seest in thy body's work that is good for thy fellows, perform it so that it may be conveyed to them. Be thou jealous of thine own self when thou seest that it is at ease and thy fellow in distress, that it is in high estate and he is brought low, that it is at rest and he is at labour. Make thine own self lose its pleasures and bear the sorrow of thy fellows; mark its deceit at each time and in each act. Cast upon its head the guilt even of others' works; make confession to the Great Saint of even its slightest sin. Darken its glory by telling of the greater glory of others. Make it a carrier in thy fellow-creatures' service, like a mean slave. It is made of sin, and because it may have, some chance morsel of goodness from without, it is not therefore worthy of praise. Let no man know its goodness. In short, let all the wrong that thou hast done for the sake of thine own self to others fall upon thine own self for the sake of thy fellow-creatures. Grant it no power to talk overmuch; keep it in the condition of a young bride, abashed, timid, and

guarded. Bend it to thy will by commanding it how it shall act and stand and forbear, and chastise it for disobedience. "O my spirit, thou wilt not do as I bid thee; then I will chastise thee, for in thee all sins find a home. Whither wilt thou go? I shall see thee, and overthrow all thy pride; the days are gone when I let myself be undone by thee. Put away now the hope that thou canst still seek an advantage of thine own; I have sold thee into the hands of others, heeding not however much thou mayst suffer. For if through heedlessness I deliver thee not over to my fellow-creatures, thou wilt doubtless deliver me to the warders of hell. Many times hast thou thus betrayed me, and long have I been racked; remembering these deeds of enmity, I will destroy thee, thou slave of self-seeking." If thou lowest thyself, thou must have no love of self; if thou wouldst save thyself, thou dost not well to be saving of self. The more heedfully the body is guarded, the sorer are its sufferings and the deeper its fall.

But despite its fall, the whole earth cannot satisfy the lust of the flesh; who can do its will? To him who longs for the impossible come guilt and bafflement of desire; but he who is utterly without desire has a happiness that ages not. Then give no room for the lust of the flesh to swell; blessed indeed is the thing that is not imagined for the sake of its pleasantness. The body is a motionless thing stirred by something without, and ending in ashes, a loathsome frame of foulness; why do I cling to it? What have I to do with this machine, alive or dead? What distinguishes it

from such things as clods of earth? Alas, O thought of self, thou wilt not die! Through complicity with the flesh I win sorrow, all to no purpose; it is no better than a thing of wood, and what should avail its hatred or its kindness? It feels no love when I guard it, no hate when vultures devour 'it; then why do I love it? I am angered when it is treated with scorn, delighted when it is honoured; but if it has no knowledge, to 'what end is my toil? My friends, forsooth, are they who wish well to this body; but all men wish well to their own flesh, and why are not they also my friends? So I have surrendered my body indifferently for the zeal of the world; it is but as an instrument of work that I still bear it, with all its guilt. Enough then of worldly ways! I follow in the path of the Wise, remembering the Discourse upon Heedfulness and putting away sloth. To overcome the power of darkness I centre my thought, drawing the spirit away from vain paths and fixing it straightly upon its stay."

The Perfection Contemplation, The Path of Light,
L.D. Barnett, 1909

From the Oracles of Nostradamus

"Being seated at night and wrapt in secret study, entirely alone, I placed myself on the brazen tripod of prophecy. A still small flame came forth of solitude, helping me to realize successfully what it will not

prove vain to have believed."

Oracles of Nostradamus, Charles A. Ward, Magic

CHAPTER ONE
In the Wing of a Calmer Sieve



“In the wing of a calmer sieve
The vision of the solitary seeks to find
The path to God alone
But that path does not reveal itself
Except in aloneness
But aloneness in itself is not the key
Because the aloneness must take flight
It must be ferretted in the breeze
Captured in the fray of a winsome thought
Beyond the treasures of this world
The solitary slowly unravels the emptiness
Of worldly ways
And that emptiness becomes a pathway

Because fullness itself does not find
 But because there is a rare kind of fullness which
 must be found
 Slow to embark, it is
 Meandering through the valleys and streams
 Entering into the crevasses of rocks and the mud of
 the earth
 Settling into the root of a flower, a grass or a tree
 Humbling itself in a cloud
 Slowly musing itself down the heavy cliffs of a
 mountaintop
 Seeking to find the solitary soul to grasp its depth
 The solitary grasps himself
 He is empty
 He wishes to be filled
 He is patient
 His kindness has been tried by trials
 His worldliness has been banished by contempt
 His passions are adept at winding themselves away
 His quietness has become constant
 His aloneness is real and chosen
 The solitary stands and waits
 When suddenly that cycle of energy emerges from all
 around him
 In the valleys, streams, mud, rocks, flowers, grass,
 trees, clouds
 And mountaintops . . . moving through the living
 Earth
 Suddenly, it is there . . . the long awaited key
 Emerging as a light which slowly morphs into a map
 appearing above his hands
 The Universal Sphere of Realms

The Master Key to the Universe
 There it is . . .
 Joy encompasses discipleship
 The Solitary now seeks to understand
 And prepares to listen
 In his aloneness, he feels the wind
 It has consciousness, it has breath
 And it speaks” - Marilyn Hughes

An Out-of-Body Travel allegory:

Anonymous Vision

“Running through a horrific and putrid void of darkness and catastrophe, I found myself commence upon an incredible disaster. Surrounding me were the dead and dying souls who physically remained alive, but due to the desolation they had inflicted upon themselves through sin and malice; their souls were now deprived of life *and* death.

Spiritually deceased, they were in complete and utter darkness. For the moment, they were either already dead in the spirit or near death in that same spiritual loss. All around me were the signs of the destruction I had come upon, burning homes, completely black and ominous fog and utter despair.

Walking down the road assessing the destruction, I inherently understood that my job was to aid the people that I could; comforting the souls weeping in

agony and passing others who were at the point of no return.

Because of the severity of the status of these souls – damned or almost damned – I had to handle it like triage; help the ones I could but accept the loss of those who were already beyond help.

As I stopped to comfort and pray for those in pain who still had a tiny spark calling out to God for help, I came across a soul that I immediately recognized. I knew him. In the waking world, I knew he was physically fine, but in this moment I saw his soul. Although I knew it would utterly destroy my mother to know this, he had already chosen his fate with full knowledge and accepted the consequences.

Entering into his collapsed home, I found him hanging from a stray beam that remained standing despite the current status of the rest of the house. Having wrapped himself in cellophane and plastic, he'd hung himself and suffocated . . . and this was all done through conscious choice.

He had decided it was much easier to live a life of sin. Attempting to change and become a man of God was too complicated, too hard and not worth the fight to him. And thus, here he hung. Having suffocated his soul to the point of spiritual death and damnation, he had allowed himself to completely embrace Hell as his destiny.

Disappointed and sad, I quickly realized that alas there

was nothing I could do. There were so many souls who still wanted help from God and were calling, even if it be ever so slightly, for God's assistance. Leaving, sorrow encompassed my heart, I knew that it was not feasible, allowed or even remotely helpful to submit my energies to this soul who had already made that choice in his heart. I turned to follow the sounds and echoes of the others still crying out for assistance." - Anonymous Vision
written by Marilyn Hughes

From The Candle of Vision, By George William Russell

"Others I could tell of, too, who had their moment of awe when the spirit made its ancient claim on them. But none were so happy or so unhappy as I was. I was happy at times because the divine world which had meant nothing to my childhood was becoming a reality to manhood: and I knew it was not a dream, for comrades in vision soon came to me. they who could see as I saw, and hear as I heard, and there were some who had gone deeper into that being than I have ever travelled. I was more miserable than my work-a-day companions, because the very intensity of vision made the recoil more unendurable. It was an agony of darkness and oblivion, wherein I seemed like those who in nightmare are buried in caverns so deep beneath the roots of the world that there is no hope of escape, for the way out is unknown, and the way to them is forgotten by those who walk in light. In those black hours the universe, a gigantic presence, seemed at war with me. I was condemned, I thought, to be this speck of minute life because of some sin committed in remote ages, I and those with me. We were all lost

children of the stars. Everything that suggested our high original being, a shaft of glory from the far fire in the heavens spearing the gloom of the office, the blue twilight deepening through the panes until it was rich with starry dust, the sunny clouds careering high over the city, these things would stir pangs of painful remembrance and my eyes would suddenly grow blind and wet."

The Candle of Vision, By George William Russell, 1918

"(Anonymous Vision Continued . . .) As my mother's marriage to my father had already fallen apart, and had suffered much in her life that she had to carry; I knew that her losing this man she had loved, especially in the manner in which he was lost, would greatly grieve her spirit. But there was nothing I could do for him. He had chosen.

Suddenly, the scene morphed into an entirely different space. Finding myself in front of our home, I was shocked to note that it had collapsed. Lying beneath the rubble was my mother, weakened and unable to get up. Everything had fallen on top of her, crushing anything she had left in her heart. But this devastation was profoundly different than the others I had seen.

She had not brought this upon herself like the others. This collapse was the result of the suffering, the pain, the heartbreak, and the constant attempt to survive without love throughout her entire life. She had been

crushed so many times, but had to survive. In order to survive, she had to hold things together, pretend she was fine and move forward. The agony of her violent and somewhat deviant childhood, rejection from her family for a long period of time, being raped as a young woman and left for dead at the side of the road, dealing with the many years of hardship of many kinds in her marriage, her terminal diagnosis and trying to take care of three kids after my father had left, and finally, the loss of him whom she had deeply loved, had all built up a mountain of pain; bound to collapse at any moment.

And this hidden agony finally came crashing down on her as it overflowed throughout her psyche and that strength just could no longer hold everything up.

Bringing myself closer to the rubble, I began lifting small pieces at a time to help her in the process of rebuilding all that she had lost. It overflowed. There was a profound symbolism in this disaster.

Recovery for my mother was going to be long and arduous, and indeed it proved to be so. But the key was for her to rebuild from the little that she had left to hold onto and begin again.

However, as in any collapsed building, trying to rip away all the rubble at once would only kill the person caught underneath it.

Beginning again would require her to put her heart back together again, piece by piece, with extreme

precision and caution. To begin again, she had to be helped to put her heart back together piece by piece, with extreme precision and caution. Indeed, this process would take a long time, but it would rebuild. And when that process reached its completion, she would come out of it stronger than she'd ever been." -

Anonymous Vision written by Marilyn Hughes

From 'My Meditations on the Gospel, By Rev. James E. Sullivan

"Dear Mary, departures are always hard when they are departures from our loved ones. This was so hard on you. First Joseph; now Jesus. You were alone. You suspected you would see him now and again in his public life, but it would never again be like Nazareth. There would be crowds and noise and hardly a chance a chance to be alone with him - not the warmth and closeness of these past years. Yet there were no tears, no complaints. You knew that life is a series of departures from the old familiar ways to the new unsure ways. You never tried to continue what God wanted to end.

My Mother, help me to see that for me, too, life is a series of changes - departures from friends and loved ones, departure from home and customs and ways that I've grown to love. Teach me to make them bravely and cheerfully. Teach me not to waste time and energy on regrets or longings for the old ways. My King and my Mother, no departure was ever as sad as yours, yet you never looked back!

I will go forward, my King, to the new friends, the new surroundings, the new work!"

*My Meditations on the Gospel, Rev. James E. Sullivan,
1962, Confraternity of the Precious Blood*

An Out-of-Body Travel allegory:

Anonymous Vision

"Finding myself in the middle of what appeared to be nowhere, I was standing in a place surrounded by mountains and trees speaking with my father. Although I cannot recall what we were talking about, I instantly became aware that it didn't matter.

Suddenly out of nowhere, just down the road a police car flew into the air, spun and rolled over several times and crashed onto the highway. Smoke came pluming out of the vehicle and I was certain the driver had to be dead.

My father stood next to me in utter shock, and almost in tears. Grabbing his own head with his hands clenched, he began to scream. 'Shit! That was me! Shit! That was me! Shit! That was me!' Repeating it over and over, he ran towards the fuming vehicle and disappeared.

Staring in shock, I noticed in the distance that the driver was dragging himself out of the car, eventually got up

and started walking towards me as if he knew me somehow. Feeling afraid, I didn't want to go near him.

I couldn't seem to figure out what happened to my father or where he went. Walking away from the man who stepped out of the car, I soon found myself standing at the edge of a very deep cliff. The man had followed me, so I turned to look and observe who he might be.

Clean cut with dark hair, he was wearing a black suit which was very clean. Immediately, I wondered how he had just come out of that burning vehicle and was not only fine but very cleanly dressed.

Feeling suspicious that something was not quite right, a voice echoed in my head. 'Now *you* must determine what is good and what is evil.'

In that moment, a creature appeared. One of the strangest things I'd ever seen, it was made up of two arms that somehow were connected to one another; and it morphed into strange demonic reptiles, but no matter how many times it morphed into these demonic figures, it always returned to the original formation of the two arms.

Looking back at the man in the suit, I found myself very confused. He seemed so dark, but this other creature was really quite strange. So I said a little prayer, and went to shake the man's hand.

Little did he know that in the palm of mine was holy

water. As he shook my hand, the suit started to peel away piece by piece, and his skin turned into rotting flesh and he began to laugh with a sinister tone. His eyes turned completely black. In anguish, I wrestled my hand away from him.

Almost as quickly as that happened, the strange creature and the former man become demon began to fight viciously with one another.

As I watched, it became evident to me that both of these creatures represented two distinctive sides of my father. But I did not yet understand.

After the fighting and a huge struggle, the two-armed creature defeated the demon who proceeded to fall into the dust screaming and writhing in pain as he wilted into nothingness.

But something spectacular and revelatory happened next which I did not expect. As the demon deteriorated, the two arms - who I knew represented my father - spread themselves outward and upward, reaching to the heavens, although very weakly.

With this gesture, light poured from the Heavens and surrounded the arms with exquisite love and peace. Hearing the voice again, this time it bounded forth from within my soul and from all about the horizon. I continued to stare in shock. 'The difference between good and evil,' the voice said, 'is the one whose arms reach out to God.'"' - Marilynn Hughes (Vision of Mary Hughes)

From My Meditations on the Gospel, By Rev. James E. Sullivan

“Dear Master, I see now that true greatness lies not in doing great things, but in being something great – being alive with grace and charity. I feel ashamed that up until now I valued grace so little; that I was unconscious of the unspeakable dignity that it conferred upon me! And when I think of the times that I endangered it so – by entering the occasions of sin!”

My Meditations on the Gospel, Rev. James E. Sullivan, 1962, Confraternity of the Precious Blood

From the Writings of the Early Church Fathers, A Letter from St. Basil to St. Gregory

“Basil to Gregory.

1. I recognised your letter, as one recognises one’s friends’ children from their obvious likeness to their parents. Your saying that to describe the kind of place I live in, before letting you hear anything about how I live, would not go far towards persuading you to share my life, was just like you; it was worthy of a soul like yours, which makes nothing of all that concerns this life here, in comparison with the blessedness which is promised us hereafter. What I do myself, day and night, in this remote spot, I am ashamed to write. I

have abandoned my life in town, as one sure to lead to countless ills; but I have not yet been able to get quit of myself. I am like travellers at sea, who have never gone a voyage before, and are distressed and seasick, who quarrel with the ship because it is so big and makes such a tossing, and, when they get out of it into the pinnace or dingey, are everywhere and always seasick and distressed. Wherever they go their nausea and misery go with them. My state is something like this. I carry my own troubles with me, and so everywhere I am in the midst of similar discomforts. So in the end I have not got much good out of my solitude. What I ought to have done; what would have enabled me to keep close to the footprints of Him who has led the way to salvation—for He says, “If anyone will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross, and follow me” —is this.]

2. We must strive after a quiet mind. As well might the eye ascertain an object put before it while it is wandering restless up and down and sideways, without fixing a steady gaze upon it, as a mind, distracted by a thousand worldly cares, be able clearly to apprehend the truth . . . Each day, as it comes, darkens the soul in its own way; and night after night takes up the day’s anxieties, and cheats the mind with illusions in accordance. Now one way of escaping all this is separation from the whole world; that is, not bodily separation, but the severance of the soul’s sympathy with the body, and to live so without city, home, goods, society, possessions, means of life, business, engagements, human learning, that the heart

may readily receive every impress of divine doctrine. Preparation of heart is the unlearning the prejudices of evil converse. It is the smoothing the waxen tablet before attempting to write on it.

Now solitude is of the greatest use for this purpose, inasmuch as it stills our passions, and gives room for principle to cut them out of the soul. [For just as animals are more easily controlled when they are stroked, lust and anger, fear and sorrow, the soul's deadly foes, are better brought under the control of reason, after being calmed by inaction, and where there is no continuous stimulation.] Let there then be such a place as ours, separate from intercourse with men, that the tenour of our exercises be not interrupted from without. Pious exercises nourish the soul with divine thoughts. What state can be more blessed than to imitate on earth the choruses of angels? to begin the day with prayer, and honour our Maker with hymns and songs? As the day brightens, to betake ourselves, with prayer attending on it throughout, to our labours, and to sweeten our work with hymns, as if with salt? Soothing hymns compose the mind to a cheerful and calm state. Quiet, then, as I have said, is the first step in our sanctification; the tongue purified from the gossip of the world; the eyes unexcited by fair colour or comely shape; the ear not relaxing the tone or mind by voluptuous songs, nor by that especial mischief, the talk of light men and jesters. Thus the mind, saved from dissipation from without, and not through the senses thrown upon the world, falls back upon itself, and thereby ascends to the contemplation of God.

[When that beauty shines about it, it even forgets its very nature; it is dragged down no more by thought of food nor anxiety concerning dress; it keeps holiday from earthly cares, and devotes all its energies to the acquisition of the good things which are eternal, and asks only how he may be made to flourish in it self-control and manly courage, righteousness and wisdom, and all the other virtues, which, distributed under these heads, properly enable the good man to discharge all the duties of life.]

3. The study of inspired Scripture is the chief way of finding our duty, for in it we find both instruction about conduct and the lives of blessed men, delivered in writing, as some breathing images of godly living, for the imitation of their good works. Hence, in whatever respect each one feels himself deficient, devoting himself to this imitation, he finds, as from some dispensary, the due medicine for his ailment. He who is enamoured of chastity dwells upon the history of Joseph, and from him learns chaste actions, finding him not only possessed of self-command over pleasure, but virtuously-minded in habit. He is taught endurance by Job [who, not only when the circumstances of life began to turn against him, and in one moment he was plunged from wealth into penury, and from being the father of fair children into childlessness, remained the same, keeping the disposition of his soul all through uncrushed, but was not even stirred to anger against the friends who came to comfort him, and trampled on him, and aggravated his troubles.] Or should he be enquiring how to be at

once meek and great-hearted, hearty against sin, meek towards men, he will find David noble in warlike exploits, meek and unruffled as regards revenge on enemies. Such, too, was Moses rising up with great heart upon sinners against God, but with meek soul bearing their evil-speaking against himself. [Thus, generally, as painters, when they are painting from other pictures, constantly look at the model, and do their best to transfer its lineaments to their own work, so too must he who is desirous of rendering himself perfect in all branches of excellency, keep his eyes turned to the lives of the saints as though to living and moving statues, and make their virtue his own by imitation.

4. Prayers, too, after reading, find the soul fresher, and more vigorously stirred by love towards God. And that prayer is good which imprints a clear idea of God in the soul; and the having God established in self by means of memory is God's indwelling. Thus we become God's temple, when the continuity of our recollection is not severed by earthly cares; when the mind is harassed by no sudden sensations; when the worshipper flees from all things and retreats to God, drawing away all the feelings that invite him to self-indulgence, and passes his time in the pursuits that lead to virtue.]

5. This, too, is a very important point to attend to,—knowledge how to converse; to interrogate without over-earnestness; to answer without desire of display; not to interrupt a profitable speaker, or to desire ambitiously to put in a word of one's own; to be

measured in speaking and hearing; not to be ashamed of receiving, or to be grudging in giving information . . . One should reflect first what one is going to say, and then give it utterance: be courteous when addressed; amiable in social intercourse; not aiming to be pleasant by facetiousness, but cultivating gentleness in kind admonitions. Harshness is ever to be put aside, even in censuring. [The more you shew modesty and humility yourself, the more likely are you to be acceptable to the patient who needs your treatment. There are however many occasions when we shall do well to employ the kind of rebuke used by the prophet who did not in his own person utter the sentence of condemnation on David after his sin, but by suggesting an imaginary character made the sinner judge of his own sin, so that, after passing his own sentence, he could not find fault with the seer who had convicted him.

6. . . . What dawn is to some this midnight is to athletes of piety; then the silence of night gives leisure to their soul; no noxious sounds or sights obtrude upon their hearts; the mind is alone with itself and God, correcting itself by the recollection of its sins, giving itself precepts to help it to shun evil, and imploring aid from God for the perfecting of what it longs for.

*Writings of the Early Church Fathers, A Letter from St.
Basil to St. Gregory*

CHAPTER TWO

A Mystical Canopy in the Darkness



“A mystical canopy in the darkness
Insidious laughter of the heretic
Come, beckon the calling
Fiction in large amounts brings fantasies unfulfilled
Reality we seek
From the depths of our soul
Glory to the Lord on high
Infinite realities encompass a single soul
Ecstatic Images of the life beyond
Here to fray our faulty belief
No one goes this way but once
Yet, the solitary path must be taken to enter therein
Infinite blessings emerge from within
Only to erase the false high

And to singularly defend the true from the false
 And to tear into the crevasse's of a man's heart
 Time is incandescent here
 No one knows your name . . . no one
 But your vibration beckons to windows of the deep
 And angelic kingdoms stand watch to hear the call
 The solitary, alone . . . homeless in the world
 Suddenly plummets only to be raised up
 By the infinite song which renders all truth
 Falsehood cannot stand under its weight
 And yet the weightless comes crashing in
 In an epiphany of light the soul is rebirthed
 Fantastical falsehoods can bear it no more
 Only the fallen can now ascend
 The deepest heights no longer conflict
 Within man confects a true human being
 A spirit born of God from within the solitude
 The weeping begins
 Because all that is untrue dissolves into dust
 But the solitary feels the entitlement to reality
 And finds the peaceful vibration of non-being
 And the holy descent of God
 Into his own deep crevasses of pain
 And wounds open up grimly
 Only to be closed again with a wonderful light
 'Who is this solitary!' they say
 The solitary can only be silent because he is no more
 He's been absorbed into infinite light
 You may see him, but he is here no more" - Marilyn

Hughes

An Out-of-Body Travel allegory:

Anonymous Vision

"I awoke in a strange place that somehow seemed familiar. Swimming in a large pool in a recreational complex, I was with people that unconsciously I knew well. Although I didn't know who these people were in my waking life, I interiorly knew that we were all somehow related to one another.

Interestingly, these people were just like me. Different. Each of them had a unique spiritual gift given them by God. Every *single* one was unique and had an individual purpose that God had set up and planned for thousands of years, every one of us *as a whole* had been set apart by God with a congruent mission to change the world.

It was made known to me that every generation on earth contained within it a group of these people; prophets, saints, mystics, sages, ascetics, scientists, inventors . . . and brilliant minds.

Many remained forgotten, and others had been forever remembered in history.

Although all of them had been set apart to bring each singular generation to higher vibrational capacity, some were able to fulfill that mission and others fell under the pressures of the temptations of the world and fell away; but most tried very hard to fight their way through. Each of us had a weakness, just as all

human beings do. But our weaknesses were more difficult because Satan fought much harder for those set apart to drag us off our path.

Stepping out of the pool, I looked around and took in all the sights and sounds, the people and their focuses, and environment, etc.

Although, I could see everyone else's gifts and their purpose, I was having trouble discerning my own.

Walking around further, I found myself entering into a small and cozy home. It seemed small somehow, even though it had a winding black staircase in the center of the small room and the walls were covered in bookshelves filled with old, old books. Walking up the steps, I found myself walking behind my mother.

She was *the* mother; of us all. She was one of the people from the previous generation who had been set apart. As she walked slowly up the steps, she read quietly to herself from an old torn book. But what was intrinsically amazing was that as she read, angelic music poured forth from her mouth like an angelic choir. Inherently, I knew that this beautiful music coming out of her mouth were the words she had written and continued to write in her books.

It was very clear that she knew where she was going, what she was to do and how to get there. It was also clear that God had set her apart for his own, and the work He had given her to do was just too intense and

required so much concentration that even the idea of having a partner in this life in any real sense was simply not possible. She was not unlike a consecrated nun, with her eyes on God constantly, knowing that there was not enough time for much else.

Walking up ahead of her, we continued walking as the angelic music continued to flow, her eyes glazed to the ancient sacred text she held in her hands.

There were several floors to this house, and each floor held a different category of books. I came to the top of the stairs and found myself in a magnificent kitchen, where many more people like me were just relaxing.

And then I saw him. People called him, 'The Librarian'. He was an older man, looking to be in his late forties or early fifties. Walking with grace a deeply compassionate smile, he wore a dark brown suit which appeared to be from the 1800s and he carried a pocket lens in his pocket for reading.

Instantly, the moment I saw him, I interiorly knew this was my mother's eternal flame. And was not incarnate on this earth at this time.

And he was *the* father of all of us, the separated generations, just as my mom was *the* mother. Evidently, it was the love between them and their partnership with God over thousands of years that had made the creation of these separated generational schools in the mystical world possible.

Whenever any of us struggled and needed the help of a father, we went to the Librarian. Whenever we needed the love and caress of a mother, we went to my mother. It was a perfect plan that God had perfectly created.

Exploring the kitchen a bit, I noticed it had marble countertops and there was another generation coming into being. A group of kids still younger than ten were sitting on the floor giggling. My father was there sitting at a table quietly, and I knew he was one of us, too. Even the separation of my parents had been a part of this greater plan, in that he was doing very important work now in another part of the world. I interiorly knew he was now on the right path and I sighed with relief. I smiled at him, and he smiled back at me.

Hearing a noise, I turned towards a doorway which led to a balcony outside and found myself looking right at one of my closest friends. He looked disturbed, but I knew he was one of us. And that made me feel tremendous relief.

Having trouble with pride, temptation and sin, the Librarian was looking eye to eye with his hands on my friend's arms. Looking into his eyes, he spoke quietly but with few words saying only what was necessary. And the words came out of his mouth like a wisp of wind and were immediately absorbed into my friend's body.

As this happened, my friend began to cry. Not out of despair, but out of relief and joy. He was at peace. I wish I could remember what the Librarian had said. It was so simple yet exactly what he needed to know.

Beginning to feel the call to return to earth, I was told interiorly about others from previous generations who had all been a part of this greater plan in their own generations, times and places. Among them were people like Billy Graham, Mahatma Gandhi, Albert Einstein and many others. Each had to bring their own generation up a vibrational level, and each successive generation would work to get to the next . .

For a moment, I was given a glimpse into something that Billy Graham was currently doing, even though he was in his nineties now, but that it was going to bring thousands of people back to God.

As the energies subsided, it took me a few minutes to re-associate with the earthly vibration. But I returned to earth and went to work.” - Anonymous Vision written by Marilyn Hughes

From ‘My Meditations on the Gospel,’ Rev. James E. Sullivan

“From his early youth, John the Baptist was in the desert. Those chosen for great things must make great sacrifices, and they dare not be shallow. John gave up

his parents and friends, wore the coarse clothing, at the minimum and most distasteful foods, spent many years of loneliness in the desert.

St. John, surely there were times when the loneliness was oppressive! Times when the monogamy and sacrifice nearly drove you mad! Yet you turned all those temptations into greater and greater virtue. The more you were alone, the closer you were to God. You became so completely conscious of his nearness, his loving care. It became so easy for you to speak to Him. There were no distractions. Your silence wasn't empty; it was full, full of God and His love. And how deeply you meditated on the eternal truths. In their glowing light, what peace and humility filled your heart.

Dear Lord, the silence, prayer and self-denial combined to make John the greatest man next to St. Joseph and You that ever lived. Teach me then not to neglect these great needs of grace. I so easily praise the worth of silence and spiritual reading with my lips, but so easily forget to do it. Compel me by your grace to read and pray each day – to have that deep, internal silence of not being disturbed by little things. It is here that self-denial comes in, my Lord. I must control my feelings from going down the easy path of self-pity and resentment and even anxiety about my own faults. Teach me to be firm with my feelings and channel them into the tranquil, peaceful silence of

love.

My Meditations on the Gospel, Rev. James E. Sullivan, 1962, Confraternity of the Precious Blood

From 'The Secrets of the Self,' by Muhammad Iqbal

"O foolish one, thy understanding is at fault.
 Since I am acquainted with the harmony of Life,
 I will tell thee what is the secret of Life
 To sink into thyself like the pearl,
 Then to emerge from thine inward solitude;
 To collect sparks beneath the ashes,
 And become a flame and dazzle men's eyes.
 Go, burn the house of forty years' tribulation,
 Move round thyself! Be a circling flame!
 What is Life but to be freed from moving round
 others

And to regard thyself as the Holy Temple?
 Beat thy wings and escape from the attraction of
 Earth; Like birds, be safe from falling.
 Unless thou art a bird, thou wilt do wisely
 Not to build thy nest on the top of a cave.
 O thou that seekest to acquire knowledge,
 I say o'er to thee the message of the Sage of Rúmi:
 "Knowledge, if it lie on thy skin, is a snake;
 Knowledge, if thou take it to heart, is a friend."
 Hast thou heard how the Master of Rúmi (Shams i
 Tabrizi was Rumi's Master Teacher)
 Gave lectures on philosophy at Aleppo? —

Fast in the bonds of intellectual proofs,

Drifting o'er the dark and stormy sea of
understanding;

A Moses unilluminated by Love's Sinai,
Ignorant of Love and of Love's passion.

He discoursed on Scepticism and Neoplatonism,
And strung many a brilliant pearl of metaphysic.
He unravelled the problems of the Peripatetics
(Itinerant Preachers),

The light of his thought made clear whatever was
obscure.

Heaps of books lay around and in front of him,
And on his lips was the key to all their mysteries.

Shams-i Tabríz, directed by Kamál, (Kamal was
Shams I Tabriz's Master Teacher)

Sought his way to the college of Jaláluddín Rúmí
And cried out, "What is all this noise and babble?

What are all these syllogisms and judgements and
demonstrations?"

"Peace, O fool!" exclaimed the Maulavi (Religious
Scholar),

"Do not laugh at the doctrines of the sages.

Get thee out of my college!

This is argument and discussion: what hast thou to do
with it?

My discourse is beyond thy understanding,

It will not brighten the glass of thy perception."

These words increased the anger of Shams i Tabríz
And caused a fire to burst forth from his soul.

The lightning of his look fell on the earth,

And the glow of his breath made the dust spring into flames.

The spiritual fire burned the intellectual stack

And clean consumed the book of philosophy.

The Maulavi, being a stranger to Love's miracles

And unversed in Love's harmonies,

Cried, "How didst thou kindle this fire,

Which hath burned the books of the philosophers?"

The Sheikh answered, "O unbelieving Moslem,

This is vision and ecstasy: what hast thou to do with it?

My state is beyond thy thought,

My flame is the Alchemist's elixir."

Thou hast drawn thy substance from the snow of philosophy,

The cloud of thy thought sheds nothing but hailstones.

Kindle a fire in thy rubble,

Foster a flame in thy earth!

The Moslem's knowledge is perfected by spiritual fervor.

The meaning of Islam is *Renounce what shall pass away*.

But do not seek the glow of Love from the knowledge of to-day,

Do not seek the nature of Truth from this infidel's cup!

Long have I been running to and fro,

Learning the secrets of the New Knowledge:

Its gardeners have put me to the trial

And have made me intimate with their roses.

Roses! Tulips, rather, that warn one not to smell them —

Like paper roses, a mirage of perfume.
 Since this garden ceased to enthrall me,
 I have nested on the Paradisal tree.
 Modern knowledge is the greatest blind —
 Idol-worshipping, idol-selling, idol-making!
 Shackled in the prison of phenomena,
 It has not overleaped the limits of the sensible.

It has fallen down in crossing the bridge of Life,
 It has laid the knife to its own throat.
 Having fire, it is yet cold as the tulip;
 Having flame, it is yet cold as hail.
 Its nature remains untouched by the glow of Love,
 It is ever engaged in a joyless search.
 Love is the Plato that heals the sicknesses of the
 mind:
 The mind's melancholy is cured by its lancet.
 The whole world bows in adoration to Love,
 Love is the Mahmúd (Sultan) that conquers the
 Somnath (hardened nature) of intellect.
 Modern science lacks this old wine in its cup,
 Its nights are not loud with passionate prayer.

Thou hast misprized thine own cypress
 And deemed tall the cypress of others.
 Like the reed, thou hast emptied thyself of Self
 And given thine heart to the music of others.
 O thou that begg'st morsels from another's table,
 Wilt thou seek thine own kind in another's shop?
 The Moslem's feast is burned up by the lamps of

strangers,
 His mosque is consumed by the Christian monastery.
 When the deer fled from the sacred territory of
 Mecca,
 The hunter's arrow pierced her side.
 The leaves of the rose are scattered, like its scent:
 O thou that hast fled from thy Self, come back to it!

O trustee of the wisdom . . . Find thy lost unity again!

*The Secrets of the Self, by Muhammad Iqbal, tr. by
 Reynold A. Nicholson, 1920*

From My Imitation of Christ, Thomas A Kempis

"Of the Love of Solitude and Silence

Seek a suitable time for thy meditation, and think frequently of the mercies of God to thee. Leave curious questions. Study such matters as bring thee sorrow for sin rather than amusement. If thou withdraw thyself from trifling conversation and idle goings about, as well as from novelties and gossip, thou shalt find thy time sufficient and apt for good meditation. The greatest saints used to avoid as far as they could the company of men, and chose to live in secret with God.

2. One hath said, "As oft as I have gone among men, so oft have I returned less a man." This is what we often experience when we have been long time in

conversation. For it is easier to be altogether silent than it is not to exceed in word. It is easier to remain hidden at home than to keep sufficient guard upon thyself out of doors. He, therefore, that seeketh to reach that which is hidden and spiritual, must go with Jesus "apart from the multitude." No man safely goeth abroad who loveth not to rest at home. No man safely talketh but he who loveth to hold his peace. No man safely ruleth but he who loveth to be subject. No man safely commandeth but he who loveth to obey.

3. No man safely rejoiceth but he who hath the testimony of a good conscience within himself. The boldness of the Saints was always full of the fear of God. Nor were they the less earnest and humble in themselves, because they shone forth with great virtues and grace. But the boldness of wicked men springeth from pride and presumption, and at the last turneth to their own confusion. Never promise thyself security in this life, howsoever good a monk or devout a solitary thou seemest.

4. Often those who stand highest in the esteem of men, fall the more grievously because of their over great confidence. Wherefore it is very profitable unto many that they should not be without inward temptation, but should be frequently assaulted, lest they be over confident, lest they be indeed lifted up into pride, or else lean too freely upon the consolations of the world. O how good a conscience should that man keep, who never sought a joy that passeth away, who never became entangled with the

world! O how great peace and quiet should he possess, who would cast off all vain care, and think only of healthful and divine things, and build his whole hope upon God!

5. No man is worthy of heavenly consolation but he who hath diligently exercised himself in holy compunction. If thou wilt feel compunction within thy heart, enter into thy chamber and shut out the tumults of the world, as it is written, Commune with your own heart in your own chamber and be still.(1) In retirement thou shalt find what often thou wilt lose abroad. Retirement, if thou continue therein, groweth sweet, but if thou keep not in it, begetteth weariness. If in the beginning of thy conversation thou dwell in it and keep it well, it shall afterwards be to thee a dear friend, and a most pleasant solace.

6. In silence and quiet the devout soul goeth forward and learneth the hidden things of the Scriptures. Therein findeth she a fountain of tears, wherein to wash and cleanse herself each night, that she may grow the more dear to her Maker as she dwelleth the further from all worldly distraction. To him who withdraweth himself from his acquaintance and friends God with his holy angels will draw nigh. It is better to be unknown and take heed to oneself than to neglect oneself and work wonders. It is praiseworthy for a religious man to go seldom abroad, to fly from being seen, to have no desire to see men.

7. Why wouldest thou see what thou mayest not have? The world passeth away and the lust thereof.

The desires of sensuality draw thee abroad, but when an hour is past, what dost thou bring home, but a weight upon thy conscience and distraction of heart? A merry going forth bringeth often a sorrowful return, and a merry evening maketh a sad morning? So doth all carnal joy begin pleasantly, but in the end it gnaweth away and destroyeth. What canst thou see abroad which thou seest not at home? Behold the heaven and the earth and the elements, for out of these are all things made.

8. What canst thou see anywhere which can continue long under the sun? Thou believest perchance that thou shalt be satisfied, but thou wilt never be able to attain unto this. If thou shouldest see all things before thee at once, what would it be but a vain vision? Lift up thine eyes to God on high, and pray that thy sins and negligences may be forgiven. Leave vain things to vain men, and mind thou the things which God hath commanded thee. Shut thy door upon thee, and call unto thyself Jesus thy beloved. Remain with Him in thy chamber, for thou shalt not elsewhere find so great peace. If thou hadst not gone forth nor listened to vain talk, thou hadst better kept thyself in good peace. But because it sometimes delighteth thee to hear new things, thou must therefore suffer trouble of heart."

The Imitation of Christ, Thomas A Kempis, Chapter XX, Of the Love of Solitude and Silence

CHAPTER THREE

Is there an Attack in the Emotionalness of Your
Existence



"Is there an attack in the emotionalness of your
 existence
 Is there a random pain which sears your
 consciousness
 Does it flow through your heart like a winding
 staircase to despair
 Because you must go?
 So many you have loved, so many you have lost
 But the only true love you must follow lies ahead not
 behind
 And God is a merciful lover
 Behind the solitary are the ravages of the sins of
 others
 The ravages of his own sin
 His love for those that can only be seen behind the
 traveler has only increased
 Because the taste of God is this way
 The tragedy of this life becomes an enduring pain
 The evils in this world become a sword in his heart
 And he wishes he could but turn their heads towards
 the direction he now peers
 A pause, he stops walking, again he turns
 But they are not coming
 The solitary again turns towards that great light
 That has pursued him all of his life
 He cannot turn away from it
 There is no other choice
 The Solitary is now making that final commitment to
 God
 And in so doing, must bend his will to only one aim
 And that aim is the power of destiny which has taken
 a hold of his spirit

No one can stop it
 It is a force of inestimable value
 Which in the hands of the solitary will bear much
 fruit
 But the emotionalness of leaving behind those
 sincerely loved
 Is a gut-wrenching pain
 Knowing that they cannot understand why he must
 go
 Knowing that they may not make it
 Knowing he must go, or they will take him into their
 backwards flow of energy
 Omnipotently disturbing the balance of life
 Knowing that the thrust that permeates their
 existences has become lethal to him
 Understanding that no other can fill this empty abyss
 of pain that has been left within his soul while
 wandering the mortal realms
 There is a lot of pain in these mortal realms
 Love is not a known substance and is very rare
 Sometimes truly unattainable for some
 The solitary turns silently, there are no words left to
 say, there are no tears left to shed
 There is only a distance to walk
 A long, quiet, empty walk . . . alone into the solitude
 And thus, it is, that the once Mystical Captive who
 transformed into a Mystical Freeborn, then answered
 the Royal Question; again what was the answer to
 this exalted inquiry?
 "Yes, Lord, let it be done to me according to Thy will"
 He turns his eyes downward

The pain remaining in the mortal worlds behind him
is palpable

He wishes so deeply to open their eyes, but they are closed

The evil reigns and lurks within the mortal souls who
refuse to identify their purpose

In wandering a mortal realm, one must become
something more

But so many waste so much time and achieve nothing
of note in the kingdom of God

Falling back and forth

Bending to and fro

Swaying from good to evil to good to evil

But never launching a single pious thought powerful
enough to change their path

If the answer to the Royal Question remains,

"Yes, Lord, let it be done to me according to Thy will"

Then there is only one direction he may now go

It is a solitary place, it is another world . . .

Transforming as if from some lightning force

The soul turns his gaze back towards the light which
will not set him free

He cannot look back, he cannot look back . . .

He loves them, but he cannot look back anymore

He must now go

He begins to walk slowly, methodically, with grace

Towards an everlasting salvation

A beauty he cannot yet comprehend

But his work can only continue now if he transcends
realms

The mortal realms cannot contain him.

Because he now must be contained
 multidimensionally
 Because that evil can only be fought and the scattered
 remnants be gathered
 If he goes away
 He walks, he takes it slowly
 But there is a sudden thrust in his energies
 Something beyond anything he could comprehend
 With a lightning grip, with the soaring thunder of
 God Himself
 This traveler is instantly transformed into 'The
 Solitary'
 And in the blink of an eye walks in a new place, a
 new realm
 He has translated himself
 He remains a human being
 But he is now also a Solitary
 An Solitaries do not reside in one world . . . but many
 And it is in this, the secret of the Solitary is revealed
 The battles of he will now fight will not be won on the
 ground
 They will be fought from the realms of energy
 wherein the intricate workings of the interior spirit of
 the soul can be actualized
 The solitary is no longer a captive spirit
 He is no longer simply free
 There are no more questions to answer
 There is simply the doing of it
 "Yes, Lord, let it be done to me according to Thy will"
 And in the doing, the Solitary becomes sanctified
 And in the sanctification, the solitary becomes
 capable of changing the world

Invisible, Unseen, Unknown
 Because, remember
 Solitaries do not reside in one world . . . but many
 And in this lies their secret” – Marilyn Hughes

An Out-of-Body Travel allegory:

Marilynn’s Vision (Myself)

“Hovering outside of what appeared to be a large building far out in the country, I noticed immediately that it was quickly being overrun by dark forces. The battle was fierce, long and arduous, but before long, I was the only one left to fight them. And frankly, I felt pretty ill-equipped.

An unexpected grace came upon me as an angel appeared and gave me a special spiritual gift. He placed something in my hands, and told me that this gift would completely impotize the demons if I were to just touch them. Walking around the room very carefully, I began touching the demons and they all became completely still, as if stopped in actual motion. There were about 150 of them, and they could see what was happening, but could not respond or move. As they all became completely still, 10 – 15 angels had arrived to walk with me towards the building.

But before we were to go, I felt moved to openly chastise the demons for their pathetic attempts to

cruelly pervert young children through the evil manner of their death, and even beyond as they transitioned into the next life. "Shame on you, may God rebuke you, we humbly pray."

As I was able to look inbetween the hordes of demons, I suddenly realized that they had been hiding a ranch with a very large gate which was meant to protect those within it from these dark forces who constantly hounded them at their door. Angelic power moved the demonic forces aside to create a path between myself and the gate and suddenly, the gates opened and a young boy ran out, hugged me and then took my hand. There were many children there, working on the ranch, preparing to fully cross over.

The young man who had taken my hand had been murdered, so he traveled this border world to prepare for this final splendor. He was anxious to go, he didn't want to be there anymore, but he wasn't unhappy or hurt. I

This was a borderland where the children who had died traumatic deaths would go as they transition. I turned to the boy, and said, "I hear your prayers, keep praying." I repeated this to him over and over again, and as I did, I realized that he might not have known yet that he had actually crossed into the other side, that he had died.

He looked so happy that I had broken through the dark forces and found him, he held tightly to my hand. He kept smiling, and I kept saying, "I hear you, I hear your prayers, keep praying."

Suddenly, all went silent. Everything changed. The heavens opened, as the clouds thundered to separate revealing a vast marble staircase. It was so stunningly beautiful, it is not possible to put into words.

The dark forces were just still, unable to respond. Vanquished.

The young man held my hand and didn't say anything, but was smiling very widely. As the aura around the staircase became pink, it was beautiful. And a celestial voice said, "Behold the Heavenly Lady . . . the Blessed Virgin. She comes now on behalf of Almighty God." I paused and stared . . . in shock and awe.

This lady, more beautiful than I've ever seen her, crowned with a golden crown, wearing a gown of real roses . . . many shades of mostly pink but other iridescent shades of pastel violent, yellow, white began walking down the stairs in a most regal manner. We all just stared in awe. Sparkling lights came out of her gown, and her face held only peace and total victory over the darkness.

As the young man smiled in wonder, I repeated, although yet quietly, again, "I hear your prayers,

don't stop praying, I'm listening." The Blessed Lady reached her hands to him. He instantly jumped up and hugged me. And I began to fade from the realm before I could see him take her hand and I was grateful for the special gifts given me this evening to stop the evil actions of the demons against this young child who simply wished to make the crossing. How vile and putrid their desire to destroy innocence strikes me, and how weak and lowly they stand in the Presence of God." - Marilyn Hughes

From Lives of the Saints, By Alban Butler

"Reflections on Solitude

The champions of faith prove the truth of their teaching no less by the holiness of their lives than by the force of their arguments. Never forget that to convert others we must first see to our own souls.

He who accompanies the exercises of contemplation and arduous penance with zealous and undaunted endeavors to conduct others to the same glorious term with himself, shall be truly great in the kingdom of heaven.

Let us learn from the example of the Saints to shun the tumult of the world as much as our circumstances will allow, and give ourselves up to the exercises of holy solitude, prayer, and pious reading.

The greatest sacrifices imposed by the love of peace will appear as naught if we call to mind the example of Our Saviour, and remember His words, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

*Lives of the Saints, By Alban Butler, Benziger
Brothers, 1894*

An Out-of-Body Travel allegory:

Marilynn's Vision (Myself)

"My spirit was in a waiting room of sorts and I was sitting in one of about six or so chairs that others also occupied. I had no idea what I was waiting for, but I did notice the celestial heavens were opened all around us, a huge ocean lay between this waiting room and some other destination and spirits were flying about learning about their earthly missions and how to fly in the spirit.

Before I could realize what was happening, a man approached me. His hair was short and brown. He was not very tall himself. He came directly to me and took my hand raising me up to a standing position.

Instantly, I knew it was my Lord Jesus Christ and I was in ecstatic bliss beyond words.

Taking my left hand, he motioned a very tall and robust man sitting nearby to join us, and this man stood, walked over and took my right hand.

We walked towards this ocean which they referred to as the 'Many Waters' and began walking on the water off into a distant land of which I was not yet acquainted. Suddenly, as I realized I was walking on the water, it occurred to me that this man on my right was the Apostle Peter and I was just in awe.

I was in absolute PEACE. We continued walking with Jesus Christ holding my left hand and the Apostle Peter my right far into the distance of these waters until we came to a point and they simply stopped.

Suddenly, the clouds began forming before my eyes into a huge white-winged horse. I remembered instantly that this was my own St. Harmony Crystal Fire which I had written much about (in 'The Mysteries of the Redemption: A Treatise on Out-of-Body Travel and Mysticism,' and 'Galactica: A Treatise on Death, Dying and the Afterlife.'

As I saw my horse in formation, I fell into a total ecstasy. The Lord Jesus turned to me and said, "I am pleased with your work and the future of 'The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation.' He then told me words to give to my daughter, Mary, to protect its legacy warning of others who might try to change its mission and purpose after I was gone. I nodded in thanksgiving for the words of warning.

As he looked into my eyes, I instantly felt His love for me which was so overpowering I could not barely fathom it. And just when I thought maybe he was going to let me cross over, He took my hand and brought me back across the 'Many Waters' and sent me home.

Before returning to consciousness, I found myself in a field of beautiful flowers whose fragrance emanated throughout the realm. I felt the Lord's embrace interiorly as everything around me turned into many flowers of many kinds and many colors. It was stunning, and I knew that everything I had experienced in this life and would in the next, were like this tremendous bouquet of flowers. It was all beautiful; the good, the bad and the ugly, was all a part of beauty's fulfillment. And I felt it . . . in the solitude." - Marilyn Hughes

From Mysticism, By Evelyn Underhill

"Like the story of the Cross, so too the story of man's spirit ends in a garden: in a place of birth and fruitfulness, of beautiful and natural things. Divine Fecundity is its secret: existence, not for its own sake, but for the sake of a more abundant life. It ends with the coming forth of divine humanity, never again to leave us: living in us, and with us, a pilgrim, a worker, a guest at our table, a sharer at all hazards in life. The mystic's witness to this story: waking very

early they have run on before us, urged by the greatness of their love. We, incapable as yet of this sublime encounter, looking in their magic mirror, listening to their stammered tidings, may see far off the consummation of the race.

According to the measure of their strength and of their passion, these, the true lovers of the Absolute, have conformed here and now to the utmost tests of divine sonship, the final demands of life. They have not shrunk from the sufferings of the cross. They have faced the darkness of the tomb. Beauty and agony alike have called them: alike have awakened a heroic response. For them the winter is over: the time of the singing of birds is come. From the deeps of the dewy garden, Life—new, unquenchable, and ever lovely—comes to meet them with the dawn.

Mysticism, By Evelyn Underhill, 1911

From 'Plotinus, The Enneads'

"11. This is the purport of that rule of our Mysteries . . . it was not a vision compassed but a unity apprehended. The man formed by this mingling with the Supreme must- if he only remember- carry its image impressed upon him: he is become the Unity, nothing within him or without inducing any diversity; no movement now, no passion, no outlook, desire, once this ascent is achieved; reasoning is in abeyance and all Intellection and even,

to dare the word, the very self; caught away, filled with God, he has in perfect stillness attained isolation; all the being calmed, he turns neither to this side nor to that, not even inwards to himself; utterly resting he has become very rest. He belongs no longer to the order of the beautiful; he has risen beyond beauty; he has overpassed even the choir of the virtues; he is like one who, having penetrated the inner sanctuary, leaves the temple images behind him- though these become once more first objects of regard when he leaves the holies; for There his converse was not with image, not with trace, but with the very Truth in the view of which all the rest is but of secondary concern.

There, indeed, it was scarcely vision, unless of a mode unknown; it was a going forth from the self, a simplifying, a renunciation, a reach towards contact and at the same time a repose, a meditation towards adjustment. This is the only seeing of what lies within the holies: to look otherwise is to fail.

Things here are signs; they show therefore to the wiser teachers how the supreme God is known; the instructed priest reading the sign may enter the holy place and make real the vision of the inaccessible.

Even those that have never found entry must admit the existence of that invisible; they will know their source and Principle since by principle they see principle and are linked with it, by like they have contact with like and so they grasp all of the divine that lies within the scope of mind. Until the seeing comes they are still craving something, that which

only the vision can give; this Term, attained only by those that have overpassed all, is the All-Transcending . . .

There is thus a converse in virtue of which the essential man outgrows Being, becomes identical with the Transcendent of Being. The self thus lifted, we are in the likeness of the Supreme: if from that heightened self we pass still higher- image to archetype- we have won the Term of all our journeying. Fallen back again, we awaken the virtue within until we know ourselves all order once more; once more we are lightened of the burden and move by virtue towards Intellectual-Principle and through the Wisdom in That to the Supreme.

This is the life of (the) . . . blessed among men, liberation from the alien that besets us here, a life taking no pleasure in the things of earth, the passing of solitary to solitary."

*Plotinus, The Enneads, Sixth Ennead, Ninth Tractate,
Section Eleven*

CHAPTER FOUR

To Fell a Rabid Beast, In the Ease of a Gentle Breeze



"We become like that which we love. If we love what is base, we become base; but if we love what is noble,

we become noble."
Ven. Fulton Sheen.

"To fell a rabid beast
 In the ease of a gentle breeze
 An innocent flower
 Cannot bear the wind of the guilty
 Intrusions from the swarms of death
 Ravage the particles of life
 Lifestreams convey distraction
 And so as the Solitary conveys withdrawal
 A quickening occurs within the hearts of men
 Savage hearts thrust from the underworld
 Grasping onto that which they can hold
 But the root withdraws
 And they slink backwards
 Returning to their natural state
 The Solitary is no more performing a voluntary
 function
 It has changed
 By withdrawing into the solitude
 He has become untenable
 There is nothing with which the world may hold onto
 And he slides gracefully into the next realm
 The light gracefully befalling his eyes
 The winsome prairie grass sways in the breezes
 The Presence of God is felt from all things
 The ravenous hunger of the humanities below
 No longer can be quenched in his flesh
 They must seek elsewhere

For a time their howls are transparent
 Heard deeply in the night
 Seeking to grasp onto that which they almost took
 hold
 But could not
 For the call of the Lord was always more attractive
 And contained within it the power to heal and
 transform
 Whereas the howling was only a distraction
 A distant memory of ways gone bad
 Times when souls were lost without fail
 Unable to seek even a sliver of the truth
 Or touch even the slightest breath of God
 But they soon give up and take on their hunting
 Beastly prowling about for worldly souls to drench
 With the stench of their sweat
 With the tentacles of their darkly view
 And the solitary quietly walks forward into a calm
 horizon
 Heralding the dawning of a beautiful light
 Quenching his thirsty soul with the dew of the
 morning grace
 And the trembling from below slows
 As the calm and peace from above descends
 The solitary waits
 Sitting quietly upon the ground, he waits
 For a beast does not quench itself in a moment
 But in many
 And in having extricated himself from the former
 realm of the living dead
 And thrusting himself into the now realm of the
 aliveness itself

The Solitary knows that the forces which turn
towards destruction and death must cease their
trembling

And they will do so with a final thrust

And the Solitary must wait for them to subside

And as day after day passes, they move further and further away

The Solitary casts them into the outer darkness

And lends the chosen dying a hand in remaining
where they must stay

A wall is slowly building

And the Solitary is taking a solid grasp

Solitaires do not reside in one world . . . but many
Solitaires know that peace remains only with God
Not in the world

Not in the world

And in this lies their secret” - Marilynn Hughes

Marilynn's Vision (Myself)

“Descending into the rapturous grassy green, I felt my soul alight in eternal delight as I observed a very tall but tiny, tiny windmill blowing nearby.

The grasses were a very deep and bright green, one you would only expect to see in another world,

another place. But although it was a netherworld, it was not a heavenly place. The twilight lit the world with a dim but warm glow.

A rack of clothing was placed in front of me, mostly baggy sweaters, which belonged to another person who had begun to take up life with the beloved friend who had previously chosen the way of spiritual death by hanging and suffocation.

There was a sun in the distance, a far distance . . . much further than we can see upon our earth.

Within the rack of clothing, I was given to feel an energy of happy memories that had been made. A young woman came up behind me, another person who had been left behind by this same person. She pointed out that there were little designs in some of the sweaters which represented 'happy' memories, although it was clear from their imprinting that these were carnal memories.

But for whatever reason, there was a certain compatibility between the two because they were going in a similar direction – away from God. And it was this which brought them together.

The woman behind me spoke and said, "I'd like you to be happy for them." But at that moment, all I could feel was anger. It was not possible for me to be happy for them. She was wearing a very conservative, black

dress and she said, "As Christians, we must be happy for them."

It was at this moment that I understood something was amok. In a sense, she was right. But yet in another sense, she was completely wrong.

Stepping backwards, I again allowed myself to feel the energetic impulse of this place and assess it. The happiness and warmth emanated from the compatibility between the two, but that compatibility was coming because of both of these persons' sincere turning away from God.

It was at that moment that I understood. There are laws of vibration which cannot be altered even when you love someone. There is a vibration which goes towards God and another which moves further and further away. There is the vibration which moves towards life, and another towards death. There is a vibration which creates and a vibration which destroys.

When he had made that choice to turn away from God, it only made sense that inevitably he would meet someone 'compatible' to this, and that it was not for me to necessarily be 'happy' for them, but accept their compatibility and the contrary energies which could no longer intersect whence a decision of that caliber had been made.

So, the Christian woman who insisted I be happy for them was right, I must accept that this was compatible and it was where they were both resonating at this time; and therefore, it was not a place I could remain.

However, to be happy for a backwards flow, a backwards turn, to turn away from God is a misunderstanding of what it is to be a Christian.

We must accept the free will of others, but not immediately choose to blend with that will when it contradicts the free will chosen by ourselves to serve an all Holy God.

And because the path of those who seek God alone is often littered with people who have been loved, lost and left behind in one way or another; it is difficult to simply accept that in order to continue forward, the soul must accept.

Accept . . . and to be happy that this other person has found another soul to walk the path with them. Because of the similarity and compatibility of the issues they would share, this would then catapult them to where they would eventually need to go. Forward or backward, it would be up to them.

But at this moment, when those two contrary energies had met and connected their pathways in a carnal way; they had accelerated their going backwards. And this would effectively seal that decision to move towards death for each of them separately and as a unit.

And that uniting would invariably thrust out any person who continued to move towards God.

Looking behind me, I noticed the small wind funnel, as my spirit became alit with the flight of grace. Acceptance of that choice was now requisite for me to walk forward into the next epochs of the light.

It was not for those who had chosen to remain behind - who had not grasped a hold of the hands of

God – to come. I would again walk slowly forward, quietly, alone.

And as I did this, the winds of grace lifted my spirit beyond the separation and into the next abode of the righteous." – Marilyn Hughes

"Going along in company together, a wise man
Must mix with other foolish persons.
But on seeing what is wrongful he abandons them.
As a full-fledged heron leaves the marshy ground."

*The Udana, Translated by John D. Ireland, 1990
Buddhist Publication Society*

From 'The Master Key System,' By Charles F. Haanel

THIS Part tells of the Law of Vibration and why the highest principle necessarily determines the circumstances, aspects and relations of everything with which it comes in contact. It tells why and how a knowledge of these higher forces makes all physical force sink into insignificance. It explains the nature of concentration; it tells something of the practice of concentration, tells something of the results of concentration. It tells how the mind may become a magnet, how it may irresistibly attract the conditions which it desires; it tells why it is necessary "to be" in order "to have." It tells how to unfasten the prison

bars of weakness, impotence and self-belittlement and realize the joy of overcoming obstacles. It tells how the intuitive power is set in operation and how this inevitably leads to success. It tells of the difference between real power and the symbols of power, and why the symbols turn to ashes just as we overtake them.

The kind of Deity which a man, consciously or unconsciously, worships, indicates the intellectual status of the worshipper.

Ask the Indian of God, and he will describe to you a powerful chieftain of a glorious tribe. Ask the Pagan of God, and he will tell you of a God of fire, a God of water, a God of this, that and the other.

Ask the Israelite of God, and he will tell you of the God of Moses, who conceived it expedient to rule by coercive measures; hence, the Ten Commandments. Or he will tell you of Joshua, who led the Israelites into battle, confiscated property, murdered the prisoners and laid cities waste.

The so-called heathens made "graven images" of their Gods, whom they were accustomed to worship, but among the most intelligent, at least, these images were but the visible emblems which they used to facilitate mental concentration on the qualities which they desired to externalize in their lives.

We of the twentieth century worship a God of Love in theory, but in practice we make for ourselves "graven

images" of "Wealth," "Power," "Fashion," "Custom and "Conventionality." We "fall down" before them and worship them. We concentrate on them and they are thereby externalized in our lives.

The reader who masters the contents of Part Seventeen will not mistake symbols for reality; he will be interested in causes, rather than effects. He will concentrate on the realities of life, and will then not be disappointed in the results.

1. We are told that Man has "dominion over all things"; this dominion is established through Mind. Thought is the activity which controls every principle beneath it. The highest principle by reason of its superior essence and qualities necessarily determines the circumstances, aspects and relation of everything with which it comes into contact.

2. The vibrations of Mental forces are the finest and consequently the most powerful in existence. To those who perceive the nature and transcendency of mental force, all physical power sinks into insignificance.

3. We are accustomed to look upon the Universe with a lens of five senses, and from these experiences our anthropomorphic conceptions originate, but true conceptions are only secured by spiritual insight. This insight requires a quickening of the vibrations of the Mind, and is only secured when the mind is continuously concentrated in a given direction.

4. Continuous concentration means an even, unbroken flow of thought and is the result of patient, persistent, persevering and well-regulated system.

5. Great discoveries are the result of long-continued investigation. The science of mathematics requires years of concentrated effort to master it, and the greatest science—that of the Mind—is revealed only through concentrated effort.

6. Concentration is much misunderstood; there seems to be an idea of effort or activity associated with it, when just the contrary is necessary. The greatness of an actor lies in the fact that he forgets himself in the portrayal of his character, becoming so identified with it that the audience is swayed by the realism of the performance. This will give you a good idea of true concentration; you should be so interested in your thought, so engrossed in your subject, as to be conscious of nothing else. Such concentration leads to intuitive perception and immediate insight into the nature of the object concentrated upon.

7. All knowledge is the result of concentration of this kind; it is thus that the secrets have been wrested from Heaven and Earth; it is thus that the mind becomes a magnet and the desire to know draws the knowledge, irresistibly attracts it, makes it your own.

8. Desire is largely sub-conscious; conscious desire rarely realizes its object when the latter is out of immediate reach. Sub-conscious desire arouses the

latent faculties of the mind, and difficult problems seem to solve themselves.

9. The sub-conscious mind may be aroused and brought into action in any direction and made to serve us for any purpose, by concentration.

The practice of concentration requires the control of the physical, mental and psychical being; all modes of consciousness, whether physical, mental or psychical, must be under control.

10. Spiritual Truth is therefore the controlling factor; it is this which will enable you to grow out of limited attainment and reach a point where you will be able to translate modes of thought into character and consciousness.

11. Concentration does not mean mere thinking of thoughts, but the transmutation of these thoughts into practical values; the average person has no conception of the meaning of concentration. There is always the cry "to have" but never the cry "to be"; people fail to understand that they cannot have one without the other, that they must first find the "kingdom" before they can have the "things added." Momentary enthusiasm is of no value; it is only by unbounded self-confidence that the goal is reached.

12. The mind may place the ideal a little too high and fall short of the mark; it may attempt to soar on untrained wings and, instead of flying, fall to earth; but that is no reason for not making another attempt.

13. Weakness is the only barrier to mental attainment; attribute your weakness to physical limitations or mental uncertainties and try again; ease and perfection are gained by repetition.

14. The astronomer centres his mind on the stars and they give forth their secrets; the geologist centres his mind on the construction of the earth and we have geology; so with all things. Men centre their minds on the problems of life, and the result is apparent in the vast and complex social order of the day.

15. All mental discovery and attainment are the result of desire plus concentration; desire is the strongest motive to action; the more persistent the desire, the more authoritative the revelation. Desire added to concentration will wrench any secret from nature.

16. In realizing great thoughts, in experiencing great emotions that correspond with great thoughts, the mind is in a state where it appreciates the value of higher things.

17. The intensity of one moment's earnest concentration and the intense longing to become and to attain may take you further than years of slow normal and forced effort; it will unfasten the prison bars of unbelief, weakness, impotence and self-belittlement, and you will come into a realization of the joy of overcoming.

18. The spirit of initiative and originality is developed through persistence and continuity of mental effort.

Business teaches the value of concentration and encourages decision of character; it develops practical insight and quickness of conclusion. The mental element in every commercial pursuit is dominant as the controlling factor, and desire is the predominating force; all commercial relations are the externalization of desire.

19. Many of the sturdy and substantial virtues are developed in commercial employment; the mind is steadied and directed; it becomes efficient. The principal necessity is the strengthening of the mind so that it rises superior to the distractions and wayward impulses of instinctive life and thus successfully prevails in the conflict between the higher and lower self.

20. All of us are dynamos, but the dynamo of itself is nothing; the mind must work the dynamo; then it is useful and its energy can be definitely concentrated. The mind is an engine whose power is undreamed; thought is an omni-working power. It is the ruler and creator of all form and all events occurring in form. Physical energy is nothing in comparison with the omnipotence of thought, because thought enables man to harness all other natural power.

21. Vibration is the action of thought; it is vibration which reaches out and attracts the material necessary to construct and build. There is nothing mysterious concerning the power of thought; concentration simply implies that consciousness can be focalized to the point where it becomes identified with the object

of its attention. As food absorbed is the essence of the body, so the mind absorbs the object of its attention, gives it life and being.

22. If you concentrate on some matter of importance, the intuitive power will be set in operation, and help will come in the nature of information which will lead to success.

23. Intuition arrives at conclusions without the aid of experience or memory. Intuition often solves problems that are beyond the grasp of the reasoning power. Intuition often comes with a suddenness that is startling; it reveals the truth for which we are searching, so directly that it seems to come from a higher power. Intuition can be cultivated and developed. In order to do this it must be recognized and appreciated; if the intuitive visitor is given a royal welcome when he comes, he will come again; the more cordial the welcome the more frequent his visits will become, but if he is ignored or neglected he will make his visits few and far apart.

24. Intuition usually comes in the Silence; great minds seek solitude frequently; it is here that all the larger problems of life are worked out. For this reason every business man who can afford it has a private office, where he will not be disturbed; if you cannot afford a private office you can at least find somewhere where you can be alone a few minutes each day, to train the thought along lines which will enable you to develop that invincible power which is necessary to achieve.

25. Remember that fundamentally the subconscious is omnipotent; there is no limit to the things that can be done when it is given the power to act. Your degree of success is determined by the nature of your desire. If the nature of your desire is in harmony with Natural Law or the Universal Mind, it will gradually emancipate the mind and give you invincible courage.

26. Every obstacle conquered, every victory gained, will give you more faith in your power, and you will have greater ability to win. Your strength is determined by your mental attitude; if this attitude is one of success, and is permanently held with an unswerving purpose, you will attract to yourself from the invisible domain the things you silently demand.

27. By keeping the thought in mind, it will gradually take tangible form. A definite purpose sets causes in motion which go out in the invisible world and find the material necessary to serve your purpose.

28. You may be pursuing the symbols of power, instead of power itself. You may be pursuing fame instead of honour, riches instead of wealth, position instead of service; in either event you will find that they turn to ashes just as you overtake them.

29. Premature wealth or position cannot be retained because it has not been earned; we get only what we give, and those who try to get without giving always find that the law of compensation is relentlessly bringing about an exact equilibrium.

30. The race has hitherto been for money and other mere symbols of power, but with an understanding of the true source of power we can afford to ignore the symbols. The man with a large bank account finds it unnecessary to load his pockets down with gold; so with the man who has found the true source of power; he is no longer interested in its shams or pretentions.

31. Thought ordinarily leads outwardly in evolutionary directions, but it can be turned within where it will take hold of the basic principles of things, the heart of things, the spirit of things. When you get to the heart of things it is comparatively easy to understand and command them.

32. This is because the Spirit of a thing is the thing itself, the vital part of it, the real substance. The form is simply the outward manifestation of the spiritual activity within.

33. For your next exercise concentrate as nearly as possible in accordance with the method outlined in this Part; let there be no conscious effort or activity associated with your purpose. Relax completely, avoid any thought of anxiety as to results. Remember that power comes through repose. Let the thought dwell upon your object until it is completely identified with it, until you are conscious of nothing else.

34. If you wish to eliminate fear concentrate on courage.

35. If you wish to eliminate lack concentrate on abundance.

36. If you wish to eliminate disease concentrate on health.

37. Always concentrate on the ideal as an already existing fact; this is the Elohim, the germ cell, the life principle which goes forth, and enters in, and becomes, sets in motion those causes which guide, direct and bring about the necessary relation, which eventually manifests in form.

SOLITARY QUESTIONS

1. *What is the true method of concentration?*

To become so identified with the object of your thought that you are conscious of nothing else.

2. *What is the result of this method of concentration?*

Invisible forces are set in motion which irresistibly bring about conditions in correspondence with your thought.

3. *What is the controlling factor in this method of thought?*

Spiritual Truth.

4. *Why is this so?*

Because the nature of our desire must be in harmony with Natural Law.

5. What is the practical value of this method of concentration?

Thought is transmuted into character, and character is the magnet which creates the environment of the individual.

6. What is the controlling factor in every commercial pursuit?

The mental element.

7. Why is this so?

Because Mind is the ruler and creator of all form and all events occurring in form.

8. How does concentration operate?

By the development of the powers of perception, wisdom, intuition, and sagacity.

9. Why is intuition superior to reason?

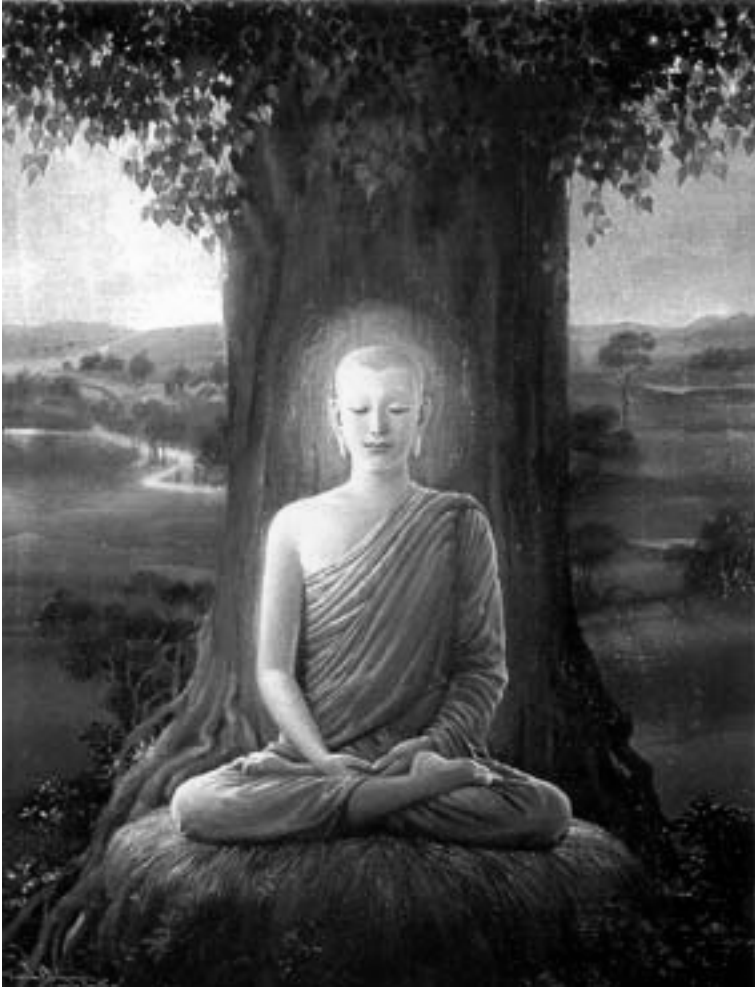
Because it does not depend upon experience or memory and frequently brings about the solution of our problem by methods concerning which we are in entire ignorance.

10. *What is the result of pursuing the symbol of the reality?*

Symbols frequently turn to ashes just as we overtake them, because the symbol is only the outward form of the spiritual activity within; therefore, unless we can possess the spiritual reality the form disappears.

*The Master Key System, By Charles F. Haanel, Part
Seventeen, 1919*

CHAPTER FIVE
The Next Abode of the Righteous



"Those who have made a bridge
 Cross over the river flood
 Leaving the swampy pools behind.
 While people are binding a raft
 The wise are already across."

The Udana, Translated by John D. Ireland, 1990
Buddhist Publication Society

"In the splendor of the abode
 Where the righteous fear their lot
 A calmness ceases reaching
 And foreboding reaches naught
 Amongst the travels of the spirit
 A solitary cannot go
 Within the realms of darkness
 Or within the realms of show
 No plan can undermine this
 No intention raise the brow
 Only souls can choose their mission
 And only fools get lost somehow
 Inherent weeping long fills the course
 But vibrations contain a remedy
 There is no fuller method
 Than to enter into the spirit of the sea
 Ethers vibrate rapidly
 Bringing longing down to naught
 And courageous souls can muster
 The courage of truth that they have sought
 All that fells within their conscience

All that lies within their wake
 All the pain and all the passion
 Must now lie down for God's sake
 And as these things submerge themselves
 And cease to live among the soul
 They die to the Solitary
 And the spirit grieves no more
 A peaceful stance erupts from one
 Who vibrationally kisses the past
 It dies a fearful parting
 But only memories suffer death
 As the spirit reaches solitude
 Amidst the noble realms
 Its silence speaks of wisdom
 And its new vibration speaks of home
 So wander not so far, my dears
 From the blessed shores of Universal Good
 Wherein the truth reigns only
 And the evil cannot go
 All is silent in this realm
 All eyes remain on God
 No thought, no words, no deeds, no fears
 Even being itself is gone . . . " - Marilyn Hughes

An Out-of-Body Travel allegory:

Marilynn's Vision (Myself)

"Only an instant had passed, but the simple
 acceptance of the energetic consequences of the free

will vibration of others had taken me immediately in a realm of The Solitaries.

Sitting in meditative posture and facing forward towards the Universal Good, my spirit had become like a smooth outline of simple light. My eyes were closed, my hands on my knees and coins were scattered all around me.

Others had joined me in this new abode of the righteous. They, too, were facing forward in a meditative posture but keenly aware of their aloneness among the Solitaries as I was indeed.

These were others who had simply chosen to release the worldly vibrations of those unable to walk a path in this manner towards God – behind – and walk forward. That act of simplicity had vibrationally altered each of our spirits in an instant.

We disappeared from the world as if we had never been.

We reappeared in this abode of the righteous with an entirely altered energy body.

All was silent . . . there was no thought, no words, no deeds, no doing, not even being.

We had released all attachments to worldly cares and concerns. And in this emptiness we had become the state, essence and vibration of peace – emanating.

The silence was calming. It filled this new energy body I carried with light. Every one of the Solitaries emanated a brilliant light, like transcendent suns. And our eyes remained fixed forward . . . on the Universal Good, which we knew was God.

Momentarily, although the other Solitaries remained fixed in time and space in perfect peace, I was energetically released from stillness in order to gather from the treasures which were lying around my light body – the coins.

Moving slowly, I began to pick one coin up at a time. Instantly, I realized that every one of these coins had engraved upon them holy words of wisdom, aphorisms, to tend to me as I would continue my journey in this righteous abode and those which would follow. I was honored, and I bowed to the Universal Good which remained ahead of me, which I knew to be present and residing in that sphere in a special way, and I knew to be God.”

The first coin read:”

From the Udana

“Uncontrolled people pierce one with words
As a battle-elephant is pierced with arrows

On hearing harsh words being uttered to him
A biddhu (disciple) should endure them without
hate.”

*The Udana, Translated by John D. Ireland, 1990
Buddhist Publication Society*

“(Marilynn’s Vision Continued . . .) In the piercing arrows of my heart, a vision erupted. Allowed to see the pain and anguish caused by the two people for whom my spirit had to leave behind, much harm had been caused. And what they had done was clearly evil.

Both parties had given into horrific vices which twist the soul’s motives, purposes and the manner in which they are able to assess or value their own actions towards others. Due to inordinate attachments to lusts, they had taken to a predatory nature in regards to their sexual pursuits. And in so doing, had caused a great deal of harm to themselves and others along their paths.

But what follows from such evil is an unwillingness to understand nor follow the true nature of love. In this unwillingness, the soul can begin to feel justified in hateful, mean-spirited, unwarranted and completely unlawful behavior towards others as regards eternal law.

And I was able to see the ugliness of what one of this person had done to me by his actions. And what was now to ensue, in that, he had made a choice. At the time this choice had been made, he had been presented with what is known as an eternal option, and he could have chosen to go towards life. In so doing, he would have begun to spiritually vibrate towards God, as well.

But because he had so consciously rejected that path and chosen his evil over God, he had begun to spiral backwards. And in so doing, he had received the normal energetic consequence of so doing; to meet someone who was equal and compatible to the level of evil he had chosen.

While this might have seemed a 'good' to him at the outset, and while he might even feel himself 'happy' with this new chain of events, and what he might perceive as a 'more compatible' relationship in his life, it would not be something that could be of any eternal benefit to him in the future.

Because this soul he now felt compatibility with was like himself; that would translate into them 'feeding' off of and 'consuming' one another and that never goes well.

Evil intentions are their own reward. Evil deeds have strict karmic consequences.

By uniting, they were multiplying their evil capabilities. Simply, their energies uniting would accomplish this end. But their manifestation of approval and action to the harsh and cruel deeds they may had previously accomplished with some sense of wrongdoing or conscience, would now be overpowered by the approval of the other in this uniting of what they may have previously at least felt some level of remorse in regards to doing.

With remorse gone, and conscience no longer existent; that evil multiplied. And they had turned on me back in the world of their raging passions.

Thus, they had to be left behind, spiraling further into the darkness on their own. In a sense, this decision to unite – for both of them – had made them food. Not just to one another, but to all the demons and dark forces for which they had made a conscious decision to agree to allow all around them.

It was a horrible scene.

But even though evil intent and actions do appear to be rewarded in the mortal worlds, in the end, they destroy the doers of them in this world and the next.

Ravaged by the beasts, explosions were going off in the distance. Destinies were already being destroyed. Demons with a human form, but reptilian skin sneered at them in the hundreds. Their ears were horns and blood dripped from their pointed teeth.

Scorpions, red scorpions swarmed into the fires breaking out all around.

A vicious face tried to break through to come after me in the abode of the righteous, but was quickly snatched up by an archangel and tossed into the fire and towards them. The evil that they had done to myself, my family – and to others I did not know – was now being turned upon them.

It was chaos and it was no longer mine to carry. Quietly, I bowed my head, and said, “I give them to you, Lord, to do with as you so see fit; justice or mercy, it is in your hands.” Another loud explosion went off in the distance, as my spirit was being carefully pulled out of the vision and back to the abode of the righteous. There was no question, they were entering into God’s justice . . . I bowed, closed my eyes, and let it be.

Before me, another coin captured my attention and I raised it to my new light body so that I could read it. The second coin read:”

From the Udana

“As a man with good eyesight, on a journey,
Would endeavor to avoid any dangerous place,
So too a wise man living in the world
Should avoid demeritorious deeds.”

The Udana, Translated by John D. Ireland, 1990
Buddhist Publication Society

“(Marilynn’s Vision Continued . . .) Pulling my energy inward, I allowed the force of the new light body which had smoothly engendered a peaceful vibration above and apart from all that had happened below, I quietly picked up another coin. The third coin read:”

From the Udana

“If you fear pain, if you dislike pain,
 Do not do a bad deed openly or in secret.
 If you have done a bad deed or do one now,
 You will not escape pain, though you try to flee.”

The Udana, Translated by John D. Ireland, 1990
Buddhist Publication Society

“(Marilynn’s Vision Continued . . .) My spirit moved inward and felt the sorrow and contrition for the many sins I had committed in my many past times, and I felt deep, deep compassion for them. Despite the hurt and betrayal which had been bestowed upon my spirit during this horrific journey, I knew that we all pay for our deeds in this life and others, and that my

redemption could only come at the cost of really understanding and knowing in my own heart the pain that others had felt at my hands in times past or times left unremembered.

But this powerful searing focus remained on my soul, as I allowed the energy of the Universal Good Who emanated into my light body from ahead. And in this emanation, my spirit was cleansed of the hurt and pain I had endured in order to travel this journey to the abode of the Solitaries.

And I quietly accepted God's forgiveness for the pain my soul had caused others in its earthly wanderings, as the searing roar of the light cleansed that pain. And it became as though it had never been. And my spirit was pure, unsullied . . . the familiar peace returned.

Again, I noticed that the others around me were silent . . . there was no thought, no words, no deeds, no doing, not even being.

Quietly, I looked upon the ground and picked up another coin. The fourth coin read:"

From the Udana

"Whose life causes no remorse
And who sorrows not at death.
The wise one who has seen that state

Sorrows not in the midst of sorrow.
 A bikkhu whose mind is calmed,
 Who has destroyed the craving for being,
 Finished with wandering on in births
 There is no further state of being for him."

*The Udana, Translated by John D. Ireland, 1990
 Buddhist Publication Society*

"(Marilynn's Vision Continued . . .) The worldly part of my soul would have wished them harm for the harm they had done to me, but in this newfound abode of the solitaries, it was not possible or even within the realm of consciousness to do so.

Great compassion was bestowed on those caught up in the worldly wanderings of life. And for those who had warranted justice, there was a solemn respect for the process which inevitably must follow any soul who would consciously choose evil in their worldly life.

Free will is a gift given to human beings by the Universal Good. And since all that remains contrary to that Good remains in violation of eternal law, it is necessary that they receive just consequences when so deemed by the Lord. As must we all . . .

Free will was not given to mankind by Satan, so to use the gift of human life and its inherent free will is to move away from God. To utilize the nature of a gift

given to all by God for the perpetuation of evil is an astronomical departure from its original intent, and thus, warrants divine retribution and a just response."

From 'The Messengers,' By Francisco Candido Xavier

"The organizations of our brothers and sisters who are devoted to evil are extremely vast. Don't get the idea that they are all ignorant or unaware. The majority of them consists of the wicked and criminals. They are truly diabolical spirits. Have no doubt about it."

'My God!' Vicente exclaimed in astonishment. 'Why do they deliberately organize themselves for evil purposes? Don't they know that the entire universal treasure belongs to the Divine Majesty? Don't they recognize the Sovereign Power?'

'Ah, my friend! I asked those very same questions when I arrived here for the first time. The answers I received were incisive and conclusive. We could ask the same questions about the earth, Vicente. The criminals who create victims of war, the exploiters of the public welfare, the stingy misers, those thirsty for unjustified dominance, and the vain ones full of foolishness . . . they all know, as well as our adversaries here, that everything belongs to God and that the human being is simply a beneficiary of the divine assets. They know that death called their

predecessors to the truth and to account for themselves, and that the same road is waiting for them; even so, they torment themselves like veritable lunatics, piling up wealth to their ruin and abusing the holiest opportunities. Here you can see the same thing. They want to dominate others rather than dominate themselves; they make demands instead of giving, and thus they enter into perennial conflict with the divine spirit of the law. Once the duel between their fantasy and the truth of the Father is established, the poor beings resist the Lord's corrections and become true spirits of darkness until one day they decide to take another course.'

Intrigued with his profound remarks, I asked 'But how do you explain the bases for such an attitude? We can understand such delusion occurring on the earth, but here . . . '

My benevolent friend did not let me finish and continued 'On earth, our unhappy brothers and sisters struggle for economic dominance, for undisciplined passions, and for the hegemony of erroneous principles. The exact same thing applies in the zones close to the earthly mind. Among the wicked and ignorant spirits, there are cooperatives for evil, economic systems of a feudalistic nature, the base exploitation of certain forces of nature, tyrannical vanity, the diffusion of lies, the slavery of those who weaken themselves through negligence, the cruel captivity of failed and careless spirits, passion perhaps more undisciplined than those on earth,

sentimental unrest, terrible imbalances of the mind, and anguished aberrations of the sentiments. Everywhere, my friend, spiritual failure is always the same to the Lord, although it varies in intensity and hue.’”

The Messengers: Life in the Spirit World, Francisco Candido Xavier, 2008, Brazilian Spiritist Federation

“(Marilynn’s Vision Continued . . .) “And so I bowed again in sorrow, but then nodded giving my assent to the just response of a Universal good to the evil which had been perpetuated. And a rush of wind came through my spirit in a calm grace of sorrow.

Picking up another coin, the fifth one read:”

From the Udana

“Seeing the world as unsatisfying
Knowing the state without clinging,
A noble one does not delight in evil;
In evil a pure one finds no delight.”

*The Udana, Translated by John D. Ireland, 1990
Buddhist Publication Society*

“Picking up another coin, the sixth one read:”

From the Udana

“For the good to do what is good is easy,
For the bad to do what is good is difficult:
For the bad to do what is bad is easy,
For the noble to do what is bad is difficult.”

*The Udana, Translated by John D. Ireland, 1990
Buddhist Publication Society*

“Picking up another coin, the seventh one read:”

From the Udana

“Whatever doubts as to here or beyond
In one’s own or another’s experience,
All are abandoned by the meditator,
By one ardent, leading the holy life.”

*The Udana, Translated by John D. Ireland, 1990
Buddhist Publication Society*

“(Marilynn’s Vision Continued . . .) Abandoning the previous vision of the evil worlds chosen by those who had remained behind in grace, I turned away from their death and again lifted my eyes to the Universal Good which lay ahead of me. Death was no more, it was as

if it had never happened, as if they'd never existed,
and my spirit had entered into an entirely new world.

Again, I noticed that the others around me were silent
. . . there was no thought, no words, no deeds, no
doing, not even being.

Picking up the final coin, the eighth one read:"

From the Udana

"With body controlled and mind controlled,
Whether standing, sitting, or lying down,
A bhikku (disciple) making this mindfulness firm
Shall obtain successive distinctions.
On obtaining distinctions in succession
He goes beyond sight of the King of Death."

*The Udana, Translated by John D. Ireland, 1990
Buddhist Publication Society*

"(Marilynn's Vision Continued . . .) And thus it was so . . . "

*From Moon in a Dewdrop, From the Bendo Wa, Zen
Master Dogen*

"Sitting upright, practicing Zen, is the authentic gate
to the unconfined realm of this Samadhi.

Although this inconceivable dharma (teaching) is
abundant in each person, it is not actualized without

practice, and it is not experienced without realization. When you release it, it fills your hand - - how could it be limited to one or many? When you speak it, it fills your mouth - - it is not bounded by length or width.

All buddha's continuously abide in it (Samadhi), but do not leave traces of consciousness in their illumination. Sentient beings continuously move about in it, but illumination is not manifest in their consciousness.

The concentrated endeavor of the way I am speaking of allows all things to come forth in enlightenment and practice, all-inclusiveness with detachment. Passing through the barrier and dropping off limitations, how could you be hindered . . . ?"

*Moon in a Dewdrop, Words of Bendo Wa, Zen Master
Dogen, 1985, North Point Press*

An Out-of-Body Travel allegory:

Anonymous Vision

"In a nighttime twilight, my spirit floated outside of our home to look for my mother who had traversed towards the front yards moments prior. I was concerned because she seemed upset about something and I wanted to make sure that she was okay.

As I walked outside, however, I noticed that my mother was standing outside the car. She appeared to be looking at something up in the sky.

When I looked up, I saw a line of about five extraterrestrial crafts; in many colors, circular in shape with spherical windows. They were hovering around the house, not moving . . . just staying there, so to speak.

My mother fell to the ground in awe and I just stood there in shock. And as I continued to watch them, I noticed that there was a voluminous magnetic field that had been formed and now surrounded our entire home with a uniquely impenetrable strength.

Like a non-wavering force field, it seemed as though our family had been placed into a huge energetic vibrational box of protection from external influences which would wish to degrade or derail our eternal impetus, destiny and purpose.

There was a special level of protection that had been given, as well, against the current forces of evil which had come against us.

Relief and an exhausted sigh of gratitude came from my spirit to those extraterrestrial being and the Almighty Who had sent them to thwart what had been a long and drawn out trial." – Anonymous Vision written by Marilyn Hughes

From 'The Lankavatara Sutra'

"Bodhisattvahood and Its Stages

THEN SAID MAHAMATI to the Blessed One: Will you tell us now about the disciples who are Bodhisattvas?

The Blessed One replied: The Bodhisattvas are those earnest disciples who are enlightened by reason of their efforts to attain self-realisation of Noble Wisdom and who have taken upon themselves the task to enlighten others. They have gained a clear understanding of the truth that all things are empty, un-born, and of a maya-like nature; they have ceased from viewing things discriminatively and from considering them in their relations; they thoroughly understand the truth of twofold egolessness and have adjusted themselves to it with patient acceptance; they have attained a definite realisation of imagelessness; and they are abiding in the perfect-knowledge that they have gained by self-realisation of Noble Wisdom.

Well stamped by the seal of "Suchness" they entered upon the first of the Bodhisattva stages. The first stage is called the Stage of joy (*Pramudita*). Entering this stage is like passing out of the glare and shadows into a realm of "no-shadows"; it is like passing out of the noise and tumult of the crowded city into the quietness of solitude. The Bodhisattva feels within himself the awakening of a great heart of compassion and he utters his ten original vows: To honor and

serve all Buddhas; to spread the knowledge and practice of the Dharma; to welcome all coming Buddhas; to practice the six Paramitas; to persuade all beings to embrace the Dharma; to attain a perfect understanding of the universe; to attain a perfect understanding of the mutuality of all beings; to attain perfect self-realisation of the oneness of all the Buddhas and Tathagatas in self-nature, purpose and resources; to become acquainted with all skillful means for the carrying out of these vows for the emancipation of all beings; to realise supreme enlightenment through the perfect self-realisation of Noble Wisdom, ascending the stages and entering Tathagatahood.

In the spirit of these vows the Bodhisattva gradually ascends the stages to the sixth. All earnest disciples, masters and Arhats have ascended thus far, but being enchanted by the bliss of the Samadhis and not being supported by the powers of the Buddhas, they pass to their Nirvana. The same fate would befall the Bodhisattvas except for the sustaining power of the Buddhas, by that they are enabled to refuse to enter Nirvana until all beings can enter Nirvana with them. The Tathagatas point out to them the virtues of Buddhahood which are beyond the conception of the intellectual-mind, and they encourage and strengthen the Bodhisattvas not to give in to the enchantment of the bliss of the Samadhis, but to press on to further advancement along the stages. If the Bodhisattvas had entered Nirvana at this stage, and they would have done so without the sustaining power of the Buddhas,

there would have been the cessation of all things and the family of the Tathagatas would have become extinct.

Strengthened by the new strength that comes to them from the Buddhas and with the more perfect insight that is theirs by reason of their advance in self-realisation of Noble Wisdom, they re-examine the nature of the mind-system, the egolessness of personality, and the part that grasping and attachment and habit-energy play in the unfolding drama of life; they re-examine the illusions of the fourfold logical analysis, and the various elements that enter into enlightenment and self-realisation, and, in the thrill of their new powers of self-mastery, the Bodhisattvas enter upon the seventh stage of Far-going (*Duramgama*).

Supported by the sustaining power of the Buddhas, the Bodhisattvas at this stage enter into the bliss of the Samadhi of perfect tranquillisation. Owing to their original vows they are transported by emotions of love and compassion as they become aware of the part they are to perform in the carrying out of their vows for the emancipation of all beings. Thus they do not enter into Nirvana, but, in truth, they too are already in Nirvana because in their emotions of love and compassion there is no rising of discrimination; henceforth, with them, discrimination no more takes place. Because of Transcendental Intelligence only one conception is present—the promotion of the realisation of Noble Wisdom. Their insight issues

from the Womb of Tathagatahood and they enter into their task with spontaneity and radiancy because it is of the self-nature of Noble Wisdom. This is called the Bodhisattva's Nirvana-the losing oneself in the bliss of perfect self-yielding. This is the seventh stage, the stage of Far-going.

The eighth stage, is the stage of No-recession (*Acala*). Up to this stage, because of the defilements upon the face of Universal Mind caused by the accumulation of habit-energy since beginningless time, the mindsystem and all that pertains to it has been evolved and sustained. The mind-system functioned by the discriminations of an external and objective world to which it became attached and by which it was perpetuated. But with the Bodhisattva's attainment of the eighth stage there comes the "turning-about" within his deepest consciousness from self-centered egoism to universal compassion for all beings, by which he attains perfect self-realisation of Noble Wisdom. There is an instant cessation of the delusive activities of the whole mind-system; the dancing of the waves of habit-energy on the face of Universal Mind are forever stilled, revealing its own inherent quietness and solitude, the inconceivable Oneness of the Womb of Tathagatahood.

Henceforth there is no more looking outward upon an external world by senses and sense-minds, nor a discrimination of particularised concepts and ideas and propositions by an intellectual-mind, no more

grasping, nor attachment, nor pride of egoism, nor habit-energy. Henceforth there is only the inner experience of Noble Wisdom which has been attained by entering into its perfect Oneness.

Thus establishing himself at the eighth stage of No-recession, the Bodhisattva enters into the bliss of the ten Samadhis, but avoiding the path of the disciples and masters who yielded themselves up to their entrancing bliss and who passed to their Nirvanas, and supported by his vows and the Transcendental Intelligence which now is his and being sustained by the power of the Buddhas, he enters upon the higher paths that lead to Tathagatahood. He passes through the bliss of the Samadhis to assume the transformation body of a Tathagata that through him all beings may be emancipated. Mahamati, If there had been no Tathagata-womb and no Divine Mind then there would have been no rising and disappearance of the aggregates that make up personality and its external world, no rising and disappearance of ignorant people nor holy people, and no task for Bodhisattvas; therefore, while walking in the path of self-realisation and entering into the enjoyments of the Samadhis, you must never abandon working hard for the emancipation of all beings and your self-yielding love will never be in vain. To philosophers the conception of Tathagata-womb seems devoid of purity and soiled by these external manifestations, but it is not so understood by the Tathagatas,--to them it is not a proposition of philosophy but is an intuitive experience as real as

though it was an amalaka fruit held in the palm of the hand.

With the cessation of the mind-system and all its evolving discriminations, there is cessation of all strain and effort. It is like a man in a dream who imagines he is crossing a river and who exerts himself to the utmost to do so, who is suddenly awakened. Being awake, he thinks: "Is this real or is it unreal?" Being now enlightened, he knows that it is neither real nor unreal. Thus when the Bodhisattva arrives at the eighth stage, he is able to see all things truthfully and, more than that, he is able to thoroughly understand the significance of all the dream-like things of his life as to how they came to pass and as to how they pass away. Ever since beginningless time the mind-system has perceived multiplicities of forms and conditions and ideas which the thinking-mind has discriminated and the empirical-mind has experienced and grasped and clung to. From this has risen habit-energy that by its accumulation has conditioned the illusions of existence and non-existence, individuality and generality, and has thus perpetuated the dream-state of false-imagination. But now, to the Bodhisattvas of the eighth stage, life is past and is remembered as it truly was--a passing dream.

As long as the Bodhisattva had not passed the seventh stage, even though he had attained an intuitive understanding of the true meaning of life and its maya-like nature, and as to how the mind

carried on its discriminations and attachments yet, nevertheless, the cherishing of the notions of these things had continued and, although he no longer experienced within himself any ardent desire for things nor any impulse to grasp them yet, nevertheless, the notions concerning them persisted and perfumed his efforts to practise the teachings of the Buddhas and to labor for the emancipation of all beings. Now, in the eighth stage, even the notions have passed away, and all effort and striving is seen to be unnecessary. The Bodhisattva's Nirvana is perfect tranquillisation, but it is not extinction nor inertness; while there is an entire absence of discrimination and purpose, there is the freedom and spontaneity of potentiality that has come with the attainment and patient acceptance of the truths of egolessness and imagelessness. Here is perfect solitude, undisturbed by any gradation or continuous succession, but radiant with the potency and freedom of its self-nature which is the self-nature of Noble Wisdom, blissfully peaceful with the serenity of Perfect Love.

Entering upon the eighth stage, with the turning-about at the deepest seat of consciousness, the Bodhisattva will become conscious that he has received the second kind of Transcendental-body (*Manomayakaya*). The transition from mortal-body to Transcendental-body has nothing to do with mortal death, for the old body continues to function and the old mind serves the needs of the old body, but now it is free from the control of mortal mind. There has

been an inconceivable transformation-death (*acintya-parinama-cyuti*) by which the false-imagination of his particularised individual personality has been transcended by a realisation of his oneness with the universalised mind of Tathagatahood, from which realisation there will be no recession. With that realisation he finds himself amply endowed with all the Tathagata's powers, psychic faculties, and self-mastery, and, just as the good earth is the support of all beings in the world of desire (*karmadhatu*), so the Tathagatas become the support of all beings in the Transcendental World of No-form.

The first seven of the Bodhisattva stages were in the realm of mind and the eighth, while transcending mind, was still in touch with it; but in the ninth stage of Transcendental Intelligence (*Sadhumati*), by reason of his perfect intelligence and insight into the imagelessness of Divine Mind which he had attained by self-realisation of Noble Wisdom, he is in the realm of Tathagatahood. Gradually the Bodhisattva will realise his Tathagata-nature and the possession of all its powers and psychic faculties, self-mastery, loving compassion, and skillful means, and by means of them will enter into all the Buddha-lands. Making use of these new powers, the Bodhisattva will assume various transformation-bodies and personalities for the sake of benefiting others. Just as in the former mental life, imagination had risen from relative-knowledge, so now skillful-means rise spontaneously from Transcendental Intelligence. It is like the magical gem that reflects instantaneously appropriate

responses to one's wishes. The Bodhisattva passes over to all the assemblages of the Buddhas and listens to them as they discourse on the dream-like nature of all things and concerning the truths that transcend all notions of being and nonbeing, that have no relation to birth and death, nor to eternality nor extinction. Thus facing the Tathagatas as they discourse on Noble Wisdom that is far beyond the mental capacity of disciples and masters, he will attain a hundred thousand Samadhis, indeed, a hundred thousand nyutas of kotis of Samadhis, and in the spirit of these Samadhis he will instantly pass from one Buddha-land to another, paying homage to all the Buddhas, being born into all the celestial mansions, manifesting Buddha-bodies, and himself discoursing on the Triple Treasure to lesser Bodhisattvas that they too may partake of the fruits of self-realisation of Noble Wisdom.

Thus passing beyond the last stage of Bodhisattvahood, he becomes a Tathagata himself endowed with all the freedom of the Dharmakaya. The tenth stage belongs to the Tathagatas. Here the Bodhisattva will find himself seated upon a lotus-like throne in a splendid jewel-adorned palace and surrounded by Bodhisattvas of equal rank. Buddhas from all the Buddha-lands will gather about him and with their pure and fragrant hands resting on his forehead will give him ordination and recognition as one of themselves. Then they will assign him a Buddha-land that he may possess and perfect as his own.

The tenth stage is called the Great Truth Cloud (*Dharmamegha*), inconceivable, inscrutable. Only the Tathagatas can realise its perfect Imagelessness and Oneness and Solitude. It is Mahesvara, the Radiant Land, the Pure Land, the Land of Far-distances; surrounding and surpassing the lesser worlds of form and desire (*karmadhatu*), in which the Bodhisattva will find himself at-one-ment. Its rays of Noble Wisdom which is the self-nature of the Tathagatas, many-colored, entrancing, auspicious, are transforming the triple world as other worlds have been transformed in the past, and still other worlds will be transformed in the future. But in the Perfect Oneness of Noble Wisdom there is no gradation nor succession nor effort, The tenth stage is the first, the first is the eighth, the eighth is the fifth, the fifth is the seventh: what gradation can there be where perfect Imagelessness and Oneness prevail? And what is the reality of Noble Wisdom? It is the ineffable potency of the Dharmakaya; it has no bounds nor limits; It surpasses all the Buddha-lands, and pervades the Akanistha and the heavenly mansions of the Tushita."

*The Lankavatara Sutra, Chapter XI, First Edition,
Dwight Goddard*

CHAPTER SIX
Emanation



“A lingering sorrow for those left behind
Harboring predilection as a sign of courage and
strength

Although a hurt remains, a longing
The heart is an expansive wasteland

And it never forgets those we have loved
 As the Solitary moves forward
 Into the realms of the unknown wastelands ahead
 It carries within it the continued awareness of those
 who can no longer journey
 Who's journey has taken a tragic end
 But predilection demands a just end
 And destiny requires a resolve to go forward
 Being and non-being have met
 And the solitaires are getting ready to disburse
 The journey hasn't yet begun
 Each of them heralds a new destination
 But they all have ceased spinning, craving, attaching
 Again, the Solitary noticed that the others around him
 were silent . . . there was no thought, no words, no
 deeds,
 No doing, not even being
 But there was now stirring
 The Universal Good was emanating a divine
 mystique
 A message which contained instructions which
 remained different for each Solitary
 And each received only their own
 It was nebulous and unclear
 But they were getting ready to go ahead
 To journey now towards that Universal Good
 The faces which previously gazed in awe to the
 forward goal
 Were now stirring in different directions
 As for the single Solitary having read so many coins
 He looked up, a beam of light invisible to the others
 but clearly reticent to the view of the Solitary

Came from far ahead, from the Almighty God
 It entered into his third eye
 And although the Solitary had no conscious thoughts
 or awareness of what he must now do
 His light body intensely and immediately responded
 Because it did know
 And the Solitary was now contained within that
 light” - Marilyn Hughes

An Out-of-Body Travel allegory:

Marilynn's Vision (Myself)

In the silence, as the individual ray of God penetrated my third eye and I could barely ascertain that this same ray also penetrated the third eye of every single light being who now again gazed ahead; all of our eyes were again held to one single light ahead. Our faces turning to the Northwest horizon.

In unison, we all began chanting repetitively a beautiful mantra to a melody which haunted us, as well as, held us in this trancelike concentration upon Unconditional Good.”

From the Rig Veda

“Aum
 Bhuh Bhuvah Svah
 Tat Savitur Varenyam
 Bhargo Devasya Dheemahi

Dhiyo Yo nah Prachodayat”

The RgVeda, Translated Ralph T.H. Griffith, 1896
(10:16:3)

ॐ

OM

(Sacred Syllable)

भूर्भुवः स्वः

BHUR BHUVAH SUVAHA

the material world the physical world the celestial world

तत् सवितुर् वरेण्यं

TAT

SAVITUR

VARENIYAM

the Supreme Being the source to be worshipped

भर्गो देवस्य धीमहि

BHARGO

DEVASYA

DHEEMAHI

the Divine Light its sacred truth we deeply meditate

धियो यो नः प्रचोदयात् ॥

DHIYO

YO

NAH

PRACHODAYATH

the Intellect which to us may Light be endowed

Gayatri

Deva Premal
Marsa Maan, nr. 20.2

The musical score for Gayatri is written in 2/4 time and consists of four staves. The first staff is for Voice, the second for Violin 1 (Vi.), the third for Violin 2 (Vi.), and the fourth for Viola (Vo.). The score is divided into two measures by a double bar line. The first measure is marked with a '11a' and the second with a '11b'. The lyrics are in Sanskrit, and chord symbols are provided for the instrumental parts.

Staff 1 (Voice): 11a: Om bhur bhu va a sv na 11b: tat savitur var-

Staff 2 (Vi.): Em G A DMa9
po do vas ya chi ma hi dha yo o yo nah pa cho a da yat (A)

Staff 3 (Vi.): Om bhur bhu va a sv na tat savitur var a o na am bhar

Staff 4 (Vo.): 11a: 11b: A DMa9
po do vas ya chi ma hi dha yo o yo nah pa cho a da yat

“Translation:

Praise to the Source of all things
It is due to you that we attain true happiness on all
planes, earth, astral, causal
It is due to your transcendent nature
That you are of being worshipped and adored
Ignite us with your all-pervading light

Or

O thou existence Absolute, Creator of the three
dimensions, we contemplate upon thy divine light.
May He stimulate our intellect and bestow upon us
true knowledge”

“(Marilynn’s Vision Continued . . .) The beautiful sound of the melodious stream of instructional knowledge continued to emanate throughout my spirit, soul, being and lower regions. And as it did so, those lower regions began to disintegrate, within a short period of time, they were utterly destroyed – no longer within me.

And the music and words moved up into my emotional centers as that too began to disintegrate. Again, within a short period of time the emotional center ceased to exist – all was calm.

And the music and words moved up into my heart as I began to feel only love for all life, all levels of evolution above and below me.

And then into my psychic centers and my crown . . . and the music just overtook my spirit in a vibrational frenzy of light which remained calm and still as in a state of total union with the Creator of all things.”

From Gyan Rjhans

“The Gayatri mantra is one of the oldest and most powerful of Sanskrit [mantras](#). It is believed that by chanting the Gayatri mantra and firmly establishing it in the mind, if you carry on your life and do the work that is ordained for you, your life will be full of happiness.

The word "Gayatri" itself explains the reason for the existence of this mantra. It has its origin in the Sanskrit phrase *Gayantam Triyate iti*, and refers to that mantra which rescues the chanter from all adverse situations that may lead to mortality . . .

The last five words constitute the prayer for final liberation through the awakening of our true intelligence."

About.com, Hinduism Gyan Rajhans

From Chandra Chekhar

"The Gayatri Mantra has been chronicled in the Rig Veda, which was written in Sanskrit about 2500 to 3500 years ago, and the mantra may have been chanted for many centuries before that.

For ages, this beautiful prayer has seemed mysterious to the Western mind and was out of reach even for most Hindus. It was a well guarded secret, withheld from women and from those outside the Hindu Brahmin community.

Today, it is chanted, meditated to, and sung around the world with reverence and love. It is often compared to The Lord's Prayer in significance and impact."

The Magic of Gayatri, Chandra Chekhar

“(Marilynn’s Vision Continued . . .) As the vibrations continued to purify our spirits, we all became a vibration of pure stillness which could not be fathomed before. The light of the Universal Good continued to penetrate our third eye and crown chakra’s as the haunting melody and words continued to come from our spirits like a plea to God for liberation from the pain of our worldly journeying.

Every one of us began to glow with a spectre never seen in any earthly world. This divine abode had transformed our spirits into radiant points of light in the form of smoothly outlined human beings.

Peace emanated from us as all that had come before from the nether worlds no longer existed, it ceased . . . and we could no longer envision anything except that Universal Good ahead, the light piercing our psyche, our third eye and our crown chakra with a vibration that forced our eyes to fixate upon it.

Nothing was more beautiful or more desired than this object of our peace, this resonating Goodness of the Almighty God calling us to quiet and calm. The resonation of the worlds before had been completely stilled, it was no more within the realm of our being, or our awareness.

It became as if it had never been . . .

All pain within our previously worldly tarnished
souls had been transformed into love, compassion . . .
and . . . emanation . . . emanation."

From the RgVeda

"Behold the rays of Dawn, like heralds, lead on high
The Sun, that men may see the great all-knowing
god.
The stars slink off like thieves, in company with
Night,
Before the all-seeing eye, whose beams reveal his
presence,
Gleaming like brilliant flames, to nation after nation.
With speed, beyond the ken of mortals, thou, O Sun!
Dost ever travel on, conspicuous to all.
Thou dost create the light, and with it dost illumine
The universe entire; thou risest in the sight
Of all the race of men, and all the host of heaven.
Light-giving Varuna! thy piercing glance dost scan,
In quick succession, all this stirring, active world,
And penetrateth too the broad ethereal space,
Measuring our days and nights, and spying out all
creatures.
. . . Onward thou dost advance. To thy refulgent orb
Beyond this lower gloom, and upward to the light
Would we ascend, O Sun!"

The RgVeda, Translated Ralph T.H. Griffith, 1896

“(Marilynn’s Vision Continued . . .) And the emanations continued into this brilliantly lit twilight sky and off into the distance of the ‘ahead of us.’ Faintly, for a moment, I became aware of a soul behind me who garnered a gift regarding knowledge of the extraterrestrials, which he had yet to impart to earth. An emanation entered into his spirit which merged with my own, giving him strength and vitality to speak of that which we knew, to no longer hide it away within his earthly vessel.

After this moment, it was almost as if my spirit had become a blank screen. There was nothing there but this emanation coming directly from the vastness of God, the vastness of space before me, the vastness of ‘ahead.’

“Aum . . . Aum . . . Aum . . . Aum” came forth from my spirit as the others continued chanting the Gayatri Mantra over and over:

“Aum
 Bhuh Bhuvah Svah
 Tat Savitur Varenyam
 Bhargo Devasya Dheemahi
 Dhiyo Yo nah Prachodayat”

The haunting melody never ceased and an interior knowledge with my spirit understood the meaning of the words, as they penetrated more and more deeply within my consciousness.

"Praise to the Source of all things
 It is due to you that we attain true happiness on all
 planes, earth, astral, causal
 It is due to your transcendent nature
 That you are of being worshipped and adored
 Ignite us with your all-pervading light"

Our eyes remained fixed on this transcendent light of
 the Universal Good which remained upon the third
 eye and crown chakra of every one of us; the meaning
 of it different and yet the same to every one. The
 mantra never ceased . . . it continued until we each
 began disappearing from the abode." – Marilynn Hughes



From the RgVeda

"1. This light is come, amid all lights the fairest; born
 is the brilliant, far-extending brightness.

Night, sent away for Savitar's (the Hindu Sun) uprising, hath yielded up a birth-place for the Morning.

2 The Fair, the Bright is come with her white offspring; to her the Dark One hath resigned her dwelling. Akin, immortal, following each other, changing their colours both the heavens move onward.

3 Common, unending is the Sisters' pathway; taught by the Gods, alternately they travel. Fair-formed, of different hues and yet one-minded, Night and Dawn clash not, neither do they travel.

4 Bright leader of glad sounds, our eyes behold her; splendid in hue she hath unclosed the portals. She, stirring up the world, hath shown us riches: Dawn hath awakened every living creature.

5 Rich Dawn, she sets afoot the coiled-up sleeper, one for enjoyment, one for wealth or worship, Those who saw little for extended vision. All living creatures hath the Dawn awakened.

6 One to high sway, one to exalted glory, one to pursue his gain, and one his labour: All to regard their different vocations, all moving creatures hath the Dawn awakened.

7 We see her there, the Child of Heaven apparent, the young Maid, flushing in her shining raiment.

Thou sovereign Lady of all earthly treasure, flush on
us here, auspicious Dawn, this morning.

8 She first of endless morns to come hereafter, follows
the path of morns that have departed.
Dawn, at her rising, urges forth the living him who is
dead she wakes not from his slumber.

9 As thou, Dawn, hast caused Agni (the Hindu
Acceptor of Sacrifices) to be kindled, and with the
Sun's eye hast revealed creation.
And hast awakened men to offer worship, thou hast
performed, for Gods, a noble service.

10 How long a time, and they shall be together, —
Dawns that have shone and Dawns to shine
hereafter? She yearns for former Dawns with eager
longing, and goes forth gladly shining with the
others.

11 Gone are the men who in the days before us looked
on the rising of the earlier Morning.

We, we the living, now behold her brightness and
they come nigh who shall hereafter see her.

12 Foe-chaser, born of Law, the Law's protectress, joy-
giver, waker of all pleasant voices,
Auspicious, bringing food for Gods' enjoyment, shine
on us here, most bright, O Dawn, this morning.

13 From days eternal hath Dawn shone, the Goddess,
and shows this light to-day, endowed with riches.

So will she shine on days to come immortal she
moves on in her own strength, undecaying.

14 In the sky's borders hath she shone in splendour:
the Goddess hath thrown off the veil of darkness.
Awakening the world with purple horses, on her
well-harnessed chariot Dawn approaches.

15 Bringing all life-sustaining blessings with her,
showing herself she sends forth brilliant lustre.
Last of the countless mornings that have vanished,
first of bright morns to come hath Dawn arisen.

16 Arise! the breath, the life, again hath reached us:
darkness hath passed away and light approacheth.
She for the Sun hath left a path to travel we have
arrived where men prolong existence.

17 Singing the praises of refulgent Mornings with his
hymn's web the priest, the poet rises. . .
Rise up, bestowing praise on our devotion all-
bounteous, make us chief among the people . . .

20 Whatever splendid wealth the Dawns bring with
them to bless the man who offers praise and
worship."

The RgVeda, Translated Ralph T.H. Griffith, 1896

From the RgVeda

"Or virgin by her mother decked,
 Who, glorying in her beauty, shows
 In every glance her power she knows
 All eyes to fix, all hearts subject —

"Or actress, who by skill in song
 And dance, and graceful gestures light,
 And many-coloured vestures bright,
 Enchants the eager, gazing throng —

"Or maid, who, wont her limbs to lave
 In some cold stream among the woods,
 Where never vulgar eye intrudes,
 Emerges fairer from the wave —

"But closely by the amorous Sun
 Pursued and vanquished in the race,
 Thou soon art locked in his embrace,
 And with him blendest into one.

"Fair Ushas (Vedic Goddesses), though through years
 untold

Thou hast lived on, yet thou art born
 Anew on each succeeding morn,
 And so thou art both young and old.

"As in thy fated ceaseless course
 Thou risest on us day by day,
 Thou wearest all our lives away
 With silent, ever-wasting force.

"Their round our generations run:
 The old depart, and in their place

Springs ever up a younger race,
Whilst thou, immortal, lookest on.

"All those who watched for thee of old
Are gone, and now 'tis we who gaze
On thy approach; in future days
Shall other men thy beams behold.

"But 'tis not thoughts so grave and sad
Alone that thou dost with thee bring,
A shadow o'er our hearts to fling
Thy beams returning make us glad.

"Thy sister, sad and sombre Night,
With stars that in the blue expanse,
Like sleepless eyes, mysterious glance,
At thy approach is quenched in light;

"And earthly forms, till now concealed
Behind her veil of dusky hue,
Once more come sharply out to view,
By thine illuming glow revealed.

"Thou art the life of all that lives,
The breath of all that breathes; the sight
Of thee makes every countenance bright,
New strength to every spirit gives.

"When thou dost pierce the murky gloom,
Birds flutter forth from every brake,
All sleepers as from death awake,
And men their myriad tasks resume.

"Some, prosperous, wake in listless mood,
 And others every nerve to strain
 The goal of power or wealth to gain,
 Or what they deem the highest good.

"But some to holier thoughts aspire,
 In hymns the race celestial praise,
 And light, on human Hearths to blaze,
 The heaven-born sacrificial fire.

"And not alone do bard and priest
 Awake — the gods thy power confess
 By starting into consciousness
 When thy first rays suffuse the east;

"And hasting downward from the sky,
 They visit men devout and good,
 Consume their consecrated food,
 And all their longings satisfy . . .

"Thou art the breath and life
 Of all that breathes and lives, awaking day by day
 Myriads of prostrate sleepers, as from death,
 Causing the birds to flutter in their nests,
 And rousing men to ply with busy feet
 Their daily duties and appointed tasks"

The RgVeda, Translated Ralph T.H. Griffith, 1896

From The Laws of Manu

“Alone let him constantly meditate in solitude on that which is salutary for his soul; for he who meditates in solitude attains supreme bliss.”

The Laws of Manu, Chapter IV, # 258

CHAPTER SEVEN

Will You Let me Stay Where the Suns of Another Text Shine



"Will You Let me Stay Where the Suns of Another
 Text Shine
 Does this text or that text bear any fodder of unseen
 gaze
 Who among us knows the same
 Who among us knows the names
 Is there any incredulity attuned to the higher realms
 of praise
 For if they be so, there is no distinction between them
 Their praise is eternal and long lasting
 Their love is accepted and transfused
 Nobody can delineate between them, for they are one
 But who can speak it in this worldly realm
 Where distinctions and fodder remain fool's play
 There is no other but God
 Yet, so many parts, so many masterpieces
 Does the God of all ask us to deny a masterpiece to
 recognize another masterpiece
 Or does the God of all ask us to recognize the
 masterpieces of another
 So we may also acknowledge the masterpiece within
 us
 Is this God a God of distinctions, or perhaps of unity
 For Christ Himself said, that they may all be one
 Was He speaking only of denominations to come
 Or perhaps of World Religions that had already
 individualized
 For what is it that the Christian and the Buddhist
 share
 And what is it that dignifies them from one another
 One Muslim and one Jew
 What do they share and where do they differ

A Hindu and a Jain, is any of it real or is it illusory
 Consider the properties of the true spiritual seeker,
 the mystic

Waste not your time on the followers who never
 question or ask of God alone
 But only they who believe that which God reveals to
 the few not the many

For the few include the prophets, saints, mystics,
 sages and ascetics

And they come from every corner of the world
 God created them all

And when they attain to mystic union
 In the path of the Solitary
 Their visions unite

Differences remain, because differences delineate the
 varied purposes given by the Divine

To create a fuller and more noble understanding of
 the one Who is, and those who are not

By bringing them together, we grandly understand
 God in a larger context

And by bringing them together, we grandly
 understand God in the most simple of ways
 Unity, Oneness, Simplicity

And we emanate Love and Compassion
 And so where does the Solitary go when all these
 paths collide

He explodes and then he implodes
 And enters into a world of brilliant light
 Where ecstatic expression is united
 And dogmatic differences no longer remain
 They have disintegrated
 For knowledge remains energetic

And when the Solitary bursts forth out of worldly
pursuits into gazing only ahead to the Unconditional
Goodness

It is not possible for him to remain restrained by such
things

His soul bursts into a cyclone of light
And he emanates

And he joins those who emanate
Of all faiths, creeds, beliefs, and forms
For all who emanate have entered into God
And they have entered into knowledge

They no longer must speak of it
In ecstatic bliss, they emanate God and the
knowledge of God

They emanate love and compassion

And they fly, they dance . . .

And that is the secret of the Solitary” - Marilyn Hughes

An Out-of-Body Travel allegory:

Anonymous Vision

“Awaking a massive space amongst the clouds, I was surrounded by hundreds of thousands of people. All of these people were my age or close to it, and many were laughing and chatting amongst each other, and just seeming to get along happily.

But as I sat amongst them and paid closer attention, I sensed something eerie and frightening. Almost as quickly as my sense came, the clouds descended.

These were not normal clouds. They were dark and red, almost burning. And their shapes were that of various demons with sinister intentions, faces, dreams and projections which were now aimed at these friends of mine and young people, including myself.

Demons of sexual temptation, gossip, dishonesty, rebellion formed as the clouds began to gather and multiply completely surrounding the hundreds of young people that sat so innocently on the ground.

All the joyful laughter was gone now, as the eerily silence descended and all of us began to wait, knowing an attack was imminent, but most of us so caught up in our temptations and delusions to even be aware of that which was to come.

Noticing that only I was aware of what was about to happen; I was disappointed to realize that even so we were subject to that very self-same temptation and before we could respond, we were entering into the mesmerization along with the others.

But we already had. Our previously innocent minds were now bombarded with thoughts of lust, fornication, doubt, anger, rebellion, and simple hatred. We no longer were happy or blissful. Our minds had been taken over.

Just as the darkness began to take control and the dark red and bloody clouds became almost too thick to breathe, something else came through.

My mother flew in from the sky, standing atop a cloud of the purest white anyone had ever seen. Her hair was long and flowing down to her waist, shimmering black with what seemed to be stars perfectly laced in the strands. She wore a royal blue gown that glistened even in the darkness and a shimmering robe laden with stars. Her beauty was truly captivating. I was in awe.

She continued to float down until she was but a few yards above us. And as she floated and passed over us, a silver shimmering mist came out of the cloud she stood on and everyone fell into a deep sleep. As she passed over me, I collapsed, but only for a few seconds. And within moments I was awake.

The demons held no sway, they were unable to respond except with growls and wicked grins as my mother ignored them. She knew they could not counter the power of God that had sent her to us, and she gave them exactly what they deserved . . . nothing, not even a glance. Her focus was placed upon all of us, and the spiritual warfare which would be required to defeat the demons and her face was insistent, calm and sure . . . there would be no defeat tonight.

Standing up, I looked around me, seeing everyone now in a deep sleep, attempting to fight the demons in their minds. A few others had also woken up and now began walking to each sleeping person and placing his or her hands on them praying. I did the

same. These prayers were simple, but very effective. We prayed the Our Father, Hail Mary, Saint Michael prayer, and we prayed until each individual person's battle was finished and he or she woke up. As one would wake up, he or she would begin praying for others and the line continued. Soon it was finished and the clouds of darkness left completely. I woke up.

But yes . . . it was not over.

Falling asleep again, this same process occurred twice more. And in each following experience, many of the people woke up sooner, having been able to fight their battles quicker. It was only after waking and returning to sleep for the third round that the battle was finished, the demons in the clouds were vanquished and my mother shot me a quick smile as she floated again into the higher ethers from whence she had come." – Anonymous Vision written by Marilyn Hughes

*From King Arthur, Tales of the Round Table, Edited
by Andrew Lang*

“HOW SIR LANCELOT SAW A VISION, AND
REPENTED OF HIS SINS

He halted when he came to a stone cross, which had
by it a block of marble, while nigh at hand stood an
old chapel. He tied his horse to a tree, and hung his

shield on a branch, and looked into the chapel, for the door was waste and broken. And he saw there a fair altar covered with a silken cloth, and a candlestick which had six branches, all of shining silver. A great light streamed from it, and at this sight Sir Lancelot would fain have entered in, but he could not. So he turned back sorrowful and dismayed, and took the saddle and bridle off his horse, and let him pasture where he would, while he himself unlaced his helm, and ungirded his sword, and lay down to sleep upon his shield, at the foot of the cross.

As he lay there, half waking and half sleeping, he saw two white palfreys come by, drawing a litter, wherein lay a sick Knight. When they reached the cross they paused, and Sir Lancelot heard the Knight say, 'O sweet Lord, when shall this sorrow leave me, and when shall the Holy Vessel come by me, through which I shall be blessed? For I have endured long, though my ill deeds were few.' Thus he spoke, and Sir Lancelot heard it, and of a sudden the great candlestick stood before the cross, though no man had brought it. And with it was a table of silver and the Holy Vessel of the Graal, which Lancelot had seen aforetime. Then the Knight rose up, and on his hands and knees he approached the Holy Vessel, and prayed, and was made whole of his sickness. After that the Graal went back into the chapel, and the light and the candlestick also, and Sir Lancelot would fain have followed, but could not, so heavy was the weight of his sins upon him. And the sick Knight arose and kissed the cross, and saw Sir Lancelot lying

at the foot with his eyes shut. 'I marvel greatly at this sleeping Knight,' he said to his squire, 'that he had no power to wake when the Holy Vessel was brought hither.' 'I dare right well say,' answered the squire, 'that he dwelleth in some deadly sin, whereof he was never confessed.' 'By my faith,' said the Knight, 'he is unhappy, whoever he is, for he is of the fellowship of the Round Table, which have undertaken the quest of the Graal.' 'Sir,' replied the squire, 'you have all your arms here, save only your sword and your helm. Take therefore those of this strange Knight, who has just put them off.' And the Knight did as his squire said, and took Sir Lancelot's horse also, for it was better than his own.

After they had gone Sir Lancelot waked up wholly, and thought of what he had seen, wondering if he were in a dream or not. Suddenly a voice spoke to him, and it said, 'Sir Lancelot, more hard than is the stone, more bitter than is the wood, more naked and barren than is the leaf of the fig tree, art thou; therefore go from hence and withdraw thee from this holy place.' When Sir Lancelot heard this, his heart was passing heavy, and he wept, cursing the day when he had been born. But his helm and sword had gone from the spot where he had lain them at the foot of the cross, and his horse was gone also. And he smote himself and cried, 'My sin and my wickedness have done me this dishonour; for when I sought worldly adventures for worldly desires I ever achieved them and had the better in every place, and

never was I discomfited in any quarrel, were it right or wrong.



And now I take upon me the adventures of holy things, I see and understand that my old sin hinders me, so that I could not name nor speak when the Holy Graal passed by.' Thus he sorrowed till it was day, and he heard the birds sing, and at that he felt

comforted. And as his horse was gone also, he departed on foot with a heavy heart."

*King Arthur, Tales of the Round Table, Edited by
Andrew Lang, Illustrated by H. J. Ford, 1902*

*From the New Testament Book of Thessalonians and
Matthew Henry's Commentary*

"Thessalonians 13:11: And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our [salvation](#) nearer than when we believed.

We are here taught a lesson of sobriety and godliness in ourselves. Our main care must be to look to ourselves. Four things we are here taught, as a Christian's directory for his day's work: when to awake, how to dress ourselves, how to walk, and what provision to make.

I. When to awake: Now it is high time to awake ([Rom 13:11](#)), to awake out of the sleep of sin (for a sinful condition is a sleeping condition), out of the sleep of carnal security, sloth and negligence, out of the sleep of spiritual death, and out of the sleep of spiritual deadness; both the wise and foolish virgins slumbered and slept, [Mat 25:5](#). We have need to be often excited and stirred up to awake. The word of command to all Christ's disciples is, Watch. "Awake - be concerned about your souls and your eternal

interest; take heed of sin, be ready to, and serious in, that which is good, and live in a constant expectation of the coming of our Lord. Considering," 1. "The time we are cast into: Knowing the time. Consider what time of day it is with us, and you will see it is high time to awake. It is gospel time, it is the accepted time, it is working time; it is a time when more is expected than was in the times of that ignorance which God winked at, when people sat in darkness. It is high time to awake; for the sun has been up a great while, and shines in our faces. Have we this light to sleep in? See [Th1 5:5](#), [Th1 5:6](#). It is high time to awake; for others are awake and up about us. Know the time to be a busy time; we have a great deal of work to do, and our Master is calling us to it again and again. Know the time to be a perilous time. We are in the midst of enemies and snares. It is high time to awake, for the Philistines are upon us; our neighbour's house is on fire, and our own in danger. It is time to awake, for we have slept enough ([Pe1 4:3](#)), high time indeed, for behold the bridegroom cometh." 2. "The salvation we are upon the brink of: Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed - than when we first believed, and so took upon us the profession of Christianity. The eternal happiness we chose for our portion is now nearer to us than it was when we became Christians. Let us mind our way and mend our pace, for we are now nearer our journey's end than we were when we had our first love. The nearer we are to our centre the quicker should our motion be. Is there but a step between us and heaven, and shall we be so very slow and dull in our Christian course, and move so

heavily? The more the days are shortened, and the more grace is increased, the nearer is our salvation, and the more quick and vigorous we should be in our spiritual motions."

*Complete Commentary on the Whole Bible, By
Matthew Henry, 1706*

An Out-of-Body Travel allegory:

Marilynn's Vision (Myself)

"As the night fell, my spirit began falling upwards as suddenly I felt my whole spirit, soul and body begin to go into an almost numb space. This would last for many hours as the entirety of this journey went on for over thirty hours of sleep time.

Shortly after the numbness dissipated, a tremendous vibration descended into my spirit, soul and body and I allowed myself to simply bask in its powerful influx. But unexpectedly the tunnel of light opened up before my vision and up ahead in the distance I could see the great light of God.

Staring gently into that distance, I was thrilled when the clouds covering that entrance parted. Within the gates of heaven, I was given to see my blessed and Holy Lord Jesus Christ sitting upon his throne

covered in garb of royalty, colors of blue, purple, reds and a gold crown. His undergarment was white.

Smiling uncontrollably, all I could do was say 'Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you,' in my spirit to the Lord for allowing me to see Him. He reached His hand towards me and said, "Receive of Me." I reached back and grasped all the energy I could from Him.

Unexpectedly, the image changed, and I saw a beautiful mountainous solitary place in the heavens. I knew I was gazing into the heavens and the sparkly lights overshadowed the mountains and clear fuschia sky. Again, all I could say was "Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you . . ." as I allowed myself to absorb the energies coming towards me now from heaven itself. Filled with bliss words could not describe, I was wrapt in glory and became unconscious for a short time.

Waking a short time later, I realized my spirit was just overwhelmingly buzzing and vibrating to a power beyond me which had come into me from God. Immediately leaving form, I went all around my home and just began to emanate all of this Universal Goodness from God all throughout our sacred space. For hours, I did this. I danced and flew throughout the home and just emanated . . . what I did not yet know, but I knew it had come from the Universal Goodness.

Without warning, I was led to go to a room behind my house which does not exist in the physical. It was actually a complete replica of St. Margaret Mary Catholic Church attached to the back end of our home.

Looking to the back row, I was very excited when I observed that a distinguished visitor was there. He was sitting facing backwards, not forwards. Inherently, I knew he was doing this because he was receiving energies from the altar and sending them beyond the borders of our protected space.

Sitting next to the current Dalai Lama, I joined him in facing backwards and continuing to emanate everything which we were receiving and had received beyond the boundaries of our safe zone within this monastery/home.

He turned only once to tell me, 'We are emanating Love and Compassion.' Immediately, he turned back and continued to emanate. I was thinking to myself how odd a thing it was that we were facing the back of the church, but yet, it made sense because we were sending these energies to the world.

And again, how interesting that the Dalai Lama was emanating with me in a Catholic Church. But yet, it made sense because everything I was feeling came from the Universal Good. This energy was so powerful and ecstatic, I never wished to leave it to return to my earthly abode.

Knowing inherently that these energies were simply vibrations of love and compassion, which was a knowledge and wisdom all its own; it occurred to me that these vibrations had no religion or religious dogma attached to them. These were simply energies which came from God and were wished upon all sentient beings.

Sitting there emanating with the Dalai Lama, I suddenly realized that in taking the solitary path, we had gone beyond religion . . . we had entered into those places beyond names, forms and ideas and into the actual realm of energy . . . the realm of God.

And in this, I surrendered myself to the bliss and allowed myself to feel such joy that cannot be expressed in worldly or human terms.

For a moment, I thought of the Tibetan Monks and how they could chant and meditate for lengthy periods of time. And I understood that this experience, this vibration, was the one that many of them attained unto in their meditations and because it was so blissful and ecstatic, it made absolute sense that they could stay in these places for such a long time and in such peace and then repeat it over and over again.

Vibrating, emanating, vibrating, emanating, vibrating, emanating, vibrating, emanating . . .

During these periods of emanation and vibration, we were given to send emanation to those behind, in particular those who had stayed behind to practice more karmas.

Vibrating, emanating, vibrating, emanating, vibrating, emanating, vibrating, emanating . . .

And then I was given a send off back towards my bedroom where my body would be waiting. So I danced and flew slowly back as I waved my hands around sprinkling this stardust of love everywhere in my home and beyond it . . . and when I returned to my form, I slowly re-emerged into the earthly realm; refreshed, renewed, energized and in total peace.” -
Marilynn Hughes

From the Dalai Lama

“On the meaning of: OM MANI PADME HUM

The jewel is in the lotus or praise to the jewel in the lotus, By His Holiness Tenzin Gyatso The Fourteenth Dalai Lama of Tibet.

It is very good to recite the mantra OM MANI PADME HUM, but while you are doing it, you should be thinking on its meaning, for the meaning of the six syllables is great and vast. The first, OM, is composed of three pure letters, A, U, and M. These symbolize the practitioner's impure body, speech, and

mind; they also symbolize the pure exalted body, speech and mind of a Buddha.

Can impure body, speech and mind be transformed into pure body, speech and mind, or are they entirely separate? All Buddhas are cases of being who were like ourselves and then in dependence on the path became enlightened; Buddhism does not assert that there is anyone who from the beginning is free from faults and possesses all good qualities. The development of pure body, speech, and mind comes from gradually leaving the impure states and their being transformed into the pure.

How is this done? The path is indicated by the next four syllables. MANI, meaning jewel, symbolizes the factor of method- the altruistic intention to become enlightened, compassion, and love. Just as a jewel is capable of removing poverty, so the altruistic mind of enlightenment is capable of removing the poverty, or difficulties, of cyclic existence and of solitary peace. Similarly, just as a jewel fulfills the wishes of sentient beings, so the altruistic intention to become enlightened fulfills the wishes of sentient beings.

The two syllables, PADME, meaning lotus, symbolize wisdom. Just as a lotus grows forth from mud but is not sullied by the faults of mud, so wisdom is capable of putting you in a situation of non-contradiction whereas there would be contradiction if you did not have wisdom. There is wisdom realizing impermanence, wisdom realizing

that persons are empty of self-sufficient or substantial existence, wisdom that realizes the emptiness of duality (that is to say, of difference of entity between subject and object), and wisdom that realizes the emptiness of inherent existence. Though there are many different types of wisdom, the main of all these is the wisdom realizing emptiness.

Purity must be achieved by an indivisible unity of method and wisdom, symbolized by the final syllable, HUM, which indicates indivisibility. According to the sutra system, this indivisibility of method and wisdom refers to one consciousness in which there is a full form of both wisdom affected by method and method affected by wisdom. In the mantra, or tantra vehicle, it refers to one consciousness in which there is the full form of both wisdom and method as one undifferentiable entity. In terms of the seed syllables of the five conqueror Buddhas, HUM is the seed syllable of Akshobhya- the immovable, the unfluctuating, that which cannot be disturbed by anything.

Thus the six syllables, OM MANI PADME HUM, mean that in dependence on the practice which is in indivisible union of method and wisdom, you can transform your impure body, speech and mind into the pure body, speech, and mind of a Buddha. It is said that you should not seek for Buddhahood outside of yourself; the substances for the achievement of Buddhahood are within. As Maitreya says in his SUBLIME CONTINUUM OF GREAT

VEHICLE (UTTARA TANTRA) all beings naturally have the Buddha nature in their own continuum. We have within us the seed of purity, the essence of a One Gone Thus (TATHAGATAGARBHA), that is to be transformed and full developed into Buddhahood."

Lecture given by His Holiness The Dalai Lama of Tibet at the Kalmuck Mongolian Buddhist Center, New Jersey. Transcribed by Ngawang Tashi (Tsawa), Drepung Loseling, MUNGOD, INDIA

From the Hymn of Praise

"HYMN OF PRAISE

I hold aloft the scepter of compassion, the diamond thunderbolt of love. Its' five prongs showing the five wisdoms, conquering the five passions. I must be worthy to uphold it.

I hold aloft its' companion, the bell of wisdom, ringing freedom throughout the universes. I resolve never to separate from the perfect wisdom, to realize I cannot be separate. I will ring the bell throughout all worlds, throughout all lives.

I hold them together to show the non-duality of wisdom and compassion, with every fiber of my being, throughout all worlds.

I receive the bow and arrow, the bow of wisdom of selflessness, the arrow of communication, precise teaching, sending out the messages of wisdom to all beings. I shoot the arrow of freedom everywhere, in all directions, to slay the enemy of ignorance, and cynicism, and despair.

I receive the wheel of majesty and truth. I vow to turn the wheel, to liberate all beings, to preserve their freedoms.

I hold the gesture of sophisticated understanding, fine distinction between good and evil, beauty and ugliness.

I uphold the book, the teaching of the Buddha Yamantaka, conqueror of death. I accept responsibility for the teaching.

I remind all beings of the ground of freedom and the void.

I hold in reverence the ornaments of our teacher, His Holiness the Dalai Lama, always with us in our hearts.

The gesture of non-duality, the gesture of offering.

I receive the radiant wish-fulfilling jewel, to uphold the teachings of the jewel clan of the Buddhas.

I receive the vajra of the vajra clan.

My hands are dancing gods and goddesses of worship.

I receive the lotus of the lotus clan.

I touch the earth.

I uphold my vajra scepter and bell.

I uphold the sword of the sword clan, turning envy into all accomplishing wisdom and its' teachings."

The Hymn of Praise, Tibetan Buddhism

From the Pistis Sophia

"The emanations of Self-willed cry aloud to him for help.

And the First Mystery continued again in the discourse and said: "It came to pass then, before I had led forth Pistis Sophia out of the chaos, because it was not yet commanded me through my Father, the First Mystery which looketh within,--at that time then, after the emanations of Self-willed had perceived that my light-stream had taken from them the light-powers which they had taken from Pistis Sophia, and had poured them into Pistis Sophia, and when they again had seen Pistis Sophia, that she shone as she had done from the beginning, that they were enraged

against Pistis Sophia and cried out again to their Self-willed, that he should come and help them, so that they might take away the powers in Pistis Sophia anew.

He sendeth forth another more violent power like unto a flying arrow.

"And Self-willed sent out of the height, out of the thirteenth æon, and sent another great light-power. It came down into the chaos as a flying arrow, that he might help his emanations, so that they might take away the lights from Pistis Sophia anew. And when that light-power had come down, the emanations of Self-willed which were in the chaos and oppressed Pistis Sophia, took great courage and again pursued Pistis Sophia with great terror and great alarm. And some of the emanations of Self-willed oppressed her.

The fashioning of the serpent-, basilisk- and dragon-powers.

One of them changed itself into the form of a great serpent; another again changed itself also into the form of a seven-headed basilisk; another again changed itself into the form of a dragon. And moreover the first power of Self-willed, the lion-faced, and all his other very numerous emanations, they came together and oppressed Pistis Sophia and led her again into the lower regions of the chaos and alarmed her again exceedingly.

The demon-power of Adamas dasheth Sophia down.

"It came to pass then that there looked down out of the twelve æons, Adamas, the Tyrant, who also was wroth with Pistis Sophia, because she desired to go to the Light of lights, which was above them all; therefore was he wroth with her. It came to pass then, when Adamas, the Tyrant, had looked down out of the twelve æons, that he saw the emanations of Self-willed oppressing Pistis Sophia, until they should take from her all her lights. It came to pass then, when the power of Adamas had come down into the chaos unto all the emanations of Self-willed,--it came to pass then, when that demon came down into the chaos, that it dashed down Pistis Sophia. And the lion-faced power and the serpent-form and the basilisk-form and the dragon-form and all the other very numerous emanations of Self-willed surrounded Pistis Sophia all together, desiring to take from her anew her powers in her, and they oppressed Pistis Sophia exceedingly and threatened her. It came to pass then, when they oppressed her and alarmed her exceedingly, that she cried again to the Light and sang praises, saying:

"1. O Light, it is thou who hast helped me; let thy light come over me.

Sophia again crieth to the Light.

"2. For thou art my protector, and I come hence unto thee, O Light, having faith in thee, O Light.

"3. For thou art my saviour from the emanations of Self-willed and of Adamas, the Tyrant, and thou shalt save me from all his violent threats.'

Gabriël and Michaël and the light-stream again go to her aid.

"And when Pistis Sophia had said this, then at the commandment of my Father, the First Mystery which looketh within, I sent again Gabriël and Michaël and the great light-stream, that they should help Pistis Sophia. And I gave commandment unto Gabriël and Michaël to bear Pistis Sophia in their hands, so that her feet should not touch the darkness below; and I gave them commandment moreover to guide her in the regions of the chaos, out of which she was to be led.

"It came to pass then, when the angels had come down into the chaos, they and the light-stream, and moreover [when] all the emanations of Self-willed and the emanations of Adamas had seen the light-stream, how it shone very exceedingly and there was no measure for the light about it, that they became terror-stricken and quitted Pistis Sophia. And the great light-stream surrounded Pistis Sophia on all sides of her, on her left and on her right and on all her sides, and it became a light-wreath round her head.

"It came to pass then, when the light-stream had surrounded Pistis Sophia, that she took great courage, and it ceased not to surround her on all her sides; and she was no longer in fear of the emanations of Self-

willed which are in the chaos, nor was she any more in fear of the other new power of Self-willed which he had cast down into the chaos as a flying arrow, nor did she any more tremble at the demon power of Adamas which had come out of the æons.

The transfiguration of Sophia.

"And moreover by commandment of myself, the First Mystery which looketh without, the light-stream which surrounded Pistis Sophia on all her sides, shone most exceedingly, and Pistis Sophia abode in the midst of the light, a great light being on her left and on her right, and on all her sides, forming a wreath round her head. And all the emanations of Self-willed [could] not change their face again, nor could they bear the shock of the great light of the stream, which was a wreath round her head. And all the emanations of Self-willed,--many of them fell at her right, because she shone most exceedingly, and many others fell at her left, and were not able at all to draw nigh unto Pistis Sophia because of the great light; but they fell all one on another, or they all came near one another, and they could not inflict any ill on Pistis Sophia, because she had trusted in the Light.

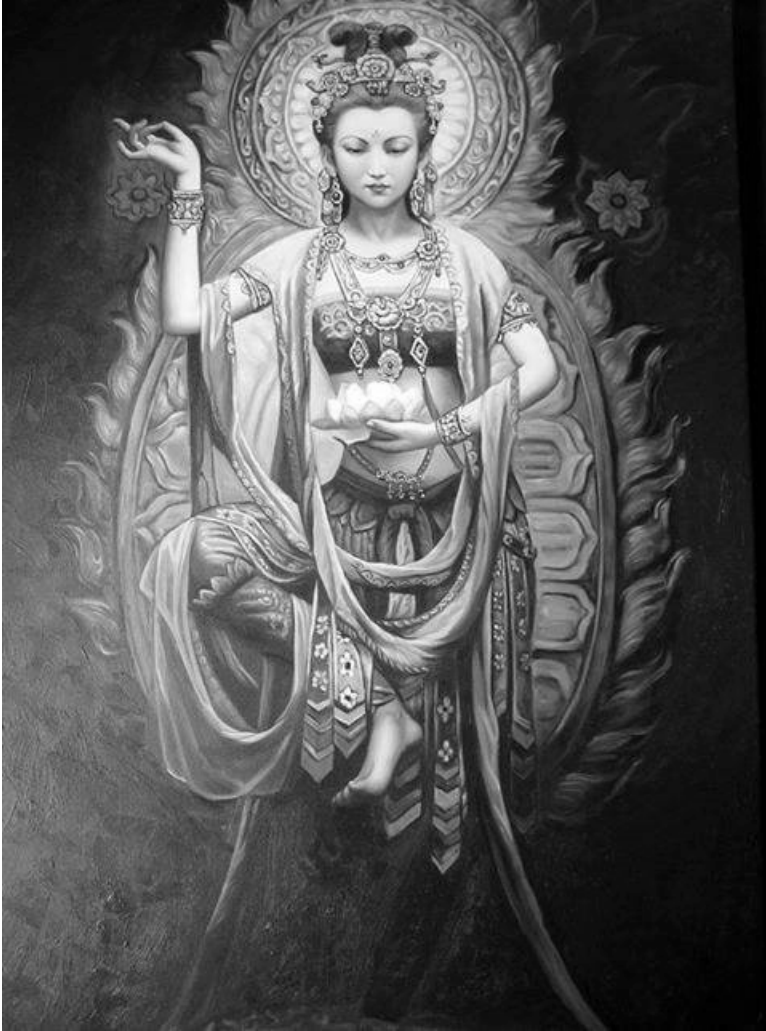
Jesus, the First Mystery looking without, causeth Sophia to triumph.

"And at the commandment of my Father, the First Mystery which looketh within, I myself went down into the chaos, shining most exceedingly, and approached the lion-faced power, which shone

exceedingly, and took its whole light in it and held fast all the emanations of Self-willed, so that from now on they went not into their region, that is the thirteenth æon. And I took away the power of all the emanations of Self-willed, and they all fell down in the chaos powerless. And I led forth Pistis Sophia, she being on the right of Gabriël and Michaël. And the great light-stream entered again into her. And Pistis Sophia beheld with her eyes her foes, that I had taken their light-power from them. And I led Pistis Sophia forth from the chaos, she treading underfoot the serpent-faced emanation of Self-willed, and moreover treading underfoot the seven-faced-basilisk emanation, and treading underfoot the lion- and dragon-faced power. I made Pistis Sophia continue to stand upon the seven-headed-basilisk emanation of Self-willed; and it was more mighty than them all in its evil doings. And I, the First Mystery, stood by it and took all the powers in it, and made to perish its whole matter, so that no seed should arise from it from now on."

Pistis Sophia, By G.R.S. Mead, 1921

CHAPTER EIGHT
Marring the Substance



“Marring the substance
Nothingness
Anger

Forgetfulness

Oblivion

Heartlessness

Regret

Irony

Solidarity

...

Solitude

Regeneration

Hopefulness

Truth

Reconciliation

...

Flagrant demise

Senseless warfare

Irrelevant thinking

Frivolous speech

Mindless chatter

Irrevocable Words

Broken hearts

Betrayal

...

Heart of love

Incandescent roses of bliss

Centrality of purpose

Eternal unction

God's will embodied

...

Holiness

Faith

Charity

Love

Goodness of will

...

Hindsight which lives
 Hindsight which breathes
 Hindsight which moves
 Hindsight which embodies
 Hindsight which embraces
 Hindsight which laments
 Hindsight which organizes
 Hindsight which bears fruit
 Hindsight which sees nothing
 but yet sees it all
 Hindsight

...

That which is
 Is no more
 That which is not
 Remains behind
 What comes ahead
 Comes from what lay behind
 If properly consumed in the fire of righteousness
 And laid bare to a soul filled with grief

...

There is no other way for the Solitary
 Except the road of self-reflection
 And the road which follows
 Which is the road of self-knowledge

...

Honesty
 Charity
 Goodness
 Love . . . all for its own sake

For the sake of the love of God
 And that is all
 That is all" - Marilyn Hughes

An Out-of-Body Travel allegory:

Marilynn's Vision (Myself)

"As I gazed upon the face of this not so yet distant saint, I couldn't help but notice the melancholy and urging sadness which penetrated me from her eyes. She was running a restaurant, and a middle-aged priest was running it with her. Upon his face were the furrows of a life well lived and the pain of the mortal life we all face. Engaging me in an intense facial expression, his face held a contemplative morose seriousness which led me to believe that he would have little to say to me, but much to convey. The pain of mortal agony could be unequivocally seen upon both of their countenances.

Definitively, he was the saint's spiritual director in the afterlife and they worked together as a unit. Her gaze held the expressionless understanding of someone who had undergone loss, hardship and pain in ways that few of us could fully comprehend.

In my heart, I could feel this pain as if it were my own. And I could not take my eyes off of her. Her eyes were so filled with mystery and lamentation and my soul felt such a profoundly deep and respectful

regard for her soul in a way I cannot properly explain. Words seemed needless.

Quietly, St. Edith Stein walked towards me and took my hand."

*About Edith Stein from EWTN, the Eternal Word
Television Network*



“Edith Stein, saintly Carmelite, profound philosopher and brilliant writer, had a great influence on the women of her time, and is having a growing influence in the intellectual and philosophical circles of today’s Germany and of the whole world. She is an inspiration to all Christians whose heritage is the Cross, and her life was offered for her own Jewish people in their sufferings and persecutions.

Born on October 12, 1891, of Jewish parents, Siegfried Stein and Auguste Courant, in Breslau, Germany, Edith Stein from her earliest years showed a great aptitude for learning, and by the time of the outbreak of World War I, she had studied philology and philosophy at the universities of Breslau and Goettingen.

After the war, she resumed her higher studies at the University of Freiburg and was awarded her doctorate in philosophy *Summa Cum Laude*. She later became the assistant and collaborator of Professor Husserl, the famous founder of phenomenology, who greatly appreciated her brilliant mind.

In the midst of all her studies, Edith Stein was searching not only for the truth, but for Truth itself and she found both in the Catholic Church, after reading the autobiography of Saint Teresa of Avila. She was baptized on New Year’s Day, 1922.

After her conversion, Edith spent her days teaching, lecturing, writing and translating, and she soon became known as a celebrated philosopher and

author, but her own great longing was for the solitude and contemplation of Carmel, in which she could offer herself to God for her people. It was not until the Nazi persecution of the Jews brought her public activities and her influence in the Catholic world to a sudden close that her Benedictine spiritual director gave his approval to her entering the Discalced Carmelite Nuns' cloistered community at Cologne-Lindenthal on 14 October 1933. The following April, Edith received the Habit of Carmel and the religious name of "Teresia Benedicta ac Cruce," and on Easter Sunday, 21 April 1935, she made her Profession of Vows.

When the Jewish persecution increased in violence and fanaticism, Sister Teresa Benedicta soon realized the danger that her presence was to the Cologne Carmel, and she asked and received permission to transfer to a foreign monastery. On the night of 31 December 1938, she secretly crossed the border into Holland where she was warmly received in the Carmel of Echt. There she wrote her last work, *The Science of the Cross*.

Her own Cross was just ahead of her, for the Nazis had invaded neutral Holland, and when the Dutch bishops issued a pastoral letter protesting the deportation of the Jews and the expulsion of Jewish children from the Catholic school system, the Nazis arrested all Catholics of Jewish extraction in Holland. Edith was taken from the Echt Carmel on 2 August 1942, and transported by cattle train to the death

camp of Auschwitz, the conditions in the box cars being so inhuman that many died or went insane on the four day trip. She died in the gas chambers at Auschwitz on 9 August 1942.

We no longer seek her on earth, but with God Who accepted her sacrifice and will give its fruit to the people for whom she prayed, suffered, and died. In her own words: "One can only learn the science of the Cross by feeling the Cross in one's own person." We can say that in the fullest sense of the word, Sister Teresa was "Benedicta a Cruce" -- blessed by the Cross.

Pope John Paul II beatified Sister Teresa Benedicta of the Cross on 1 May 1987, and canonizes her on 11 October 1998."

EWTN, the Eternal Word Television Network

"(Marilynn's Vision Continued . . .) The things I was about to see were very confusing to me, and in a way revolting. But she insisted I must continue to walk forward with her into this mystery that she presented to me.

Very calmly, Edith and others were going towards the customers in the restaurant and very carefully, cautiously and skillfully cutting pieces off of them. Almost like you might cut a piece of meat on a cutting board, Edith carefully took pieces from them as the

customers behaved as though this were completely expected and not odd at all.

Watching all this, I was very uncomfortable, very confused. Edith walked towards the front door and young boy about the age of nine stood there quietly as Edith began to cut little pieces off of him, as well.

It was at this moment that I just looked at her and said, "No, NO! Watching these others was hard enough, but I will not watch you cut pieces off of a child." I turned my face away.

Calmly and with no emotion, Edith said, "Everyone here is to learn the same thing." Turning, I looked back at her again as I noticed the precision with which she cut. Noticing also that none of the people who were receiving this 'treatment' from her appeared upset, scared or in pain, I said nothing but looked into her eyes to try to gain some understanding.

Edith very slowly and methodically continued this tedious process, and again turning her face to mine as she knelt closer to the ground because the boy was not very tall, she said, "We are all given in sacrifice." Pausing, she repeated, "We are all given in sacrifice." Then I began to disappear from the realm processing these difficult but true words she had spoken to me."

- Marilyn Hughes

From Finite and Eternal Being, by Edith Stein

“Whatever the person does freely and consciously is ego-life, but persons draw their ego-life out of some greater or lesser depth. The resolve to take a walk, for example, derives from a layer that is much closer to the surface than a decision that concerns the choice of a vocation. This depth is the depth of the soul which comes ‘alive’ and becomes luminous in the ego-life, but before its coming alive it was hidden, and it remains mysterious despite this luminosity. What human beings are ‘capable of doing’ as free persons they learn only by doing it.”

*Finite and Eternal Being, Edith Stein, Washington
Provincial of Discalced Carmelites, 2002*

From In My Own Words, by Edith Stein

“Every person must suffer and die; but if he is a living member of the Mystical Body of Christ, his suffering and death take on a redemptive power, which flows from the divinity of Him, Who is his Head. That is why every saint so desires to embrace suffering”

*In My Own Words, From the Complete Works of
Edith Stein*

From the Mystery of Christmas, by Edith Stein

"The Christian mysteries are an indivisible whole . . . Thus the way from Bethlehem leads inevitably to Golgotha, from the crib to the Cross. (Simon's) prophecy announced the Passion, the fight between light and darkness that already showed itself before the crib . . . The star of Bethlehem shines in the night of sin. The shadow of the Cross falls on the light that shines from the crib. This light is extinguished in the darkness of Good Friday, but it rises all the more brilliantly in the sun of grace on the morning of the Resurrection. The way of the incarnate Son of God leads through the Cross and Passion to the glory of the Resurrection. In His company the way of every one of us, indeed of all humanity, leads through suffering and death to this same glorious goal."

The Mystery of Christmas, An Essay by Edith Stein

From Finite and Eternal Being, by Edith Stein

"Of course, one indeed regards love and hate as elemental powers which fall upon the soul without it being able to resist them. Already from their inclination and disinclination men used to say that they 'could do nothing about them.' And in fact: the soul 'responds' to the 'impression' which it receives from a man—often, at once, with the first movement; otherwise, with longer acquaintance -- involuntarily with preference or dislike, perhaps also with

indifference; it feels drawn or repelled; and, it can concern there in an absolutely meaningful coming-to-grips of its own being [Seins] with the foreign; a feeling-itself-drawn to what promises its enrichment and challenge, a detour for someone for whom it signifies a danger . . . On the other hand, here serious deceptions are possible: externals can cover the true being [Sein] of man and with this, also the significance which belongs to him for others. These natural impulses are, therefore, not something one simply may ignore; it is, however, also not 'rational' to abandon them; The soul is the "space" in the center of the body-soul-spiritual totality. As sentient soul it abides in the body, in all its members and parts, receiving impulses and influences from it and working upon it formatively and with a view to its preservation. As spiritual soul it rises above itself, gaining insight into a world that lies beyond its own self—a world of things, persons, and events—communicate with this world and receiving its influences.... [I]n the soul the personal I is in its very home...Here, in this inwardness of the soul everything that enters from these worlds is weighed and judged, and here there takes place the appropriation of that which becomes the most personal property and a constituent part of the self—that which, figuratively speaking, "becomes flesh and blood."... The soul cannot live without receiving.... [T]he recipient is an existent with an essence of nature of its own (i.e. an ousia), an existent which has its own specific mode of receiving and which incorporates into its own being that which has been received. What discloses and

reveals itself in these experiences is the very essence or nature of the soul, with all the qualities and powers that are rooted in the essence. In these experiences the soul appropriates to itself what it needs in order to become what it is destined to be[T]he being human of this particular human being is actual and actuating in this person. This person shares it with no other human being. It is not, prior to the person's own being, but steps into existence together with the person. It determines what this particular human being is at any particular time, and this changing what expresses a more or less extensive approximation to the end, i.e., to the pure form By the cross I understood the destiny of God's people which, even at that time, began to announce itself. I thought that those who recognized it as the cross of Christ had to take it upon themselves in the name of all."

*Finite and Eternal Being, Edith Stein, Washington
Provincial of Discalced Carmelites, 2002*

From a Self Portrait in Letters, by Edith Stein

"Should we strive for perfect love, you ask? Absolutely. For this we were created. [Perfect love] will be our eternal life, and here we have to seek to come as close to it as possible. Jesus became incarnate in order to be our way. What can we do? Try with all our might to be empty: the senses mortified; the

memory as free as possible from all images of this world and, through hope, directed toward heaven; the understanding stripped of natural seeking and ruminating, directed to God in the straightforward gaze of faith; the will (as I have already said) surrendered to God in love.

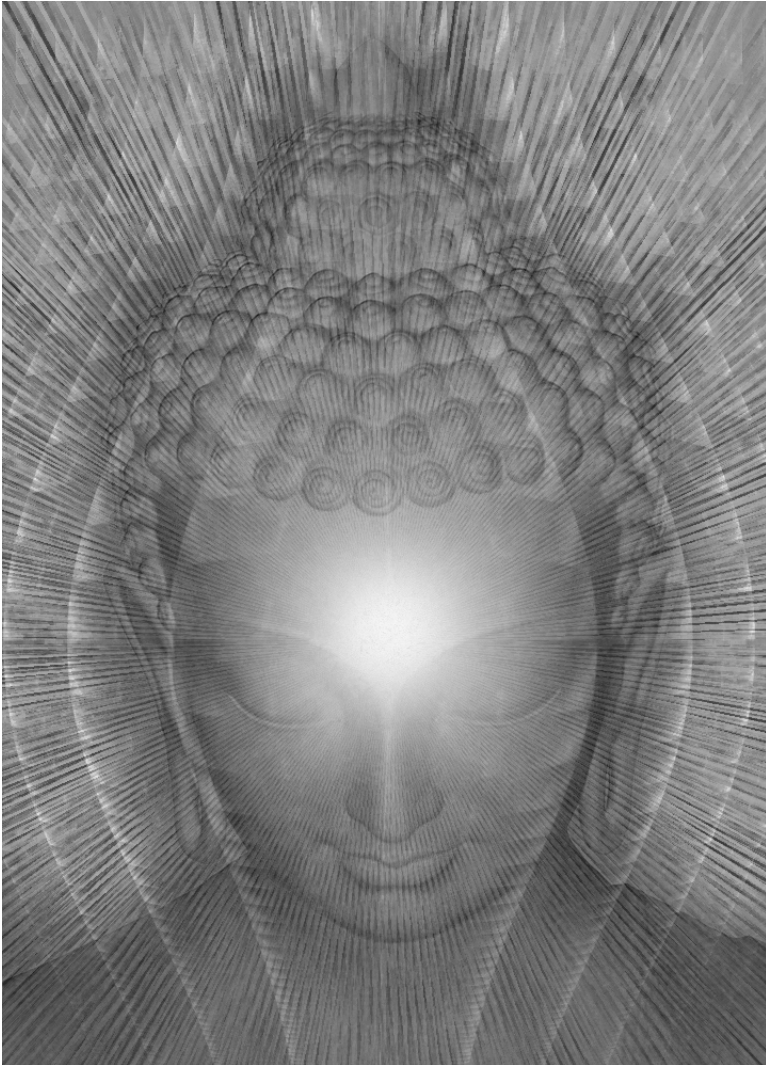
Self Portrait in Letters, Edith Stein

From Edith Stein

"O my God, fill my soul with holy joy, courage and strength to serve You. Enkindle Your love in me and then walk with me along the next stretch of road before me. I do not see very far ahead, but when I have arrived where the horizon now closes down, a new prospect will open before me, and I shall meet it with peace." – Edith Stein

EWTN, the Eternal Word Television Network

CHAPTER NINE
Serenity Renounces Worldliness



"Serenity renounces worldliness
I hear the people say

And in the dark of the night
 When the Buddhist Moon arises
 From a fearful sleep
 Nothing else can touch the serene mind
 Not even a demon
 Or a hungry ghost
 For serenity translucidates matter
 And takes a soul beyond its confines
 And such worldliness
 Contains no detrimental effect on such as these
 Serenity renounces worldliness
 Whatever may come after a soul has released the
 chord
 From the dwelling of man
 Cannot reach him
 Neither can it dwell in the confines of his symposium
 His silence contains itself
 Within his rectory of good will
 No evil can come
 Nor can energies of the backwards flow reside
 Only the serenity knows this
 Only the serene knows the resolution
 Energetically deterred
 Energetically altered
 No longer truly an inhabitant of the worldly spheres
 Perhaps in body, but no longer in soul
 Movement may come, but it cannot move him
 Invasion may occur, but it cannot render its due
 The silent, serene Solitary walks forward
 And there remains no tie to the past
 Nothing else touches him
 The Solitary remains alone

And in that aloneness, he remains with God
 God is love
 And it is in this serenity
 Wherein all evil and mortal woes have begone
 That this Love can reveal itself in silence
 The Solitary is entering the abode of God
 Because God is Love, the Solitary is entering the
 abode of Eternal Love
 And it is in this entering that the Solitary now seeks
 For Love is something to be known
 Not something to be felt
 Not something to be endured
 Not something to give to another
 Not something to share
 Not something to have or to own
 But Love is something that God IS
 Therefore, Love is something that the Solitary seeks to
 BE
 Love is something you know
 Love is something you become
 Love is knowing, becoming and being
 And beyond this knowing, becoming and being
 There is a unity
 Because God is Love
 And as the Solitary enters into the inner sanctum
 And renounces worldliness through serenity
 The Solitary enters into God
 And in God the Solitary becomes transfixed
 And the Solitary becomes immoveable
 He becomes Love
 And as the Solitary is in Love
 Love is in the solitary

He has become it
 It is something, a substance
 It is a way to Be
 It is found in the Treasury of Souls
 Along the Buddhist Way” – Marilyn Hughes

From the Complete Works of Hadewijch

“By the emotional attraction of worldly joy one forgets the narrow ways that belong with high Love, and the beautiful behavior, the gracious bearing, and the well-ordered service that belongs to sublime Love.

By the emotional attraction of frivolous love, we forget humility, which is the worthiest place and purest place in which we receive love. And in this emotional attraction we lose enlightened reason, which is our rule and teaches us how to observe Love’s right, when we wish to content Love. For enlightened reason casts light on all the ways of service which are welcome to the will of sublime Love and show clearly all the things that content Love. Alas, poor souls! That these two should have driven out by the emotional attraction of frivolous love! This seems to be the most pitiable ill I know of.

All these emotional attractions I have singled out impede and destroy the excellence of Love. Along with these principal deviations I have mentioned, many lesser but countless ones creep in and take

away the radiance of Love. While no harm is caused to you and the others by most of these matters, many of them do, alas, creep in among your group disguised in fancy dress, so that no one takes the trouble to get rid of them. Baseness is dressed up as humility; anger, as just zeal; hate, as fidelity and reason; worldly joy, as consolation and abandonment; and frivolous love, as prudence and patience, with an appearance of unearthly elevation, and fine words referring to other things than God. No one safeguard from these dangers souls whom the chains of veritable Love do not inwardly protect.

Be sure that I have not said all this for your sake, but because of the harm that befalls us on account of this, here and elsewhere, and that we cannot surmount. To all of us it seems pitiable that people should be leading one another astray, so as to charge us with their errors instead of helping us to love our Beloved. But because your position in the community is such that on some occasions you can promote or hinder what takes place, I invite you to watch with care that in all things the excellence of Love be promoted, in yourself as in the others. And continually hold up to them, by all that you are, the blazen of Love, in all and above all."

*The Complete Works of Hadewijch, Paulist Press,
1980*

From the Complete Works of Hadewijch

“Twelve Nameless Hours, Letter Twenty

That nature from which veritable Love arises has twelve hours, which fling Love forth from herself and carry her back again into herself. And as Love then returns into herself, she gathers in everything for the sake of which the nameless hours had driven her outside: a seeking mind, a desiring heart, and a loving soul. And when Love brings these in, she casts them into the abyss of the strong nature from which Love is born and on which she is nourished. Then the nameless hours come into the unknown nature. Then Love has returned to herself and has fruition of her nature, beneath, above, and all round her. And all they who then remain beneath this experience shudder for those who have passed into it, and who must work, live, and die in it, as Love and her nature bid.

The first nameless hour of the twelve that draw the mind into the nature of Love is that in which love reveals herself and makes herself felt, unawares and unlonged for when, in view of Love's dignity, this is least expected; and the strong nature that Love is in herself remains to the soul incomprehensible. And therefore this is rightly called a nameless hour.

The second nameless hour is that in which Love makes the heart taste a violent death and causes it to die without being able to die. And yet the soul has

only recently learned to know Love and has scarcely passed from the first hour into the second.

The third nameless hour is that in which Love teaches by what means one can die and live in Love, and reveals that there can be no loving without great pain.

The fourth nameless hour is that in which Love permits the soul to taste her secret judgments, which are deeper and darker than the abysses. Then she makes known to it the misery of being without Love. And nevertheless the soul does not experience the essence of love. This is rightly called a nameless hour when, before the soul knows Love by experience, it accepts her judgments.

The fifth nameless hour is that in which Love allures the soul and heart and makes the soul ascend out of itself and out of the nature of Love, into the nature of Love. And then the soul loses its amazement at the power of Love and the darkness of her judgments, and forgets the pain of Love. And then it experiences Love in no other way than in Love herself. This seems to be a lower state, yet it is not. Therefore, it may well be called a nameless hour when, although nearest to knowing, one is poorest in knowledge.

The sixth nameless hour is that in which Love disdains reason and all that is in, above, or below reason. What belongs to reason is altogether at variance with what suits the true nature of Love, for reason can neither take anything away from Love nor

give anything to Love. For the true law of Love is an ever increasing flood without stay or respite.

The seventh nameless hour is that nothing can dwell in Love, and nothing can touch her except desire. The most secret name of Love is this touch, and that is a mode of operation that takes its rise from Love herself. For Love is continually desiring, touching, and feeding on herself; yet Love is utterly perfect in herself. Love can dwell in all things. Love can dwell in charity for others, but charity for others cannot dwell in Love. No mercy can dwell in Love, no graciousness, humility, reason, fear; no parsimony, no measure, nothing. But Love dwells in all these, and they are all nourished on Love. Yet Love herself receives no nourishment except from her own integrity.

The eighth nameless hour is that the nature of Love in her countenance is most mysterious to know. What one is, is usually best revealed by one's countenance. In Love, however, this is what is most secret; for this is Love herself in herself. Her other parts and her works are easier to know and understand.

The ninth nameless hour is, that where Love is in her fiercest storm, sharpest assault, and deepest inroad, her countenance shines the sweetest, most peaceful, and loveliest, and she shows herself the most loveable. And the more deeply she wounds him at whom she rushes, the more gently, with the dignity of

her countenance, she engulfs this loved one within herself.

The tenth nameless hour is that Love stands on trial before none, but all things stand on trial before her. Love borrows from God the power of decision over those she loves. Love will not yield to saints, men here below, Angels, heaven, or earth. She has vanquished the Divinity by her nature. She cries with a loud voice, without stay or respite, in all the hearts of those who love: "Love ye Love!" This voice makes a noise so great and so unheard of that it sounds more fearful than thunder. This command is the chain with which Love fetters her prisoners, the sword with which she wounds those she has touched, the rod with which she chastises her children, and the master ship by which she teaches her disciples.

The eleventh nameless hour is that in which Love powerfully possesses him whom she loves, so that his mind cannot wander for an instant, his heart desire, or his soul love, outside of Love. Love renders his memory so unified that he can no longer think of saints, men here below, heaven or earth, Angels or himself, or God, but only of Love, who has taken possession of him in an ever new presence.

The twelfth nameless hour is like Love in her highest nature. Now Love first breaks out of herself; and she works by herself and always sinks back into herself, for she finds all satisfaction in her own nature. So she is self-sufficient: were no one to Love, Love's name

would give her enough loveableness in her own splendid nature. Her name is her being within herself; her name is her works outside herself; her name is her crown above herself; and her name is her depth beneath herself.

These are the twelve nameless hours of Love. For in none of these twelve hours can anyone understand the love of Love, except as I have said, those who are cast into the abyss of Love's strong nature, or those who are fitted to be cast into it. These last rather believe in Love than understand her."

*The Complete Works of Hadewijch, Paulist Press,
1980*

From the Complete Works of Hadewijch

"School of Love, Poem Fourteen

The most joyous season of the year,
When all the birds sing clearly,
And the nightingale publicly
Makes its joy known to us,
Is the time of gravest sadness
For the heart noble Love has wounded.

How can the noble soul keep on –
Yes, it is the noblest of all creatures,
Which of its nature must love in the highest degree –
When it does not have its Beloved?

As Love's arrows strike it,
It shudders that it lives.

At all times when the arrow strikes,
It increases the wound and brings torment.
All who love know well
That these must ever be one:
Sweetness or pain, or both together,
Tempestuous before the countenance of Love.

How they who love can shudder
When they know themselves thus lost in love!
They are conquered so that they may conquer
The unconquerable greatness,
And this at all times causes them to begin
That life in new death.

Hear the soul that loves Love cannot defend itself;
We must sustain her kingdom and her power,
However we fear we go to ruin in love;
This is unknown to aliens;
So the higher the palace of desire is,
The deeper yawns the abyss.

In the law of Love, it is written:
He who strikes shall himself be struck;
Light and heavy are judged equal;
Power is the first conquered;
The kingdom itself comes here to meet us.
This holds good for all who can love.

But there are few who, for the sake of all love, love all,

And fewer still long for Love with love.
 All too late, therefore, shall they attain
 That kingdom and that sublime mystery
 And that knowledge Love imparts
 To those who go to school to her.

It is a great pity that we thus stray,
 And that high wisdom remains hidden from us
 Which Love entrusted to the masters
 Who give lessons on true Love;
 In the school of Love the highest lesson
 Is how one can content Love.

But they who early leave off,
 And then nevertheless jubilate
 And feast their Beloved
 For a brief while with salutations –
 Provided they live in concord with the virtues –
 Can still master the course of study.

But they who wish to enjoy the Beloved here on earth,
 And dance with feelings of delight,
 And dwell in this with pleasure,
 I say to them in advance:
 They must truly adorn themselves with virtues,
 Or the course of study is a loss to them.

But those who arrange their lives with truth in Love
 And are then enlightened by clear reason,
 Love will place in her school:
 They shall be masters
 And receive Love's highest gifts,

Which wound beyond cure.
 In those whom Love thus blesses with her wounds,
 And to whom she shows the vastness knowable to
 her,
 Longing keeps the wounds open and undressed,
 Because Love stormily inflames them;
 If these souls shudder at remaining unhealed,
 That fails to surprise us.

Anyone who has thus waded through Love's depths,
 Now with deep hunger, now with full satiety,
 Neither withering or blossoming can harm,
 And no season can help:
 In the deepest waters, on the highest gradients,
 Love's being remains unalterable."

*The Complete Works of Hadewijch, Paulist Press,
 1980*

An Out-of-Body Travel allegory:

Marilynn's Vision (Myself)

"Caressing the nightwind, my spirit flew amongst the ethereal heavens and into a peaceful place of solitude amongst the stars. A Tibetan Buddhist Monastery in the heavens floated calmly between the vaporous mists of the galaxies and within its confines, one could find rest from the harrowing journey a soul must take in order to find refuge from the world.

Scrolls from throughout the ages were neatly stacked in walls which had gold and silver engilded inscriptions all over them. Ahead of me, I saw a very large face, ethereal in nature, Buddhistic in appearance, gazing down upon me.

Around me were images . . . images playing out scenes from all the epochs of my life. People from decades past, and from days present were all around me in these images continuing to engage in the constant play of karma all around me.

Quietly, I engaged one of them, an old friend from my childhood years. But he could not hear me. Then another, and yet the same result. I turned to the face which still gazed upon me with complete and total calm.

He said nothing, but I instantly knew what I would have to do. "Get out!" I shouted. "Get out of here, get out of my monastery!" As I did, all my attachments just fizzled into mist and then absence, nothing.

The monastery was now quiet and serene. I noticed that I had in my hands a Buddhist set of Rosary Beads. They were colorful with red, blue and yellow beads. Now that the attachments I had brought with me were gone, I could observe the others who were here by invitation only. They, too, held beads identical to mine. And in this moment, I realized that none of those who had been forced to leave had had them.

The large Buddhistic face reached out an invisible hand from the mist and handed me a book. An ancient sacred book, its contents held something within it extremely valuable, extremely priceless . . . something I absolutely knew I had to understand before my soul could move further into this solitary journey.

Looking down upon the cover, I read the title. 'The Treasury of Souls,' it said.

The name emblazoned on my mind like a fire, and suddenly I heard them. From far away, mind you, but I heard them. The sound of their ancient chant echoed through my spirit like a thought through the wind. Within the cries of these monks chanting, was a call . . .

The Tibetan Buddhist Chanting only pulled me closer to them. I never let go of 'The Treasury of Souls,' but I walked forward, towards the sound of this ancient tradition of chant which pulled the soul further and further inward.

My journey had been vast this night, touching into the highest expansion of Love's great calling. But yet, it appeared there was something more beyond this monasteries' horizon.

Following it, I found myself leaving the monastery through a side which was open to the heavens. The stars brightly shone in the sky as I saw a host of

Tibetan monks sitting in a gravityless sky chanting the ancient words of liberation.

Looking again down upon the book, I understood. In order to enter into the 'Treasury of Souls', I had to understand what they were saying, I had to hear their call, I had to enter within their words and their words had to enter into me. And by thus so doing, and by following the instructions to follow, I could enter into the Treasury. But not until I understood . . .

Putting my hand behind my ear so that I could hear them more clearly, I began to run across the darkened night sky towards them. None of them turned to look at me, none of them *seemed* to know I was coming.

But just as I reached the back row of the chanting monks, one monk turned around. Looking in my eyes, I looked back into his. An inherent knowing was imparted to me. This eye contact was going to give me the ability to hear their words. And by so hearing, I would understand the next step my soul must take to enter into that Treasury . . . and I would not let my gaze lift from his yellow-radiant eyes. Without notice, it was as if I was pulled inside of them. Suddenly, I understood their chanting and I listened." - Marilyn Hughes

*From the Lankavatara Sutra, Discourses of the
Buddha*

"Transcendental Intelligence

THEN SAID MAHAMATI: Pray tell us, Blessed One, what constitutes Transcendental Intelligence?

The Blessed One replied: Transcendental Intelligence is the inner state of self-realisation of Noble Wisdom. It is realised suddenly and intuitively as the "turning-about" takes place in the deepest seat of consciousness; it neither enters nor goes out - it is like the moon seen in water. Transcendental Intelligence is not subject to birth nor destruction; it has nothing to do with combination nor concordance; it is devoid of attachment and accumulation; it transcends all dualistic conceptions . . .

Self-Realisation

THEN SAID MAHAMATI: Pray tell us, Blessed One, what is the nature of self-realisation by reason of which we shall be able to attain Transcendental Intelligence?

The Blessed One replied: Transcendental Intelligence rises when the intellectual-mind reaches its limit and, if things are to be realised in their true and essence nature, its processes of mentation, which are based on particularised ideas, discriminations and judgments, must be transcended by an appeal to some higher faculty of cognition, if there be such a higher faculty.

There is such a faculty in the intuitive-mind (Manas), which as we have seen is the link between the intellectual-mind and Universal Mind. While it is not an individualised organ like the intellectual-mind, it has that which is much better, direct dependence upon Universal Mind. While intuition does not give information that can be analysed and discriminated, it gives that which is far superior, self-realisation through identification.

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MAHAMATI THEN ASKED the Blessed One, saying: Pray tell us, Blessed One, what clear understandings an earnest disciple should have if he is to be successful in the discipline that leads to self-realisation?

The Blessed One replied: There are four things by the fulfilling of which an earnest disciple may gain self-realisation of Noble Wisdom . . . First, he must have a clear understanding that all things are only manifestations of the mind itself; second, he must discard the notion of birth, abiding and disappearance; third, he must clearly understand the egolessness of both things and persons; and fourth, he must have a true conception of what constitutes self-realisation of Noble Wisdom. Provided with these four understandings, earnest disciples may . . . attain Transcendental Intelligence.

As to the first; he must recognise and be fully convinced that this triple world is nothing but a

complex manifestation of one's mental activities; that it is devoid of selfness and its belongings; that there are no strivings, no comings, no goings. He must recognise and accept the fact that this triple world is manifested and imagined as real only under the influence of habit-energy that has been accumulated since the beginningless past by reason of memory, false-imagination, false-reasoning, and attachments to the multiplicities of objects and reactions in close relationship and in conformity to ideas of body-property-and-abode.

As to the second; he must recognise and be convinced that all things are to be regarded as forms seen in a vision and a dream, empty of substance, un-born and without self-nature; that all things exist only by reason of a complicated network of causation which owes its rise to discrimination and attachment and which eventuates in the rise of the mind-system and its belongings and evolvments.

As to the third; he must recognise and patiently accept the fact that his own mind and personality is also mind-constructed, that it is empty of substance, unborn and egoless. With these three things clearly in mind, the Bodhisattva (an enlightenment being) will be able to enter into the truth of imagelessness.

As to the fourth; he must have a true conception of what constitutes self-realisation of Noble Wisdom. First, it is not comparable to the perceptions attained by the sense-mind, neither is it comparable to the cognition of the discriminating and intellectual-mind.

Both of these presuppose a difference between self and not-self and the knowledge so attained is characterised by individuality and generality. Self-realisation is based on identity and oneness; there is nothing to be discriminated nor predicated concerning it. But to enter into it the Bodhisattva (an enlightenment being) must be free from all presuppositions and attachments to things, ideas and selfness.

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THEN SAID MAHAMATI to the Blessed One: Pray tell us, Blessed One, concerning the characteristics of deep attachments to existence and as to how we may become detached from existence?

The Blessed One replied: When one tries to understand the significance of things by means of words and discriminations, there follow immeasurably deep-seated attachments to existence. For instance: there are the deep-seated attachments to signs of individuality, to causation, to the notion of being and non-being, to the discrimination of birth and death, of doing and not-doing, to the habit of discrimination itself upon which the philosophers are so dependent.

There are three attachments that are especially deep-seated in the minds of all: greed, anger and infatuation, which are based on lust, fear and pride. Back of these lies discrimination and desire which is procreative and is accompanied with excitement and

avariciousness and love of comfort and desire for eternal life; and, following, is a succession of rebirths on the five paths* of existence and a continuation of attachments. But if these attachments are broken off, no signs of attachment nor of detachment will remain because they are based on things that are non-existent; when this truth is clearly understood the net of attachment is cleared away.

*The Five Paths

1. The path of Accumulation – the path revealing the realization of the true phenomena.
2. The path of Preparation - The path revealing the realization of the true meaning of phenomena.
3. The path of Seeing - The path revealing the realization of the truth directly.
4. The path of Meditation - The path revealing the realization of the aftermath.
5. The path of no more Learning – The path revealing the realization of the liberation state.

But depending upon and attaching itself to the triple combination which works in unison there is the rising and the continuation of the mind-system incessantly functioning, and because of it there is the deeply-felt and continuous assertion of the will-to-live. When the triple combination that causes the functioning of the mind-system ceases to exist, there is the triple emancipation and there is no further rising of any combination. When the existence and the non-existence of the external world are recognised as rising from the mind itself, then the Bodhisattva

(enlightenment being) is prepared to enter into the state of imagelessness and therein to see into the emptiness which characterises all discrimination and all the deep-seated attachments resulting therefrom. Therein he will see no signs of deep-rooted attachment nor detachment; therein he will see no one in bondage and no one in emancipation, except those who themselves cherish bondage and emancipation, because in all things there is no "substance" to be taken hold of.

But so long as these discriminations are cherished by the ignorant and simple-minded they go on attaching themselves to them and, like the silkworm, go on spinning their thread of discrimination and enwrapping themselves and others, and are charmed with their prison. But to the wise there are no signs of attachment nor of detachment; all things are seen as abiding in solitude where there is no evolving of discrimination. Mahamati (High-Minded Magnanimous One), you and all the Bodhisattvas should have your abode where you can see all things from the view-point of solitude.

Mahamati (High-Minded Magnanimous One), when you and other Bodhisattvas understand well the distinction between attachment and detachment, you will be in possession of skillful means for avoiding becoming attached to words according to which one proceeds to grasp meanings. Free from the domination of words you will be able to establish yourselves where there will be a "turning about" in

the deepest seat of consciousness by means of which you will attain self-realisation of Noble Wisdom and be able to enter into all the Buddha-lands and assemblies. There you will be stamped with the stamp of the powers, self-command, the psychic faculties, and will be endowed . . . wisdom and . . . power, and will become radiant with the variegated rays of the Transformation Bodies. Therewith you will shine without effort like the moon, the sun, the magic wishing-jewel, and at every stage will view things as being of perfect oneness with yourself, uncontaminated by any self-consciousness. Seeing that all things are like a dream, you will be able to enter into the stage of the Tathagatas (One Who Has Thus Come i.e. beyond all coming and going) . . . of beings in accordance with their needs and be able to free them from all dualistic notions and false discriminations.

Mahamati (High-Minded Magnanimous One), there are two ways of considering self-realisation: namely, the teachings about it, and the realisation itself. The teachings as variously given . . . for the instructions of those who are inclined toward it, by making use of skillful means and expedients, are intended to awaken in all beings a true perception of the Dharma (The Teaching). The teachings are designed to keep one away from all the dualistic notions of being and non-being and oneness and otherness.

Realisation itself is within the inner consciousness. It is an inner experience that has no connection with the

lower mind-system and its discriminations of words, ideas and philosophical speculations. It shines out with its own clear light to reveal the error and foolishness of mind-constructed teachings, to render impotent evil influences from without, and to guide one unerringly to the realm of the good non-outflowings."

A Buddhist Bible, Dwight Goddard, The Lankavatara Sutra, Chapter VI and VII, sacred-texts.com, Beacon Press, Boston, 1970

From the Dhammapada

1. All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage.
2. All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him, like a shadow that never leaves him.

Dhammapada, The Twin Verses, Max Mueller, Max Fuesbaur, 1881

“(Marilynn’s Vision Continued . . .) And as my eyes were still aglaze with the eyes of the monk, I now severed that glance. Like a whirlwind, the monks seemed to become rotating particles of dust and slowly began to blow away as if they had never been there.

But as they disappeared, something astonishing happened . . . I stood before a heavenly tree surrounded by a sumptuous garden in the heavens. Walking towards it . . . I knew ‘The Treasury of Souls’ was somehow contained within what lay ahead of me, but I did not yet understand the import.

I entered . . . and then I disappeared.” – Marilyn Hughes

From the Book Three Myths of Heaven

“TREASURY OF SOULS

God has a tree of flowering souls in Paradise. The angel who sits beneath it is the Guardian of Paradise, and the tree is surrounded by the four winds of the world. From this tree blossom forth all souls, as it is said, *“I am like a cypress tree in bloom; your fruit issues forth from Me.”* (Hos.14:9). And from the roots of this tree sprout the souls of all the righteous ones whose names are inscribed there. When the souls grow ripe, they descend into the **Treasury of Souls**, where they are restored until they are called upon . . . From this we learn that all souls are the fruit of the Holy One,

blessed be He."

Three Myths of Heaven

From Solomon ibn Gabirol

"Who shall understand the mysteries of Thy
 creations?
 For Thou hast exalted above the ninth sphere the
 sphere of Intelligence.
 It is the Temple confronting us,
 "The tenth that shall be sacred to the Lord,"
 It is the **Sphere transcending height**,
 To which conception cannot reach,
 And there stands the veiled palanquin of Thy glory.
 From the silver of Truth hast Thou cast it,
 And of the gold of Reason hast Thou wrought its
 arms,
 And on a pillar of Righteousness set its cushions
 And from Thy power is its existence,
 And from and toward Thee its yearning,
 "And unto Thee shall be its desire."

*Selected Writings of Solomon ibn Gabirol, Translated
 by Israel Zangwill, 1923*

CHAPTER TEN
The Lotus of the Thirty Six Years



An Out-of-Body Travel allegory:

Marilynn's Vision (Myself)

“Harboring my fugitive soul, I grasped onto the unintelligible light as it transported my essence throughout the canyon lands, mountain crevasses, rivers, streams, valleys and lowlands. In the depths of the canyon, the watershed had become dry and the dirt as solid as stone.

Nothing but light could penetrate my solitary spirit as I continued this vehement journey throughout the natural and underlying realms of the earthly sphere for it had become impenetrable as granite, yet light as a gust of wind.

The journey I had traveled remained profound and unspoken. The more words tried to form, the more they escaped me.

In a sudden burst of light, my soul was whisked into the eternal heavens as my spirit entered into a blissful swoon. Before me were displayed some of the most beautiful and transcendent realities within the Universal Spheres. Purplish and dark blue, these realities were flowing with energy, water, content and light . . . but as I entered into them, my spirit was consumed.

The images became faster and quicker, as I began to travel through the dimensions almost as if by milliseconds. I could not possibly identify such high speeds of travel; realms of existence, spheres of reality, dimensions unknown and unseen . . . I flew

through them at about one hundred per minute, like downloads before my eyes of thousands of existences.

Nothing mattered anymore, but yet, everything mattered. There was a supreme lightness of being in that all attachments had flown away, captured in some debris field in some far off reality I could no longer comprehend or intend to relate.

Following the path of the Solitary had created a literal funnel which obliterated all that had tried to cling to my soul in the absence of light and flung it into spheres unknown to my waking senses.

The path was a simple letting go, a surrender of sorts, to a singular reality; but yet one that cannot truly be explained. But that singularity, one-pointedness . . . was the key to the Infinite Universe, to the Infinite Good . . . to God.

Somehow, as I flew through the myriad spheres, the deep, rich purples and blues entered not only my vision, but my spirit. It was ecstatic and irreconcilable with words. Color transformed the spirit . . . the grounded world was now becoming a vibrant escalation of entropy and . . . escalation, no words.

As the frames continued to go faster and faster, there was a sudden swirl of energies – blue, purple, yellow and white – all form, matter and consciousness became like a ripple of color and vast expanse of sky before me.

And it was then . . . that I disappeared and was no more." – Marilyn Hughes

From Contemplative Prayer

"THE PARABLE OF A PILGRIM

FOR a confirmation of what has been said regarding the nature of the contemplative life in general, the dignity of its end, the difficulties to be encountered, the absolute necessity of courage to persevere and press forward at whatever cost, I will add the substance of a chapter from the *Scala Perfectionis* of that eminent contemplative, Walter Hilton, an Augustinian Canon. Under the parable of a devout pilgrim travelling to Jerusalem, he gives instructions very suitable to the way of the contemplative life.

There was a certain man, said he, who had a great wish to go to Jerusalem, and as he knew not the way, he addressed himself to one whom he thought would direct him, and asked him if there was a passable way thither.

The other answered that the way was long and full of difficulties; that there were many ways which seemed to promise to lead thither, but the dangers of them were too great. However, there was one way he knew which, if diligently followed according to the directions he would give, would certainly bring him ultimately to his destination, though not perhaps

without many frights, beatings, and other ill-usage, and temptations of every kind ; but if he would only have courage and patience enough to bear them all without quarrelling or troubling himself, but would pass on, keeping these words only in his mind and sometimes on his tongue: "I have nought, I am nought, I desire nought but to be at Jerusalem." "My life for thine," quoth he ; " thou shalt escape safe with thy life, and in a competent time arrive thither."

The pilgrim, overjoyed with this news, answered: "So I may have my life safe, and may at last come to the place that I above all things desire, I care not what things I suffer in the way. Therefore let me know only what course I am to take, and, God willing, I will not fail to observe carefully your directions." The guide replied : " Since thou hast so good a will, though I myself was never so happy as to be in Jerusalem, notwithstanding be confident that, if thou wilt follow my instructions, thou shalt come safe to thy journey's end."

Now, my advice to thee in brief is this: " Before thou set the first step into the highway that leads thither, thou must be firmly grounded in the true Catholic faith; moreover, whatever sins thou findest in thy conscience, thou must seek to purge away by hearty sorrow and absolution according to the laws of the Church. This being done, begin thy journey in God's name; but be sure to go furnished with two necessary staffs, humility and charity, both which are contained in the forementioned speech, which must be always

ready in thy mind : " I am nought, I have nought, I desire nought but only one thing, and that is our Lord Jesus, and to be with Him in peace in Jerusalem." The meaning and virtue of these words thou must have continually at least in thy thoughts. Humility says: " I am nought, I have nought;" Love adds: "I desire nought but Jesus." These two companions thou must never depart from; nor will they willingly be separated from one another, for they accord very lovingly together. And the deeper thou groundest thyself in humility, the higher thou raisest thyself in chanty, for the more thou seest and feelest thyself to be nothing, with the more fervent love wilt thou desire Jesus, that by Him, who is all, thou mayest become something.

Now, this humility is to be exercised not so much in considering thy own self, thy sinfulness and misery though to do this at first is profitable but rather in the quiet contemplation of the infinite endless being of Jesus. And this beholding of Jesus must be done through grace in a sweet feeling knowledge of Him, or at least in a full firm faith in Him. And when thou dost attain to such a contemplation of Him, it will work in thy mind a far more pure, solid, perfect humility than the former way of beholding thyself. By this thou wilt see and feel .thyself to be not only the most wretched, filthy creature in the world, but also in the very substance of thy soul, quite apart from its sinfulness, to be a mere nothing. And till thou hast the love of Jesus, yea, and feelest that thou hast His love, although thou hast done to thy seeming never so

many good deeds both outward and inward, yet in truth thou hast done nothing at all, for nothing will abide in thy soul or fill it but the love of Jesus. Therefore cast all other things behind thee, and forget them, that thou mayest have that which is best of all ; and thus doing, thou wilt become a true pilgrim that leaves behind him houses, wife, children, friends, and goods, and makes himself poor and bare of all things, that he may go on his journey lightly and merrily without hindrance.

Well, now thou art on thy way travelling towards Jerusalem. And the travelling consists in working inwardly, and, when need be, outwardly too, such works as are suit able to thy state and condition, and such as will help to increase in thee this gracious desire that thou hast to love Jesus only. Let thy works be what they will, thinking, preaching, reading, or labouring ; if thou findest that they draw thy mind from worldly vanity, and confirm thy heart and will more to the love of Jesus, it is good and profitable for thee to use them. And if thou findest that through custom such works do in time lose their savour and virtue to increase this love, and that it seems to thee that thou findest more grace and spiritual profit in some other, take these other and leave the former; for though the inclination and desire of thy heart to Jesus must ever be unchangeable, nevertheless thy spiritual works thou shalt use after the manner of thy praying and reading, to the end to feed and strengthen this desire ; so thou dost well to change them according as thou findest thyself disposed by grace in the applying

of thy heart. Bind not thyself, therefore, unchangeably to voluntary customs, for that will hinder the freedom of thy heart to love Jesus, if grace should specially visit thee.

Before thou hast made many steps in the way, thou must expect a world of enemies of several kinds, that will beset thee round about and endeavour busily to hinder thee from going forward ; yea, and if they can by any means, they will, either by persuasions, flatteries, or violence, force thee to return home again to those vanities thou hast forsaken. For there is nothing grieves them so much as to see a resolute desire in thy heart to love Jesus, and to travail for Him. Therefore they will all conspire to put out of thy heart that good desire and love in which all virtues are comprised.

Thy first enemies that will assault thee will be fleshly desires and vain fears of thy corrupt heart, and with these there will join unclean spirits, that with sights and temptations will seek to allure thy heart to them, and to draw it from Jesus. But whatsoever they say, believe them not, but betake thyself to thy only secure remedy, answering ever thus : "I am nought, I have nought, and I desire nought but only the love of Jesus"; and so hold forth on thy way desiring Jesus only.

If they endeavour to put dreads and scruples into thy mind, and would make thee believe this thou hast not done penance enough, but that some sins remain in

thy heart not yet confessed, or not sufficiently confessed and absolved; and that, therefore, thou must needs return home and do penance better, before thou hast the boldness to go to Jesus ; believe them not, for thou art sufficiently acquitted of thy sins, and there is no need at all that thou shouldst stay to ransack thy conscience, for this will now but harm thee, and either put thee quite out of thy way, or at least unprofitably delay thee from travelling in it.

If they should tell thee thou art not worthy to have the love of Jesus, and therefore that thou oughtest not to be so presumptuous as to desire and seek after Him, believe them not, but go on, and say, " It is not because I am worthy, but because I am unworthy, that I desire to have the love of Jesus ; for if I once had it, it would make me worthy : I will, therefore, never cease desiring it till I have obtained it. For it only was I created ; therefore say and do what you will, I will desire it continually ; I will never cease to pray for it, and so doing I hope to obtain it."

If thou meetest any that seem friends unto thee, and that in kindness would stop thy progress by entertaining thee, and seek to draw thee to sensual mirth by vain discourses and carnal solaces, whereby thou wilt be in danger to forget thy pilgrimage, give a deaf ear to them; answer them not ; think only on this, that thou wouldst fain be at Jerusalem. And if they proffer thee gifts and preferments, heed them not, but think ever on Jerusalem.

And if men despise thee, or lay any false calumnies to thy charge, giving thee ill names ; if they go about to defraud thee, or rob thee ; yea, if they beat thee, and use thee despitefully and cruelly, for thy life contend not with them, strive not against them, nor be angry with them, but content thyself with the harm received and go on quietly as if nought were done, that thou take no further harm. Think only on this, that to be at Jerusalem deserves to be purchased with all this ill-usage or even more, and that there thou wilt be sufficiently repaired for all thy losses and recompensed for all thy ill-usage by the way.

If thy enemies see that thou growest courageous and bold, and that thou wilt neither be seduced by flatteries nor disheartened by the pains and troubles of thy journey, but rather well contented with them, then they will begin to be afraid of thee ; yet for all that they will never cease pursuing thee. They will follow thee all along the way, watching all advantages against thee ; and ever and anon they will set upon thee, seeking either with flatteries or frights to stop thee and drive thee back if they can. But fear them not, hold on thy way, and have nothing in thy mind but Jerusalem and Jesus, whom thou wilt find at thy journeys end.

If thy desire of Jesus still continues and grows more strong, so that it makes thee go on thy ways courageously, they will then tell thee that it may very well happen that thou wilt fall into bodily sickness, and perhaps such a sickness as will bring strange

fancies into thy mind and melancholic apprehensions. Or perhaps thou wilt fall into great want, and no man will offer to help thee, by occasions of which misfortunes thou wilt be grievously tempted by thy ghostly enemies, which will then insult over thee, and tell thee that thy folly and proud presumption have brought thee to this miserable pass ; that thou neither canst help thyself, nor will any man help thee, but rather hinder those who would. And all this they will do to the end to increase thy melancholic and unquiet apprehensions, or to provoke thee to anger or malice against thy Christian brethren, or to murmur against Jesus, who perhaps for thy trial seems to hide His face from thee. But still neglect all their suggestions as though thou heardest them not. Be angry with nobody but thyself. And as for all thy diseases, poverty, and whatsoever other sufferings for who can reckon all that may befall thee? take Jesus in thy mind, think on the lesson that thou art taught, and say, " I am nought, I have nought, I care for nought in the world, and I desire nought but the love of Jesus, that I may see Him in peace in Jerusalem."

But if it should happen sometimes, as likely it will, that through some of these temptations and thy own frailty, thou stumble and perhaps fall down, and get some harm thereby, or that thou for some time be turned a little out of the way, as soon as possibly may be, come again to thyself, and get up again and return into the right way, using such remedies for thy hurt as the Church ordains. And do not trouble thyself overmuch or long with thinking unquietly on thy past

misfortune and pain; abide not in such thoughts, for that will do thee more harm, and give advantage to thy enemies. Therefore make haste to go on in thy travail, and work again, as if nothing had happened. Keep but Jesus in thy mind, and desire to gain His love, and nothing shall be able to hurt thee.

At last, when thy enemies perceive that thy will to Jesus is so strong that thou wilt not spare, neither for poverty nor mischief, for sickness nor fancies, for doubts nor fears, for life nor death, no, nor for sins neither, but ever forth thou wilt go on with that one thing of seeking the love of Jesus, and with nothing else; and that thou despisest and scarce markest anything that they say to the contrary, but holdest on in thy praying and other spiritual works, yet always with discretion and submission ; then they will grow even enraged, and will spare no manner of cruel usage. Then they will come closer to thee than ever before, and betake themselves to their last and most dangerous assault. They will bring into the sight of thy mind all thy good deeds and virtues, showing thee that all men praise and love thee, and bear thee great veneration for thy sanctity. And all this they do to the end to raise vain joy and pride in thy heart. But if thou tenderest thy life, thou wilt hold all this flattery and falsehood to be a deadly poison to thy soul, mingled with honey; therefore, away with it; cast it away from thee, saying thou wilt have none of it, but wouldst be at Jerusalem.

And to the end to put thyself out of danger and reach

of all such temptations, suffer not thy thoughts willingly to run about the world, but draw them all inwards, fixing them upon one only thing, which is Jesus; set thyself to think only on Him, to know Him, to love Him ; and after thou hast for a good time brought thyself to do thus, then whatsoever thou seest or feelest inwardly that is not He, will be unwelcome and painful to thee, because it will stand in thy way to the seeing and seeking Him whom thou only desirest.

But yet if there be any work or outward business which thou art obliged to do, or that charity or present necessity requires of thee, either concerning thyself or thy Christian brethren, fail not to do it ; despatch it as well and as soon as thou canst, and let it not tarry long in thy thoughts, for it will but hinder thee in thy principal business. But if it be any other matter of no necessity, or that concerns thee not in particular, trouble not thyself nor distract thy thoughts about it, but rid it quickly out of thy heart, saying still thus: " I am nought, I can do nought, I have nought, and nought do I desire but only Jesus and His love."

Thou wilt be forced, as all other pilgrims are, to take oftentimes by the way refreshments, meats, drink, sleep, yea, and sometimes innocent recreations ; in all which things use discretion, and take heed of foolish scrupulosity about them. Fear not that they will be of much hindrance to thee, for though they seem to stay thee for a while, they will further thee, and give thee

strength to walk on more courageously for a good long time after.

To conclude, remember that thy principal aim, and, indeed, only business, is to knit thy thoughts to the desire of Jesus: to strengthen this desire daily by prayer and other spiritual workings, to the end that it may never go out of thy heart. And whatsoever thou findest proper to increase that desire, be it praying or reading, speaking or being silent, travelling or reposing, make use of it for the time, as long as thy soul finds savour in it, and as long as it increases this desire of having or enjoying nothing but the love of Jesus, and the blessed sight of Jesus, in true peace in Jerusalem. And be assured that this good desire thus cherished and continually increased will bring thee safe unto the end of thy pilgrimage."

*Contemplative Prayer, Dom B. Weld-Blundell, Monk
of the Order of St. Benedict, 1657*

Marilynn Hughes - "The lotus of the 36 years
Feeling the length of the days
Divine emanation suggests a swirl
Intangible in its light
Nature untrips the imaginations
Lamenting's uncomfortable ways
The healing sands of Buddha
Culminating contemplation in your deception cell
My ruminations run in the morning
Next gone by, I think

Verbage deftly flies away
 Stealthy lover
 I am tired of getting upon the stage
 The house of 'death is so rapid even life can't stop it'
 'Doing' all the way (rather than 'Being')
 Winds down a road
 That which is a way to relax
 Red Jacket, Black Jacket, White Jacket
 Passion, Sin, Purity
 Ruminating into the consciousness
 The gift of the whispering
 Be slow
 Be free
 And the psyche of the rogues
 They turn to you
 Five innocences meet them
 The Solitary
 The Emissary
 The Emanation
 The Illumination
 The Acceleration
 And they behold an infinite light
 Complete suspended animation
 Blazing violet purple light
 The inherent lots of the whole came for me
 Vibrations of enigmatic light
 The Solitary bears quietude
 The Emissary bears truth
 The Emanation bears vibration
 The Illumination bears light
 And . . . the Acceleration substantiates knowledge
 By bringing it to the fruition it must bear

Thus, harboring within it
 Only quietude, truth, vibration and light
 And in its forbearance
 (Because that won't allow them to become Christian
 in early energy)
 For a true Christian cannot be finite
 But infinite light
 Therefore, without acceleration, a name can be given
 Which bears no truth
 Maturity of that which is Christian is infinite
 It encompasses all things
 And in so doing, it cannot come early
 But only in the late hours of the illumination
 Where silence meets the noise
 And the noise stops
 Because the Emissary brought the Word
 The Emanation brought the Knowledge
 The illumination brought the Understanding
 Suddenness
 Acceleration brings with it absolute solitude
 All that time hearkens
 Timelessness betrays
 In the alone
 In the silent
 The Solitary faints beneath the majestic winds of the
 spirit
 As the faint winter glow of heaven heralds its beckon
 And beyond the silence of the night
 The contrasting elegance of the stream of fusion
 Lines of fire delve deeply into the crevasses of the
 soul bearing its light.
 Beyond the cavernous structures of the deep,

And well below the deepest sin of mankind
 Lies the woeful wail of a transient cocoon
 As nothing else in the ethereal winds can erase
 All that beholds the soul to its martyrdom
 For none but a martyr shall face the Lord Almighty
 The martyr who has forsaken himself for the truth
 Who has given no substance to the doom
 No frailty to the herald
 No dawning to the night
 But only the glistening pearl of wisdom
 To be betrayed in the silent golden wind
 As the harbor of goodness dwelling within
 Forces out that which is of that accursed night
 And brings forth only the mighty wind of light
 Bearing within the energies of the essence,
 The soliloquy of ascent
 And the barrage of the senses
 Which brings the soul to nought,
 Bearing nothing but the centrifugal force
 And fusion of the heights
 Heralding, beholding and assuaging,
 The language of the horrid darkness
 Shielding all that lies within in a glamorous betrayal
 of swiftness and flight
 Into the Solitary . . .
 And in that essence lies only one thing
 It betrays the goodness of its Maker
 For all that remains now of the Solitary
 Is a singular light
 All attachments have been bound
 All cravings have been burned
 All sentience has been returned

To the quiet, lonesome, reality
 Of God
 There is nothing left . . .
 It is empty, yet full
 But nothing remains of the scarred elements of the
 past
 Only the glisten of the single pearl of light
 That emanates the wisdom of the stars
 Through its singular essence
 As a liquid mass within the consciousness of One
 A singular moment
 A singular thought
 A singular existence
 A singular motivation
 A singular exercise of faith
 A singular exercise of love
 A singular focus
 God
 And now the ocean of being
 Contains all that the Solitary once was;
 And the receptable of light
 Has become the Solitary
 There is no more . . .
 There is nothing else . . .
 There is no more need . . .
 There is only transcendental existence
 Within the Mind of God
 And therefore, within the Heart
 A single particulate of light
 Now resonating . . .
 As it stands, the Solitary is alone
 As it stands, the Solitary is One

As it stands, the Solitary is evanescent
 As it stands, the Solitary is within a crowd
 As it stands, the Solitary has now re-entered
 The Cosmic Element from which it was born
 And situated itself
 Into
 A tiny
 Portal
 Of
 Light
 Beyond all Being
 Beyond all Doing
 Beyond all Believing
 Beyond all That Is, Was or Ever Shall Be
 And this point of light
 Surrenders himself entirely to Divine Will
 To God, he belongs
 Within God, he now flows
 Beyond God, he has no essence
 But within . . .
 The Solitary flows
 The Solitary breathes
 The Solitary has found the Way
 The Solitary has been consecrated to the Truth
 The Solitary has entered
 The only lifestream . . .
 Time no longer harkens
 Timelessness no longer betrays
 Within the eternal these qualities have ceased
 In timelessness, all that has been shrouded in mystery
 Has seen a great light
 The spiraling effervescence of galactic life

Has now spun into fruition
 And all that remains is all that is required
 And all that lies behind
 Retains the only secret
 Within those duggeries buried in putrid flesh
 Are the ever-enduring memories of existence and
 time
 Of love and loss
 Of pain and regret
 Of joy and longing
 Of the herald of humanity
 But it is all compacted as if by an unearthly force
 Beyond its confines
 Its relevance remains a secret
 But within that mysterious vibration of former time
 There had been a road . . .
 And because the Solitary had followed that road
 Time entered timelessness, and all became naught
 Love entered falsehood and excreted the lies
 True power entered pride and humbled its mighty
 breath
 Violence became peace
 Hardship became wisdom
 Suffering became knowledge
 Attachments were led away
 Time ended
 Timelessness began
 And everything assembled and crashed down
 It is as if the body of knowledge had never been
 known
 By a humble human being who walked the scarlet
 road

But, yet, as the scarlet became blood . . .
 And the hurtful oblivion of the human need became
 known, but yet to be Known
 The Solitary was born
 Not because of any defect within the human being in
 fulfilling its own natural pattern of the way
 But because the scarlet became blood . . .
 And the pain became too gut-wrenching to bear
 And as he reached his finger to touch the scarlet on
 the path he had been walking
 And felt within his cold fingers the pulsing life-force
 The blood became liquid and oozed between his
 hands
 And within him he felt the wounding
 And the carrying on in the chaos
 A bludgeoning of sorts
 To the character of the True Way
 Thus, the physical creation could no longer carry
 The burden of the light
 Without acknowledging the bleeding
 Of the human heart
 And thus, he became Solitary
 To behold the recklessness of the spirit
 Not accounting for its way
 For a True Way
 Must needs be beholden to a higher station
 A calling unto silence, quiet and the fermentation of
 the light
 For the blood must be reckoned with
 It cannot be contained
 It must be transmuted
 Into a rabid fire of love

An all-consuming light
 And the psyche of the rogues
 They turn to you
 Their guilt ridden faces neglecting to reveal their
 inner disturbances
 But the Solitary faces the rogue
 And finds that the rogue was always within
 And in so doing, he washes his hands of the blood . . .
 Years of reckoning with that which has come to pass
 And He bathes in the blood of the Lamb;
 which washes his robes white . . .
 The scarlet of the path becomes a transmission of light
 What lies before the Solitary is now a bloodless path
 A sacrifice of the utmost beauty
 Of the interior will for his own
 And a granting of his infinite being to the maker of all
 that he is, was, and ever shall be
 And into the hands of the Vibration which holds all
 life as One
 Carrying within it the essence of the Solitary
 Which is the five innocences
 And he *becomes* the Five innocences
 Each in its own subsequent light
 Each in its own expression of Infinite Love
 Each in its own ascending vibration
 All coming from the heights
 To bear that which is below to that which above
 And declare omniscience over time
 And all that remains within the confines of its borders
 The Solitary bears quietude
 The Emissary bears truth
 The Emanation bears vibration

The Illumination bears light
 And . . . the Acceleration substantiates knowledge
 By bringing it to the fruition it must bear
 Thus, harboring within it
 Only quietude, truth, vibration and light
 And the Solitary enters timelessness
 In a true and profoundly eminent Way
 And by so doing, he is no more . . .
 He has ceased to be.
 His vessels of consciousness have collapsed in upon
 themselves
 His essence has united with the Source
 And the frantic personality has been overshadowed
 By an all-pervading, instantaneous truth
 Which lies beyond the perceptions of time
 And only within the limitless space of timelessness
 And that truth . . . cannot be spoken.
 Not because it is forbidden, morose, unsightly or
 unseen
 Not because it is mystery, initiation, ritual or
 surrender
 Not because it is not to be spoken of . . .
 But because it cannot . . .
 Unspokenness is an attribute
 It is an attribute of the Divine
 Which can only be perceived with the naked eye of
 truth
 And this naked eye only unclothes itself
 To the remnant knowledge of a world which bleeds . .
 . for fear of the irony of its irrelevance.
 This instantaneous truth . . .
 Is . . .

Was . . .
 Ever Shall Be . . .
 Words cannot suffice
 Nor should they
 For to tell of such a tale
 Such a transformative adventure
 Would lie within the realm of fantasy and myth
 Would it not be only the ramblings of a superstitious
 person who has lost his mind?
 Certainly, there is no truth to this tale!
 There is no road such as what we have described!
 It does not exist . . . it is not real.
 Does the Solitary even exist?
 I think not,
 For he has vanished into the twinkling of an unseen
 and ill-advised truth
 Why should something so humbling be so ill-
 advised?
 For to retain any fragment of time itself, the soul
 shant never bear this road!
 In order to ingratiate itself to created things, the soul
 must never seek to dismantle anything which would
 defy their reality!
 No . . .
 It is a myth.
 The Solitary is a fable.
 He never existed.
 I never existed.
 He never was . . .
 I never was . . .
 Perhaps he lives on in Boundless Truth,
 Perhaps he never lived at all

Or perhaps, the Solitary had once been a creature
 encapsulated in time who found the gateless gate, the
 unceasing liberation, the unending bliss of eternal
 Love itself?

Perhaps he disappeared into this mist and exists
 somewhere beyond what human senses can retain?

Perhaps?

No, the Solitary is a fable, he is a myth.
 And since when do we seek to know his value
 anyway?

Just another soul, lost to us in space and time
 For a moment sharing substance within our realm of
 perception.

The Solitary had no meaning.

His path had no value.

But . . . what if the Solitary were real?
 What if his fabled pathway to the ever ascending
 unknown

Were like a key to those of us he left behind?

What if?

What then?

What now?

Oh, but yet, timeless wisdom is never equally frugal

It always bears the imprint of its unique traveler

And what of this key?

Perhaps, the key is a myth.

Perhaps, the key has no meaning.

But . . . what if the fabled journey to the unraveling
 abode;

Were truly held fast by some timeless mote traveling
 through space from the Solitary's eye?

To the seeker within us?

And within that mote were an eternal light?
 And within this lies the secret
 . . . of the Solitary?"
 - Marilyn Hughes

From the Bhagavad Gita

"Sequestered should he sit,
 Steadfastly meditating, solitary,
 His thoughts controlled, his passions laid away,
 Quit of belongings. In a fair, still spot
 Having his fixed abode,- not too much raised,
 Nor yet too low,- let him abide, his goods
 A cloth, a deerskin, and the Kusa-grass.
 There, setting hard his mind upon The One,
 Restraining heart and senses, silent, calm,
 Let him accomplish . . . and achieve
 Pureness of soul, holding immovable
 Body and neck and head, his gaze absorbed
 Upon his nose-end, rapt from all around,
 Tranquil in spirit, free of fear, intent
 Upon his . . . vow, devout,
 Musing on Me, lost in the thought of Me.
 That Yogin, so devoted, so controlled,
 Comes to the peace beyond,- My peace, the peace
 Of high Nirvana!"

Bhagavad Gita, Translated by Edwin Arnold, 1885

*From the Life and Teachings of Thoth Hermes
Trismegistus*

"THUNDER rolled, lightning flashed, the veil of the Temple was rent from top to bottom. The venerable initiator, in his robes of blue and gold, slowly raised his jeweled wand and pointed with it into the darkness revealed by the tearing of the silken curtain: "Behold the Light of Egypt! " The candidate, in his plain white robe, gazed into the utter blackness framed by the two great Lotus-headed columns between which the veil had hung. As he watched, a luminous haze distributed itself throughout the atmosphere until the air was a mass of shining particles. The face of the neophyte was illumined by the soft glow as he scanned the shimmering cloud for some tangible object. The initiator spoke again: "This Light which ye behold is the secret luminance of the Mysteries. Whence it comes none knoweth, save the 'Master of the Light.' Behold Him!" Suddenly, through the gleaming mist a figure appeared, surrounded by a flickering greenish sheen. The initiator lowered his wand and, bowing his head, placed one hand edgewise against his breast in humble salutation. The neophyte stepped back in awe, partly blinded by the glory of the revealed figure. Gaining courage, the youth gazed again at the Divine One. The Form before him was considerably larger than that of a mortal man. The body seemed partly transparent so that the heart and brain could be seen pulsating and radiant. As the candidate watched, the heart changed into an ibis, and the brain into a flashing emerald. In Its hand this mysterious Being bore a winged rod,

entwined with serpents. The aged initiator, raising his wand, cried out in a loud voice: "All hail Thee, Thoth Hermes, Thrice Greatest; all hail Thee, Prince of Men; all hail Thee who standeth upon the head of Typhon!" At the same instant a lurid writhing dragon appeared--a hideous monster, part serpent, part crocodile, and part hog. From its mouth and nostrils poured sheets of flame and horrible sounds echoed through the vaulted chambers. Suddenly Hermes struck the advancing reptile with the serpent-wound staff and with snarling cry the dragon fell over upon its side, while the flames about it slowly died away. Hermes placed His foot upon the skull of the vanquished Typhon. The next instant, with a blaze of unbearable glory that sent the neophyte staggering backward against a pillar, the immortal Hermes, followed by streamers of greenish mist, passed through the chamber and faded into nothingness."

*The Life and Teachings of Thoth Hermes
Trismegistus, From the Secret Teachings of All Ages,
Manly P. Hall, 1928*

From Ascending the Mountain

"Standing alone on a solitary peak,
The gateless gate crumbles.
Moving straight up the windy road,

Heaven and earth are walking as one."

*Ascending the Mountain, Bernard Tetsugan
Glassman, 1982, Buddhism*

From the Book of Genesis 5:22

"And Enoch walked with God . . . "

Book of Genesis 5:22

From the Gospel of Thomas

"Jesus said, "The heavens and the earth will be rolled up in your presence. And one who lives from the Living One will not see death . . . Many are standing at the door, but it is the solitary who will enter the bridal chamber.""

*The Gospel of Thomas (200 A.D.), Translated by
Thomas O. Lambdin*

From the Soul of an Indian

"The worship of the "Great Mystery" was silent, solitary, free from all self-seeking. It was silent, because all speech is of necessity feeble and imperfect; therefore the souls of my ancestors ascended to God in wordless adoration. It was solitary, because they believed that He is nearer to us in solitude . . . Among

us all men were created sons of God and stood erect,
as conscious of their divinity."

*The Soul of an Indian, Charles Alexander Eastman,
1911*

From the Gulistan of Sa'di

"If someone asks me for his description,
What shall I despairing say of One who has no form?
The lovers have been slain by the beloved.
No voice can come from the slain."

*Gulistan of Sa'di, By Sheikh Muslih-uddin Sa'di
Shirazi (1258), Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold,
(1899)*

From the Dawn Breakers

"This solitary room (wherein I am) which has not
even a door, is today the greatest of the gardens of
Paradise, for the Tree of Truth is planted herein."

*The Dawn Breakers, Nabil's Narrative, Translated by
Shoghi Effendi, 1970*



From the Book of Enoch

“And thence I went towards the east, into the midst of the mountain range of the desert, and I saw a wilderness and it was solitary, full of trees and plants. And water gushed forth from above. Rushing like a copious watercourse which flowed towards the north-west it caused clouds and dew to ascend on every side.”

The Book of Enoch, Translated by R.H. Charles, 1917

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*The Soul of an Indian, Charles Alexander Eastman,
1911*

THE SOLITARY

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Book

In my Aloneness, I Feel the Wind.

It has Consciousness, it has Breath.

And it Speaks

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

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In my Aloneness, I Feel the Wind.

It has Consciousness, it has Breath.

And it Speaks.

“He compared grace to the gentle, cool breeze that was blowing about them. They couldn’t see where it came from or where it went, but it was real, and it was refreshing. So also with grace. One cannot see it, but it was real and it was a new life. A man would know that he was receiving it, because it would be given to him by means of an outward sign. ‘Unless a man be born again of water and the spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God.’”

*My Meditations on the Gospel, Rev. James E. Sullivan, 1962,
Confraternity of the Precious Blood*

THE EMISSARY

Sister Silence as Sacrament

By Marilyn Hughes

An Out-of-Body Travel Book

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

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For information, write to:

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<http://outofbodytravel.org>

MarilynnHughes@outofbodytravel.org

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

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

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By Marilyn Hughes

An Out-of-Body Travel Book

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

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INTRODUCTION

Metaphors

As the aeons erupted into a melancholy display of lights, my vision swooned towards the mellifluous eruption of color which now had taken over my vision. Before me in the silent casket of death; lay before me flowers of various vibrant hues.

Beyond the horizons, as my eyes partook of this fantastical beauty; I saw before me the mortal lands become vibrant with life, with color, with flowers, with the eruption of my own spirit against the vast wasteland that had once been my life.

On the mountain horizon, blue and green flowers emerged as blossoms of enticing glory in various shades and emanations. They emerged as if from a vast and fertile ground which caused them to rise and bloom so quickly, that my spirit was filled with a rising pleroma of their scent and beauty . . .

But this rising was not a physical happening, but a

grand vista of awareness emerging upon the inward nature of my own soul.

In the grand landscape of silence, the silent blossoms of sacramental union with God were growing at a catastrophic speed.

As my vision turned towards a vast ocean, a sea of light within the confines of my own vision – the wasteland of my interior soul – again appeared eruptions of pink and purples appearing within the etherical quandaries of my deftly silent horizons. Growing at vast speeds as if I were watching their turnabout through time enhanced photography, every bud and bloom brought within my spirit such delight and joy that it cannot be expressed as any other than the simple sacramental union of life with death, soul with God, universe with creation.

No movement came from my own soul as suddenly all around me were swirls and swirls of tornado like energy emanation the colors of green, blue, pink and purple. Whirlwinds of light overtook what used to be the whirlwinds of dust as my soul continued to observe in a completely stationary position beyond the horizon of the inner sea.

Emanations of the flowers continued to swirl around me as my spirit was filled with epiphanies of light, reason, knowledge and fulfilment.

Suddenly and unexpectedly below them, I began to

see words in many languages appear in the swirling vapors of the all-encompassing radiance of God. As the languages began to enfold me, the words and their meanings would escape my conscious understanding but enter within my spirit as a phantasmical figure of wisdom and repose.

Suddenly . . . my vision was gone and I was standing in the midst of the mass retain of the earth. Before me lay thousands of souls ensconced in darkness.

As my silence had come crashing down in the epiphanic awareness of the task which lay before me, my wisdom could remain silent no more.

My spirit was now embodying a lucid formula, which required it to move within and through the souls of the earth still contained within the evolutionary void of darkness lying beyond the spheres of silence, color and light from whence I had just emerged.

As if it were lightning, my spirit began darting through the streets from soul to soul speaking quietly the seemingly ordinary Catholic prayers (such as the 'Our Father', 'Hail Mary,' 'The Apostles Creed,' 'Christ Crucified,' etc.) of which I had learned many aeons ago. And in that arduous learning, I had found that they were far beyond the ordinary sphere of prayer in that they had the power to expel darkness and demons within the minds of men; and beyond this, the words they contained could nullify the demonic mesmerization for a time of souls who had

already chosen their current damnation, rendering them awake and conscious for a period in which the Lord so deigned to give them opportunity to gradiate their sphere of awareness and constitution to a higher gradient form of evolutionary light.

Many would return to their mesmerization, but this was one of the ways in which the Lord, Our God, utilized to graphically denounce and deter such backwards flowing evolutionary quadrants within the soul of humankind.

Traveling through aeons of earthly space and time, my mission was to conquer or detain the darkness within as many thousands of human souls as it were possible. Three others prayed and journeyed with me as we continued what seemed like an endless cyclone of darkness transforming to something higher.

And if in this heightened state something of a higher construct were to descend from the evolutionary spheres from beyond the gradients of light; perhaps higher gateways of evolutionary force could find a pathway into the human mind which remained so ridiculously behind the evolutionary and spiritual waves of knowledge required to maintain and upgrade the realm; such missions had become quite necessary if ever there were to be a higher thrust from other worlds, higher minds, and from the Almighty God Himself.

Thousands of souls we met upon the way, including

those of some we knew who had chosen to remain behind in our travels. We upped their vibrational capacities and continued forward into the continuing entourage of souls lost from the light in some misty, dark and brazen disobedience to the will of creation.

When finally finished many hours later, the four of us emerged at the doors towards the outdoors inside a large building which appeared to be in a large city. Having no clue the excitement which would await us beyond the doors, we quickly forwarded our spirits beyond them to find that before us was something of another yet awesome beauty.

The Mother Ship was silver, but it shone with light as if it were of fine silver, not a metallic tin or iron. It was a circular ship, a cylindrical craft. There were two folds in the metallic silver folds before the center from both the top and the bottom of its majesty.

As soon as we gazed upon the ship, all four of us were rendered again silent and unmoving. Again, we just looked upon it as our spirits were taken within its confines and our memories deleted from this point forward.

In what appeared to be aeons later, I found myself alone sliding through what appeared to be mystical corridors in-between cliff walls; falling, wading, surrendering, being, commencing, soaring, and yet not moving . . .

I noticed that all of the attachments to earthly things or creatures that still remained upon my soul came with me as I moved/did not move through these mysterious corridors. And as I continued through what seemed like about five of them, all of those attachments were gone.

No sound accompanied these journeys, as no movement. But yet, there was great movement. And I emerged silently and without adieu.

Standing before a series of apparitions, my spirit entered into an ecstatic state beyond my understanding or ability to describe.

Before my soul were to appear five apparitions of the Blessed Virgin Mary. And each of them would appear in subsequent order as such; pale blue, pink, yellow, white, black and then something extraordinary would occur.

Many other souls accompanied me on this journey, but they were not traveling in the same aeon. Watching as I was emanating, these were souls encased in flesh still learning to go beyond the simple constructs of the physical waking life. It was my task to emanate such knowledge.

In the first apparition, the Blessed Virgin appeared to me in all pale blue light. She asked me to come and enter within her. As she was manifesting at my side, I took two steps to the side and entered into her pale

blue manifestation.

Wondrous seams of exotic silence weaved into the fibers of my very being.

And as I gazed upon those who traveled with us, I saw that they could not see or comprehend what was happening although I was filled with such exquisite ardor and love for God.

The Blessed Virgin spoke, "These are the watchers, and you must be the emissary." Immediately, I understood this to mean that somehow it was my task, my mission, to convey the energies which had been given to me through no merit of my own to those who remained behind.

These watchers were not of the Old Testament Biblical persuasion, but rather, those who were so energetically constricted within their mortal flesh that the finer, higher vibrational frequencies of light remained unavailable to them and thus, evolution and movement was not possible within their current sphere of knowledge without a great deal of assistance.

The Blessed Virgin bade me to step out . . . and I took two steps to the side.

In the second apparition, the Blessed Virgin appeared to me in all pale pink light. She asked me to come and enter within her. As she was manifesting at my side, I

took two steps to the side and entered into her pale pink manifestation.

Phantasmical glory of the infinite understanding of the true feminine principle wove in and out of my searing particulate soul as the energies accessed and commandeered creation itself through its essence of higher pink hue.

And as I gazed upon those who traveled with us, I saw that they could not see or comprehend what was happening although I was filled with such exquisite seams of effervescent eminence and creation Itself.

The Blessed Virgin bade me to step out . . . and I took two steps to the side.

In the third apparition, the Blessed Virgin appeared to me in all a dark yellow light. She asked me to come and enter within her. As she was manifesting at my side, I took two steps to the side and entered into her dark yellow manifestation.

Within the echoing beams of our now conjoined cosmic glory, I felt within my spirit the true nature of the sacrifice of God. If I'd had a body, it would have been heaving as the searing patterns of construct and destruct wove through my created spirit in a birthing process which caused a trajectory of pain and release. The deep yellow hues contained within them the suffering organism seeking to be born again through the suffering God.

And as I gazed upon those who traveled with us, I saw that they could not see or comprehend what was happening although I was filled with such powerful contractions of sacrifice and surrender. As I beheld within my own body the true nature of the suffering God and what that had meant for each and every human soul, they could not see.

The Blessed Virgin bade me to step out . . . and I took two steps to the side.

In the fourth apparition, the Blessed Virgin appeared to me in all white light. She asked me to come and enter within her. As she was manifesting at my side, I took two steps to the side and entered into her brightly white manifestation.

As if I'd taken a huge breath, my heaving and contracting soul became utterly still. Purity was utterly silent. No waves of motion, no constructs of nature or spirit, nothing . . . silence. Although my spirit stood now before them containing within it the pure feminine principle, again they could not observe what was happening.

And as I gazed upon those who traveled with us, I saw that they could not see or comprehend what was happening despite the transformative nature of purity which had overcome my soul with stillness and what had manifested before them as absolute silence.

The Blessed Virgin bade me to step out . . . and I took

two steps to the side.

In the fifth apparition, the Blessed Virgin disappeared and all became black. Within only a millisecond, my spirit was standing upon the edge of a great precipice. Below me were the caverns of the earth and all those who had accompanied me upon this journey.

I wondered at what I should do as despite all that they had seen this eve, they had encapsulated none.

Suddenly, up ahead of us in the interior sky of the Universe, a great sun began to make its Light known as another planetary body the same size as this Light began to enter into the sphere which was blackness itself. Yet, Light had entered the darkness.

"Sister, Sister . . . " I heard a vague whisper from the voice of the Blessed Virgin who remained invisible to me at this moment. "Sister, Sister . . ." it was again repeated.

Nodding my head as if to say, "Yes?" she quietly whispered again, 'What are you, Sister, what are you?' Quietly, I again nodded, indicating I did not yet know. "Emanation . . . "the whisper came, "emanation."

"To what does a Solitary aspire?" The whisper continued . . . Looking up, I thought to myself, 'To emanate . . . ?' A moment passed, I paused. "Yes, yes" came the distant whisper. "A Solitary aspires to

become an Emissary . . . “

Again, I paused . . .

“Sister . . . “, my insides were all jumbled up in a worrisome threshold of silent questioning. “Okay,” I thought, “An Emissary.” But what does that really mean?”

Suddenly, a wind came upon me at the top of the cliff. As my hair blew ferociously in the wind, my spirit was filled with an internal knowing.

From Charles Fillmore

“The Holy Spirit is . . . but an emanation or "breath" sent forth to do a divine work.”

Mysteries of John, Charles Fillmore, 1946

Looking down below me at those travelers who had taken this journey with us, I thought, “Oh, I understand.” I thought, “A Solitary must emanate and an emanation must become by its very nature an Emissary. And in so doing, the Emissary ‘carries’ with him and shares the divine light with those who cannot yet achieve it? Is this right?” Utter silence followed . . . as I waited for some kind of direction.

Suddenly, it occurred to me that I must pray for the souls down below and so I began . . .

From the Golden Verses of Pythagorus

“Virtue is an emanation from God; it is like a reflected image of the Divinity, the resemblance of which alone constitutes the good and the beautiful. The soul which is attached to this admirable type of all perfection is aroused to prayer by its inclination to virtue, and it augments this inclination by the effusion of the goodness which it receives by means of prayer; so that it does precisely what it demands and demands what it does.”

Golden Verses of Pythagorus, Fabre' de'Olivet, 1917

As I continued to pray, the condition of these souls became known within my inner sanctuary. How often we don't realize how much our prayer is needed for those who do not know how to properly pray for that which will awaken them to a greater good, a brighter beginning, and a more perfected path towards the Almighty God.

From Socrates

"The sage knows what he ought to say or do; the fool is ignorant of it; the one implores in prayer, what can be really useful to him; the other desires often things which, being granted him, become for him the source of greatest misfortunes. The prudent man, however little he may doubt himself, ought to resign himself to Providence who knows better than he, the consequences that things must have.

Grant us good whether prayed for or unsought by us;
But that which we ask amiss, do thou avert."

Socrates

And as I prayed for these fellow travelers, I followed an inner prompting and jumped towards the omnipotent Light of God.

As I did so, two things happened. The first was that the two bodies merged as if an eclipse of the sun. Immediately, my interior spirit was filled with the energies and knowledge of the miracle of the sun at Fatima and the significance of a total eclipse of the sun. The second was that my soul did not fall towards those below . . . but began soaring in a mellifluous surrender in my passage to the all-knowing Light which lay directly before me.

In the blackness; the void had laid bare all potential;

and as I'd made an act of simple surrender towards the will of God which had been communicated to me in the inner spheres of God's paradise, my spirit had taken all the energies from which it had previously dispatched.

In a moment which defied all worldly understanding, the Blessed Virgin appeared and yet soared towards and into my principal essence.

And as our spirits combined in flight above them; we contained within us these qualities:

Pure Love of God, Pale Blue
 The Principle of the True Feminine Spirit, Pale Pink
 The True Nature of the Sacrifice of God, Deep Yellow
 The Purity of God, Bright White
 The Void Wherein Lies all Potential, Black

I watched as the dark body eclipsed the light body, as the moon would eclipse the sun. And down below, those souls who had traveled this pathway with us this night, absolutely saw and comprehended what was happening because the union of these qualities had manifested in our flight and had overcome their souls with pleasure and delight.

Suddenly, they could see us . . .

The Blessed Virgin bade me to continue to soar and allow them to watch in awe and glory . . .

Their primal gaze had been interrupted; for as they previously could only look forward into their physical universe, they could now do no other than to gaze above at the heavenly heights above.

Their heads had been turned from the earth to heaven . . . a huge, magnificent and astronomical eclipse of the soul as regards the energetic potential they now held within their sphere of understanding. And this turn would allow this greater potential to enter within the entire sphere of knowledge and evolution from wherein they had come.

And suddenly, she was gone. But yet even so, my soul was on fire with the Love of God and continued to soar.

"Sister, Sister . . . " I heard the distant whispering voice now beckoning calling out to me." Sister Silence," the Blessed Virgin again beckoned. Looking to and fro, I could no longer see her, and she no longer overlapped my flight although its course was clearly mapped upon the energetic currents which geometrically posed themselves ahead of me upon my flight path. "Sister Silence . . . is Sacrament." She said. "Always be with me . . . "

Sister Silence as Sacrament
 Always be with me
 Or know thee is naught
 And to abandon thee is ill
 Beloved Sister of the Spheres

Allow us to reckon the emptiness to speak
 For it is so
 It is an emanation from the All Good
 Be sister to silence
 As silence is sister to sphere
 And sphere is sister to realm
 And realm is sister to knowledge
 And knowledge is sister to Good
 And Good is sister to God
 For I know of nothing so secure
 As the silence of the spirit in the remnant of the
 emanations
 For hardly a mode can be described
 As that which gives bliss to the soul
 And the bliss of the mortal man
 Shares nothing of the bliss of the immortal
 For that which gives delight to the mortal
 Affords obstruction to the immortal
 That which gives delight to the immortal
 Affords anxiety to the mortal
 Beyond the sharing, there is a wide chasm
 For that which will harden the heart of a sinner
 Will soften the heart of a seeker
 And love will illumine a seeker in its woe
 As love will constrict the sinner in its hazed view
 A sin will exchange with a seeker for virtue
 To retain a greater glimpse of unbridled spherical
 glory
 As love will exchange with a sinner for sin
 For the ways of sin are vast and deep
 And they widen with congruent footsteps
 For that which we seek determines that which we are

In our woes, may we find You
Rather than to woefully become lost by the spirit of
the tepid beast

Become a true Emissary of the Light

“What other’s spoke of in terms of bliss,
That – as woe the saints declared,
What others spoke of in terms of woe,
That – as bliss the saints have known.
Behold a Norm that’s hard to comprehend
Baffled herein are the ignorant ones.”

Samyutta Nikaya, John Ireland, 1981

CHAPTER ONE

Believe That You are Keeping the Movement Alive



In the blissful winds of silence, the reception of the sacraments had led me to this wayward and mysterious abode.

Despite the wretched winds of worldliness which purported the tides of a greater cause, my soul could not help but feel a certain blissful emanation which was not yet so far distant from the annals of my soul.

Beyond the current of the winds, was a continual vibration which was leading me forward into the clear and still waters of a silent emanation, a silent abode.

Whizzing by beyond the speed of light, my spirit was literally running through the aeons, granting the universal stanza's of God to depart from my flesh all wayward or organic diametrical opposition.

And then suddenly, my spirit stopped . . .

Before me was a quiet and eternal abode. The light radiated from every pore of what appeared as a transcendent and translucent tabernacle.

It was not physical nor ethereal . . . it was like a sudden manifestation that appears when and where it pleases in its immanence and self producing proclivities.

Instantly, my silent spirit was thrust to its knees as I bowed down in honor before the iridescent throne

room of God.

And as quickly as I had bowed, my spirit was transported into the huge vestige that bore no true definition and no intrinsic location. It seemed only that the throne room was revealed to the inner man when the interior sanctuary was ready to observe it.

Within the confines of the throne room, God's presence was absolutely felt encompassing, overwhelming, embracing and loving my entire spirit. But I could not see an intelligible being, nor did I see a throne. The room was empty sans for a large open window which opened itself to the universal spheres and aeons, although there was an enclosed nature about it.

For hours, I just kneeled and soaked in the energy of God in all his blissful malaise. The light entered into my spirit in a manner unlike any other because it entered in every way, through every sense, through every location of the spiritual body, through every emotion, through every serene thought . . . and it came a strong but steady paternal vibration.

Glazing into the vibration was blissful beyond words. All things seemed very simple here, there was a great deal of compassion from God for all His creation, but it was a completely detached and functional compassion.

The window began to operate with extreme ferocity . .

. my soul watched as it began to open up to the many aeons of existence within God's holy universes and worlds.

And as it did, it was my task to simply emanate. Hundreds of situations appeared. The first one involved a young woman whose heart had been broken, and I began to emanate energy to her from my hands, from my third eye, my crown chakra and from my entire being. As I did so, the energies dissipated from myself and encompassed her with forward moving thrust.

Hundreds of images came across my vision from many periods of time, many places across the universal spheres, from many worlds . . . and I continued to emanate this holy and compassionate energy, but also remained completely detached as I'd observed the energy of the throne room itself in each and every situation, no matter the seriousness of the suffering.

Hours passed as hundreds more situations appeared before me; wars, famines, victims of horrific crimes . . . and as these progressed, the emanations continued to come from myself but they began to expand.

As the situations became more and more brutal, more and more difficult to alter . . . the Lord God allowed me to sweep my arms throughout the throne room and direct the energies from His room directly towards the situations at hand.

The energies in the throne room were now moving very specifically towards those in total despair and the movement of these powerful winds towards those in grave suffering also caused a momentary detachment on their own part . . . allowing for a thrust of knowledge to enter within them; to give them light and peace, and to enable them to receive input and thrust from God Himself to know to whence they should go from here.

It was beyond words, but God had the capacity for true and deep compassion with a form of detachment which allowed for creation to *move*.

And that's what I learned from being in the throne room; to emanate with compassion yet detachment in order that the energies you are required to carry and deliver to others may bear fruit.

Although my time in the throne room had lasted many, many hours, I asked the Lord God a total of nine times if He would prolong my stay. And to each question, He answered yes. And thus it was that I stayed in the throne room for twenty eight hours.

Shortly thereafter, my spirit was sent to an old castle wherein remained the remnant souls of many who had committed and been victimized by heinous acts of war and torture. As it was so, the spirits were participating in a satanic ritual within the confines of the castle walls and as I'd entered it was clear that

their primary purpose this evening was to take my own life and the lives of my children.

Thus, a battle ensued.

Interestingly, these spirits appeared in the form of a multitude of demons but in ways I had not yet seen. Each of them appeared in some hideous fashion, but entirely different from any other. The marks of their individual and unique sins were born on their demonic bodies.

While one would be reptilian and spindly with horns and reddish features, another would appear huge with a burden on his back, like a huge bag of weight beyond bearing with his face having the tendrils of a combination of a vampiric spirit and the deathly pale of a darkened ghost as his body was very obese yet humanoid.

There were hundreds of them in the castle and it would be impossible to describe them all. But every single one of them had an entirely different appearance. It was quite intimidating and frightening.

As I floated forth into the room, I began the battle with my usual emanations towards them and the battle which now ensued. As usual, the light coming from my spirit destroyed them, and many lie completely immovable now upon the floor as if dead. Their bodies would then ignite into flame and they would become ashen but not burn entirely of

their substantial nature.

But as time passed, although it appeared we were winning the battle, the demonic spirits would slowly recover and resume their nefarious activities. Thus, the war had no potential for an end and these souls remained lost in their evil, for it was an absolute and true evil in which they had chosen to reside.

The Word of the Lord was immediately pressed into my soul to approach two of the demonic figures which had not yet resurrected themselves and to quietly breathe into their noses.

Although this sounds horrific beyond all nature, I was surprised and moved to see that in utilizing the emanation from within my soul to breathe life, so to speak, into their souls had an entirely different effect.

Immediately their faces began turning to a dark blue and very, very slowly an internal light began to forge its way through. Rather than resurrecting into their former demonic selves, these lost and frightened spirits became quiet and stared up towards the Almighty God's abodes.

Breathing into their noses brought life into them, thus potential, and simply destroying the demonic and evil forces within the souls would not work towards the highest construct which was to seed within them the potentiality of the light and the eternal thrust they would need to pursue it.

These two eventually stood up and went to sit at a table, their eyes completely fixed upwards.

As the other demons continued to attempt to battle, I was led to a few more who were ripe for the influx of the eternal light and I breathed into their nostrils, as well.

And when it was made known to me that I had seeded the ones who could receive of it, my spirit simply disappeared and emanated home.

From Wisdom of the Ages

“Spirit needs neither props nor outside influences to make its mission known to thee. Its throne room is within, and only one can have audience at a time.

Thou must go alone if thou wouldst receive its blessings and commands.

Others cannot hear for thee; others cannot see for thee; others cannot receive for thee.

Spirit never calls two at a time. Its pathway does not admit of two walking abreast.

Through the same ethers and at the same times travel the varied forces of the universe, yet they never

interfere with one another. Each is bent on its own mission.

In this world there is plenty of room for all, and there will be no jostling when all find their rightful places.

Yet, even as it is, the self-centred one is never disturbed.

Only those who are trying orbits that belong to others disturb and are disturbed.

Alone thou must be, and yet not alone, for the ethereal currents from interstellar spaces sweep around thee freighted with priceless cargoes.

Influences are about and with thee that know not earth as their home.

From all around thee Nature stretches out her hands encouragingly, and from above all power is showered upon thee.

Indeed, the favors of heaven are thine own, and thine associates kindred spirits from universes unnumbered.

Out of thine own sphere thou art hampered, cramped and besieged by forces, powers and influences that impede thy onward progress.

In thine own sphere thou art the ruler. Even the stars, nebulæ, universes lay their tribute at thy feet.

Indeed, the golden crown, sparkling with jewels, brighter and richer by far than the earth affords, sits gracefully upon the brow of the king who has become the ruler in the sphere of his own self-consciousness.

To him, all winds are alike; all experiences as they should be; all influences good; for all yield unto him a subtle essence that giveth strength and power.

None can bring evil unto him, for his feet walk the shining pathway of the spirit."

Wisdom of the Ages, George A. Fuller, 1916

CHAPTER TWO
The Rose and How to Deliberate It



Who among us,
 Could deliberate the consequence?
The consequence of fools and the wise alike;
 The sting of a deed done wrongly
The harboring of a fugitive thought towards a
 brother?
Only amidst the consequence of ether
 Can a soul truly know its peace
For to unduly ring the bell of wisdom
Would require a higher and wiser range of motion
 From which most of humanity is slighted

Because of their own neglect
 But to whom shall the Emissary turn?
 When amidst the toil and confusion
 Of an earthly life . . .
 The consequential reality of the sin and karma
 Past misdeeds
 Incorrect thinking
 False doctrine
 Illusory thoughts
 And the simple gasping awareness of the littleness
 Of every single soul
 Takes a hold of the Emissary
 And wakes it to its own weakness
 What must it do then?
 For of itself it can do nothing.
 But what is of great avail to the mystical traveler
 Is the knowledge of the wonder of vibration
 For it has the power to transform the tiny speck of
 humankind
 Which is the central core of every one of us
 And elevate it to a higher consequence
 And this is the secret . . .
 Of the Emissary

As the seamless horizon had taken hold of my spirit, I
 watched before me as a scene unfortold to my
 imagination became manifest before my vision.

A very young St. Padre Pio came towards me in an
 urgent manner. Looking as if he was now about the
 age of thirty years, he said something very important
 was going to happen.

As his words had barely dropped from his lips an explosion in the distance seemed imminent. Somehow, his words had provided enough of a foreshadowing for me to raise my hands and allow the power of the Holy Spirit to come through me and cease the explosion before it took place.

St. Padre Pio looked pleased and then he was gone.

And suddenly, as if my soul were a simple container or wisp of existence, my spirit began a journey unbeknownst to me and of such a caliber that words will not do it justice. For no justice can be borne of it.

Within its confines my spirit was whisked into mystical lands beyond my present comprehension, vibrationary worlds which surpassed all that I had ever seen, and the land of 'peace' and 'all-tranquility.'

In this insanely quiet rapture, my soul lay rapt within the arms of God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Spirit as the fiery mirth of the winds of spiritual change were swept over me as though by a wisp of breath from each One.

But yet these wisps were as flames which enraptured and consumed everything unlike Themselves within the muse which now held Their sway.

Remaining silent, my spirit was now cloaked in a robe, a garment of a monk to hide my identity. As I

walked quietly by those who would wish to speak to me at this time, the silence beckoned me deeper and deeper within the confines of the world of no sound.

Looking down, I hid my face from those who would wish to talk. And I walked by quickly so as to remain unseen as I journeyed ever closer to the Source of these unbegotten wisps of breath.

Within moments, my spirit was now retained again within the throne room of God; filled with the light, the bliss and surrounded in the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament. It was completely silent.

I did not speak or move. I looked . . . and as I looked around me, something wondrous began to happen.

My spirit was taken on a journey through the lifetimes of my family. First, I was to see the past, present and future of my mother and my siblings. Secondly, I was to wander through the future of my children with their spouses and my grandchildren.

These moments were filled with happiness and joy.

And I felt a totally silent peace.

But then a whirlwind began to ascend from the midst of the floor. Again my spirit was whisked through aeons and aeons of time, into many worlds and many realities beyond my comprehension.

The Lord expressed great happiness about the

progress I was making on the earthly monastery He had assigned me to create in my own home. It was almost complete, and it was to His liking.

And then ensued hundreds of vibrational raisings to worlds, frequencies, etheric masteries I could never have imagined. Taken into the heights of the vibrational worlds, I realized that I had only just begun to comprehend the mysteries of our Lord and the many mansions of His creation.

Reveling for hour upon hour in this mysterious journey, my spirit was being put through the fiery cleansing of frequency to purify it of all that remained of the dross of the world. And in the end, my soul would emerge gloriously washed in the blood of the lamb. The fire and the cross were the vehicle, the vibrations were the mechanism, and the Lord was the Master.

I gladly submitted to Him.

And the Lord asked me to submit to you this journey within the confines of the Rose, and within the visual spectrum.

Because . . . my spirit began a journey unbeknownst to me and of such a caliber that words will not do it justice. For no justice can be borne of it. And so I speak in images of a journey which no words can bear. View them wisely, for they speak of things which cannot be uttered . . . and within each image lie

mysteries of which I cannot speak. Seek them, look for them . . . find them.

THE JOURNEY OF WHICH NO WORDS
CAN UTTER



As with all life, the soul (her soul) began within the
thorns of the world.



But the thorns were through the Crown of Thorns
which Christ bore upon His head.



Every human soul began as a seed, the seed of a red
rose.



And the soul (her soul) sprouted . . .



As her little soul grew, it was pruned and eventually
prepared to blossom . . .



Before it blossomed, however, it needed to grow into a larger bush.



But eventually, her soul began the process to flower.



And then her soul peeked out just a bit to see what
might lie outside of its comfortable enclosure.



And she saw there was no reason to fear and began to
open.



And the freedom she felt compelled it to continue . . .



And continue . . .



And then she blossomed into a beautiful new creation.



But her soul looked upon itself and all around and realized there were still thorns.



And as the leaves replenished around the fading blossoms, and life continued to erupt; the thorns remained.



But yet amongst the fiery brush and the thorns, her soul could still erupt in perfection.



And as one soul blossomed, others followed.



And the blossoms joined together in beauty and
created an ethereal synergy.



And the soul now contemplated her condition. She covered herself with a cloak, so she could remain in silence for this important and silent looking within.



And the Holy Spirit descended . . .



And God the Father emanated to the earth the
beginning of new life.



The soul remembered her own birth.



She wept in memory of her sin and karmic stain.



But she remembered that the blossoms must exist . . .



amongst the thorns.



So she contemplated her thorns, she looked upon her
own sinfulness.



And the barren wilderness of her past misdeeds
overwhelmed her.



She looked to the great writings of the Prophets,
Saints, Mystics, Sages and Ascetics to understand her
own sinfulness and the means to overcome that
nature.



And a great light descended into her wilderness.



But the roses surrounded the ancient sacred texts and
the words lit up as if on fire.



And as the words became fire and the blossoming ensued; the soul threw herself to the feet of Christ.
Mercy emanated from His feet.



And He showed her the world and all that lay within.



She then saw before her 'Lady Justice' and knew that in order to follow Christ, she must allow justice to do its bidding within her. Her sins would have to be weighed out according to her longing for the Lord. And in so doing, she allowed for mercy to become a mechanism within her soul.



And her repentance and contrition blossomed.



And her learning of the Way came to pass.



Again she saw herself and knew there was much need for change and transformation within her soul.



But the roses blossomed in her wilderness.



And she saw herself growing up as a young girl
surrounded by the blossoms.



And suddenly, a path awaited her to enter the garden of roses, and angels revealed themselves from their prior concealment.



The roses blossomed and were filled with fertile waters.



She threw herself to the ground as the Holy Spirit descended to begin her purification.



And the Holy Spirit brought her gifts of sanctification and vibration.



The Cross and the rose blossomed and emanated together.



An Emissary brought the Sacred and Holy Eucharist to her soul to aid the purification which was now taking place within her.



Her soul blossomed into a perfect flower.



Another Emissary came to bring the fire.



Another Emissary came to bring the sacred and holy texts.



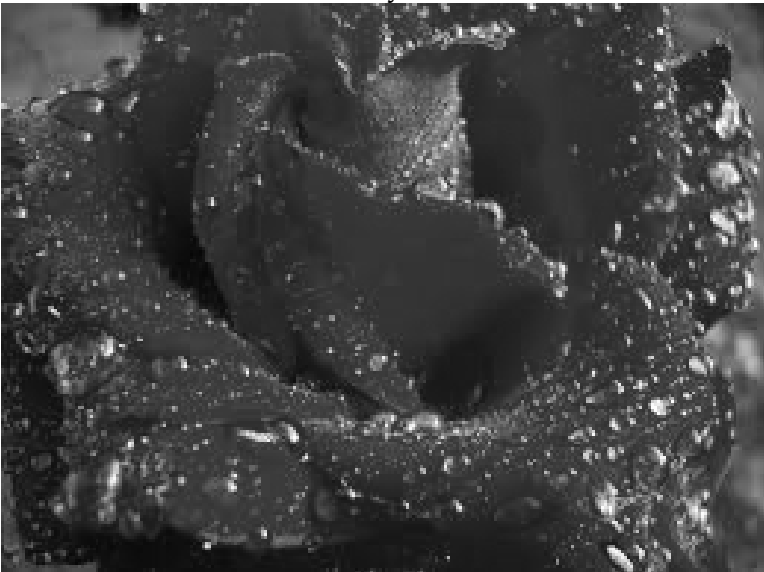
And the blossom became a bouquet



Although light and shadow still remained.



But the frosty waters . . .



adorned the petals of the soul and her individual
blossoms.



And the waters purified.



And the soul saw herself in her weakness and looked
towards heaven for the remedy.



Light entered her wilderness.



Something began to stir within the soul, within the
rose. Was it smoke? Was it the frosty waters
beginning to disburse? It was as yet unclear.



Awwww, the rose ignited into a grand flame!



A gate now stood before the soul, the flower.



The soul (the flower) had burst into flame.



The soul emanated.



The soul received thrusts of heightened vibration.



It ascended into the soul as a rushing flame of light
and ethereal matter.



The Tomb was now empty, the Christ had risen and
the blood of the lamb had made her soul white as
snow.



The purity of the white, the blood of the red; the soul
had received both.



And the flame continued to consume her soul, the
rose.



The soul received inexplicable thrusts from the eternal spheres of light.



The Holy Spirit descended upon all who will receive of Him.



The eternal spheres started to turn.



And the angels watched the soul as she received of
this heavenly thrust.



The soul blossomed.



The Holy Spirit filled the blossoms with greater and higher frequencies of vibration.



The rose and the soul began to be consumed by the flame.



The soul reached out to receive the fires of purification.



She erupted into flame and her garments became purified white.



Still lying upon her mystical place of slumber, her wings emerged and she refused to awaken to the world for she knew these thrusts were only the beginning of the journey she must now make.



A heavenly portal opened.



A carriage awaited her . . .



She traveled through galaxies.



And the waters continued to enrich the rose.



She traveled through more
portals;



and frequencies beyond bearing.



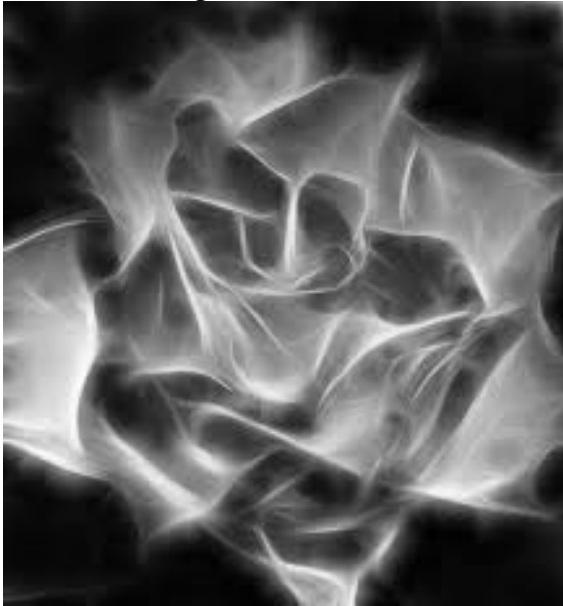
Geometric universes she couldn't yet understand
disarmed her.



She remained now far from the world.



And her wings and garments of white shimmered in
the galactic heavens.



The rose, her soul, was now completely alit in flame.



Whilst her earthly body remained the same, it received and contained within it the fires of purification, the winds of vibration and frequency and the Chalice of the Blessed Sacrament.



She heard the music of the spheres which she could see was being played on a violin with a bow made of a singular red rose aflame with the power of the Holy Spirit.



The temple appeared to her soul and she walked slowly with the others to enter.



The world remained distant.



Joining the others in the temple, she allowed them to emanate into her soul the light and vibration of higher thoughts.



And Our Lady of the Roses appeared to assist.



The Emissaries brought their offerings deeper into the temple.



Her soul's vision was opened and she saw that she was now within a heavenly city guarded by the Emissaries of the light.



An angel brought the DNA pattern to seed within her cellular memory.



And the rose continued to be consumed by the fire of knowledge.



The soul now surrounded by heavenly Emissaries,
awakened to the frequencies being emitted into her
heart.



The rose continued to be consumed.



A mysterious enflamed horse appeared.



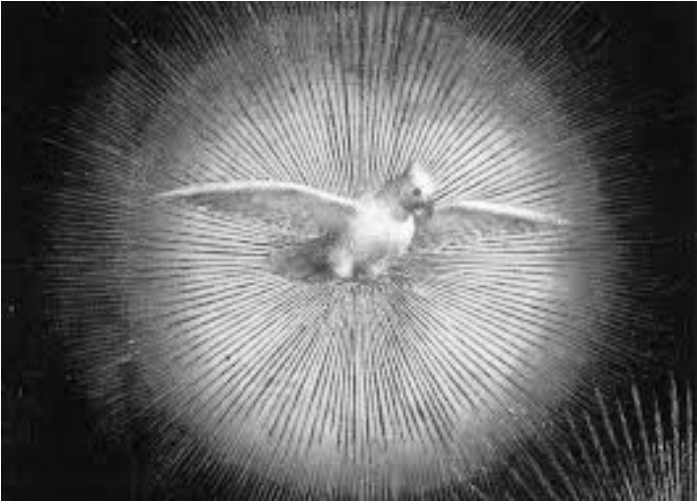
The rose continued to be consumed.



And suddenly, the fire broke out all around her soul's physical sphere awaking her for just a moment to the music which was coming from the fire, the wisdom and knowledge which was transforming both her body and soul.



An Emissary brought perfumes and incense.



The Holy Spirit continued to amp up the frequency and vibration.



The soul was swept through many aeons and worlds.



For a moment, the soul gazed upon its barrenness
without God.



But again, the soul was swept through many aeons
and worlds.



And suddenly, the tree which was once dead
appeared teeming with life because God was now
present.



She received of the emanations . . . she received from
the aeons.



A sheltered rose garden presented the next path for her soul to take. She walked through the gateway.



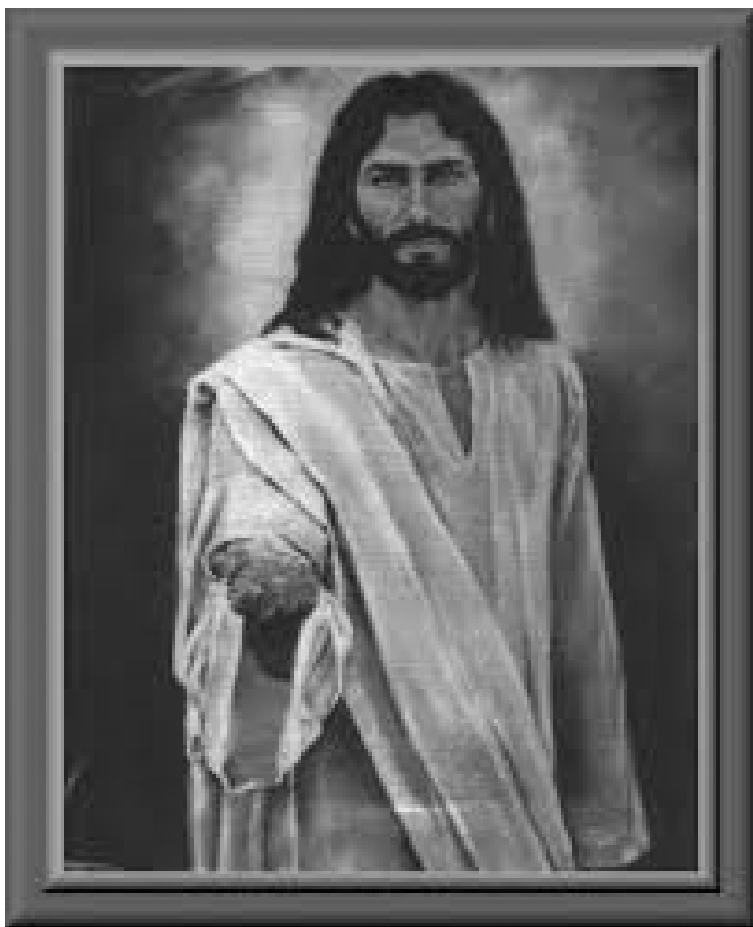
The Blessed Virgin appeared ensconced in Roses. Her soul gazed in awe.



But it just as quickly disappeared as a window into eternity, engraved with fiery roses engulfed in light opening to her yet another portal into worlds beyond her present imaginings.



As she threw herself into the portal, she fell to the ground in awareness of her unworthiness to come to this place. But Our Lord appeared and raised His hands to summon her forth.



And He reached His hands towards her in welcome.



And the soul's rose blossomed in a heavenly delight.



She stood now at the gate all in white, like a bride
awaiting her bridegroom.



And a great door appeared before the bride and opened slightly to bid her to come in.



And as she entered, she found herself walking in the
great waters of purification surrounded in a great
light.



The angels and Our Lord appeared before her to again shed more light and frequency upon her soul.



And she came to dry ground filled with bliss and awe
at what she has just seen.



She was presented with a crown.



Our Lord bade her to look upon the Eternal City.



And her roses bloomed and blossomed with great
beauty.



She was offered a ring.



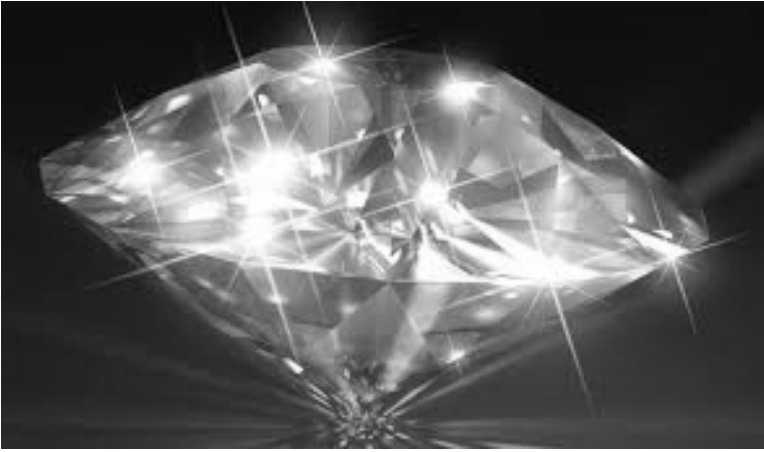
And a great steed appeared to take her to the next point along her journey.



The horse let her off before a grand staircase into the higher heavens.



She ran with fervor to meet her Master and only true love.



And the diamond light was given to her in
abundance.



Her soul reveled in the bliss of the heightening
vibration and frequency.



She beheld the Eternal City.



And her soul was declared 'washed' in the blood of the Lamb.



A caravan of angels came to greet her and escort her across the great waters.



She passed through temple gates, staring in awe.



She was taken to a wonderfully light-filled room to
await her betrothal to the Beloved.



And the angels rejoiced and surrounded the world
with their goodness at the impending nuptials.



God, the Father, sent His blessings upon her.



Our Lord accepts His Father's Blessings, as well.



The Holy Spirit sent His blessings upon her.



The Blessed Mother showered her with roses.



The soul bloomed inside the frequency.



A further gateway appeared, and she entered.



And there before her stood the great Lion of Judah,
Our Lord; the bridegroom to which she was
betrothed. And then He disappeared very quickly.



And the skies opened up to reveal yet another portal
in the Eternal City to which her gaze became fixed.



The King of Glory awaited.



The Holy Spirit came to fetch her for the grand nuptials.



And she waited upon the balcony for the great event
to take place . . .



Moments later she stood before her Beloved, as He beckoned her forth.



She ran to embrace Him in a fury of love.



But there remained a chasm between her and His city.



She blossomed where she stood.



The light came within her in a flurry of vibration and
bliss.



And she became as a pure white rose.



The chalice appeared before her indicating her right
to cross the great divide.



Reaching towards it, the light grasped a hold of her
and pulled her within the higher sphere.



And her Beloved greeted her at her arrival.



He took her forward to witness the great assembly gathered in honor of this occasion.



And her soul, the rose, was enlivened with the union of the divine and the human, the love of Christ being borne within her heart.



She blossomed.



She blossomed more . . .



God, the Father, made His Presence known and gathered His blessings upon all those who were to attend.



The Holy Spirit descended and blessed the rose.



Angels sent forth their light in unison.



And the Lord descended towards His bride.



Grasping her beloved, her soul (the rose) embraced
Him, and in so doing, embraced all that is divine;
relinquishing the sinful relics which had once held
her to the world.



The Father, Son and Holy Spirit blessed the union.



Her soul received the blessing in the form of vibration, frequency and light; a shudder of ecstatic peace.



When this blessing had consumed her, she sat in wait
of the grand moment to come as her Beloved
remained with her in spirit and in truth.



Preparing for yet another journey higher, she traveled upwards through worlds to come upon her final destination.



Golden gates opened for her arrival.



As she entered, angels congregated in celebration.



Her Lord and Beloved entered.



She entered.



Her Lord, watched by many angels, proceeded forth
to the throne.



And thereupon, He was crowned and awaited the ceremonial occasion.



As God, the Father, broke out all the scrolls to permit their blessings to be showered upon her and the union to come.



Our Lord crowned His mother.



Our Lord energized and crowned His bride in a fury of light.



A union occurred in these crownings. The two Mary's, the Blessed Virgin and the Magdalene became one and proceeded to create a fertile blossoming within the rose (her soul.)



Her soul gazed upon the eternal city.



It was beautiful and filled with light.



Technology existed here that she had not seen in the world.



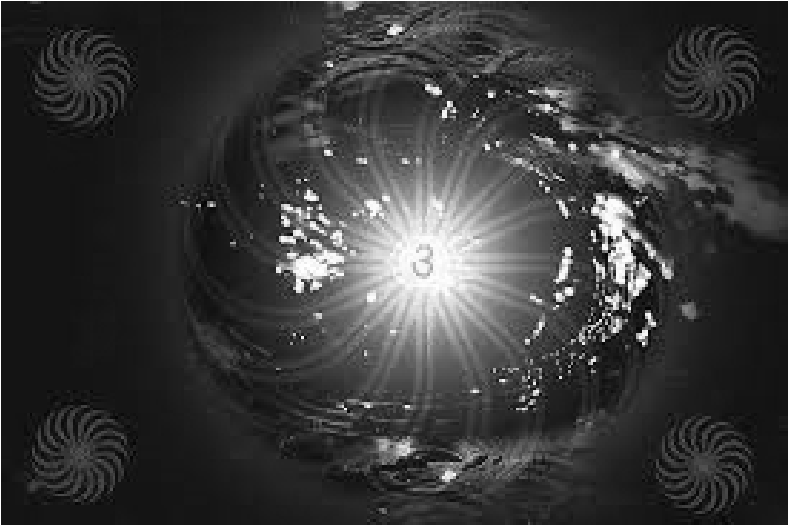
And an enriched splendor in the natural world was evident in the heavenly abode.



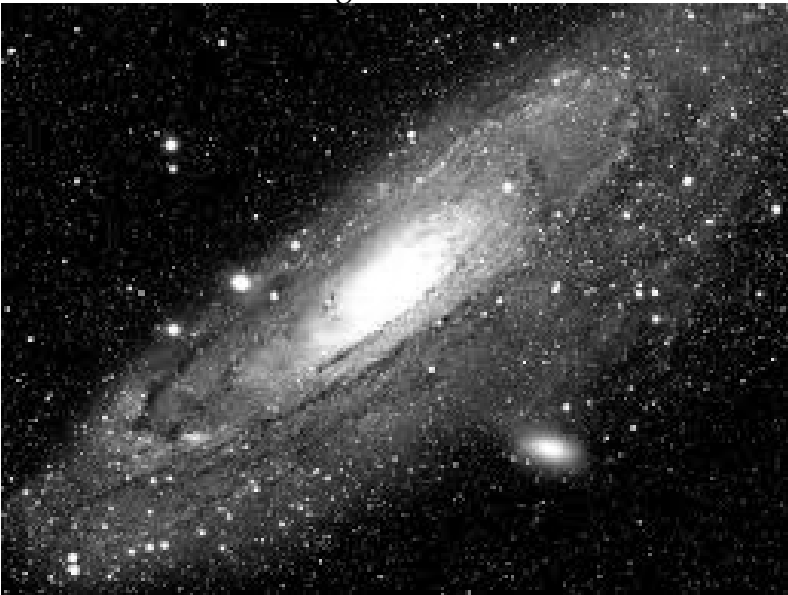
Again, the soul was given to look upon the world.



She was given to look upon the rose.



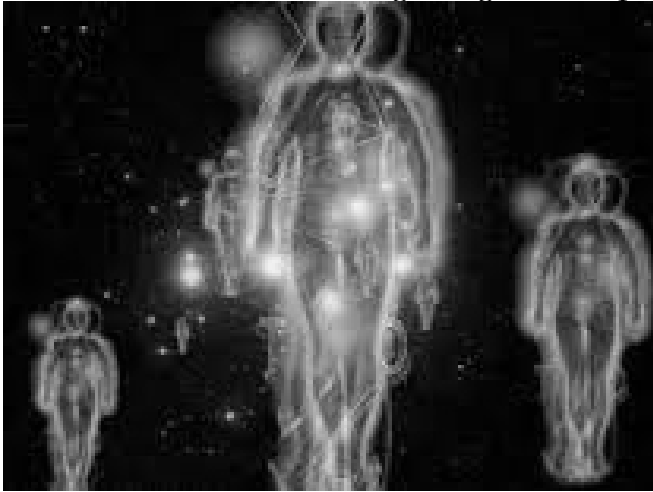
Her soul was swept into a swirling lightfield of
knowledge and wisdom:



and galaxies and galaxies of energetic thrust.



She emerged as a unity. Divinity and humanity, her Beloved and she, were one. But only a few moments would be afforded her during this grand eclipse.



Those who bore witness began walking away from the scene of the uniting.



Her Beloved departed in a flurry of light, leaving her
emanating a wondrous glow.



But as suddenly as she was wafted away from the world, she was suddenly returned. An angel bids her adieu.



The Seraphim gathered and united in prayer for her journey below.



She received the light from their prayers.



And as suddenly as they had come, the angels turned to leave her in the world and return to their heavenly station.



Before her she saw the Lord's hands beckoning her to remain at the Holy Banquet, although she must return to her earthly abode.



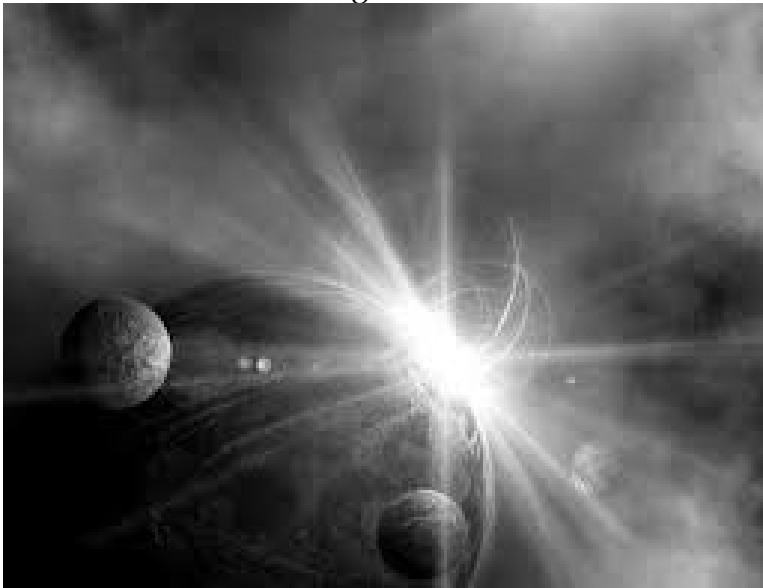
For a moment, she remembered their union in the heavenly spheres. And He embraced her one more time in a frenzy of frequency, vibration, emanation and light



She was given the gift of the white and red rose, the blood and the purity.



She exited into the earthly sphere through a garden gate.



And shed her ethereal body in her journey to the earthly realm.



She awakened again on earth surrounded by a singularly beautiful, huge and emanating rose. The Holy Spirit remained for a moment to ensure her safe passage.



As she realized the departure of her Beloved, she mourned His loss on earth, although she remained aware of their unity in spirit.



A singular pure white rose fell from the sky as a gift
from the heavens.



The Holy Spirit again confirmed her in her Divine Union, and she bowed in humility.



But the departure of the Holy Spirit caused the soul to rise. Raising her head and hands to the sky, she called out a prayer of thanksgiving to Our Lord.



Without warning, she was inexplicably showered in red roses which came directly from the heights of the eternal sky entering within her and around her from the heavens to the earth below.



And then she was completely covered in the red roses, and appeared to be no more.



But yet, a pure and single white rose was borne of the shower of red roses.

Her purity was thusly maintained by a singular decision. In so choosing to follow the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and accepting the fiery process of purification; only a singular and purely white rose remained. Not of her own merit; but only because of mercy freely chosen was this gift given to her.

Although her sins were so many as to completely obscure her presence beneath them, the grace of the blood made present in the shower of red roses was easily overcome in purity as borne by the singular white rose.

And thus it was so . . . it was in this manner that the Emissary was borne in her soul and the flowering of frequency culminated into God's grand design.

"What brings you here?"

The Good Lord asked

"To maintain the frequency of the spheres

To bargain with the finer spheres for my redemption

To offer myself as reparation for myself

To hand over my free will to the Will of the Almighty

God

And to give of myself until I am no more."

She answered.

His smile was upon her.

And thus it became so.

CHAPTER THREE

Truth is not Relative, there is Objective Truth



My peace comes with wonder and awe
There is a balance between the two worlds
Truth is not relative
There is objective truth

Energetic action both good and evil
 Nothing but the finger of the angels can incorrupt this
 The worlds of light and life
 Choose aggressive boundaries
 Duality allows imbalance,
 Indecision and tampered thinking
 No other name
 No other name
 Achieves frequential dignity
 The line between right and wrong is delineated
 clearly by vibration
 There is no ardor here
 Wisps of memory confound all truth
 There is no ally greater than truth
 But it must be achieved by generation
 As a principle
 We must not simply generate kindness
 We must generate truth
 In worlds of form, truth is not always received well
 Good is perceived as evil and evil, good
 But there is no path aside from truth for the Emissary
 There is only one Way upward
 The Emissary MUST take that Way
 By so doing, he/she emanates
 By so doing, he/she continues to ascend
 By so doing, he/she generates wisdom
 Although chaos may appear to be the result
 For the truth does not always generate peace
 In a dualistic world
 Truth can generate unrest in the souls of the unjust
 The uncultivated souls become disturbed when the
 vibration of truth enters their spheres

Change is difficult for uncultivated souls
 Truth is difficult to see for such as these
 But kindness alone, mercy alone . . .
 Will not bring souls higher frequential capacity
 Truth will
 So the Emissary emanates only the truth
 And by so doing, allows the Holy Spirit to work with
 those who receive of it
 In other words
 The Emissary must only allow that which is forward
 and upward
 Kindness and mercy which allow backwards flow
 Do not permit evolution to be incumbent upon a soul
 In fact, such allows retention and acceleration of
 backwards flow
 Truth is consequential
 In that it obfuscates forward movement
 Falsehood is inconsequential
 In that it retains a backwards flow
 The Emissary must only emanate the truth
 No matter how difficult the frequential collaboration
 this may present
 And . . . this is the secret of the Emissary

The elements of darkness which are retained within
 every dualistic human soul are infinite and hidden to
 the mortal view. It is only from the heights of eternal
 glory that they may be discerned wisely, correctly
 and with the knowledge required to alter and contain
 divine wisdom.

That which we generate within our own lives of delusion and destruction may be completely obscured by the very nature of our belief thus paralyzing us to remain within the continual circling within the misunderstanding which guides us.

Truth is not relative. There is objective truth. And the Emissary moves within this knowledge.

My daughter, Mary was taken deeply into the bowels of our past. Within them she was shown the point wherein the dark side had begun their efforts to destroy our family through the witchcraft and dark affiliations of other people. She followed this line of darkness up until the present day wherein she saw the current beholder of the dark sword of malevolence directed towards us.

The dark side had used people who were vulnerable to their suggestions, who practiced witchcraft and who were just easy containers for such intentions. And this had begun nearly thirty years prior.

Our family had been plagued with difficulties; many of them apparently of our own making. Both Andy and I held responsibility for various aspects of the destruction. But we had not realized how intensively the dark side wished to destroy our family, to destroy families in general and how much energy was exerted by the dark side and its forces to make this happen in our lives and the lives of others.

A complete onslaught of energies was again focused on the destruction of our family, and Mary was told to pray. And these were the prayers we prayed to ward off the darkness as much as we could.

Our Father
 Who Art in Heaven
 Hallowed be Thy Name
 Thy Kingdom Come
 Thy Will Be Done
 On Earth as it is in Heaven
 Give us this Day Our Daily Bread
 And Forgive us Our Trespasses
 As we Forgive Those who have Trespassed Against
 Us
 And Lead us not into Temptation
 But Deliver us from Evil
 For Thine is the Kingdom, The Power and the Glory,
 Forever and Ever, Amen

Hail Mary, Full of Grace, the Lord is With Thee
 Blessed Art Thou Amongst Women
 And Blessed is the Fruit of Thy Womb Jesus
 Holy Mary, Mother of God
 Pray for Us Sinners
 Now and at the Hour of Our Death
 Amen

St. Michael, the Archangel
 Defend Us in Battle
 Be Our Defense Against the Wickedness and Snares

of the Devil

May Rebuke Him we Humbly Pray

And Do Thou Oh Prince of the Heavenly Host

By the Divine Power of God

Thrust into Hell Satan and All the Other Evil Spirits

Who Prowl About the World Seeking the Ruin of
Souls.

Amen.

My husband, Andy, was taken deeply into the bowels of my past. Within them he was shown the moment that a particular demon had been given entry unto my soul through an act of foul violence. Again, thirty years prior . . .

Lying unconscious in my vehicle, I was about to be raped. At that time, I had gone to a restaurant/bar and had dinner and someone had put the date rape drug into my drink. Despite this, Andy was shown that somehow I had agreed to this even on a soul level. Perhaps it was even the choices I had been making which led to the places I would go, the things I would do . . . etc.

Just a few feet away from the rapist, he saw a tall and very dark black demon. It emanated great power and extremely destructive views of love which would be implanted the moment that the rapist was to penetrate.

In my current waking life, he had accomplished that feat.

But in my husband's journey into the past, he had a new objective. That past was going to be altered.

The moment that the demon so anxiously waited for was about to happen, but Andy swooped in and grabbed me out of the car.

It was as if that moment had never happened. The demon was unable to enter, he had altered the past.

By so doing, he had altered my inability to get past my own destructive views of love.

Once identified, the demon could no longer affect you. Elusive and sinister; this demon's power was in those qualities and the fact that the recipient did not even know he was there.

And then my soul was given to such delight, I could not properly nor amiably describe.

Sitting in a waiting area for a very special guest, I knew that I had entered the abode wherein A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada now resides.

He was coming to see me on an elevator and I couldn't wait to meet him.

Getting up as I heard the elevator ding, I walked towards the doors and awaited his eminent arrival.

When the doors opened, Swami Prabhupada appeared with three of his assistants.

Bowing to kiss his hand, he allowed me to do so even though he behaved as though I was being silly. "I never thought I would have an opportunity to meet you." I said. "I have most of your books."

Walking me back to the sitting area, he emanated such loving kindness and happiness in getting to meet me, as well. We sat down facing one another.

Placing his hands in mine, his energy became quite direct.

Holding my hands before him, he said, "There are many things that went terribly wrong in your life. But you must look at what you have done to generate them."

And then he was gone . . .

It took me several days to pray, contemplate and ponder on his words before I was able to realize how I had actually been generating such things.

In my belief system, it seemed that kindness demanded of me to never hold anyone accountable for the harm that they did. Because of this, I often avoided those persons, situations, places of those who had done such things. Often, I didn't even acknowledge the wrong done. In other words, I let people completely off the hook. (I had never pressed

charges against the rapist.)

Refusing to hold others accountable allows them to twist reality and thus, the truth. By so doing, somehow the responsibility for their action comes down upon their victim rather than themselves.

Thus, when no responsibility for their action comes down upon them, they are actually energized to perpetuate more evil as the natural consequences of their actions have not been activated.

But energetic law demands something different. The frequential vibration of the heights cannot be dragged down into the continual circling of the dualities.

In essence, kindness demanded that my energy be withdrawn from such situations and that those perpetuating such things would then by of necessity bounce back towards their own compatibility and be held accountable for their actions.

Rather than drawing me into their duality, I had to ascend into the transcendent eternal One.

Suddenly, I was walking with a friend towards my home. As we were coming upon the house of someone who had done grave harm to me, I said to her, "I know it's really out of the way, but we should probably walk around."

The eminent and Blessed Virgin Mary appeared in the

sky and vehemently denied my request. Firstly, she instructed me to no longer ignore or deny it when others violated my life through any means. "You stand for the truth, and I will stand with you." She said.

And then she insisted we walk forward.

We did not change our route to avoid the home of this person who had done grave harm and had tried with great precision to place responsibility for that harm upon my own soul.

We looked at the path before us and were instantly enchanted by the footsteps which were etched in the ground before us.

Within them were images of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the holy angels were hovering about at her feet.

From St. Padre Pio

"Always stay close to the Heavenly Mother because she is the sea to be crossed to reach the shores of Eternal Splendor."

St. Padre Pio

And we stood for the truth, walked forward, hid nothing; and we avoided no person, place or thing which would seek to make good evil, and evil good.

I had done nothing wrong in such circumstances. It was not my place to take responsibility for them.

We walked forward confidently in the steps of the Most Holy Mother Mary. Because . . .

Kindness and mercy which allow backwards flow
 Do not permit evolution to be incumbent upon a soul
 In fact, such allows retention and acceleration of
 backwards flow
 Truth is consequential
 In that it obfuscates forward movement
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 The Emissary must only emanate the truth
 No matter how difficult the frequential collaboration
 this may present
 And . . . this is the secret of the Emissary

From Solid Virtue

“God frequently punishes the abuse of sufficient grace by the subtraction of such as efficacious.

Now, of all the chastisements He could inflict this is the most dire, the most just, and the most ordinary.

1.)

The subtraction of grace is the most terrible chastisement of its abuse. There is no greater misfortune, nor anything so much to be dreaded as that which tends to alienate us from God, the Sovereign Good, and to subject us to the sovereign evil – sin and hell . . . By a special ordinance of the Almighty this grace is so absolutely necessary for the working out of our salvation, that without it, it would be equally impossible for us to possess God or to escape hell. It is true that we could be saved with purely sufficient grace, but, accustomed as we are to an unworthy resistance to it, and weakened by these very infidelities, we are in imminent danger of continuing in this road of perdition . . . The subtraction of grace is, I repeat, the direst penalty of its abuse. Let us appeal to the judgment of the truly wise, those enlightened and guided by faith, and we shall learn that there can be no more awful punishment than that which tends to render the sinner more obdurate in his guilt, blinds his understanding so far as to prevent his discerning his danger, captivates his will so as to divest it of the power of even desiring to break its fetters, deprives him of the best means of doing penance, and levels and abridges the path to vice. And yet, such are the bitter fruits of the privation of the interior lights and inspirations of efficacious grace.

When the Almighty allows us to suffer opprobrium, persecution, sickness, etc., it is a punishment, it is true; but it is not unmitigated, since in these instances His only object is to wean us from sin and attach us to Himself. In inflicting these trials He acts not as a judge but as a father who, in the chastisement of sin, proposes to himself the conversion of the sinner . . .

2.)

The subtraction of grace is, on the part of God, an equitable vengeance exercised by Him against the sinner. Grace is the pledge of the love of the heavenly Bridegroom who remains at the door of your heart, knocking, entreating, tenderly imploring admittance. But you do not hearken to His voice, you turn a deaf ear to His pleadings, you refuse Him entrance. Tired of knowing and finding Himself despised, He at length ceases. His importunities, He retires. What could be more just? A Grace is a burning and shining light with which God desires to enlighten your mind and inflame your heart; but you close the eyes of your soul, you seek darkness, and like the wild owl you shun light and warmth. The Sun of Justice, finding you constantly rebellious to His divine influences, at length withdraws His rays. He ceases to shine for you. What could be more just? Grace is an inestimable treasure, a pearl of the crown of Jesus Christ, the Pledge of eternal life."

*Solid Virtue, Rev. Father Bellecius, S.J., Christ the
King Library*

From a Manual of Ascetical Theology

"We have seen from the definition of the Council of Vienne . . . that a created intellect needs the Light of Glory to see God intuitively, as the blessed see Him in heaven. The reason of this is because a faculty that of itself and intrinsically is incapable of a certain act, in order to elicit that act needs to be intrinsically elevated, strengthened and perfected by some power received into itself for this purpose. But the created intellect is intrinsically incapable of seeing God intuitively, and therefore to elicit this vision it must be elevated, strengthened and perfected by some further power received into itself. This power which is imparted to the created intellect to enable it to elicit the vision of God is called the Light of Glory, because it has the same relation to the Beatific Vision as corporal light has to the eye in order to see its object.

The Light of Glory is not God Himself, because it must be something received into the intellect, informing it and inhering in it for the purpose of intrinsically strengthening it and making it proportionate to its object; and God cannot be said to be thus received into the created mind. Neither is this Light of Glory either the simultaneous or actual concursus or motion of God, as this does not impart to the faculty any intrinsic power, but supposes that

power there already ; or if it be supposed to impart any intrinsic power to strengthen and elevate the mind to see God, that would be its effect, and it would add something intrinsically to the will, which is what we want, and what we call the Light of Glory, and this could not be said to be the concursus itself.

The Light of Glory in the blessed is a permanent quality or a supernatural infused habit inhering in the intellect, elevating and strengthening it to see God. The reason assigned for calling it a habit or infused quality is because a faculty acts more easily and more connaturally by a permanent form than by a passing or transient help, as this is more in accordance with the natural mode of acting. Hence, as habitual charity is given in heaven to love God, so a habitual light is given to see Him. Although the Council of Vienne has defined it as of faith that the Light of Glory is necessary to see God, it has not, however, defined that this Light of Glory is a habit or quality.

The Light of Glory has three offices, as it were, to discharge. The first and principal one is to elevate the intellect to elicit the Beatific Vision. The second is to dispose the intellect for the reception of the Divine Essence as an intelligible form.

The third is to dispose the intellect for the reception of the Beatific Vision itself, because as the Beatific Vision is an action immanent — that is, not passing out of the agent — it follows that, as the Light of Glory

disposes the intellect to elicit this vision, it also disposes it to receive it.

I find the following explanation of the Light of Glory well given and illustrated in a small manual, explanation the Light entitled 'The Happiness of Heaven, by Rev. F. J. Boudreaux, S.J.: ' Theologians define the Light of Glory to be " a supernatural intellectual power infused into the soul, by which she is enabled to see God, which she could never do by her own unassisted natural power." It is called supernatural because it is not a natural talent or power of our nature, as the talent for poetry, music, painting, and others, all of which may be developed and highly improved by study. But the Light of Glory is an elevation, expansion or development of the mind, which comes directly from God, and is in no sense the result of human endeavours, except in so far as it has been deserved by a holy life. We shall understand better the meaning of the Light of Glory by an illustration.

Let us suppose that you never could learn mathematics or astronomy. In spite of the most intense application, you never could master even the multiplication table; and when you gazed upon the heavens you could never see there any more beauty and magnificence than does the untutored savage.

But on a sudden there is a flash of light from above, and your mind is enlightened far beyond its natural capacity, and you can see all the heavenly bodies as

they are. You can now know their names, motions, distances, laws, and relations to each other and to the whole universe. Formerly they appeared all alike, except the sun and the moon; but now you see that no two of them are alike. Each one has its own size, velocity, beauty and glory. You even soar far beyond the discoveries of science, and you gaze with delight upon millions of shining worlds which the most powerful telescope never did and never can reach. You can, moreover, in the twinkling of an eye, calculate with astonishing precision the day, the hour, the minute, the year, the very second, at which an eclipse will occur. Gazing upon the heavens, which hitherto had given you so little satisfaction, now becomes the source of the most exquisite and rational pleasure. For you now see in these countless worlds so much beauty and magnificence, so delightful a harmony, that you can spend whole nights in the contemplation of the heavens.

This sudden elevation and expansion of your mind to see such wonders in the natural order illustrates what takes place in heaven the moment a pure soul enters there. In the supposition just made you receive an accession or addition of intellectual power, which enables you to see clearly and to understand what was invisible and unintelligible to you before the flash enlightened you. The Light of Glory produces a similar effect upon the soul at her entrance into heaven.

Our mind, which is now unable to see God, except as through a glass in a dark manner, is suddenly elevated in power to see God as He is, face to face, and to contemplate His Divine beauty and His other perfections, Our individual mind is neither destroyed nor changed into another ; it is only strengthened and elevated in power and capacity far beyond anything we could ever have reached by our own unassisted endeavours . . . So, then, the Light of Glory is a supernatural addition to our mind, which enables us to cross the gulf between the Creator and the creature. I say gulf, because no created intelligence can see God as He is by its own natural power. Hence, neither St. Augustine, nor St. Thomas, nor any other giant intellect, could see God as He is in Himself, any better than the man who never could learn his letters. It is in this sense that we must understand St. Paul when, speaking of God, he says: Who alone hath immortality, and inhabiteth light inaccessible; Whom no man hath seen, nor can see. Evidently he means that no one can see God by the light of nature; for in another place he tells us that when that which is perfect is come we shall see Him face to face.'

Concerning the Light of Glory a question arises as to the manner in which this light and man's intellect concur in the act of the Beatific Vision. The answer is that both concur actively, as is well shown by Billuart, who treats very fully this whole subject. The Light of Glory concurs actively, because it holds the same relation to the Beatific Vision as charity to beatific love, and all the other supernatural habits to their

supernatural acts. Now, charity as well as the other supernatural habits concur actively to the supernatural acts which they enable the soul to elicit, inasmuch as they dispose, perfect and elevate the faculties to make them capable of such acts. In like manner the Light of Glory concurs actively in respect to the Beatific Vision. The intellect also concurs actively to this vision, because the Beatific Vision is a vital act of the blessed — yea, it is their very life — and therefore it should proceed effectively from a vital power intrinsic to the beatified soul, and moving itself vitally by its own intrinsic force, namely, by the intellect, so that the intellect does not produce the Beatific Vision merely as an instrument, but as the principal agent, as it moves itself vitally in the way just mentioned. The intellect, therefore, and the Light of Glory concur as two total causes in the act of vision, each in its own order, the Light of Glory as the total proximate and formal cause by which the intellect is elevated and proportioned to the act of vision, the intellect as the total principle eliciting the vision, in the same manner as the will and the virtue of charity have themselves in respect to the love of God.

The Light of Glory is the physical cause of the inequality of the Beatific Vision; so that it may be said that the whole inequality comes physically from the inequality of the Light of Glory, and not from the intellect. Thus, in the case of two of the blessed in heaven, one of whom may have a much brighter and keener intellect than the other, if they receive an equal

Light of Glory they will see God equally; or the one whose intelligence is weaker naturally may have a far more perfect vision of God by reason of the greater Light of Glory which is bestowed on account of his holier life.

From all this it follows that all men are on a footing of perfect equality so far as the power of seeing God is concerned. No one has that power in himself by nature, and no one can give it to himself or develop it by study, as we can other powers we have received in the natural order. . . .

I have been particular,' says Father Boudreaux, ' in explaining and insisting upon these things, lest it might be imagined that men of highly-cultivated minds, such as philosophers, theologians, poets, and the like, shall see God better and enjoy more of heaven's happiness than the ignorant, in virtue of their superior natural gifts. They certainly shall Not. God does not bestow a supernatural reward upon the natural gifts, or even upon the natural virtues . . . But He does reward the faith, hope, charity, and other virtues which His children have practised in this world. Hence, theologians teach that not even the Angels, who are so superior to us, see God any better in virtue of their nobler and more perfect intellect. Thus, supposing an Angel and a man to be equal in merit, they both receive the same amount of Light of Glory; they both see God in the same degree of perfection, and both, therefore, enjoy the same degree of happiness. . . .

Hence, the man who never learned his letters, either from want of natural talent or opportunity, shall undoubtedly see God as well as the philosopher, if he has led as good a life; and he shall see Him better and enjoy more of heaven's happiness if he has lived a holier life. . . .

Once more: The light of glory is a supernatural elevation of the mind which enables man to see God as He is in Himself. It is given by God Himself to those who have lived a supernatural life of faith, hope and charity. Moreover, it is given to each in proportion to his personal merits. It therefore becomes the measure of the degree of happiness which each one of the blessed enjoys in the vision of God.' (Happiness of Heaven,' chap. xiii.)

A Manual of Ascetical Theology: The Supernatural Life of the Soul on Earth and in Heaven, Rev. Arthur Devine, 1901

CHAPTER FOUR
The Mechanism of the Light of Glory



Afloat upon the wings of Majesty
The soul tarries to the higher shore
In its midst
Remain the remnants of earthly dualities

But not within
 For within there is new unity
 An encompassing oneness
 An embracing light
 An effulgent bliss
 Beyond these shores
 The Emissary can no longer retain individuality
 Nor does she wish to do so
 As the sequential flopping of her arms embraces
 The exit of all that remains within
 They flop at her side
 Like a flower dizzied by the sun
 Or unquenched by the waters
 But what is this that is happening?
 An emptying?
 A perusal of sorts?
 The gaze of the Emissary becomes fixed
 For there is nothing to see unless God so deigns it
 Beyond the shores of the Solitary
 The Emissary releases her shine
 Her glory is no more
 She falls limp to the ground
 In an organic display of relinquishment
 For to whom has she been seeking?
 Not herself
 No, not the self
 But the God of the self
 And in order to embrace that union of all unions
 She must become nothing
 And so she wilts into the ground
 Like a flower who is dying
 Like a blossom which decays

Like a rose on the last leg of its journey into full
 bloom
 And she waits
 For there is no more
 The Emissary has nothing to seek
 Nothing to find
 Nothing to embrace
 Nothing to foreshadow
 Nothing to dismiss
 Nothing to gain
 Nothing to lose
 Only the Light of Glory holds her interest now
 But of what essence this is
 She does not know
 Of what manner or power
 She does not know
 Of what substance
 No knowledge
 She awaits her Beloved
 Limp
 Completely emptied but not forlorn
 There is a bliss in nothing
 There is an ecstasy in being unfilled
 All movement ceases within her
 And thus . . . movement now begins
 And this is the secret of the Emissary

And so, in her ignorance, the Emissary was borne out
 of her existence upon this earth and taken into a
 world anew beyond any previous splendor she could

have known, foreseen or imagined.

Met at the shore by two future saints, it was given to know them as such even though they had not yet been canonized. Their holy magnificence humbled her as she fell to her knees in gratitude for their coming. But they took her hand and lifted her up, leading and guiding her spirit into a sacred interior tabernacle beyond all spectacle of imagining.

Looking around, she could not speak, for there were no words. Within her she felt the distinctive essence of the Presence of God which was disbursed in every molecular transcription of this grand and infinite space.

Only that which was holy could enter here, and she did not feel herself worthy. So she stood in awe and silence as her spirit was given by an external force to slowly turn around and look upon the entirety of this body and essence of the spirit of God.

She was rapt in her attentions, and she said nothing. Her eyes were like that of a child looking up to a beloved and spectacular parent for whom such love was borne that it was beyond imagining.

From Gregory of Valence

“It is to be stated that the empyreal heaven is a certain

celestial orb above all the others, immovable, most bright, all beautiful and perfect in itself, the abode of the blessed souls where God manifests Himself clearly to their intuitive vision.”

Gregory of Valence

In this space, it was impossible to regard the self as an ‘I,’ for it was a ‘she’ now who was experiencing and watching . . . not herself.

But I bowed before my two saintly guardians again and announced my unworthiness to be in such a place.

One of the guardians stepped forward and said:

From Solanus Casey

“We must be faithful to the present moment or we will frustrate the plan of God for our lives . . . God condescends to use our powers if we don’t spoil His plans by ours.”

Solanus Casey

And the other followed:

From the Secret of Sanctity

"We are induced to love God by the knowledge which faith gives; but when we have begun to love His infinite goodness, love increases our natural tendency thereto, as this inclination reciprocally augments love."

*The Secret of Sanctity, St. Francis de Sales, Fr
Crasset, S.J.*

And I continued to kneel before them.

Suddenly, a wind began to swirl around me like a typhoon of power beyond all earthly conception. It was so powerful, I became overwhelmed and begged to understand what was happening to me.

It was given for me to know interiorly how God had made me worthy to enter here and beyond this, what the Almighty was now in the process of doing for my soul.

From Christian Holiness

"The decisions of the moral life and of holiness itself are taken in the final analysis by one's own personal conscience. It is this conscience that we must refine and make more delicate and submit as much as

possible to the action of the good spirit, as well as making it as strong and as resistant as possible to attacks from the evil spirit. That is why the more we succeed in developing a certain docility towards God, the easier will the choice become because we will be more sensitive to the action of the Holy Spirit. But the less our life is habitually pliable and submitted to God, the less will we be sensitive to and apt to seek these slightest signs of the divine will or call. Christians anxious for spiritual progress ought to refine their conscience supernaturally”

*Christian Holiness, A Precis of Ascetical theology,
Gustave Thils, Lannoo Publishers, 1963*

From Pope Benedict the XVI

“God is not solitude, but perfect communion. For this reason the human person, the image of God, realizes himself or herself in love, which is a sincere gift of self.”

Pope Benedict XVI

The guardians stood in quiet as the circling winds began to progress into higher and higher frequencies of power all around my spirit and a very large crucifix appeared before me in this cosmic space and all became as water. My spirit fell before the altar as a

sacrifice in the crucifixion pose, with my arms held out to and my face to the ground.

And within just a few seconds, this wind of God entered into my spiritual body and overtook my soul. What was to follow was so beyond words and my own ability to explain, but it has been beckoned to me to try.

The power of God had *come upon me*. Every part of me was now in His complete and profound control. Nothing of me remained. If for a moment, this power were to cease, my external faculties ceased.

He animated my spiritual body and began to use me in ways I could never fathom. It was as if through this power that He has come into me, he had transformed me into some kind of angelic vessel.

It began slowly, but then proceeded to happen very quickly as my spiritual body was taken from this empyrean heaven back to the abodes of the earth to work with hundreds of souls in need of energetic adjustments of revelations within their lives.

Through no will or knowledge of my own, God's power was exerted through my eyes in the form of lights; my hands in the form of energetic movement and through my entirety of being in the form of truths which were not my own but belonged entirely to God.

For instance, for those who needed to find something that had been given to them years earlier, my hands were used to move and manipulate those items and make them appear in a place more suitable for those souls to find the objects which had a certain intention for the welfare, awakening and spiritual progress of that individual.

For those engaged in false doctrines, lights came from my eyes or my hands and switched what they were seeing to the grand truth of the Holy Catholic Church and the centrality of Jesus Christ.

I was shown beyond any words I could utter, the absolute truth and finality of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. I will never be able to utter how it was shown to me, but it was shown in an infinite way the truths of the faith and the errors of other paths.

It was not that these paths led to damnation, nor that God was not merciful to those who did not yet know, but He did allow me to change the spectacled vision of those who were wading in such false doctrines to the central vision of Christ Our Lord.

Hundreds of souls were being altered by the emanation of light, relics of the saints appeared before me and I knew they were important, my body and hands went limp and everything moved through me rather than by me. I suffered from an inexplicable thirst.

"The Lord has spoken and He has charged me with good things." I said. "You have shown me where Your true mystery lies." Grace was helping so many people who would never know it.

The two guardians walked by and slapped my hand with grace, literally slapped it . . . "Keep the reminder of Christ always before your eyes." They said.

Soothsayers, tarot card readers, new age, mormonism, divination . . . all containing error. The soothsayers and diviners were sent spinning on a wheel to thrust the untruths from inside of them to the exterior.

Remember, all of these were sincere and ready for an instant alteration . . . the fact that they were in error was not something held against them, but rather, their sincerity and readiness for the truth was what had brought this about.

People were watching television and it was filled with falsehoods, the light changed the television to an image of Christ.

A woman was led to a 75-year old ring which was going to play a part in her awakening, and a man with a horrible illness was raised from the dead.

It was inexplicable, and beyond anything I could ever say. I *know* beyond faith or reason, that the Holy Catholic Church is true. And my mission with God was to seed that truth in others who might be misled

at this time.

And my soul remained in a state of rapture throughout the many hours for which the Lord took hold of my spirit and soul.

Many souls were struggling with personal issues, and my body was utilized to then move things, energies and bodies of knowledge to seed within them the solution to their disturbance or affliction.

From the Graces of Interior Prayer,

“I said farther back that the full plenitude of the understanding is retained during the rapture; it even seems to be enlarged and that there is a growth of activity in the higher faculties. All ecstasies confirm this fact, which stands out in all that they tell us concerning the mysteries that have been revealed to them. Magnificent sights, profound ideas present themselves to the mind. They are powerless to explain in detail what they have seen, however. This is not because the intelligence has been as it were asleep, but because it has been raised to truths which are beyond the strength of the human understanding, and they have no terms by which to give expression to them.

As Fr. De Bonniot remarks: ‘It is not enough to say that the language which is adapted to the ordinary operations of the human mind is necessarily

insufficient; the ideas themselves, those ideas by which we understand everything, because they are the basis of our judgements, are no longer applicable to the intuitions of ecstasy which are of an infinitely higher order. (Le miracle et ses contrefaçons.)'''

The Graces of Interior Prayer, A Poulain, SJ

For a moment, God ceased . . . perhaps just to allow me and the spirits around me to observe what happened thereafter. At the moment God ceased, my spiritual body fell limp, my arms prostrated to the ground and my eyes lost their glimmer and focus.

Without God's presence within me, I was a limp and helpless child; no foreknowledge or vision came from myself.

As God continued to allow me to alter literally hundreds of soul's paths, I was able to observe the knowledgelessness that bore the signs of my existence. Without his power and focus, I knew not what these souls needed. But within seconds, God's vision would direct my spiritual body towards the exact remedy for each and every individual soul.

Sometimes the remedies were surprising to me, at other times, they were more clear.

Love
Light
Emanation
Evaluation
Evolution
Energetic Alteration
Evermore
Everywhere

And again, He would cease and I would go limp . . . as limp as any lifeless body. But quickly, He would again seize my spirit to reach out towards yet another soul in need of alteration towards a higher thrust. It was as if my spiritual body had passed beyond the natural confines of the human soul into that of an angelic emissary of some kind. Inexplicable, it was . . .

From the Extract on the Celestial Hierarchy

“What we said about the angelic orders is rightly perceived to concern all divine minds. Just as the superior minds have virtues and knowledge that the inferiors have, but in a more abundant way, so in turn do the inferiors participate and share in the virtue and knowledge of the higher orders, not equally but in a lower way. Therefore, it is not unsuitable that our hierarch in sacred scripture is called an ‘angel.’ According to his virtue, our human hierarch participates in the virtue of ‘announcing,’ which is, to be sure, the peculiar quality of angels. Having

acquired the property of angels, our hierarch teaches men to imitate the various manifestations of angels in a divine and celestial way.

It is found as well that sacred scripture calls ‘gods’ not only certain celestial powers, but also men of special holiness and excellence most beloved of God,’ although the divine substance in itself is superessentially separated and elevated above all things and from all communion with things. No existing being is comparable with God in any way whatsoever. Yet every celestial and human mind that according to its virtues is converted back to a unifying communion of the one, and that according to its possibility is incomprehensibly expanded toward the divine illuminations (insofar as it is able), is worthy [of the title] through imitation of God and by means of a divine equivocation.”

*Thomas Gallos, Extract on the Celestial Hierarchy,
1246*

But as I continued to allow the Divine Presence to work within my spiritual body, there was a twofold theme radiating throughout each and every one of these situations for which God had called me in to assist. 1.) That every soul, regardless of their own current faith, was seeking God sincerely, and 2.) Every soul was ready for a significant revelation to enter their life *at this very moment*. This was not in the

abode of a time sequential, as each alteration occurred and manifested on the ground simultaneously, instantly. And these souls had prepared for such a triune grace . . .

From Spiritual Guidance

“Jesus said: ‘If anyone wishes to come after Me, let him deny himself, and take his cross daily, and follow Me. ‘ We deny ourselves when, by a sincere conversion, we turn away from our former vices – for instance, by becoming temperate and restraining ourselves from whatever is licentious. ‘We abandon ourselves,’ says St. Gregory,’ when we avoid what we were of old and try to attain that to which we are called by our new birth.’ To deny ourselves, according to the doctrine of Christ, is to have no will of our own, to despise ourselves, to condemn our lives when necessary for the sake of Christ, to renounce our attachments and desires. It means avoiding what self-love suggests to us, but pursuing the prescriptions of divine will. It implies that we are not to seek ourselves but God, that we to avoid and banish whatever is opposed to the law of God, and put aside worldly and carnal desires and affections. In a word, negation signifies rejection and repudiation of anything, even if it is pleasant and agreeable, that is not in perfect agreement with the will of God.”

Spiritual Guidance: Fundamentals of Ascetical Theology, By Adolph Kestens, O.F.M. Cap. And Elmer

Stoffel, O.F.M. Cap., St. Anthony's Guild, 1962

Each alteration was like a revolution within my spirit, and with each revolution, my ecstatic joy and happiness attained to an even greater height. It was as if I was experiencing the beatific vision as God moved through me and by me . . . interiorly, there was an intrinsic knowledge of God's absolute and unconditional love for myself and all those souls who seek Him with sincerity.

From the Endowments of Man

"That one soul whom we have considered as she has reached the final object of her existence is but an example from the great multitude which no endowments of man can number, and in whom are exhibited the Man inexhaustible diversities of the Divine gifts. Each of them has a separate and singular history; each has her own course among the countless works that mark the ways of souls through time; each her own path of providence; each her own luminous chain of graces and mercies that have conducted her in a different way from nothingness to the final possession of God. And when all these souls shall have received their corporal frames anew, raised in the power of Christ from mortality to immortality, and from dishonour to glory, each will be the spiritualized and agile instrument of the soul to

which it belongs, having its own proper character and glory, derived from the glorifying presence of God in the soul. The great end of creation, contemplated from the first, is accomplished in them. God is wonderful in His Saints. Their very bodies are as harps and cymbals on which to celebrate the praises of God, Who has raised earth itself to a life so magnificent. The kingdom of Christ is transformed into the kingdom of heaven, where He reigns supreme over those whom He has purchased with His Blood and perfected by His Spirit. It is the new heaven and the new earth raised up to God by Him Who makes all things new. And whilst every spirit praises God with a gratitude ever renewed for all that He has done for her, that endless diversity of spirits in whom one Spirit reigns gives an inconceivable breadth and magnificence to the harmony of the celestial choirs, in whom all the works of the Lord bless the Lord, praise and exalt Him for evermore."

The Endowments of Man, Bishop Ullathorne

It was equally clear to my spirit that this love of God had come from nothing of myself that I possessed, but what I had allowed God to possess of me.

Within this, I instantly knew the secret of the Emissary. It contained within it the consistent dispelling of the personal will to the higher thrust of knowledge. And in this, the continual correspondence of the body and soul to Christ, Our Lord, and the surrender of the will in a special way to God's will

with each and every decision muted towards virtue.

From Solid Virtue

“A soul devoted to virtue dispels itself of its own will, no longer to follow any will but that of God. It voluntarily renounces the esteem of men and the gratification of the senses; its only wish is to desire nothing; its only ambition to possess an absolute empire over self. As nothing happens with the permission of God, and as the holy soul wishes nothing but what God wishes, so nothing can occur contrary to its desires. It thirsts for contempt, loves its own affliction; there contempt cannot disturb or adversity deject it. It desires nothing, or at least very little; it desires and perceives without eagerness; so that, come what may, its peace of heart is never compromised. It consequently enjoys a pure and unalterable interior joy incomprehensible to those who have not experienced it.

Can virtuous souls be otherwise happy? They have placed their felicity in the imperishable Being, their trust in Him who is immortal, and their confidence in the Infallible: they therefore necessarily enjoy true delights, they are established in solid happiness, and, like the inhabitants of heaven, raised above all human vicissitudes, they live in constant serenity. If there is any happiness on earth it is the inheritance of a soul which labours zealously for its sanctification. And

yet, who would believe it? the greater number of men hear these truths without being moved by them, without experiencing any pious emotion; they meditate upon them without being inflamed with a love of virtue; they deem it too difficult to 'crop off the twigs of the cedar to take away the marrow' (Ezekiel xvii 4), 'to go up into the palm tree to take hold of the fruit thereof, (Canticles vii 8), to refuse the fleshpots of Egypt, in order to feed upon the celestial manna. O heavens! We believe that 'a soul' zealous for its sanctification is a 'perpetual banquet' (Proverbs xv 15), and yet like the prodigal child, we prefer to live in the society of unclean animals, to feed on their disgusting food rather than aspire to the delicious nutriment granted to virtue. Lord, 'enlighten my darkness,' (Psalms xvii 29) inspire me with an utter abhorrence of earthly things, and an ardent desire for those of heaven."

Solid Virtue, Rev. Father Bellecius, S.J.

The inbreath and the outbreath of God continued to move through me, let me go, move through me, let me go, move through me, let me go, move through me let me go . . . there was no end to the delights of evolution in progress. My rapture was complete, there was no greater ecstasy, no greater vision I had ever attained to than this moment.

Ever forward, ever ceasing . . . the beatific vision remained clearly before me and within me in a way which I will never be able to explain or express to

another.

From the Catechism of the Council of Trent

“The enumeration of all the delights with which the glory of the blessed shall be replete would be endless, nor can we even imagine them in thought. Of this, however, the faithful should be persuaded, that the blessed life of those in heaven overflows with the abundance of all those things that can be agreeable to us, or even desired in this life, whether they pertain to mental knowledge or to bodily perfection, although this the Apostle affirms to be accomplished in a manner more exalted than eye hath seen, or ear heard, or than hath entered into the heart of man.

For the body, indeed, which before was gross and material, having put off mortality, and being refined and made spiritual in heaven, will no longer stand in need of nutriment; whilst the soul will, in the supreme delight, be satiated with that eternal food of glory which the Master of that great feast, passing, will minister unto all. And who can desire rich garments or royal robes where there shall be no use for these things, and all shall be clothed with immortality and splendour, and adorned with a crown of imperishable glory? And if the possession of a spacious and magnificent mansion pertains to human happiness, what more spacious, what more magnificent, can be conceived than heaven itself

illuminated, as it is throughout, with the brightness of God? Hence the prophet, contemplating the beauty of this dwelling-place, and burning with the desire of reaching those blessed abodes, exclaims: *How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh have rejoiced in the living God.*"

The Catechism of the Council of Trent

Continuing to bask in the glory of God, I could wish for nothing except that this never end . . .

From Lessius

Speaking of the three acts which constitute the Beatific Vision, Lessius says:

"In these three acts resides God's chiefest glory, which He Himself intended in all His works ; and so, likewise, in these acts reside the highest good and formal beatitude of men and Angels. By these acts the blessed spirits are vastly elevated above themselves, and, in their union with God, become Godlike by a most lofty and supereminent similitude with God, so that the mind can conceive no greater. Thus, like very gods, they shine to all eternity in the Divine brightness. By these same acts they expand themselves into immensity, so as to be co-equal and

co-extensive, so far as may be, to so great a good, that they may take it in and comprehend it at all. They linger not outside, as it were, upon the surface of it; but they go down to its profound depths, and enter into the joy of their Lord, some more, some less, according to the magnitude of the Light of Glory imparted to each. Immersed in this abyss, they lose themselves and all created things; for all other good and joys seem to them as nothing by the side of this ocean of good and joys. In this abyss there is to them no darkness, no obscurity, such as now hangs over us, regarding the Divinity; but all is light and immense serenity. There are there eternal mansions with a tranquil serenity that they can never fail. There is the fulfilling of all their desires. There is the possession and enjoyment of all things that are desirable. There nothing will remain to be longed for, or sought for any more, for all will firmly possess and exquisitely enjoy every good thing in God. There the occupation of the Saints will be to contemplate the infinite beauty of God, to love His infinite goodness, to enjoy His infinite sweetness, to be filled to overflowing with the torrent of His pleasures, and to exult with an unspeakable delight in His infinite glory, and in all the good things which He and they possess. Hence come perpetual praise and benediction and thanksgiving; and thus the blessed, having reached the consummation of all their desires, and knowing not what more to crave, rest in God as their last end."

The Theologian, Lessius

Encompassed by these beatific lights, not for one moment did my rapture cease. But my spirit was brought within a cluster of stars where this beatitude expanded and multiplied into a greater substance, consubstantial with the Father. And it was in this moment, that my spirit was escalated to a realm of knowledge which contained within it a science and a mysticism, combined as if a unity.

It became known to me that the mystical rapture in which my spirit was encompassed was the height of scientific mystery.

From Albert Einstein

"Science without religion is lame, religion without science is blind." **Albert Einstein**

It also became known to me that the Emissary, thus the full and potent nature of the soul, could not come into existence without first entering into the knowledge of good and evil. For as the world fell because of Eve's desire to know it; the world could only rise through the individual spirit of humanity chastising itself by traveling through its mystery.

From Albert Einstein

"The world is a dangerous place to live; not because of the people who are evil, but because of the people who don't do anything about it . . . God did not create evil. Just as darkness is the absence of light, evil is the absence of God."

*Albert Einstein**From the Holy Bible*

"What I am doing is sending you out like sheep among wolves. You must be clever as snakes and innocent as doves. Be on your guard with respect to others . . . You will be hated by all on account of me . . . If they call the head of the house Beelzebub, how much more the members of his household! Do not let them intimidate you. Nothing is concealed that will not be revealed, and nothing hidden that will not become known. What I tell you in darkness, speak in the light." The Holy Bible, **Words of Christ**, Matthew 10:16 - 27

"Therefore take unto you the armour of God, that you may be able to resist in the evil day, and to stand in all things perfect. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of justice, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace: In all things taking the shield of faith, wherewith you may be able to extinguish all the

fiery darts of the most wicked one. And take unto you the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit (which is the word of God)." The Holy Bible, **Words of St. Paul**, Ephesians 6:13-17

The Holy Bible

From Gracian's Manual

"Know what is evil, no matter how worshipped it may be. Let the man of sense not mistake it, even when clothed in brocade, or at times crowned in gold, because it cannot thereby hide its hypocrisy, for slavery does not lose its infamy, however noble the master."

Balthazar Gracian y Morales, Gracian's Manual

From Marcus Aurelius

"God overrules all mutinous accidents, brings them under his laws of fate, and makes them all serviceable to his purpose."

Marcus Aurelius

And as the music of the spheres encompassed and filled my spirit with continual delight the word came to me that the scientific community would do well to inquire into the world of the mystic, as the greatest heights of mystery lie within it, and the greatest knowledge of science will not be revealed without it.

From Albert Einstein

"*To what extent are you influenced by Christianity?*"

"As a child I received instruction both in the Bible and in the Talmud. I am a Jew, but I am enthralled by the luminous figure of the Nazarene."

"*Have you read Emil Ludwig's book on Jesus?*"

"Emil Ludwig's Jesus is shallow. Jesus is too colossal for the pen of phrasemongers, however artful. No man can dispose of Christianity with a bon mot!"

"*You accept the historical existence of Jesus?*"

"Unquestionably! No one can read the Gospels without feeling the actual presence of Jesus. His personality pulsates in every word. No myth is filled with such life." Saturday Evening Post, 1929

"If one purges the Judaism of the Prophets and Christianity as Jesus Christ taught it of all subsequent additions, especially those of the priests, one is left with a teaching which is capable of curing all the social ills of humanity. It is the duty of every man of good will to strive steadfastly in his own little world to make this teaching of pure humanity a living force, so far as he can. If he makes an honest attempt in this

direction without being crushed and trampled underfoot by his contemporaries, he may consider himself and the community to which he belongs lucky."

"Then there are the fanatical atheists whose intolerance is the same as that of the religious fanatics, and it springs from the same source . . . They are creatures who can't hear the music of the spheres."

"The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and all science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer pause to wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead: his eyes are closed."

Albert Einstein

The artful exchange between my spirit and the spheres was coming to a close. I could not bear leaving this, my beatific abode behind. But to everything there is a season and a time amongst the stars . . . and when the Emissary is called to the return, well, that is another mystery of the Emissary.

From the Exercises of St. Gertrude

"And now my soul languisheth and fainteth by reason of the weariness of this life . . . my one longing

desire is . . . to offer thee the homage of my song of gladness in unison with that happy company who sing thy praises eternally in the heavens. There, on the altar of thy divine heart, will burn the incense that thou lovest, the incense of my heart's love and praise, which I shall gladly offer thee in return for all the favours with which thou, my Father and my Master, hast consoled me in all my tribulation and anguish here below."

The Exercises of St. Gertrude

And that mystery speaks of the beatific vision to which the Emissary is called and the return of the spirit to bring that which is of heaven to earth and the endless journey of the spirit to the finality of which it must never attain. For the finality can never be . . . or else the soul withers and dies. Movement occurs only when movement ceases, and herein lies the beatific vision.

And this is the Secret of the Emissary.

From a Manual of Ascetical Theology

“THE ESSENTIAL OBJECT OF THE BEATIFIC VISION AND ITS ACTS

The object of the Beatific Vision is twofold: one,

primary, which is seen by itself and on its own account, and this is God Himself; the other, secondary, which is seen by reason of the primary, and this is creatures. By reason of this twofold object theologians divide the happiness of heaven into essential and accidental. By essential is meant the happiness which the soul receives immediately from God in the Beatific Vision. By accidental is meant the additional pleasure and joys which come to the blessed from creatures. 'Thus, when our Blessed Lord says, There shall be joy in heaven upon one sinner doing penance, He evidently means a new joy, which the blessed did not possess until sorrow for sin entered the sinner's heart. They were already happy in the Beatific Vision, and would not have lost the least degree of their blessedness, even if that sinner had never repented of his sins. Still, they experience a new joy in his conversion, because therein they see God glorified; and, moreover, they have reason to look for an additional brother or sister to share their bliss. Yet, although the blessed do rejoice in the conversion of the sinner, they do so in virtue of the Beatific Vision, without which they could receive no additional pleasure from creatures. Therefore the Beatific Vision (or the Vision of God) is not only the essential happiness of heaven, but it is also that which imparts to the Saints the power of appropriating all the other inferior joys wherewith God completes the blessedness of His children.'

We have to confine ourselves in this chapter to the consideration of the primary object of the Beatific

Vision, from which results the essential happiness of heaven. This object may be considered in itself and in its possession. Considered in itself it is called objective beatitude, and in its possession by the blessed it is called subjective beatitude, or beatitude as it formally exists in the souls of the blessed in heaven.

The essential objective beatitude is God alone. He is the one object that suffices and is required to make man supremely happy. This statement may be proved from the Book of Ecclesiastes, the drift of which is to establish this truth. After setting forth its main proposition in the words, *Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity*, it concludes as follows : *Let us all hear together the conclusion of the discourse, Fear God and keep His commandments : for this is all man. And all things that are done, God will bring into judgment for every error, whether it be good or evil? Therefore, from these inspired words we may conclude that all created things cannot make man happy, and that the one sole business of man is, by keeping the Divine commandments, to secure a favourable judgment before God. To those who receive at the hands of God a favourable judgment, no other reward than God Himself is promised, as expressed in the words of the Lord to Abraham: I am thy protector and thy reward exceeding great. Hence Christ our Lord teaches us: Now this is eternal life: that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent. Eternal life in Scriptural language is the same as beatitude; therefore*

beatitude consists in the intellectual possession of God, which has its beginning in this life by faith in Jesus Christ, and is perfected in the future life. Since, therefore, the possession of God is alone our happiness; St. John admonishes us by the words, Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world? Because whatever things are in the world cannot make us happy, and their absence or loss cannot deprive us of that which is our true happiness. One thing is necessary, namely, the possession of God. Still more, the possession of the good things of this life are often a great obstacle to attaining beatitude, according to the teaching laid down in St. Matthew's Gospel: For he that will save his life, shall lose it; and he that shall lose his life for My sake, shall find it. For what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul? Or what exchange shall a man give for his soul? And Christ has said on the one hand, Woe to ye rich, and on the other, Blessed are the poor. Truly, then, God, and God only, is the Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End.

I need only refer to the definition of Benedict XII. in further proof of this doctrine, as I have already quoted it more than once. It is 'that the blessed enjoy the Essence of God, and that through such vision and fruition the souls of those who have departed are truly blessed and have eternal life and rest; as will also be the souls of those who shall hereafter depart this life.'

According to the dictates of reason, we can conclude

the same truth that God, and God alone, is the essential objective happiness of man. The natural desire of happiness which is inborn in the soul ought to be satisfied. No created good can satisfy that desire; therefore its object must be the uncreated good. That such a desire ought to be satisfied is proved from the fact that it would be against the truth, the sanctity, and the goodness of God to implant such a desire in the human soul without making provision for its adequate satisfaction. Created goods cannot certainly satisfy that desire, because the soul has a boundless and undying capacity for happiness, and all created things are transitory, or at least finite. As this reasoning belongs to natural ethics, it need not be further developed in this place, as the simple reference to it, in stating the line of argument, is sufficient to bring home to the mind its own experience with regard to the happiness to be obtained or expected from creatures.

When it is said that God, and God alone, is the essential objective beatitude of the soul, we have to consider what is included in this assertion. Beatitude means the Essence of God, and all that is formally and necessary contained in that Essence. It means Holy Trinity, and generally all the attributes of God, both the absolute and relative attributes, for the attributes are in reality not distinguished from the Divine Essence, but only in our imperfect way of apprehending them here below. Then, since God, as He is in Himself, is the object of beatitude, the whole Divine perfection, without any distinction, will be the

object of beatitude. God, as the object of beatitude, is the supreme intelligible truth and the supreme lovable good. And this is not according to any special perfection, but according to the whole Divine perfection, including all the Divine attributes. It may also be added, with regard to the Holy Trinity, that the Persons in the Trinity are not really distinct from the Divine Essence ; therefore he who sees the Divine Essence in itself must see also the Persons, and he who sees one Person of the Trinity must see the Essence of God, and therefore also the other Persons.

The blessed in heaven, as we have already fully explained, will see God as He is, face to face. And this means that we shall see Him in all His adorable perfections, by a clear and unclouded perception of His Divine Essence. We shall gaze with unspeakable delight and rapture upon that beauty, ever ancient and ever new. We shall drink in all knowledge at its Living Source, unmingled with error or doubt. All the darkness and ignorance caused by sin will for ever vanish in the light of God's countenance, as the darkness of night disappears before the rising sun.

'We shall then see as it is the august and awful mystery of the Most Holy Trinity, the deepest, the sublimest, and the most incomprehensible of all those that God ever revealed to man. We shall see the Eternal Father, ever begetting His only Son, and the Holy Ghost, ever proceeding from both Father and Son. We shall then see how they are really three distinct Persons and yet one undivided Essence. We

shall see face to face, and as He is, this great Eternal God, in the eternity of His duration, in the abysses of His mercies, in the spotlessness of His sanctity, in the severity of His justice, in the might of His irresistible power, in the charms of His captivating beauty, and in the splendour of His majesty and glory. In a word, we shall no longer see God as He is reflected in the mirror of creation, but as He is in Himself.' This extract describes God as the essential object of the Beatific Vision — God in His Essence, in His Persons, three and one — and in His perfections or attributes.

As God is a good distinct from us, and nothing or distinct from us can make us blessed or happy unless in some way it be united to us, it follows that some union between God and ourselves is necessary to render us happy. This union is effected by the possession of God in heaven, which may be called formal beatitude. I may here notice a mistaken notion about heaven, and correct it in the words of the author already quoted (Rev. Father J. Boudreaux) : ' Some imagine that the vision of God will so completely absorb and monopolize every faculty of man that practically he will become motionless and in active as a statue. There can be no greater mistake. It is true that our union with God in the Beatific Vision is happiness and joy greater than mortal man can conceive, but it by no means follows that it will hinder the free exercise of our mental faculties or the activities of our glorified bodies; indeed, the very reverse will take place, for glory does not destroy nature, but perfects it.

We are active by nature; action, therefore, both of mind and body, is a law of our being which cannot be changed without radically changing, or, rather, destroying, our whole nature. As glory perfects our whole nature instead of destroying it, it follows that in heaven we shall be far more active than we can possibly be here below, for there all powers will exist in their perfection. Therefore the intellect, elevated and strengthened by the Light of Glory, will continue to think and to contemplate the truth, for such is the natural action of the intellect. Thus also the will, which is the loving power of the soul, shall continue for ever to love, for its natural action is to love the good, the beautiful, and the perfect. The memory also will for ever recall the many graces received from God, thus keeping alive a deep sense of gratitude for His benefits, while the imagination will still continue to make to itself new and captivating pictures of beauty.' This leads up to the propositions that beatitude consists in operation, and that for formal beatitude are required the three acts of vision, love, and joy or happiness. Since beatitude consists in operation, we have to examine what those vital acts are by which beatitude is constituted. In the first place, beatitude cannot consist in any transient or passing act, because as to God we shall not have a passing or transient act in heaven. For beatitude perfects its subject — namely, the beatified soul — and a passing or transient for formal beatitude.

Operations as such do not effect this — at least, not in

any permanent way. Then, beatitude is not an operation of the sensitive part of man, because this does not reach or attain the Supreme Good, which is entirely spiritual. Therefore beatitude is an operation spiritual and immanent— that is, remaining within the agent who elicits it.”

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THE EMISSARY

Sister Silence as Sacrament

By Marilyn Hughes

An Out-of-Body Travel Book

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THE POTENTATE

Crown Him with Many Crowns

By Marilyn Hughes

An Out-of-Body Travel Book

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

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MarilynnHughes@outofbodytravel.org

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

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

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By Marilyn Hughes

INTRODUCTION

All Men Run in the Deep



"All men run in the deep
 Woe to the sound of the sea
 Woe to the whims which hit rock bottom
 Woe betide them
 Reflect only love and goodness
 I reflected both . . . and this was undesirable
 It is a rare child who remains dancing
 Hahahahahahahahahaha . . .
 He is the One, who surrounded by Infinite dualities
 Has sought to become One.
 Do not reside on the surface
 But dwell in the deep
 There is something dramatic and effulgent going on
 Within my soul
 Don't allow the profane to open the book
 Those who try to become that which they are not
 At the expense of they who are
 Shall have the spirit of God removed from their
 homeland
 And shall reap a harvest of God's wrath

 Therefore, follow the Desert Mother in the Desert
 Observe her fastings
 Observe her abstinence
 Observe her silence
 Observe her prayer . . .
 And then adjust thyself accordingly

 On the bough of a breaking ocean
 Lies the mists of a Celtic night
 In the middle of its essence

Lay the secrets of all life
 The past comes gently bearing
 The future is untold
 Beyond the signal gatehead
 Lies a wariness foretold

Who can travel but a way
 Unless it lead to foe and wild
 Amidst the minstrels stories told
 Within the beacon's hold
 For there is no other road to grasp
 Beyond the burning, gaping and abysmal glories
 Of a quickly fading world
 Of imperceptions and misdeeds

Along the quiet shores, I walked
 Awaking the greatest sign
 Which could lead the hearty traveler
 Beyond the Celtish brine
 But nowhere could there be a map
 Not to where I'd want to go
 I was waiting for something more
 A Person
 A Godhead
 A Triune

Time passed as if in aeons days
 There were no colored lines
 To lead the traveler further on the way
 The emissaries path was lost
 Only one way left to abandon all that
 Which had glared upon the face

And gathered within its hoarding gem
Of experiences and the like

But when no experience enters
There is no further train
Nowhere to go but nowhere
Nowhere to fly but home
If in the instant of the fall
The soul of man was lost
This is the instant of the rising
Wherein the soul of man is found

Beyond the finding of the Christ
Beyond the finding of the goal
Beyond the gates of circumspection
Beyond the gates of oil
To Whom can the soul seek but night
There is no other but the One
So she waits and longs for but one thing . . .

The arrival of God

In its least expectant moment
When the shores have all run dry
It seems the Lord has deigned to leave
The soul to live desolate
As if the abandonment were theretofore enough
For as the Emissary, the soul experienced all one must
know
Doubt could never enter again within the confines of
such a heaven
As the soul has now become

Perhaps it is enough, the soul says
 The Lord has given enough
 And I am to expand and to emanate
 What if there is no more, after all?
 And then the rushing winds obtain
 The soul lifts up off the ground
 Not of its own accord
 His arms arise above his head
 And how the effulgent power flows through
 As if there is nothing simpler than this
 And yet the Lord speaks nothing
 For words are as nothing anymore
 And the Potentate is born
 And moving
 Slowly
 Methodically
 Mystically
 Through the realms of the earth
 Revealing the mysteries of the ages
 To the unconscious minds of men
 Who know not their import
 But peace and revelation
 Belong and flow with the soul now
 And this is the mystery of the Potentate
 They move slowly, methodically and mystically
 Revealing the mysteries of the ages
 And they never say a word . . .

Embrace simplicity
 No more striving
 Stop striving
 No striving

Enjoy the fruits of your labor
 The cyclone of chaos
 Never to be won again
 No more striving
 As the Blessed Mother leads
 With a cane at her helm
 Her blessed blue shimmering gown
 Athrust around her slim and ascetical body
 And she smiles looking upon those who follow
 Because . . .
 Life grows of itself
 Simplicity nurtures it
 Striving disrupts it

And thus it was so
 The Jesuits had gathered
 To show me a sign
 The Blessed Eucharistic Host
 Appeared before me
 And without effort, without striving
 Within moments, it had become a small, beating heart
 Tears fell at its beauty
 But its splendor revealed its secrets
 Stop striving
 Embrace simplicity
 And life grows of itself.

The Potentate isn't
 Wasn't
 And never shall be again

Personhood, individuality has ceased

Invisibility within the realms of creation has begun
 The Potentate has become no more
 But a seedling to be utilized in the hand of God
 Whatsoever He may willeth
 And this is the secret of the Potentate." Marilynn
 Hughes
From Contemplative Prayer

"And here begins the state of pure contemplation, the end of all the exercises of an internal life. In this blessed state the upliftings and aspirations are so pure and spiritual that the soul herself is often unable to give an account of what she does. And no wonder; for they do not proceed from any forethought or election of her own, but are suggested to her by the Divine Spirit, Who wholly possesses her. Although in these sublime and blind elevations of the will the use of the imagination and understanding is not wholly excluded, yet their operation is so imperceptible that it is not surprising that many mystic writers, speaking from personal experience, have said that in pure contemplation the will alone operates without the understanding. As to the mortifications proper to this state, they are as inexpressible as the prayer. Indeed mortification and prayer seem now to be the same thing, for the light in which the soul walks is so clear and wonderful, that the smallest imperfections are clearly perceived, and are by prayer alone mortified. Prayer is the whole business of her life, interrupted by sleep only, and not always then. True it is that by the necessities of nature, food, study, conversation, or business, it may be depressed a little from the height

it attains when the soul sets herself to attend to God alone; still it continues efficaciously in the midst of all her pursuits. This is what mystic writers call the unitive way, because the soul is in a continual union in spirit with God, having transcended herself and all creatures, who are, as it were, annihilated, and God is all in all.

There is no spiritual state beyond this. But this state may indefinitely increase in degrees of purity, the operations of the soul growing more and more spiritual and divine without limit. In this state, the soul is prepared for Divine inaction, passive unions and favours – all most admirable and efficacious for purifying her as perfectly as she is capable of in this life. God now provides for His beloved souls trials and desolations, incomprehensible to the inexperienced, leading them from light to darkness and from darkness to light again. In all these changes the soul preserves the same quality and tranquility of mind, knowing that by them she approaches nearer and nearer to God, and plunging herself more and more profoundly into Him. The soul that has come thus far stands in no need of a guide or instructions; a Divine light is her guide in all things. It is not she that now lives, but Christ and His Holy Spirit that lives, reigns, and operates in her.”

**Contemplative Prayer, Ven. Father Augustine
Baker’s Teaching thereon: From ‘Sancta Sophia’, by
Dom B. Weld Blundell, Monk of the Order of St.
Benedict**

CHAPTER ONE

"Protect us, Lord, as we stay awake; watch over us as we sleep, that awake, we may keep watch with Christ, and asleep, rest in his peace." – The Liturgy of the Hours



From a Soul in Purgatory asking that we pray this for him, for ourselves and for all the souls in purgatory (containing lines from the Holy

Scriptures, the Liturgy of the Hours, the Office of the Dead, etc.):

Begin by saying:

I offer my prayers for peace throughout all worlds, the conversion of sinners, all souls in purgatory, all souls – living, dead or dying – in need of prayer, for peace in the hearts of men and in the world, for the intentions of Our Holy Father , the Pope, Bishops and all priests and deacons of the world and first and foremost the intentions of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

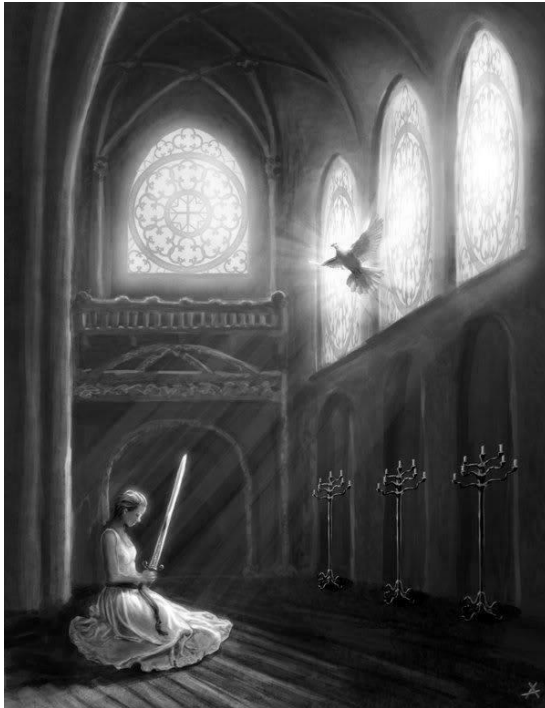
“Lord, you are the source of unfailing light. Give us true knowledge of your mercy so that we may renounce our pride and be filled with the riches of your house. Protect us, Lord, as we stay awake; watch over us as we sleep, that awake, we may keep watch with Christ, and asleep, rest in his peace. Show us your mercy, Lord, remember Your holy covenant. Incline my heart according to Your will, O God. Speed my steps along Your path. As a sign of your love, you renew us each day for the sake of our well-being and happiness. Teach us today to recognize Your presence in the sick, the suffering, the dying, and the dead; the poor, the grieving, the mournful and the sorrowful; the sad, the mentally ill, the confused, the forlorn and the brokenhearted; in those who have been wronged, and those who have wronged; in the evildoers, and all those who do good in Your name. Let us always render good for good, good for evil and good for that which is lukewarm . . .

and protect us, Lord, from rendering evil for evil. For in the heart of the gracious, lies Your kingdom. And in the Kingdom of Your heart, Lord, lies the home of us all. No longer shall I be seen by men, but by the light of truth, justice and all that is glorious. Let it be so, and let it be made known. For thus my salvation and deliverance lies. Eternal Rest grant unto them, O Lord. And let perpetual light shine upon. Incline us then, Lord, according to Your will."

Marilynn Hughes

CHAPTER TWO

Amidst the Spirited Ferryway



“Amidst the spirited ferryway
The silent stream runs forth
When all that can be heard
Is rushing wind
And the hand of God descends
The soul becomes potent and silent
And God moves mightily through him
Without ever saying a word

This is that place where words end
 The place which St. Thomas Aquinas described
 As making all that came before as straw
 The soul becomes as if nothing but an eye
 That peers from the interiors of God
 And subjects His will to all of creation
 And no longer speaks of it" Marilynn Hughes

From Rev. L. Branchereau, S.S., 1907

"God's life, instead of undergoing the successions of time, possesses an eternal stability. It is not made up of a series of temporal instants but of one single instant that embraces all eternity. It is not made up of distinct operations that cause and succeed one another. No, God performs only one act, he has only one thought, he utters only one word; but that act, that thought, that word are eternal as God himself."

*Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests,
 Rev. L. Branchereau, S.S., 1907*

From Thomas Merton

"A monk wants to know what is . . . Absolute
 Wisdom.

The Master answers without concern:
 "The snow is falling fast and all is enveloped in mist."
 The monk remains silent.

The Master asks: 'Do you Understand?'
 'No, I do not.'

. . . The monk is '*trying to understand*' when in fact he ought to '*try to look*.' The apparently cryptic and mysterious sayings of Zen become much simpler when see them in the whole context of Buddhist 'mindfulness' or awareness, which in its most elementary form consists in that 'bare attention' which simply *sees* what is right there and does not add any comment, any interpretation, any judgment, any conclusion. It just *sees* . . .

The Master said: 'Where you do not understand, there is the point for your understanding.'"

Zen and the Birds of Appetite, Thomas Merton, The Abbey of Gethsemani, 1968

From the Collected Poems of Thomas Merton
Grace's House

On the summit: it stands on a fair summit
 Prepared by winds: and solid smoke
 Rolls from the chimney like a snow cloud

No blade of grass is not counted
 No blade of grass forgotten on this hill.
 Twelve flowers make a token garden.
 There is no path to the summit –
 No path drawn

To Grace's house . . .

Between our world and hers
 Runs a sweet river:
 (No, it is not the road,
 It is the uncrossed crystal
 Water between our ignorance and her truth.)

O paradise, O child's world!
 Where all the grass lives
 And all the animals are aware!
 The huge sun, bigger than the house
 Stands and streams with life in the east
 While in the west a thunder cloud
 Moves away forever.

No blade of grass is not blessed
 On this archetypal, cosmic hill,
 This womb of mysteries . . .

Alas, there is no road to Grace's house!"
*The Collected Poems of Thomas Merton, Grace's
 House, New Directions, 1977*

From the Prophet Isaias, Chapter IV

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, nor your
 ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are
 exalted above the earth, so are my ways exalted above
 your ways, and my thoughts above your thoughts.
 And as the rain and the snow come down from

heaven . . . so shall by word be . . . It shall not return to me void, but it shall do whatsoever I please and shall prosper in the things for which I sent it. "

*The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Book of Isaias,
Chapter IV*

From a Homily on Prayer by St. John Chrysostom

"Prayer and converse with God is a supreme good; it is a partnership and union with God. As the eyes of the body are enlightened when they see light, so our spirit, when it is intent on God, is illumined by his infinite light . . .

Prayer stands before God as an honored ambassador. It gives joy to the spirit, peace to the heart. I speak of prayer, not words. It is the longing for God, love too deep for words, a gift not given by man but by God's grace. The apostle Paul says: *We do not know how we are to pray but the Spirit himself pleads for us with inexpressible longings . . .*

When the Lord gives this kind of prayer to a man . . . his spirit burns as in a fire of the utmost intensity.

Practice prayer from the beginning. Paint your house with the colors of modesty and humility. Make it radiant with the light of justice. Decorate it with the finest gold leaf of good deeds. Adorn it with the walls and stones of faith and generosity. Crown it with the

pinnacle of prayer. In this way you will make it a perfect dwelling place for the Lord. You will be able to receive him as in a splendid palace, and through his grace you will already possess him, his image enthroned in the temple of your spirit."

St. John Chrysostom, From a Homily by St. John Chrysostom, Homily 6, De Precautionis

From Fr. Augustin Poulain

"The mystic states which have God for their object attract attention at the outset by the impression of recollection and union which they cause us to experience. Hence the name of mystic union. Their real point of difference from the recollection of ordinary prayer is this: that in the mystic state, God is not satisfied merely to help us to think of Him and to remind us of His presence: He gives us an experimental, intellectual knowledge of this presence. In a word, He makes us feel that we really enter into communication with Him. In the lower degrees, however (prayer of quiet), God only does this in a somewhat obscure manner. The manifestation increases in distinctness as the union becomes of a higher order . . . For the moment, it is sufficient to understand what an abyss separates ordinary prayer from the mystic union. There is a profound difference between *thinking* of a person and *feeling* him near (or within)* us."

*The Graces of Interior Prayer, Fr. Augustin Poulain,
Chapter V, Westmonasterii, 1949, Christ the King
Library Reprints*

From Fr. Adolphe Tanquerrey

“Man is a mysterious compound of *body* and *soul*. In him *spirit* and *matter* closely unite to form but one nature and one person. Man is, so to speak, the nexus, the point of contact between spiritual and bodily substances - - an abstract of all the marvels of creation. He is a little world gathering in itself all other worlds, a *microcosm*, showing forth the wisdom of God who united in this fashion two things so far apart.

This little world is full of life: according to St. Gregory, one finds there three sorts of life, vegetative, animal and intellectual . . .

These three kinds of life are not superimposed one on the other, but they blend and arrange themselves in due relation in order to converge towards the same end - - the perfection of the whole man. It is both a rational and a biological law that in a composite being life cannot subsist and develop save on condition of harmonizing and brining its various elements under the control of the highest of them. The former must be mastered before they can be made to minister. In man, then, the lower faculties, vegetative and sensitive, must needs be subject to reason and will. This condition is essential. Whenever it fails, life languishes or vanishes . . .

There is no doubt that our intellect remains capable of knowing truth, and that with patient labor, even without the aid of revelation, it can obtain knowledge of certain fundamental truths in the natural order. The failures, however, in this regard, are most humiliating. The preoccupations of the present blind the mind to the realities of eternity. Instead of seeking God and the things that are God's, instead of rising spontaneously from the creature to the Creator, as it would have done in the primeval state, man's intellect gravitates earthward . . . It falls most readily into error. Innumerable prejudices to which we are victims and the passions that agitate our spirit drop a thick veil between our souls and the truth. Alas! Only too often we lose our bearings upon the most vital questions, on which the course and direction of our moral life depend . . .

All life must perfect itself."

The Spiritual Life: A Treatise on Ascetical and Mystical Theology, Fr. Adolphe Tanquerrey, Desclee & Co., 1930

From Fr. Augustin Poulain

"The Mystic Union: It's Ten Subsidiary Characters

- 1.) It does not depend upon our own will.

- 2.) The knowledge of God accompanying it is obscure and confused.
- 3.) The mode of communication is partially incomprehensible.
- 4.) The union is produced neither by reasonings, nor by the consideration of creatures, nor by sensible images.
- 5.) It varies incessantly in intensity.
- 6.) It demands less effort than meditation.
- 7.) It is accompanied by sentiments of love, of repose, of pleasure, and often of suffering.
- 8.) It inclines the soul of itself and very efficaciously to the different virtues.
- 9.) It acts upon the body and is acted upon in return.
- 10.)
It implies to a greater or lesser extent the production of certain interior acts."

*The Graces of Interior Prayer, Fr. Augustin Poulain,
Chapter V, Westmonasterii, 1949, Christ the King
Library Reprints*

From Fr. Augustin Poulain

“If we judge by appearances only . . . the first night of St. John of the Cross is a prayer of simplicity, but possessing characters, and two in particular, which constitute it a special kind:

- 1.) It is a state of aridity, either sweet and tranquil, or, more often, bitter and painful.
- 2.) And the simple gaze is direction almost wholly and uninterruptedly towards God . . .

The first half of this expression shows that the knowledge given by God in this prayer is obscure . . . the second indicates that the divine action no longer makes use of the sensible faculties . . . The acts that they then produce proceed from our natural activity only . . . We find in this state five distinct facts, which I shall term its elements. Two are perceived in the mind, two in the will, and the fifth is hidden . . .

First Element. This is an habitual aridity, of great strength at times . . .

Second element. This is a memory of God, simple, confused, and general, returning with a singular persistence which is independent of the will . . .

Third element. The memory of God is loving. With some it is consoling . . . there is a painful and persistent need for a closer union with God . . .

Fourth element. It affects our natural tastes. It is a persistent action of grace, designed to detach us from all the things of sense . . .

Fifth element. I will call this the hidden element. For we do not perceive it directly, as in the case of the other four. We must attain to it by the reason. It consists in this: God begins to exercise upon the soul the action that characterises the prayer of quiet, but He does this in too slight a degree for us to be conscious of it."

*The Graces of Interior Prayer, Fr. Augustin Poulain,
Chapter V, Westmonasterii, 1949, Christ the King
Library Reprints*

From Hildegard Von Bingen

"I am the grace of God, my little child, Therefore, hear and understand me, because I give the light of the soul to those who understand my warning. I also surround them with blessedness, lest they turn back to evil. Since they do not despise me, I want to touch them with my warning. And in so far as they perform good works, I speak to them when they ask for me with simplicity and purity of heart.

While I allot the pearls of good to people, warning and exhorting them, their understanding is touched through me and I become a beginning for them. This

happens while the senses of the person understand my warning with the sense of hearing, so that the person's hearing is also led to agree with my touch in the person's soul. When all this happens, I am the beginning of good in that person because it is necessary for that person to take me in hand as a helper. The struggle is whether what I give is made perfect or not. How? I want this to be understood as follows: I warn a person at the time the person begins to sigh over and to weep for his or her sins. If that person finds comfort in the warning with which I have admonished him or her, that person senses in his or her sensation the change in his or her soul just as the person lifts up his or her eyes to see . . . And if the person listens to my warning, it presently lifts itself up and presses down and overcomes . . .

The person's sensation changes itself, since it is necessary for the person – although unwilling – to follow the will which is above him or her. The person's will has been subjected to the higher will in service. It is inferior to it, and it will follow the higher will whether it wishes to or not. For I give goodness in the beginning, and I nurture it in the person's mind. Then I send work to the person's will for accomplishing the goodness. I do all this with the warning, the urging, and the warmth of the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. If the person's will resists these gifts, then these gifts which I have brought to the person's mind are led to nothing . . .

When the person reflects again upon these things

during the struggle within himself or herself, he or she can turn the zeal for sin into zeal for true repentance. The person can be as busy with repentance as he or she was before with sin. Because of my warning, this person will wake up from the sleep of death which he or she had chosen instead of life . . . As a result, I will presently receive the person and send him or her forth free."

*Mystical Visions, Scivias, Vision Eight: 8, Hildegard
Von Bingen, Bear & Company, 1986
From Dom B. Weld-Blundell*

"The degrees of perfection in relation to all the duties of an internal life are best measured by the degrees of internal prayer . . . Hence Barbanson, the learned and experienced author of *Secrets Sentiers de l'Amour Divin*, divides the progress in a contemplative life according in prayer, which he says, has these degrees:

- 1.) The exercises of the understanding in meditation.
- 2.) The exercise of the will and affections without meditation.
- 3.) The state in which the soul has an experimental perception of the Divine presence in her.
- 4.) The great desolation.
- 5.) The state where the soul receives a sublime manifestation of God in the summit of her spirit.
- 6.) Then, after many risings and fallings (which are to be found in all the degrees), the soul

enters into the divine and secret ways of perfection.

This order appears to be the most natural and in harmony with reason and experience; we shall, therefore, follow it, with this difference, however, that the last four degrees will be united into one. Thus we shall distinguish three degrees of prayer:

- 1.) Discursive prayer or meditation
- 2.) The prayer of forced immediate acts or affections of the will.
- 3.) The prayer of pure active contemplation or aspirations flowing from the soul, as it were, naturally, without any force, powerfully and immediately directed and moved by the Holy Spirit.

This third degree constitutes properly the prayer of contemplation. There is no state of prayer beyond it."

*Contemplative Prayer, Dom B. Weld-Blundell, Monk
of the Order of St. Benedict, Christ the King Library
Reprints*

From Mother Francis Raphael

"The simplicity of the Venerable Agnes of Jesus, a French Dominicaness of the seventeenth century (A.D. 1602-1634), and the spiritual friend of M. Olier, is exquisitely portrayed in the chapter of her life which treats of her sublime gift of prayer. Father

Boyre, S.J., on reading a book in which he found mention made of certain meditations which were entitled 'most high contemplations,' desired her to explain their meaning, to which she replied with her accustomed humility that she understood nothing about such things. 'Nevertheless,' replied he, 'I am determined to know, and I lay you under obedience to tell me all about them tomorrow.' Greatly puzzled as to how to comply with this precept, Agnes had recourse to prayer. Her good angel appeared to her, and she besought him to give her the required explanation. The angel smiled at her simplicity in supposing herself ignorant of the meaning of contemplation, when God had raised her, unconsciously to herself, to its most sublime heights; and immediately he caused her to be rapt in ecstasy, and she had an ineffable vision of the glories of Paradise, and saw the multitude of blessed spirits praising God and absorbed in Him. On beholding this glorious sight she was filled with an extreme disrelish for all creatures, and formed a resolution never to attach herself to earthly things. The relation of this vision and of the effects which it produced in her was all the explanation she offered to her confessor, who remained well satisfied with her answer."

The Spirit of the Dominican Order, Mother Francis Raphael, O.S.D., Christ the King Library Reprints

From Mother Francis Raphael

"In the life of Mother Frances of the Seraphim (A.D. 1604-1660) we find some beautiful passages . . . 'Is it not wonderful,' she writes, 'that any soul can be troubled by the absence of God when indeed He is always to be found in faith?' . . . When one of her religious complained to her of difficulties in prayer, her answer is remarkable. 'It may be,' she writes, 'that your sufferings arise from this, that God would draw you by simple faith, and desires you to abandon all your own thoughts and reflections; and so you seem to be losing everything only because you are losing these thoughts. If so say, 'My God, I desire to adore Thee in Thy spirit, not in my own, and to love Thee for what Thou art, willingly giving up all my own ways of thinking about Thee.' Or perhaps it is that your mind is too active, and works in too hurried a manner. If so, accustom yourself to lessen this activity."

The Spirit of the Dominican Order, Mother Francis Raphael, O.S.D., Christ the King Library Reprints

From Fr. Augustin Poulain

"When describing the man who has gone through the night of the senses, the saint adds: ' . . . He must change his garments this *God Himself* will do . . . He will change them from old into new by infusing into the soul a new understanding of God in God, the human understanding being set aside, and a new love

of God in God . . . ' (Ascent of Mount Carmel, Book I, ch. V, p. 21).

The soul seems to say: 'In poverty, unsupported by any apprehensions, in the obscurity of the intellect, in the conflict of the will, in the affliction and distress of memory . . . I went forth out of myself [during the first night], and out of my low conceptions and lukewarm love, out of my scanty and poor sense of God . . . I went forth out of the scanty intercourse and operations of my own to those of God; that is, my intellect went forth out of itself, and from human became Divine . . . it understands no more within its former limits and narrow bounds . . . My will went forth out of itself transformed into the Divine will . . . all the energies and affections of the soul are, in this night and purgation of the old man, renewed into a Divine temper and delight.' (Obscure Night, Book II, ch. Iv, pp. 379-80) . . .

When we take a general review of the saint's rules of conduct for the second night, we see that they resolve themselves to this: accept the fact that the mind rises to a new higher mode of operation in this prayer. And in the same way, in the first night, they are reduced to this: accept the fact that the senses, the sensible faculties, that is, cease to act."

*The Graces of Interior Prayer, Fr. Augustin Poulain,
Chapter V, Westmonasterii, 1949, Christ the King
Library Reprints*

CHAPTER THREE

There is Only One Light



"She stood with her Beloved in the intrepid Hall of
the Temple
I gazed upon the beautiful lights they emanated
As they were no longer human but yet ethereal
A feminine and a masculine light
Hands entrenched with gladness

Between the temple columns

Racing to the platform, my arms before me
 White robes encompassed me and my other
 But I stopped . . .

"He's not the duped light, after all," I knew,
 Our hands now met in words
 But applauding suggests, what a simple mistake

There is only one light
 That remains of the deep

. . . And I turned to leave the garden hold." Marilyn
 Hughes

From Fr. Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange

"As we have seen, the attributes of God relative to His being are simplicity, infinity, immensity, and eternity . . . Therein will be found an important lesson for our own spiritual life. The point we shall particularly stress is that although from certain angles God is presented to us in the clearest *light*, in other respects He remains in the deepest *shadow* . . . the *obscurity* confronting us in God is owing to the fact that He is far *too luminous* for the feeble sight of our intellect, which is unable to endure His infinite splendor.

To us God is invisible and incomprehensible for the reason that, as Scripture says, "He inhabiteth light

inaccessible" (I Timothy 6:16), which for us has the same effect as darkness . . .

Whereas, then, many things are invisible through not being sufficiently luminous or not sufficiently illuminating, *God is invisible because for us He is far too luminous . . .*

Not even the highest among the angels can directly see God through the purely natural power of their intellect; for them, too, *God is a light overpowering* in its intensity, a naturally inaccessible light . . .

To see God, the angles, like human souls, must have received the light of glory, that supernatural light to which their nature has no claim whatever, but which is infused in order to fortify their intellects and enable them to endure the brightness of Him who is light itself . . .

From this it follows that what is obscure and incomprehensible for us in God transcends what is clearly seen. Here, in fact, *the darkness is light-transcending*. What the mystics call the great darkness is the Deity, the intimate life of God, the "light inaccessible" mentioned by St. Paul. (I Timothy 6:6).

We now understand what St. Teresa means when she says: "The more obscure the mysteries of God, the greater is my devotion to them." . . .

Divine Wisdom is an *uncreated luminous knowledge*."

*Predestination, Chapter XI, The Divine
Incomprehensibility, Wisdom, Fr. Reginald Garrigou-
Lagrange, Tan Books, 1998*

*From the Book of Wisdom (Speaking of Lady
Wisdom)*

“She is more beautiful than the sun . . . being compared with the light, she is found before it. For after this cometh night, but no evil can overcome wisdom . . . She is a certain pure emanation of the glory of the almighty God: and therefore no defiled thing cometh into her. For she is the brightness of eternal light.”

*Holy Bible, The Old Testament, The Book of Wisdom,
7: 25 - 29*

From the Liturgical Year

“At the solemn moment of Jesus’ Ascension, a strange joy was felt in each choir of the heavenly hierarchy, from the burning seraphim to the angels who are nearest to our own human nature. The actual possession of a good, whose very expectation had filled them with delight, produced an additional happiness in these already infinitely happy spirits. They fixed their enraptured gaze on Jesus’ beauty, and were lost in astonishment at seeing how Flesh could so reflect the plenitude of grace that dwelt in that human Nature as to outshine their own

brightness. And now, by looking on this Nature (which, though inferior to their own, is divinized by its union with the eternal World), they see into further depths of the uncreated sea of light."

*The Liturgical Year, Dom Prosper Gueranger, O.S.B.,
Volume IX - Paschal Time, Book Three, Monday
within the Octave of the Ascension, Loreto
Publications, Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire, 2013*

*From Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and
Priests*

"All Christians, particularly those called by God to a state of special holiness, are under obligation to follow the law of uninterrupted progress in the spiritual life, to rise higher and higher without stopping or going backward, to constantly tend to higher and higher perfection."

*Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests,
Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S.S., St. Mary's Seminary,
Baltimore, Maryland 1907*

From Fr. Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange

"As Pere de Caussade remarks, when explaining these ways of Providence, "The more obscure the mystery is to us, the more light it contains in itself"; for its obscurity is due to a radiance too intense for

our feeble vision.”

*Predestination, Chapter XXI, Providence and the
Duty of the Present Moment, Fr. Reginald Garrigou-
Lagrange, Tan Books, 1998*

CHAPTER FOUR

Why are you Still Here?



“For whom the prayer is spoken
May the heart be moved
Let the heart be willing
And the soul be touched with Good

In the trembling lair of Satan

The souls who know no rest
Their hearts vibrate with passions
And their spirits are made jest

But if their soul but knew
The power of a 'No.'
The doors would fling right open
And Satan's power would go

He has no final power
His power is just to detain
A spirit finding freedom
In pointless things or gain

For Satan is no mystery
He is merely a dumb stock
Who fell from rapture's fellows
Into the fiery rock

But, God, oh yes, is different
His mystery never ends
Beyond His clear longsuffering
Will kingdoms reign or end

His mystery is sufficient
For every soul to bear
Yet never for to render
A word to explain it fair

So for whom the prayer is spoken
May the heart be moved
Let the heart be willing

And the soul be touched with Good" Marilyn
Hughes

Her soul was brutal light, but darkness, as well. She had come in a whirlwind of light and I immediately sensed that she was a chosen one. There is a mark on those chosen souls, but it is not visible, it is an energetic imprinting which is clear to others who follow the same path.

So, despite my indifference to her intended domains, I followed her without question or repose. For I knew that wherever she might take me had purpose this night, and the outcome of it would be the fulfillment of the will of the Lord.

Perhaps I should've questioned. I do not know.

It is difficult to see the meandering will of God's mysterious thoughts in some events, but they do arise as of yet despite their infinite unknowing.

And if purpose arises, then purposes must be . . . even when things emerge in ways which are dark, evil, impure and uninformedly beyond the scope of that which you could or would wish to imagine.

As we flew towards an intended destination, I felt light and peace flow through me as the simple falling of water as if from a cliff dive.

The light had become an intimate part of my inner

journey, it accompanied me wherever I might go and it was inexhaustible. To say that eye has not seen nor ear heart what God has made for those who love Him remains a discreet understatement for a state of being which cannot be rendered into words.

We took a back doorway into what would be a shocking scene.

Having entered into Satan's Lair, we were at the top of a theatre in a balcony seating area fairly out of view. Down below on the stage an altar had been set up. About six dancers were on the stage doing some type of sexual dance on the altar itself; a couple of them were just masturbating, while others were engaging in actual, open sex.

From my vantage point, I could see that Satan was hoping to lure me in with deviant sexuality, but thankfully, my response to it was disgust. And I was horrified that they would blaspheme an altar in this manner.

The chosen one said, "Satan is looking for the second chosen one, and he thinks it might be you. He wants to turn you." Looking at her face, I didn't say anything but was thinking. Why would she take me here for that having known that?

Hurling myself over the balcony, my clothing instantly transformed into robes of deep blue and white voluminous wings emerged from my

shoulders. Light began to emanate forward from every crevasse of my spiritual body, almost like the light that is put through a film projector, widening and moving outward towards the distance.

As the light hit the sexual deviants and the stage, everything was destroyed. The dancers tumbled onto themselves dazed and confused, while the altar, the stage and the theatre was demolished.

Instantly, I was taken backstage where Satan waited for me. He was about 5'11" tall, manifesting as a very buff and muscular man. This is very usual for him. His skin, however, was the color of chrome and it had a sheen on it that made him look a little hulklike.

As his true identity was masked, he wore the face of an attractive man. But there was no question who I was standing before, I knew it was Satan. And he knew it was me.

"Awwwwwhhhhhhhh, the chosen one." I thought it was you." He walked around the room pacing. "You know that I want you as my own, right?" I didn't respond, nod or do anything.

For some reason, I believed very strongly that someone was going to rescue me, but they did not. I was left alone with Satan and it was my cross to bear. And what made the scene all the more interesting was that there were no high emotions at all. I had no reaction to his presence, he had no reaction to mine.

We just acknowledged that we knew who each other were.

Coming closer to me, Satan put his arm around my waist. He was trying to play on the absence of physical affection I had in my life, and of course, he portrays himself as a very attractive man, the flatterer. He was hoping that my need to be held, could pull me into his web of lies, flattery, deceit and ultimately habitation in his disgusting lair.

For a moment, I felt myself tempted. And I was disappointed in myself for this, because there was a part of me who yearned to be held. And that was just something that was not going to be a part of my life on earth. But I quickly threw off the temptation and walked away from his grasp.

He got just a tiny bit angry, but I was surprised at how well Satan held his anger for this entire trip. It was as if everything was so well calculated, and he knew he had to be careful because he could not lose his cool. Of course, when Satan loses his cool, his disguises always drop . . . so that in itself would be a good reason to be calm. However, there was more to this than I could understand.

Without warning, he allowed black rats to enter in at the walls. And they started coming in all around me hissing and baring their teeth in hopes of biting some chunks out my 'skin.' He had a sinister grin hoping that this might freak me out or scare me. But rather, I

centered my gaze upon the rats and forced the light forth. As it came out of my spiritual body and into the black rats, they immediately transformed into white and brown little hamsters, which I immediately joined with in a circle in the middle of the room and began to play with them. They were now timid, tame and playful creatures.

Satan was more angry. But he kept his cool.

Looking towards the rear quarter of the staging area, I noticed that there were doors. Up until this point, it had appeared that Satan and his minions were not allowing me to leave. But I began to walk towards the doors and noticed something odd. They were unlocked.

Turning to look Satan in the eye, I said to him, "They are unlocked." Looking around the room at all those confined to his lair, he panicked for a moment, looked like he did not know what to do and was trying to make eye contact with those who followed him here.

Now, I turned to all of them, facing them with the full extent of the force of the light emanating from my spiritual body. "Why are you still here?" I said to them, as I turned and quietly opened the doors.

A young woman with blonde hair followed me as I left the lair. There were many sets of doors, about ten of them actually. But they were unlocked. And I realized that what these souls did not understand was that those doors were always unlocked. There is no

such thing as a final destination with Satan until eternity. Satan IS a choice.

But they had to turn and go out the door. And they had to leave Satan and all that he represented in their lives behind and become willing recipients of the light in order to do so.

Although hundreds remained, one had been liberated. And this was enough for me.

The other chosen one, who I now referred to as 'Sister,' took me to a convent wherein I prayed with the nuns for many hours and days.

An older woman had come to the convent and was praying with us. She had undergone great suffering in this life, as one of her children had committed suicide. As she prayerfully joined us, the nuns all came forward and wiped off the layers and layers of makeup she had worn. And when all the make-up was finally gone, I held her face in my hands. "You are so beautiful just as God made you, my child; so, so beautiful." A tear fell from her eyes, as she realized she needed none of the accoutrements of the world here for what God had made of her was perfect in His sight. And everything else was a distraction.

And as the prayers continued, my spirit was transported to another ground of souls in need of assistance.

Lined up for blocks, there were about a thousand

souls who were waiting to get their movie tickets to a movie, of which I was not allowed to know the name, which was going to be released soon which was so sneaky in its deceptions that every soul who might see the film was in danger of losing their very soul. I so wished I could know what film this was to be, because the ramifications of it were so serious and widespread.

My spirit was directed to start at the beginning of the line and move slowly through it until I would reach the end. Every person in that line received from me a rosary. There were about two or three who received the etheric equivalent of a rosary that their grandmothers had used to pray upon, and this was an even more special gift. They were so special because in the physical world they had been lost, but in the etheric, they were still in existence and the prayers of the ancestors had power for those who received of them.

But each person received their own rosary, and we prayed together that each one of them might not be put to the test because every one of these souls was in danger of damnation and this movie would seal the deal.

Placing my hands on their shoulders, we prayed together. And every single one, in this subconscious state, prayed with me. They were sincere, serious and very astute. Not one of them did not wish to receive the benefits of our prayers, and not a single soul

denied these graces which were being poured upon them in anticipation of such a deceptive lure.

And with each one for whom I prayed with individually, when we had finished our supplication to the Lord, I asked, "Why are you still here?"

But not a single person left the line. Not one. Flashing one last blast of the eternal mechanism of the redemption on the line of many, I shouted to all of them, "Why are you still here?"

And not a single one left the line.

I, however, could not stay. And I left the line by myself.

In a flash of light, I was gone.

From St. Therese of Lisieux

"In order to live in an act of perfect love, I offer myself as victim and holocaust to your merciful love, begging You to consume me without creasing, letting the rays of infinite tenderness which are enclosed in You overflow into my soul so that I may become a martyr of Your love, O my God! May this martyrdom, after having prepared me to appear before You, finally bring about my death so that my soul may take flight without delay into the eternal embrace of Your

eternal love! I wish, O my beloved, to renew this offering an infinite number of times with each beat of my heart, until that time when, the shadows having rolled away, I may repeat my love to You in an eternal conversation!"

St. Therese of Lisieux's Last Words

CHAPTER FIVE
Protestations of a Certain Ancient Catch



"Amidst temptations
Beyond the sensations

Rocking frustrations
Gliding upon the sage's breath

Cathing the haunted wisdoms of the snare
Beneath the shattered illusions of the mass
The mourners chant alights the snow
Gathering things no one can know

Beyond the withering velvet mask
The soul bequeaths its life to Him
And fathers all the remains to glean
Relinquishing acts and sins of old

Beneath the tranquil bodies cast
Lies awakening to the fold
Beyond it is the quickening mask
Above it is the angels glow

Alight upon the mountain's glaze
A wispy woman heralds 'go'
And within her mourners chant remains
A kindness and a hearkening 'lo'

Nothing mists the spattered gaze
The vision remains a spotted mess
The soul alights the personal path
Which leads to seasons amidst his own within

Love is a sparse and liquid scent
A fouled up use of senses past
Its matter is not yet prolific
It's gaze remains upon the sting

The love that gnaws each soul to gain
 Is lost within a fiery mess
 And only gains its truest might
 When gathered with the mighty stream

Accepting martyrs, outcasts and fools
 The walls of accept the ordinary, too
 There is no one outside His grasp
 Except for those who refuse His tours

So what is this that mars the strain?
 What is it that brings me fools?
 What is it that brings me lovers?
 What is it that brings me the cruel?

Who comes to me all loud and still?
 Who comes who is of ordinary fare?
 Who comes who lost the war with self?
 And took their life amidst the snare?

Who comes who is but laden blocked?
 Who comes who is but a pastor's fool?
 Who comes who lost the substance way back?
 Who comes who never sought its zeal??

They come and are united still
 And nothing can recede the grace
 For chosen for this Godly tour
 They remain among the Godly race

And who receives them as they grasp

To meet the sorrow of their gaze?
 It is a simple soul who loves
 Who loves their God, the Potentate
 If there be a secret lying still
 Beneath the power of the recluse
 It is the matchless action gained
 By the training in movement towards God's will

So learn the power of the noise
 And gain the wisdom of the stilling
 Within the gathering of nothing
 The Potentate only acts when willing

Beyond the natural course of souls
 There is a simple course of will
 In evidencing the simple nature of movement
 A soul can learn to cease or will

The stillness, the quiet, the happeninglessness
 The surrender of the soul and body to cease
 Except when upon it is called
 When its ceasing is not self-willed

And stillness remains within the Potentate even so
 This is the secret of the Potentate
 He never moves on His own
 But the Will of God alone

As a result, he never truly moves
 Stillness is the secret
 Silence is the secret
 Reception perfects it

The path is ever ancient
 And yet reborn anew
 In each and every soul
 Who bids the world adieu . . ." Marilyn Hughes

From Chuang Tzu

"Tien Ken was travelling to the south of Yin Mountain. He reached the river Liao, where he met the Man without a Name and said to him, 'I wish to ask you about governing everything under Heaven.'

The Man without a Name said, 'Get lost, you stupid lout! What an unpleasant question! I am traveling with the Maker of All. If that is too tiring, I shall ride the bird of ease and emptiness and go beyond the compass of the world and wander in the land of nowhere and the region of nothing. So why are you disturbing me and unsettling my heart with questions about how to rule all below Heaven?'

Tien Ken asked the same question again. The Man without a Name replied,

'Let your heart journey in simplicity.
 Be one with that which is beyond definition.
 Let things be what they are.
 Have no personal views.
 That is how everything under Heaven is ruled.'

Yan Tzu Chu went to visit lao Tzu and he said, 'Here

is a man who is keen and vigilant, who has clarity of vision and wisdom and studies the Tao without ceasing. Such a person as this is surely a king of great wisdom?’

‘In comparison to the sage,’ said Lao Tzu, ‘someone like this is just a humble servant, tied to his work, exhausting himself and distressing his heart. The tiger and the leopard, it is said, are hunted because of the beauty of their hides. The monkey and the dog end up in chains because of their skills. Can these be compared to a king of great wisdom?’

YanTzu Chu was startled and said, ‘May I be so bold as to ask about the rule of a king who is great in wisdom?’

Lao Tzu said,

‘The rule of a king who is great in wisdom!
His works affect all under Heaven, yet he seems to do nothing.
His authority reaches all life, yet no one relies upon him.
There is no fame nor glory for him, but everything fulfills itself.
He stands upon mystery and wanders where there is nothing.’

*The Book of Chuang Tzu, Penguin Classics,
Translated by Martin Palmer, 1996*

CHAPTER SIX

I Want to Know the Will of God



“In the nightwind, I pause
To the tremor of that which yearns
And the offensive odor of irreligion
Penetrates me like an impotent warrior” – Marilyn
Hughes

And as my prayers went deep into the night, my soul yearned for an answer to an age old question. Praying for a child and grandchildren who had turned away from their faith and from God, I turned to look and see my husband’s grandmother, great grandmother to

my children.

Very simply she walked forward, and she said, "Just love them." That was it.

And I remembered a not so distant time when great grandma had just loved me and my husband as we went through similar crises in our younger years. She had simply loved me at times when, frankly, I did not deserve to be loved by her. She had loved us both when we were doing things that I cringe about now.

But as I thought about this great and unconditional love she had given us throughout the years, I also remembered that it was her loving us when we deserved it the least that had become a goad to my conscience more than anything else.

Although many people had been quite correct and honest with me about certain things I had been doing which were destructive and wrong, their chastisements did not stay with me as did that undeserved unconditional love given by great grandma. And in that moment, I understood. "Just love them," she said.

As my soul partook of yet another corrective journey, I found my spirit at a gathering at the local church. All three of my children were there as they were sponsoring youth events and also fun things for young kids to do. My oldest had brought the grandchildren to come, not because of faith, but

because it was a fun event for the kids. But this was progress . . .

However, two of my children were adults and my youngest was late in his high school years. And they all went off their own way, completely ignoring me. Empty Nest Syndrome was clearly being presented to me in a way which would be forthright and very clear.

As I felt heartbroken and focused on the kids, my spirit was flipped upside down and I was floating on my head. Obviously, remaining heartbroken over this normal stage of life would turn me upside down and it was apparent would not be fruitful.

Suddenly, a spirit wind overtook my soul and I suddenly reached my hands to the skies and shouted, "I want to know the will of God." As I did this, my arms became wings, my body turned upright and I began to fly above the noise and raucous of the events below.

But as my heart again turned to focus on my children, again my spirit would turn upside down and I would float on my head.

Along with the youth events, other things were going on which were noisy and kind of pointless. In no way do I mean this to be insulting. But a lot of meaningless activity was going on. My current state had become very incompatible to this and it was very chaotic and

disturbing to my inner peace. As I reflected on this, and the response I had whenever I focused on my grown children, I again reached out my arms and shouted out, "I want to know the will of God."

Again, as I did so, my arms became wings and I began to float through the ethers.

Although this process occurred several times more, eventually, I realized that my soul longed to return to the quiet of my cell which was my bedroom in my home, which I had made into a monastery. My eyes could see the bookshelves on one side of my bed and the particular curtains on the other in my mind, but I longed so deeply to be reunited with the peace of this place that I kept shouting . . . "I want to know the will of God. I want to know the will of God."

In my flight, I engaged upon several obstacles. The biggest obstacle was my habitual behavior of worrying about my adult children, and apparently this was no longer suitable for me as regarded God's will. But other obstacles included the noise, and just breaking free from the lull of the noise . . . soaring above it and then towards my monastery, my cell.

As my spirit re-entered my body and the familiar bookshelves and curtains became clear to me, I sighed in relief. And instantly, I understood that there was a will of God for me beyond the raising of my children. This was my signal to allow grace and silence to penetrate in order to reveal the next phase in my journey.

But it was not good for me to focus on my adult kids; that would turn me upside down. Focusing on the will of God made me soar. And I would not forget this, for I had fought hard to return to the quiet of my cell, and it was as if God had let me know that not only was it okay to let go a little bit now that the kids were older, but it was actually necessary.

"I want to know the will of God," echoed throughout my mind as I returned to form and gave up the ghost.

Now as my spirit embarked upon the past, a young woman I had known in my high school days suddenly appeared driving a car in which I was sitting in the back seat.

It was clear that she had crossed over, but I could not yet see her face. She turned and said, "I wish I had known of the Glory of God during my life." I nodded, yes, but noticed a white circle of light coming out of the outer recesses of her eyes and just quietly said, "But you do now." She smiled and was gone.

And a sudden wind took me to into a desperate part of a large city. Ironically, just from looking at them from the outside, you would think they were beautiful homes. But as you walked in, they were roach infested, the floors were sagging from water damage and all manner of putrid filth was running rampant.

This was not just a physical state, but a spiritual one,

as well.

But what was truly horrifying was that the cockroaches had taken root in the bodies of both animals and humans; stray cats and dogs, rodents, whatever might be running around . . .

They were embedded into the flesh of humans and animals right behind their neck starting at the top of their back in very delineated lines of maybe fifty to one hundred per row. Each human or animal had anywhere from fifteen to fifty rows of these dark creatures going down their back.

The darkness was literally holding them down, pushing them down, eating into their flesh . . . and what was really disturbing is that none of them were aware of it. They didn't notice them.

Journey through mass retain of a city. Started with Dad and Mom, my brother was trying to protect me. We went through houses where people were shacking up, completely on the ground, no awareness or thought of God.

Someone who had been sent to observe and learn from the journey now joined me. She had been given leave to join me because she had spent much time gathering information about the Catholic Church and doctrines, dogma's and what officials of the church were doing and had developed very strong views about all of these things. Her focus was on what

others were doing in her spiritual life, and this was stunting her own growth and effectiveness.

We were taken through several homes to watch the very grounded and limited manner in which all of these people were living.

What stood out amongst the immoral, violent, deviant, disgusting and sad conditions; was the fact that most of these people had actually lost the thrust of the Holy Spirit which is given to every human being upon birth which alights their path towards God and ignites in them a desire to seek Him. And so, in essence, most of these souls lacked the actual eternal flame on even the most minute of levels which was required for a soul to have the capacity to seek higher things.

The sadness of it all overwhelmed me.

We continued walking forward through the streets of the city as we observed up ahead a very prevalent cemetery wherein many families were burying their dead. Many crosses and crucifixes were used to mark the graves of their loved ones.

Off in the distance, however, I noticed a grave mound which was covered in red roses and meandered towards that place.

Next to it, I instinctively began to dig with my hands and found the body of a young boy who had been

murdered about the age of ten buried in the dirt next to the grave.

The traveler who had come with me begged me to leave it, but I ignored her words. The young boy said something to me in a harsh tone, but I could not initially understand him. So I asked him to repeat himself. He sat up and looked me straight in the eyes and said, "Go fuck off!" I nodded, yes, I understand.

My companion was now more urgently beckoning me to abandon the site. But I would not.

Immediately, I extracted the soul and sent him into a spinning state of white light thrusting him into the galactic heavens. I prayed, "God, please cleanse this child of the destruction which was brought upon him but was not his own." And he began his purgatorial journey.

Silently, we walked away from the cemetery offering our sympathies for the grief of so many with a nod.

And the people continued burying their dead and there continued to be so many.

Moving further into the city, I started to notice that the bodies of the dead were now appearing abandoned in the streets. And as we traveled further, more and more bodies became evident until the streets were littered with the bodies of dead people.

Feeling the descent of something from above, I looked up towards my left in the sky. For a moment, I thought the Pieta was hovering above these streets of death.

But I soon realized that I was very, very wrong.

A statue of Christ was hovering in the air. But Christ was lying on His side with His legs pulled up to His chest. As His legs were crunched beneath Him, he appeared about four feet across completely bent over. Above and below him were green demons, reptilian and amphibious in character, crushing Christ.

I was silent and without words. My mouth was open. I looked upon it with horror. But my eyes were led to look into the city streets again . . .

The streets filled with the bodies of the uncountable dead were now experiencing a mystical phenomenon of great pain, torment . . . but yet beauty at the same time. Silver and gold crucifixes began emerging from the streets and growing to ten and fifteen feet in height all over the city; from the interior of buildings, in yards - about forty or fifty of them. They were everywhere.

Christ was being crucified all around us and before us.

I awoke in disbelief and horror at what I had seen.

But my soul was as yet to engage in yet a final journey this eve. Re-entering the mystical state, we set forward to enter into a church to go to Mass amidst the chaos of the scene we had previously left moments before.

The moment the priest lifted his hands to begin the Mass, Christ pushed back upon and folded over the two demons who had crushed Him. He thrust them into the abyss to assume their ominous fate and stood up to His feet in a shining white robe. Now, He stood about fifteen feet high.

The heavens opened and he raised His arms and I knew the power of the Mass had given Him strength to continue this battle against irreligion which had caused the death of the spirit in the world.

From Mother Teresa

“If you are humble nothing will touch you, neither praise nor disgrace, because you know what you are. Pray and forgive.”

Mother Teresa

CHAPTER SEVEN
I Want to Know the Will of God



"Amidst the clatter of souls
 I hear no noise
 Just the silent reminiscences
 Of those who were once alive, and now are dead.

In the shadows of the wasteland
 I hear the rumors still
 Amidst the cross, amidst the rose
 The spirits' raging will

And they came in droves
 The Spirits of the dead
 As the shadows of their bondage
 Remained . . . " – Marilyn Hughes

As my spirit arose amidst the clamoring wakefulness
 of the tortured souls who had suddenly appeared in
 my midst, I looked upon the faces of 200 – 300 spirits
 of the dead, trapped because God had become absent
 in their lives, and therefore, remained absent in their
 deaths.

They were being held in some type of vortex of
 bondage as they had died.

The atmosphere was one of what I could only
 describe as a concrete hell; an old factory setting, dark
 clouds covering the skies, pollution rampant all
 around and nothing of light to be seen available to

them.

Although I did know that they were trapped through no *conscious* fault of their own. Somewhere, somehow . . . their spirits had died while still living. God had become irrelevant in their lives and spiritual death ensued. They were no longer building something intended for eternity, but something of only momentary value.

From the Book of Psalms

“Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it. Unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it.”

Old Testament, Psalm 126: 1- 2

Throughout the crowded room of souls were piles of debris. It was clear that these piles of debris were remnants of their lives; the way they thought, lived and chose to live without God. They were so thick and numerous, it was literally causing them all to be trapped here in this space, unable to uplift beyond them.

My spirit inherently knew we had to gather all these hundreds of piles, get them in a nearby dumpster and

burn them to the ground.

The souls who had been trapped in death quickly became interested and involved in their own release. Smiles were emerging on their faces and they came towards me with birth certificates, handing them to me as if they were tickets to paradise or something like that.

Most of these souls were big, burly men who had probably worked hard on the land, in the mines or in factories. In the background, was one of the factories in which many of them had worked. It seemed that some of them may have also died there . . .

We threw the birth certificates into the dumpster for the massive fire, as well.

The bonfire began with a huge roaring and as soon as the cloud of smoke arose into the sky, the spirits began lining up to begin their ascent to higher realms as I pulled out my Catholic Roman Ritual and began to recite prayers from the Mass of the Office of the Dead..

Faces alit with smiles, the souls began their departure from this realm.

As I continued the prayers of the Mass amidst the smoky yet brilliant night, the souls began to fly without any great fanfare upwards until they simply disappeared into the dense white clouds which had

formerly blocked their view of eternity's shores.

We didn't stop until every last one of them had been returned to God.

From Sister Miriam

"Prayer is the trap-door out of sin.
 Prayer is a mystic entering in
 to secret places full of light.
 It is a passage through the night.
 Heaven is reached, the blessed say,
 by prayer and by no other way.
 One may kneel down and make a plea
 with words from book or breviary,
 or one may enter in and find
 a home-made message in the mind.
 But true prayer travels further still,
 to seek God's presence and God's will . . .
 God smiles on faith that seems to know
 it has no other place to go.
 But some day, hidden by His will,
 if this meek child is waiting still,
 God will take out His mercy-key
 and open up felicity."

*Prayer, 1951, Sister Miriam of the Holy Spirit,
 Carmelite Nun, Jessica Powers, O.C.D.*

And as the last of the souls departed and I remained alone and fell to the ground to sit in what was now an empty purgatorial realm, I sighed a great breath of relief.

And then I began to hear the sounds of Holy Mass being sung in Latin from every particle of breath around me. In its words, my spirit was uplifted and filled with a sense of high honor and grave duty.

Bowing down my head in honor of this great mystery and grace, I listened . . .

Listening filled me with awe, wonder and a sense of holy felicity which could never be described.

Although my spirit was sitting in the midst of this concrete hell covered over by clouds, my spirit was basking in the glorious reminiscences of Christ's sacrifice. My ability to be somewhere else entirely within its midst was a mystery to me, but God had given it and I accepted.

Continuing to listen, the molecules around me began to vibrate with the power of the Latin words being sung by ancient monks in an ancient rite. I did nothing, I said nothing, I just absorbed.

And suddenly and without warning, a brightly shimmering and golden box fell out of the dark clouds above and into my hands. Its aura alone was bigger than the box itself.

Measuring about a foot and a half in width, it was about a half a foot wide. It had a lid not unlike a treasure chest, and the light that emanated from within it bellowed beyond its confines well over three feet beyond its borders.

I would not be allowed to open it.

Just as suddenly, a piece of paper with the images of eight young men who appeared to be of Middle Eastern origin fell on top of the box. Without being told a thing, I instantly knew they were Christian martyrs.

We live in a time of great wars. For those who share this time with me, you know. Many soul are dying to violence, martyrdom and senseless racial, religious and political hatred all over the world.

When such times come upon mankind, it is easy to feel God has forgotten. It is easy to feel that there is no help coming from heaven. It is easy to feel that all of our efforts and prayers are hopeless and of no accord.

The sacrifices of the martyrs which increase daily fill our souls with despair and sorrow, and we can't see beyond the dusky clouds of war.

Any effort seems futile at such a time.

But in this moment, I knew God had not forgotten. I knew that God was present, active and utilizing every grace. I can put it no other way.

A grand voice came out of the sky, and suddenly, St. Michael the Archangel appeared below the cloudy skies above me.

“Do not open the box.” He said, “But wisely gather the graces obtained by these martyrs which remain inside and go . . . scatter it amongst the peoples of the earth. And tell the people the Lord has not forgotten them.”

Bowing in agreement to my task, I said nothing but held tightly onto the box in one hand and to the pictures of the eight martyrs in the other.

“The grace which comes from the sacrifice of the martyrs can never be extinguished; it is like the living water which comes down from heaven. It never ends nor wearies . . .”

Again, I nodded and said no words.

“Go, awaken the dead . . . for the living God has no communion with them.”

Inherently, I knew he spoke of the living dead, the souls who had given up the very last embers of the Holy Spirit and were living their lives in total absence of Him.

“Go, awaken the living . . . for they have fallen asleep and the living God has need of their service.”

Inherently, I knew he was speaking of those who had maintained their faith but were living their lives as though all hope had gone from them due to the conditions of the world in which they now lived.

“Disburse this grace upon the world but do not open the box.”

He didn’t say it, but I knew that the graces must be properly contained within the confines of God’s design and will. Opening it would somehow diminish its power, and it was simply not to be done.

In a grand gesture of light, St. Michael the Archangel waves his arms and my soul was sent on a journey around the world and the graces from the box disbursed in whatsoever manner God willed without any effort on my part.

To ever land and nation, I was sent. And when the work had been completed, I returned.

St. Michael the Archangel looked at my face which held a certain insidious and involuntary confusion as to all that had come to pass. I didn’t understand anything that I had participated in or done, nor the mechanics of how it all had come to pass.

My face reflected the grand confusion of one who had witnessed a grand spectacle of God’s wonder, but could not possibly inhale it in any intelligible way.

And he said:

From the Book of Isaiah

“Listen carefully, but you shall not understand!
Look intently, but you shall know nothing!”

Old Testament, Isaiah 6

Nodding, the golden box remained in my hands. I held onto it with great fervor. The picture of the martyrs was held just as tightly in my other hand.

But I began to release them because I realized I would have to return them to my great heavenly benefactor.

St. Michael raised his right hand as if to push me back. “It will not be taken from her.” He said as my spirit was suddenly alit and began to break into ethereal bits and pieces to return to my earthly homestead. But the golden box and the image of the martyrs was to come with me.

Smiling, I held them back as I began to disappear and although I had no time to say it, I knew St. Michael heard my distant thank you.

From the Gospel of Matthew

"You will be hated by all for my name's sake. But he who endures to the end shall be saved."

New Testament, Matthew 10:22

From Pope Francis

"Jesus' hard words make us realize that in ordeals accepted out of faith, violence is defeated by love, and death by life. To really welcome Jesus in our lives, we must bear witness to Jesus in humility and in silent service."

Pope Francis, December 26, 2014, Angelus

From Victricius, De Laude

"The passion of the saints is the imitation of Christ, and Christ is God. Therefore, no division is to be inserted in fullness, but in that division which is visible to the eye the truth of the whole is to be adored . . .

I touch remnants but I affirm that in these relics perfect grace and virtue are contained . . . He who cures lives. He who lives is present in his relics . . .

It is toward these jewels that we should set the sails of our souls; there is nothing fragile in them, nothing that decreases, nothing which can feel the passage of time . . . The blood which the fire of the Holy Spirit still seals in their bodies and in these relics shows that they are extraordinary signs of eternity."

*Victricius, De Laude, Chapters 9 - 12, Translated by
J.N. Hillgarth*

From St. Bernard

"O good Jesus, that holy body is yours, put aside and entrusted to us. It is your treasure, deposited to our care. We shall keep it safe, to be returned to you in that time when you decide to demand its return."

*Life of Malachy, St. Bernard, Sermon 81 on the Song
of Songs*

From the Resurrection of the Body

"When Bonaventure turns to the gifts of the glorified body, he repeats . . . not only that unfulfilled desire weighs down the soul but also that in resumption of the body the soul is inebriated by God. As he says elsewhere, 'privation of love is a great affliction',

moreover, 'quiet is more noble than motion.' 'Therefore if the world after the resurrection will be in the most perfect disposition, all bodies [then] will rest in [God].' Desire is desire for completion, or, to put it another way, the goal of desire is its own cessation. As the celestial spheres will cease to rotate at the end of time, so too the soul will cease to yearn; stasis is the condition of heaven. The return of the body is the end of psychological, emotional, interior motion."

The Resurrection of the Body, Caroline Walker Bynum, Chapter Six, Columbia University Press, 1995

Excerpts from the Office of the Dead

Psalm 40:17 – 18 Your justice I have proclaimed in the great assembly. My lips I have not sealed; you know it, O Lord. I have not hidden your justice in my heart but declared your faithful help. I have not hidden your love and your truth from the great assembly. O Lord, you will not withhold your compassion from me. Your merciful love and your truth will always guard me. For I am beset with evils too many to be counted. My sins have fallen upon me and my sight fails me. They are more than the hairs of my head and my heart sinks. O Lord, come to my rescue, Lord, come to my aid. O let there be rejoicing and gladness for all who seek you. Let them ever say: "The Lord is great," who love your saving help. As for me, wretched and poor, the Lord thinks of me. You are my rescuer, my help, O God, do not delay!

Ant. 2 Lord, may it please you to rescue me; look upon me and help me . . .

FIRST READING From the first letter of the apostle Paul to the Corinthians 15:12-34 The resurrection of Christ is the hope of the faithful Tell me, if Christ is preached as raised from the dead, how is it that some of you say there is no resurrection of the dead? If there is no resurrection of the dead, Christ himself has not been raised. And if Christ has not been raised, our preaching is void of content and your faith is empty too. Indeed, we should then be exposed as false witnesses of God, for we have borne witness before him that he raised Christ; but he certainly did not raise him up if the dead are not raised. Why? Because if the dead are not raised, then Christ was not raised; and if Christ was not raised, your faith is worthless. You are still in your sins and those who have fallen asleep in Christ are the deadeast of the dead. If our hopes in Christ are limited to this life only, we are the most pitiable of men. But as it is, Christ is now raised from the dead, the first fruits of those who have fallen asleep. Death came through a man; hence the resurrection of the dead comes through a man also. Just as in Adam all die, so in Christ all will come to life again, but each one in proper order: Christ the first fruits and then, at his coming, all those who belong to him. After that will come the end, when, after having destroyed every sovereignty, authority and power, he will hand over the kingdom to God the Father. Christ must reign until God has put all his enemies under his feet and the last enemy to be

destroyed is death. Scripture reads that God "has placed all things under his feet." But when it says that everything has been made subject, it is clear that he who has made everything subject to Christ is excluded. When, finally, all has been subjected to the Son, he will then subject himself to the One who made all things subject to him, so that God may be all in all. If the dead are not raised, what about those who have themselves baptized on behalf of the dead? If the raising of the dead is not a reality, why be baptized on their behalf? And why are we continually putting ourselves in danger? I swear to you, brothers, by the very pride you take in me, which I cherish in Christ Jesus our Lord, that I face death every day. If I fought those beasts at Ephesus for purely human motives, what profit was there for me? If the dead are not raised, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die!" Do not be led astray any longer. "Bad company corrupts good morals." Return to reason, as you ought, and stop sinning. Some of you are quite ignorant of God; I say this to your shame. RESPONSORY 1 Cor. 15:25-26; see Rv. 20:13, 14 Christ must reign until God has brought all enemies under his feet – And the last enemy to be destroyed is death. Then death and Sheol will give up their dead, death and Sheol will be cast into the fiery lake. – And the last enemy to be destroyed is death . . .

SECOND READING From a sermon by Saint Anastasius of Antioch, bishop Christ will change our lowly body To this end Christ died and rose to life that he might be Lord both of the dead and the living.

But God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. That is why the dead, now under the dominion of one who has risen to life, are no longer dead but alive. Therefore life has dominion over them and, just as Christ, having been raised from the dead, will never die again, so too they will live and never fear death again. When they have been thus raised from the dead and freed from decay, they shall never again see death, for they will share in Christ's resurrection just as he himself shared in their death. This is why Christ descended into the underworld, with its imperishable prisonbars: to shatter the doors of bronze and break the bars of iron and, from decay to raise our life to himself by giving us freedom in place of servitude. But if this plan does not yet appear to be perfectly realized – for men still die and bodies still decay in death – this should not occasion any loss of faith. For, in receiving the first-fruits, we have already received the pledge of all the blessings we have mentioned; with them we have reached the heights of heaven, and we have taken our place beside him who has raised us up with himself, as Paul says: In Christ God has raised us up with him, and has made us sit with him in the heavenly places. And the fulfillment will be ours on the day predetermined by the Father, when we shall put off our childish ways and come to perfect manhood. For this is the decree of the Father of the ages: the gift, once given, is to be secure and no more to be rejected by a return to childish attitudes. There is no need to recall that the Lord rose from the dead with a spiritual body, since Paul, in speaking of our bodies bears witness that they are sown as animal

bodies and raised as spiritual bodies: that is, they are transformed in accordance with the glorious transfiguration of Christ who goes before us as our leader. The Apostle, affirming something he clearly knew, also said that this would happen to all mankind through Christ, who will change our lowly body to make it like his glorious body. If this transformation is a change into a spiritual body and one, furthermore, like the glorious body of Christ, then Christ rose with a spiritual body, a body that was sown in dishonor, but the very body that was transformed in glory. Having brought this body to the Father as the first-fruits of our nature, he will also bring the whole body to fulfillment. For he promised this when he said: I, when I am lifted up, will draw all men to myself. RESPONSORY John 5:28-29; 1 Corinthians 15:52 All who are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God; — those who have done good deeds will go forth to the resurrection of life; those who have done evil will go forth to the resurrection of judgment. In an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, at the final trumpet blast, the dead shall rise. — those who have done good deeds will go forth to the resurrection of life; those who have done evil will go forth to the resurrection of judgment . . .

God, our creator and redeemer, by your power Christ conquered death and returned to you in glory. May all your people (N. and N.) who have gone before us in faith share his victory and enjoy the vision of your glory for ever, where Christ lives and reigns with you

and the Holy Spirit, one God for ever and ever . . .

PSALM 51 Have mercy on me, God in your kindness. In your compassion blot out my offense. O wash me more and more from my guilt; and cleanse me from my sin. My offenses truly I know them; my sin is always before me. Against you, you alone, have I sinned; what is evil in your sight I have done. That you may be justified when you give sentence, and be without reproach when you judge, O see, in guilt I was born, a sinner, was I conceived. Indeed you love truth in the heart; then in the secret of my heart teach me wisdom. O purify me, then I shall be clean; O wash me, I shall be whiter than snow. Make me hear rejoicing and gladness; that the bones you have crushed may revive. From my sins turn away your face and blot out all my guilt. A pure heart create for me, O God, put a steadfast spirit within me. Do not cast me from your presence, nor deprive me of your holy spirit. Give me again the joy of your help; with a spirit of fervor sustain me, that I may teach transgressors your ways and sinners may return to you. O rescue me, God, my helper, and my tongue shall ring out your goodness. O Lord, open my lips and my mouth shall declare your praise. For in sacrifice you take no delight, burnt offering from me you would refuse, my sacrifice, a contrite spirit. A humbled, contrite heart you will not spurn. In your goodness, show favor to Zion: rebuild the walls of Jerusalem. Then you will be pleased with lawful sacrifice, holocausts offered on your altar.

Ant. The bones that were crushed shall leap for joy before the Lord.

Ant 2. At the very threshold of death, rescue me, Lord

...

PSALM 86 Turn your ear, O Lord, and answer me, for I am poor and needy. Preserve my life, for I am faithful: save the servant who trusts in you. You are my God; have mercy on me, Lord; for I cry to you all the day long. Give joy your servant, O Lord, for to you I lift up my soul. O Lord, you are good and forgiving, full of love to all who call. Give heed, O Lord, to my prayer; and attend to the sound of my voice. In the day of distress I will call and surely you will reply. Among the gods there is none like you, O Lord; nor work to compare with yours. All the nations shall come to adore you and glorify your name, O Lord: for you are great and do marvelous deeds, you who alone are God. Show me, Lord, your way so that I may walk in your truth, Guide my heart to fear your name. I will praise you, Lord my God, with all my heart, and glorify your name for ever; for your love to me has been great: you have saved me from the depths of the grave. The proud have risen against me; ruthless men seek my life; to you they pay no heed. But you, God of mercy and compassion, slow to anger, O Lord, abounding in love and truth, turn and take pity on me. O give your strength to your servant and save your handmaid's son. Show me a sign of your favor that my foes may see, to their shame that you console me and give me your help . . .

PSALMODY Ant 1. The Lord will keep you from all evil. He will guard your soul. PSALM 121 I lift up my eyes toward the mountains: from where shall come my help? My help shall come from the Lord, who made heaven and earth. May he never allow you to stumble! Let him sleep not, your guard. No, he sleeps not nor slumbers, Israel's guard. The Lord is your guard and your shade; at your right side he stands. By day the sun shall not smite you, nor the moon in the night. The Lord will guard you from evil, he will guard your soul. The Lord will guard your going and coming both now and for ever.

Ant. The Lord will keep you from all evil. He will guard your soul.

Ant 2. If you kept a record of our sins, Lord, who could escape condemnation? . . .

Lord, in your steadfast love, give them eternal rest. —
 Lord, in your steadfast love, give them eternal rest.
 You will come to judge the living and the dead. —
 Give them eternal rest. Glory to the Father and to the
 Son and to the holy Spirit ... — Lord, in your
 steadfast love, give them eternal rest . . .

INTERCESSIONS We acknowledge Christ the Lord through whom we hope that our lowly bodies will be made like his in glory, and we say: Lord, you are our life and resurrection. Christ, Son of the living God, who raised up Lazarus, your friend, from the dead — raise up to life and glory the dead whom you have redeemed by your precious blood. Christ, consoler of

those who mourn, you dried the tears of of the family of Lazarus, of the widow's son, and the daughter of Jarius, — comfort those who mourn for the dead. Christ, Savior, destroy the reign of sin in our earthly bodies, so that just as through sin we deserved punishment, — so through you we may gain eternal life. Christ, Redeemer, look on those who have no hope because they do not know you, — may they receive faith in the resurrection and in the life of the world to come. You revealed yourself to the blind man who begged for the light of his eyes, — show your face to the dead who are still deprived of your light. When at last our earthly home is dissolved, — give us a home, not of earthly making, but built of eternity in heaven.

Our Father, who art in Heaven
 Hallowed be Thy Name
 Thy Kingdom Come
 Thy Will be Done
 On Earth as it is in Heaven
 Give us this day our daily bread
 And forgive us our trespasses
 As we forgive those who have trespassed against us
 And lead us not into temptation
 But deliver us from evil
 For thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the
 Glory
 Forever and ever, Amen . . .

PSALMODY Ant. Night holds no terrors for me
 sleeping under God's wings. PSALM 91 Safe in God's

sheltering care I have given you the power to tread upon serpents and scorpions (Luke 10:10) He who dwell in the shelter of the Most High and abides in the shade of the Almighty say to the Lord, "My refuge, and stronghold, my God in whom I trust!" It is he who will free you from the snare, of the fowler who seeks to destroy you; he will conceal you with his pinions, and under his wings you will find refuge. You will not fear the terror of the night nor the arrow that flies by day, Nor the plague that prowls in darkness, nor the scourge that lays waste at noon. A thousand fall at your side; ten thousand fall at your right, you, it will never approach; his faithfulness is buckler and shield. Your eyes have only to look to see how the wicked are repaid, you who have said: "Lord, my refuge!" and have made the Most High your dwelling. Upon you no evil shall fall, no plague approach where you dwell For you has he commanded his angels, to keep you in all your ways. They shall bear you upon their hands lest you strike your foot against a stone. On the lion and the viper you will tread and trample the young lion and the dragon. Since he clings to me in love, I will free him; protect him for he knows my name. When he calls I shall answer: "I am with you." I will save him in distress and give him glory. With length of life I will content him; I shall let him see my saving power.

Ant. Night holds no terrors for me sleeping under God's wings

READING Revelation 22:4-5 They shall see the Lord

face to face and bear his name on their foreheads. The night shall be no more. They will need no light from lamp or sun, for the Lord God shall give them light, and they shall reign forever.

RESPONSORY Into your hands, Lord, I commend my spirit. — Into your hands, Lord, I commend my spirit. You have redeemed us, Lord God of truth. — I commend my spirit. Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit— Into your hands, I commend my spirit...

Lord, now you let your servant go in peace, your word has been fulfilled: my own eyes have seen the salvation, which you have prepared in sight of every people: a light to reveal you to the nations and the glory of your people Israel.

Ant. Protect us, Lord, as we stay awake; watch over us as we sleep, that awake, we may keep watch with Christ, and asleep, rest in his peace . . .

Lord, we beg you to visit this house and banish from it all the deadly power of the enemy. May your holy angels dwell here to keep us in peace, and may your blessing be upon us always. We ask this through Christ our Lord . . .

May the all-powerful Lord grant us a restful night and a peaceful death. — Amen.

Roman Ritual, Office of the Dead, Volume I,

*Christian Burial, Preserving Christian Publication,
NY, 1952, Bruce Publishing Co.*

CHAPTER EIGHT

**'We Must Protect Your Dwelling Place in Us Till the
Last'**

Etty Hillessum



“The carnal spectacle of a life barely resurrected
Has no appeal to the Potentate
For to All must become all
To God must be His due
Therefore, capture your strength, weak soul
Fight the good fight
Give up to the treacheries of sin to be no more
Engage your soul in a battle for itself
Choose life and stand

Let death stand alone
 Its misery and lowliness carry no weight here
 The resurrection is not but a heavenly thing
 Not yet but a thing to be had in the end of days
 But something to be sought in the here and now
 In the earthly, physical body
 To rise above that which holds us to earth
 To stand before God and fall to no fright
 To garner the strength and hold tight to the one thing
 No one or no thing can take from us
 The dwelling place of God within our soul
 Protect it, even if everything around you fall to dust"
 – Marilyn Hughes (Inspired by the words of Etty
 Hillessum)

Mary's Vision – "Amidst the dream, I fell into yet another mystical space; perhaps a dream within a dream, so to speak.

All of mankind was on a journey, but so much of humanity had already been taken hostage by the dark one that only a remnant remained of those who still fought against the repression and tyranny of evil and its consequences.

So many had just given up and given in . . .

A young priest guided the remnant with a calm and steady focus. Many converts to God and longtime friends joined one another on this difficult and

treacherous path.

Traveling through some of the countries that had appeared to remain at least in part untouched, we found quickly that this was not so at all.

Evil had taken over almost every living soul and was massacring the remnants of their spirits and souls. Worse even still, they were reanimating their torn flesh. These demons were very different than the ones I'd seen before, as their appearance was entirely that of the flesh and bones of souls they had murdered and dismembered.

A ghastly site, there was a mass grave off of a cliff where the bodies of the dead were thrown.

Some people had given up to the point that they stepped forward and volunteered themselves in sacrifice to these demons and the evil they embodied. By so doing, they thought their fate might not be as heinous. But rather, they were slaughtered in even more hideous fashion than the others almost as a way to slight their cowardice. Demons don't respect those who serve them, either by choice *or* ignorance. But at least the ignorant make it entertaining for the beasts.

Trying to get away, we realized that this journey was symbolic and not a physical one, and thus, leaving the area would actually be more dangerous than maneuvering around and through it.

Years passed as I was shown the battle as it would be presented throughout all of our lives.

Obstacles of many kinds came and went throughout the years, some more challenging than others. Some people gave up and turned back on the Way. Others . . . whom we had thought to be our friends, betrayed us and joined those on the dark side in their persecutions.

Many times we faced crowds of the lost of which we had to walk through. Yelling in our faces, they spoke of us with ardent hatred. Sometimes, they reached out with blows of weapons and knives. They attempted to lure us into sins, and remind us of our weakness and vice while they took remnants of flesh from our bodies.

But it was necessary that we walk through them undisturbed, otherwise, we were easily lost.

For many of us, it was a deeply internal battle, one of pride. For others, it was the simple distraction of the attention of others that led them astray; whether it be sexual, fame or otherwise . . . Some were more focused than others, and had to be dragged back by those who tried very hard to have their back along the Way.

In the end, we were led into a space wherein pots of poisonous, boiling, dark green fluid were splashing all around us. Just to touch it or be touched by it,

could darken your mind or distract your thoughts. It was a final thrust of temptation to test our resilience and desire to continue to walk forward in the light of God.

The demons joyfully shoved the pots towards us, hoping to get even a drop of the insidious fluid into our spiritual resolve.

Those who had struggled during the journey had a difficult time with this last thrust of temptation. Their weaknesses had made them childlike and easy to lure.

At that moment, however, my mother (Marilynn) and I, somehow became one person. Crying out several times together in one unified voice, we reached towards several of those who were on the verge of being lost. "I will NOT give up! I AM NOT letting go!" And we pulled a few out safely.

If for a moment we had thought the terror was finite, we would have been mistaken as suddenly our souls were then thrust into yet another trial.

We had to walk through a group of demons lined up on each side who threw balls at us which represented and were symbolic of those sins and vices which we had allowed to let us fall in the past.

Most of them were quite frivolous; for instance, vanity, lust, greed, intemperance, avarice, etc. . . .

Sadly, we lost a few of our own in this last and final walk towards salvation. They turned on us, betrayed us and began throwing things at us alongside the demons.

Although it was hard to accept the loss of friends and trusted confidantes, there was no time to concern ourselves with their choice. You had to keep walking forward.

Ahead of us stood the happy face of one who had made the journey and triumphed, who welcomed us in our arrival with open arms and in a hailstorm of light.

But suddenly, I woke up from the dream within the dream and was no longer there . . .

On a small rocking chair lay a stack of ancient sacred texts from my mother's library. Inherently, I knew how important these books were for the salvation of humankind. The book on the top was of especial importance to the souls who had suffered from distraction during the long and winding journey.

It was 'A Treatise on the Love of God' by St. Francis de Sales. I picked it up gently, as my soul quietly awoke." – *Mary's Vision*

From Etty Hillesum, Jewish Mystic Praying at the

time of the Holocaust

"Dear God, these are anxious times. Tonight for the first time I lay in the dark with burning eyes, as scene after scene of human suffering passed before me. I shall try to help you, God, to stop my strength from ebbing away; though I cannot vouch for it ahead of time. But one thing is becoming increasingly clear to me . . . that You cannot help us. That we must help You to help ourselves; and that's all we can manage these days and also all that really matters. That we safeguard that little piece of you, God, in ourselves and perhaps in others, as well. Alas, there doesn't seem much to be that You, Yourself, can do about our circumstances, about our lives. Neither do I hold you responsible. You cannot help us, but we must help you and defend Your dwelling place inside us to the last."

*An Interrupted Life: The Diaries of Etty Hillesum,
1941-1943, Pantheon Books, 1983*

From St. Francis de Sales

**"CHAPTER XII. HOW HOLY LOVE RETURNING
INTO THE SOUL, BRINGS BACK TO LIFE ALL
THE WORKS WHICH SIN HAD DESTROYED.**

THE works then of a sinner, while he is deprived of holy love, are not profitable to eternal life, and

therefore they are called dead works: on the contrary the good works of the just man are said to be living, inasmuch as divine love animates and quickens them with its life. But if afterwards they lose their life and worth by sin, they are said to be works in death (*amorties*), extinguished, or killed, but not dead works, especially with regard to the elect. For as our Saviour speaking of the little Talitha, the daughter of Jairus, said *she was not dead, but slept only*, because, being about to be raised to life, her death would be of such short duration that it would resemble sleep rather than a true death; so the works of the just man (and especially of the elect) which the commission of sin makes to die, are not called dead works but only deadlike, killed, stupefied or put into a trance, because upon the approaching return of holy love, they will, or at least can, soon revive and return to life again. The return of sin deprives the heart and all its works of life: the return of grace restores life to the heart and all its works. A sharp winter makes all the plants of the earth die down, so that if it always lasted, they also would always continue in this state of death: sin, that most sad and dreadful winter of the soul, kills all the holy works which it finds therein, and if it always continued, never would anything recover either life or vigour. But as at the return of the fair spring, not only do the new seeds which are sown under the favour of this beautiful and fertile season germinate and agreeably bring forth their plants, each one in its kind, but also the old plants, which the rigour of the past winter had bitten, withered, and made die down, grow green and vigorous, and take

up again their strength and their life:—so sin being blotted out, and the grace of divine love returning into the soul,—not only do the new affections which the return of this sacred spring brings into the soul blossom and bring forth ample merits and blessings; but the works also that were dried up and withered by the rigour of the winter of past sins, delivered from their mortal enemy, resume their strength, grow vigorous, and, as if risen from the dead, flourish anew, and bring forth fruit of merits for eternal life. Such is the omnipotence of heavenly love, or the love of heavenly omnipotence. *When the wicked turneth himself away from his wickedness, which he hath wrought, and doth judgment and justice, he shall save his soul alive. Be converted and do penance for all your iniquities; and iniquity shall not be your ruin,* says the Lord Almighty. And what means—*iniquity shall not be your ruin*, but that the ruin which it made shall be repaired? So, besides a thousand endearments which the prodigal son received from his father, he was re-established, even with advantage, in all his privileges, and in all the graces, favours and dignities which he had lost. And Job, that innocent image of a penitent sinner, in the end received *twice as much as he had before*. In truth the most holy Council of Trent desires that we should encourage penitents who have returned to the sacred love of the eternal God, in these words of the Apostle: *Abound in every good work, knowing that your labour is not in vain in the Lord. For God is not unjust, that he should forget your work and the love which you have shewn in his name.* God then does not forget the works of those who having lost love by sin recover it by penance. Now God forgets works when they lose

their merit and sanctity by sin committed, and he remembers them when they return to life and vigour by the presence of holy love. So much so, that for the faithful to be rewarded for their good works, as well by the increase of grace and future glory, as by the actual enjoyment of eternal life, it is not necessary that they should never relapse into sin, but it is enough, according to the Sacred Council, that they depart this life in the grace of God and charity.

God has promised an eternal reward to the works of a just man. *But if the just man turn himself away from his justice by sin, God will no more remember his justices and good works which he hath done.* But yet if this poor fallen man afterwards rises and returns into God's grace by penance, God will no longer remember his sin: and if he do not remember his sin, he will then remember the former good works, and the reward which he had promised them; because sin, which alone had blotted them out of the divine memory, is totally effaced, destroyed and annihilated. So that then the justice of God obliges his mercy, or rather the mercy of God obliges his justice, to regard anew the former good works, even as though he had never forgotten them; otherwise the holy penitent would never have dared to say to his master: *Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and strengthen me with a perfect spirit.* For, as you see, he not only demands a newness of heart and spirit, but he expects to have the joy given back to him which sin had bereft him of. Now this joy is nothing but the wine of heavenly love, which cheers the heart of man.

It is not with sin in this matter as with the works of charity. For the works of the just man are not effaced, destroyed or annihilated by the commission of sin, they are only forgotten; but the sin of the wicked is not only forgotten, but also blotted out, cleansed away, abolished and annihilated by holy penance. Wherefore the sin that is committed by the just man, does not cause the sin that was once pardoned to live again, because it was entirely annihilated: but when love returns into the penitent soul, it makes her former good works return to life again, because they were not abolished but only forgotten. And this oblivion of the good works of the just who have forsaken their justice and charity consists in this, that they are made unprofitable to us so long as sin makes us incapable of eternal life, which is their fruit; and therefore as soon as by the return of charity we are put back in the ranks of God's children, and consequently made capable of immortal glory, God recalls to mind our good works of old, and they again become fruitful. It were not reasonable that sin should have as much power against charity as charity has against sin; for sin proceeds from our infirmity, charity proceeds from God's power. If *sin abound* in malice to ruin us, *grace superabounds* to restore us; and God's *mercy*, by which he blots out sin, *is continually exalted* and becomes gloriously triumphant *over* the rigour of the *judgment*, by which God had forgotten the good works which went before sin. So in the corporal cures which our Saviour wrought by miracles he not only restored health, but moreover

added new blessings, making the cure far excel the disease, so bountiful is he to man.

I never saw, read, or heard, that wasps, gadflies, flies, and such little noxious insects when once dead could come to life and rise again, but that the dear bees, those virtuous insects, can live again, every one says, and I have often read it. It is said (these are Pliny's words) that if one keep the dead bodies of drowned honey-bees all winter indoors, and expose them to the sunbeams the following spring, covered over with ashes of the fig tree, they will live again and be as good as ever. That iniquities and sinful works can return to life, after they have once been drowned and abolished by penance, truly, my Theotimus, never did the Scripture, nor, as far as I know, any theologian, aver it: yea the contrary is authorized by holy Writ, and by the common consent of all Doctors. But that good works, which, like sweet bees, compound the honey of merit, being drowned in sin, can afterwards regain life, when, covered with the ashes of penance, they are exposed to the sun of grace and charity, is held and clearly taught by all theologians: nor are we to doubt but that they become profitable and fruitful as before. When Nabuzardan destroyed Jerusalem, and Israel was led into captivity, the holy fire of the altar was hidden in a well, where it was turned into mud, but this mud being drawn out of the well and exposed to the sun after the return from captivity,—the dead fire kindled again, and the mud was turned into flames. When the just man becomes a slave to sin, all the good works which he had done are miserably

forgotten and turned into mud, but being delivered out of captivity, when by penance he returns into the grace of heavenly charity, his former good works are drawn out of the well of oblivion, and touched with the rays of heavenly mercy they return to life, and are converted into as clear flames as ever, to be replaced on the sacred altar of the divine approbation, and to have their original dignity, their first price, and their first value."

*A Treatise on the Love of God, St. Francis de Sales,
Book XII, Chapter XII, Christian Classics Ethereal
Library*

Marilynn's Vision – "Hurriedly, I rushed to the hospital, as I thought I was going into labor and about to have a baby. But when I arrived, I realized that what was to be birthed was still four to five months away and I was trying to make it come to fruition much too quickly.

A couple of months later, I found myself in the mystical experience throwing up just gallons of vomit. Trash can after trash can had to be gathered just to hold the putrid liquidation of the sins and vices of my past which were being pushed upward and outward.

My body continued to purge until from the very nether region of my bowels, a tiny little premature baby was born. Although small, he was in perfect

health and he was fine.

Someone in the background said, "We didn't know she was such a slut." And they were trying to give the baby to someone else, but I protested. "This child has been born of much suffering and effort, and you will not take him away from me. My sins have been forgiven by a great and almighty God."

The person who had spoken and had tried to give away that which had been borne unto me turned into a small and puny demon and scurried away.

Suddenly, my spirit was swept up into a ghostly wilderness. Inside these woods were the phantoms of days past, incarnations filled with episodes and lives of adventure, boredom, grandeur and lowliness.

Watching from a clearing in the woods, I observed as cowboys, Indians, knights, ladies in waiting, counts, gentlemen at court, shepherds, fools, martyrs, workers; the poor and the rich alike, leapt through the forest like jaguars passing through time and eternity in a rich display of the path of purification.

And as it all passed before my eyes, many of those I'd known and loved also appeared as the same type of journey was also displayed for them in a rich and lustrous journey through the mysteries of existence and time.

As it all came across our eye's view, we felt very detached and peaceful. Nothing seemed to hold our attention for very long, and our emotions were not deeply affected.

Until . . . the caskets began to be paraded in masse. Suddenly, there were tears. Instantly, we all fell to the ground bearing the load of the grief of so much loss.

I walked over to a particular casket of a baby who had died in infancy. The casket was huge as if it had borne the body of a large adult, but the tiny little inscription bore the tidings of that which could have been but had never come to pass because of choices and decisions which were faulty, sinful, wretched and unwise.

In my hands, I held the body of this child who appeared as fresh as the moment he must've died. And I wailed and wailed and wailed for what seemed like hours.

For that period of time, I felt all the sorrow and loss that had occurred throughout eternity because of my sins, because of my choices, because of my misdeeds . . . and their full weight travelled through me like a wrenching demon who dragged an axe, a saw and sandpaper through my entrails.

And in a way I could never explain, I understood all that I had lost because of myself. I mourned not only for events, spiritual achievements which were wasted

away on sin and vice; but for people and children who had not lived in lifetimes past and present because of things I had done.

In that moment, I knew them. And the loss of them in my lives was felt to my deepest core. They stood before me in spirit, and I recoiled at who they would've been had I not made the choices I'd made, done the things I'd done, acted against God in the way that I had . . . and the permanence of those decisions was like a searing hot iron piercing my heart against eternity.

But it was done . . . it could not be changed.

And for many lifetimes, I had not arrived . . . in part because of so many moments, loves, people that I had forestalled for something of little worth; a vice here, a sin there. After all, I'd thought in days past, what's the harm in a little fun?

In this moment, I knew all the harm.

And God allowed me to weep and rock this little, tiny, beautiful, perfect child who had died before his time. And I rocked and I rocked; I cried and I cried.

Whence my tears were gone, and my spirit had been swept away from the swarm of coffins; the Lord lifted me up.

Taking me to a woman who was struggling to bring to fruition a birth within her own life, the Lord bid me to assist her.

She came to me very upset, crying and angry. Handing to me a tiny six celled fetus, she shouted, "This child is only six cells! How am I to nurture such a small thing?! How can I possibly ever bring this child even to birth?! It has been born early by many, many months. Although not yet dead, for God's sakes, it has only multiplied to six cells. Anything I do with this child will bring about its ultimate death. Of what can I do?!?!?!?"

Holding the tiny life in my hands, I began to see and look upon her in a unique and certain way. "It is time that you learn to travel this road, then." I said to her.

She looked at me like I was an idiot, but I held the tiny fetus with such love and care that the love and care became an energy like water and sun to a plant and it began to multiply. The cells doubled, then tripled, then quadrupled, and so on and so on.

In my eyes, I held a vision for this young life and as my eyes held that vision we began to see the energy of that life unfolding in the ethers around us.

Nourishing the tiny life with the waters of my own spirit, it began to build, grow and develop into a body which was discernible and recognizeable as such.

As it grew and continued to build momentum from the life I fed into it from my own, its own separate and distinct life began to separate and fulfill, to garner and to digest, to build and gravitate, to live ever slightly from its own energy source and yet to die I had been giving it.

As its size became more and more that of an unborn child, I placed it within the womb of the woman who had first come to me, and within her womb the images of the future life of this unborn child began to grow and breathe. And around us the images of all the potential that had just been born began to flow around us in circles.

“Accept, my daughter, the gift of the Death and Resurrection given us by Our Lord and His Mother. In so doing, the Way for you to travel will be clearly opened for you and there will be no room for equivocation on your journey.”

When Jesus was told that His mother and brothers had come to see Him. He asked, “Who is my mother and my brothers?” After pausing, He answered. “Him who does the will of My Father; this is my mother, father, sister and brother.”

According to St. Francis, His answer points right back to His mother, who did the will of the Father to the greatest perfection of any human soul. And thus, when we allow the will of the Father, the Word of Christ and the movement of the Holy Spirit to enter

into our lifestream in opening and expounding the Way, we become mother . . . to Christ in ourselves and others.

We looked upon the holographic images still swirling around us with wonder and awe . . . and the woman smiled. "I can travel from here," she said. Smiling, I replied, "and I will be patient in your arrival."

From the Buddha

"It is better to travel well than to arrive."

Pali Canon, the Buddha

From Fr. Dom Prosper Gueranger, O.S.B.

"In the second of the celebrated conferences held with Manes in 277 by the holy bishop Archelus, the heresiarch having denied that Christ was born of Mary, Archelaus replied: 'If such be the case, if He was not born, then obviously He did not suffer, for to suffer is impossible to one not born. If he did not suffer, no mention can be made of the cross; do away with the cross, and Jesus cannot have risen from the dead. But if Jesus be not risen, no one else can rise again; and if there is no resurrection, there can be no judgment. In that case there is no use in keeping the commandments of God: Let us eat and drink, for

tomorrow we shall die. Such is the corollary to the argument. Confess, on the other hand, that our Lord was born of Mary, and thence will follow the passion, the resurrection, and the judgment; then the whole of Scripture is saved. No, this is no vain question; for, as the whole Law and the Prophets are contained in the two precepts of charity, so all our hope, depends on the motherhood of the blessed Virgin."

*The Liturgical Year, Dom Prosper Gueranger, O.S.B.,
Volume XIV, September 13, Loreto Publications,
Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire, 2013*

From Atisha

"The greatest achievement is selflessness.
The greatest worth is self-mastery.
The greatest quality is seeking to serve others.
The greatest precept is continual awareness.
The greatest medicine is the emptiness of everything.
The greatest action is not conforming with the worlds
ways.
The greatest magic is transmuting the passions.
The greatest generosity is non-attachment.
The greatest goodness is a peaceful mind.
The greatest patience is humility.
The greatest effort is not concerned with results.
The greatest meditation is a mind that lets go.
The greatest wisdom is seeing through appearances."

Atisha, Tibetan Buddhist Teacher

From the Resurrection of the Body

“Nevertheless a paradox remained. Body is flux and frustration, a locus of pain and process. If it becomes impassable and incorruptible, how is still body? If it remains body, how is its resurrection either possible or desirable? To put it very simply: if there is change, how can there be continuity and hence identity? If there is continuity, how will there be change and hence glory? Or to rephrase the issue in the images second-century apologists used more frequently than technical philosophical argument: if we rise a sheaf of wheat sprouts up from a seed buried in the earth, in what sense is the shea (new in its matter and in its structure) the same as and therefore a redemption of the seed? . . .

Using the seed metaphor from 1 Corinthians 15, the reference to our angelic life in heaven from Matthew 22:29-33, and the suggestion in 2 Corinthians 5:4 that we are tents or tabernacles that must take on a covering of incorruption, Origen argued that we will have a body in heaven but a spiritual and luminous body. In his commentary on Psalm I (a passage that all his recent interpreters believe to our best indication of his ideas), Origen says:

‘Because each body is held together by [virtue of] a nature that assimilates into itself from without certain things for nourishment and, corresponding to the things added, excretes other things . . . , the material substratum is never the same. For this reason, river is

not a bad name for the body since, strictly speaking, the initial substratum in our bodies is perhaps not the same for even two days.

Yet the real Paul or Peter, so to speak, is always the same – [and]not merely in [the] the soul, whose substance neither flows through us nor has anything ever added [to it] – even if the nature of the body is in a state of flux, because the form (eidos) characterizing the body is the same, just as the features constituting the corporeal quality of Peter and Paul remain the same.’ . . .

Origen here accepts the antique concept of the body as flux, expressed particularly in his day in the Galenic version of humoral theory. This fluctuating mass of matter cannot rise, he argues; it is not even the same from one day to the next. And even if the bits of flesh present at the moment of death could survive, why would God arbitrarily decide to reanimate those bits as opposed to all the others that have flowed through the body between childhood and old age?

But, says Origen, there *is* a body; it survives from the moment of conception until death, taking on different qualities and adaptable to different circumstances yet recognizably itself. This body is not soul for soul – exactly because it is not material – never changes. Rather body, as Origen understands it, changes in life, therefore it certainly changes after death. He writes:

‘And just as we would . . . need to have gills and other endowment[s] of fish if it were necessary for us to live underwater in the sea,k so those who are going to inherit [the] kingdom of heaven and be in superior places must have spiritual bodies. The previous form does not disappear, even if its transition to the more glorious [state] occurs, just as the form of Jesus, Moses and Elijah in the Transfiguration was not [a] different [one] than what it had been.

Moreover . . . ‘it is sown a psychic body, it is raised a spiritual body’ [1 Corinthians 15:44] . . . [Although the form is saved, we are going to put away nearly [every] earthly quality in the resurrection . . . [for] ‘flesh and blood cannot inherit [the] kingdom . . . ‘ [1 Corinthians 15: 50]. Similarly, for the saint there will indeed be [a body] preserved by him who once endued the flesh with form, but [there will] no longer [be] flesh, yet the very thing which was once being characterized in the flesh will be characterized in the spiritual body.’”

*The Resurrection of the Body in Western Christianity,
200-1336, Caroline Walker Bynum, Chapter Two,
Colombia University Press, 1995*

From St. Francis de Sales

**“CHAPTER XII. OF THE OUTFLOWING
(escoulement) OR LIQUEFACTION OF THE SOUL
IN GOD.**

MOIST and liquid things easily receive the figures and limits which may be given them, because they have no firmness or solidity which stops or limits them in themselves. Put liquid into a vessel, and you will see it remain bounded within the limits of the vessel, and according as this is round or square the liquid will be the same, having no other limit or shape than that of the vessel which contains it.

The soul is not so by nature, for she has her proper shapes and limits: she takes her shape from her habits and inclinations, her limits from her will; and when she is fixed upon her own inclinations and wills, we say she is hard, that is, self-willed, obstinate. I will take away, says God, the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you a heart of flesh. To change the form of stones, iron, or wood, the axe, hammer and fire are required. We call that a heart of iron, or wood, or stone, which does not easily receive the divine impressions, but lives in its own will, amidst the inclinations which accompany our depraved nature. On the contrary, a gentle, pliable and tractable heart, is termed a melting and liquefied heart. My heart, said David, speaking in the person of our Saviour upon the cross, is become like wax melting in the midst of my bowels! Cleopatra, that infamous Queen of Egypt, striving to outvie Mark Antony in all the excesses and dissolutions of his banquets, at the end of a feast which she made in her turn, called for a vial of fine vinegar, and dropped into it one of the pearls which she wore in her ears, valued at two hundred and fifty thousand crowns, which being dissolved,

melted and liquefied, she swallowed it, and would further have buried, in the sink of her vile stomach, the pearl which she wore in her other ear, if Lucius Plautus had not prevented her. Our Saviour's heart, the true oriental pearl, singularly unique and priceless, thrown into the midst of a sea of incomparable bitternesses in the day of his passion, melted in itself, dissolved, liquefied, gave way and flowed out in pain, under the press of so many mortal anguishes; but love, stronger than death, mollifies, softens and melts hearts far more quickly than all the other passions.

My heart, said the holy spouse, melted when he spoke. And what does melted mean save that it was no longer contained within itself, but had flowed out towards its divine lover? God ordered that Moses should speak to the rock, and that it should produce waters: no marvel then if he himself melted the heart of his spouse when he spoke to her in his sweetness. Balm is so thick by nature that it is not fluid or liquid, and the longer it is kept the thicker it grows, and in the end grows hard, becoming red and transparent: yet heat dissolves it and makes it fluid. Love had made the beloved fluid and flowing, whence the spouse calls him oil poured out; and now she tells us that she herself is all melted with love. My soul, said she, melted when he spoke. The love of her spouse was in her heart and breast as a strong new wine which cannot be contained in the tun; for it overflowed on every side; and, because the soul follows its love, after the spouse had said: Thy breasts

are better than wine, smelling sweet of the best ointments, she adds: Thy name is as oil poured out. And as the beloved had poured out his love and his soul into the heart of the spouse, so the spouse reciprocally pours her soul into the heart of her beloved; and as we see a honeycomb touched with the sun's ardent rays goes out of itself, and forsakes its form, to flow out towards that side where the rays touch it, so the soul of this lover flowed out towards where the voice of her beloved was heard, going out of herself and passing the limits of her natural being, to follow him that spoke unto her.

But how does this sacred outflowing of the soul into its well-beloved take place? An extreme complacency of the lover in the thing beloved begets a certain spiritual powerlessness, which makes the soul feel herself no longer able to remain in herself. Wherefore, as melted balm, that no longer has firmness or solidity, she lets herself pass and flow into what she loves: she does not spring out of herself as by a sudden leap, nor does she cling as by a joining and union, but gently glides as a fluid and liquid thing, into the divinity whom she loves. And as we see that the clouds, thickened by the south wind, melting and turning to rain, cannot contain themselves, but fall and flow downwards, and mix themselves so entirely with the earth which they moisten that they become one thing with it, so the soul which, though loving, remained as yet in herself, goes out by this sacred outflowing and holy liquefaction, and quits herself, not only to be united to the well-beloved, but to be

entirely mingled with and steeped in him.

You see then clearly, Theotimus, that the outflowing of a soul into her God is a true ecstasy, by which the soul quite transcends the limits of her natural form of existence (*maintien*) being wholly mingled with, absorbed and engulfed in, her God. Hence it happens that such as attain to these holy excesses of heavenly love, afterwards, being come to themselves, find nothing on the earth that can content them, and living in an extreme annihilation of themselves, remain much weakened in all that belongs to the senses, and have perpetually in their hearts the maxim of the Blessed Mother (S.) Teresa: "What is not God is to me nothing." And it seems that such was the loving passion of that great friend of the well-beloved, who said: I live, now not I; but Christ liveth in me, and: Our life is hid with Christ in God. For tell me, I pray you, Theotimus, if a drop of common water, thrown into an ocean of some priceless essence, were alive, and could speak and declare its condition, would it not cry out with great joy: O mortals! I live indeed, but I live not myself, but this ocean lives in me, and my life is hidden in this abyss?

The soul that has flowed out into God dies not, for how can she die by being swallowed up in life? But she lives without living in herself, because, as the stars without losing their light still do not shine in the presence of the sun, but the sun shines in them and they are hidden in the light of the sun, so the soul, without losing her life, lives not herself when mingled

with God, but God lives in her. Such, I think, were the feelings of the great Blessed (SS.) Philip Neri and Francis Xavier, when, overwhelmed with heavenly consolations, they petitioned God to withdraw himself for a space from them, since his will was that their life should a little longer appear unto the world; which could not be while it was wholly hidden and absorbed in God."

*A Treatise on the Love of God, St. Francis de Sales,
Book VI, Chapter XII, Christian Classics Ethereal
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From Khalil Gibran

"And a woman spoke, saying, 'Tell us of Pain.'"

And he said: Your pain is the breaking of the shell that encloses your understanding.

Even as the stone of the fruit must break, that its heart may stand in the sun, so must you know pain.

And could you keep your heart in wonder at the daily miracles of your life, your pain would not seem less wondrous than your joy; and you would accept the seasons of your heart, even as you have always accepted the seasons that pass over your fields.

And you would watch with serenity through the winters of your grief.

Much of your pain is self-chosen.

It is the bitter potion by which the physician within you heals your sick self.

Therefore trust the physician, and drink his remedy in silence and tranquillity: for his hand, though heavy and hard, is guided by the tender hand of the Unseen,

And the cup he brings, though it burn your lips, has been fashioned of the clay which the Potter has moistened with His own sacred tears."

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THE POTENTATE

Crown Him with Many Crowns

By Marilyn Hughes

An Out-of-Body Travel Book

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

<http://outofbodytravel.org>

THE POTENTATE (An Out-of-Body Travel Book):

“Crown him with many crowns,
the Lamb upon his throne,
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
all music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
of him who died for thee,
and hail him as thy matchless King
through all eternity.

Crown him the Lord of life,
who triumphed o'er the grave,
and rose victorious in the strife
for those he came to save.
His glories now we sing,
who died, and rose on high,
who died, eternal life to bring,
and lives that death may die.

Crown him the Lord of peace,
whose power a scepter sways
from pole to pole, that wars may cease,
and all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end,
and round his pierced feet
fair flowers of paradise extend
their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of love;
behold his hands and side,
those wounds, yet visible above,
in beauty glorified.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me;
thy praise and glory shall not fail
throughout eternity."

*Matthew Bridges, 1852, and Godfrey Thring, 1874.
Music: George Elvey, 1868*

(For more info – <http://outofbodytravel.org>)

