

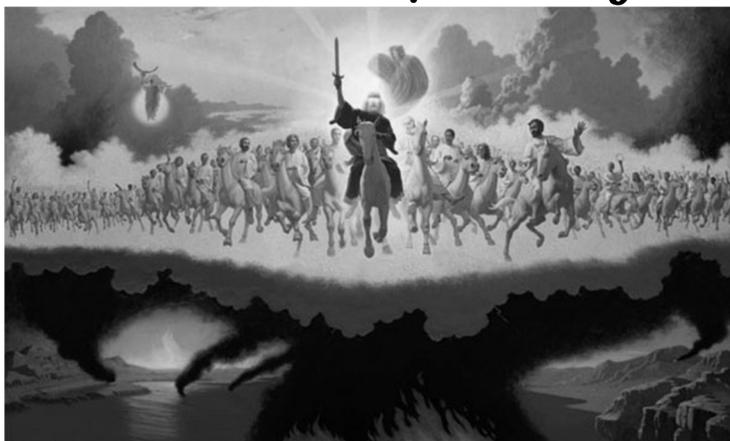
Visions of Jesus and the Saints

Mystic Knowledge Series

Compiled and Written by Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

www.outofbodytravel.org



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

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CONTENTS:

Visions of Jesus and the Saints

Mystic Knowledge Series

INTRODUCTION

10

CHAPTER ONE

Meetings with Jesus Christ, Star of Jesus, Place of
Crucifixion, Holy Family, Blessed Virgin.

11

CHAPTER TWO

Meetings with the Buddha, Christ, the Essene Christ,
Beatitudes, Holy Rabbi's, Casket of the Dalai Lama's,
Pistis Sophia, Mother Teresa, St. Francis of Assisi,
Blessed Virgin, Bhikku Nanomali.

23

CHAPTER THREE

Meetings with the Druid, Padre Pio, Mother Teresa,
Jesus, Paramahansa Yogananda, St. Joseph, St.
Michael, Mother Mary, Writer of the Urantia Book, Sri
Ramakrishna, Devaki - Mother of Krishna, Abdu'l
Baha, Baha'u'llah, St. Therese of Lisieux .

48

CHAPTER FOUR

Meetings with the Holy Mother of God, Holy Family,
Jesus, Holy Shepherds, Don Bosco, Mystical Jesus,
Philothea, Swami, Last Supper and Crucifixion of
Jesus Christ, Burial Cloth of Jesus, Therese Neumann

- Catholic Stigmatist.

CHAPTER FIVE

Meetings with the Blessed Virgin, the Buddha, Avalokiteswara, Zarathustra, Babaji, Indira and Mahatma Gandhi, Cross of Jesus, St. Paul, St. Michael and Heavenly Hosts, St. Patrick, Dalai Lama, St. Elizabeth Ann Seton's Schoolhouse, Padre Pio Celebrating a Mystical Mass in the Heavens.

CHAPTER SIX

Meetings with Jesus, Prophets, Saints, Mystics and Sages from all over the World from All Time, Ancient Biblical Patriarchs, Paramahansa Yogananda, Pope John Paul II, Mother Teresa, Sai Baba, Crucifixion, St. Veronica.

INTRODUCTION:

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER ONE

Meetings with Jesus Christ, Star of Jesus, Place of Crucifixion, Holy Family, Blessed Virgin.

Entering into a realm of existence whose beauty was beyond words, the angel who had come for me and I sat atop two large gray rocks atop a hill in an iridescent plain of green grass and trees. Blue emeralds seemed to dot the sky as stars shot constantly to and fro across the dark sea-colored horizon. Feelings of love rushed through us; a playful, joyful love. And for a moment, I thought to myself that this place reminded me somewhat of the hill in Galilee where Christ taught.

Up in the distance, a man wearing a white robe and clutching a tall cane began to approach. "Oh, my God!" I thought, "Could it be?" Jesus of Nazareth approached as light emanated from every oracle of his bountiful spirit. Smiling peacefully, he sat on a rock in front of us and began to telepathically convey.

"My dear child, you asked to be filled with My spirit and I have come to fill you. I am the pulse of life and love. All that I Am is all that you can be." (Christ was not saying that I could be God, like Him, but rather, that the qualities that He personified in His existence as Jesus of Nazareth could be imitated by those of us on the Earth.) Responding, I cried, "I want to be like you, Jesus. I want to personify love." Lifting his arms up to the sky, I noticed the intensity of all that he created with a single movement of his arm. Shooting stars paraded from the sky like a palisade of ice in a winter mountain cathedral. "What I am is a thought on the canvas of life; I cannot be described in words, but felt through the soul." Intrigued, I said, "It is hard for me to understand. I am beginning to truly *feel* all that you have spoken. But it confuses me

that so many speak your words with little or no feeling. I feel no understanding coming from them. Why?" Patiently, he replied, "The words of my incarnation as Jesus of Nazareth are vast and well-spoken among men, but their meaning is felt by only a few who have opened their hearts. Love is all that I am and everything I will always be, concepts cannot enclose me for I am vast when set free in the heart of man." Quieting, his light never waned in brilliance. "How can I become more like you, my Lord?" I asked. "Very good, my dear child!" he said, "a true yearning to know the truth. An open heart will hear the truth in whatever form it comes." A pause. "Set out to know me, not as a concept, but as a light within darkness, a touch when you're all alone, a true existence in the realms of consciousness. I am not dead, for I live in every crevice of every rock, in the rushing water of the streams, and all the pulsating rhythms of life. I am the consciousness of one known as Christ, and I love you greatly. Hear me call your spirit into service." "I hear you," I cried in ecstasy, "I want to serve God." "I know, my dear child, I know. What I am cannot be expressed through anything but love. Open your spirit and my spirit will flow ever so gracefully with your own for we are truly one. My guidance will help you in times of confusion." Reaching out to touch my shoulders, I knew His love was vast enough to encompass every living soul who only so much as asked for his true guidance, not out of fear, but out of love for Him. His peaceful eyes met mine, and I began to disappear.

"Jesus said, 'Come to me, for my yoke is easy and my mastery is gentle, and you will find rest for yourselves.' They said to him, 'Tell us who you are so that we may believe in you.' He said to them, 'You examine the face of heaven and earth, but you have not come to know the one who is in your presence, and you do not know how to examine this moment.'"

*The Gospel of Thomas, No. 90-91, (Christianity,
Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

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

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

And so it came to pass that my soul was honored with a vision beyond all lights. An ancient wooden door surrounded by sturdy beams was closed, and the Titan was portrayed in a statue of silver riding a winged-horse. Captured looking to the rear of the horse with an intense glaze in his eyes, I remembered the words of release. "Chorub Lee! Open forth the door of light!" Kneeling to the ground, I knew that what lay beyond this door was sanctified. "Bringeth forth the light of the planes!" I said, as the wings began flapping slowly . . . and then more . . . increasing until they were flapping wildly and the horse and rider came to life and moved aside. Beginning to open, the ancient entry began to gleam with light as it burst through the cracks as the door slowly unsealed.

Standing in awe at what lay before me, tears were streaming down my eyes, as the most magnificent diamond shaped star appeared. Immediately, I knew it was the star of Bethlehem, the star of Jesus. A whooshing sound was heard as the star burst forth with light and filled me. Attempting to walk into the door, my spirit was pushed back by an unseen force. Solemn grace filled my soul.

"Where is the newborn king of the Jews? We saw his star at its rising and have come to do him homage."

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 2:2,
(Christianity, Catholic)*

"And behold, the star that they had seen at its rising preceded them, until it came and stopped over the place where the child was. They were overjoyed at seeing the star, and on entering the house they saw the child with Mary his mother."

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 2:9-11,
(Christianity, Catholic)*

Upon entering the place of initiation into the mysteries of the crucifixion, I was intrigued to note that one of the thieves who died next to Christ was the guardian of this ritual passage. Handing me paintings of Christ's death, I was horrified by the magnitude of his injuries and suffering. Beginning to cry uncontrollably, the guide told me that the cross represents the earthly life, while the nailing to the cross represents surrender to the divine will. Crucifixion is also symbolic of the soul's journey, in that the fragment must die to contain the Christ, the higher self. Showing an aura of blue around His head and face as He was crucified, it was brilliant and emitted passionate love for mankind.

Wishing to show them to others as they arrived, the paintings changed and became floral prints. Chastised for attempting to share them with the uninitiated, I became aware that energetic knowledge can be misused. (As per order of the Lord, no more shall be said).

"I have told you this so that you may not fall away. They will expel you from the synagogues; in fact, the hour is coming when everyone who kills you will think he is offering worship to God. They will do this because they have not known either the Father or me."

*New American Bible, New Testament, John 16:1-3,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

"So they took Jesus, and carrying the cross himself he

went out to what is called the Place of the Skull in Hebrew, Golgotha. There they crucified him, and with him two others, one on either side, with Jesus in the Middle."

*New American Bible, New Testament, John 19:17-18,
(Christianity, Catholic)*

"O ye My Branches! A mighty force, a consummate power lieth concealed in the world of being. Fix your gaze upon it and upon its unifying influence, and not upon the differences which appear from it."

The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Chapter 15, Kitab-I-Ahd, Page 221, Paragraph 3, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

"For the yoke that weighed on it, the bar across its shoulders, the rod of its oppressor, these you have broken . . ."

"

New Jerusalem Bible, Old Testament, Isaiah 9:3, (Judaism)

"Beloved, we are God's children now; what we shall be has not yet been revealed. We do know that when it is revealed we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. Everyone who has this hope based on him makes himself pure, as he is pure."

*New American Bible, New Testament, 1 John 3:2,
(Christianity, Catholic)*

Soaring to a celestial realm beyond time and space, shooting stars cascaded across a deep emerald oceanic sky. Waves of rhythm could be felt in the canvas of sky that serenaded my soul as I stood on the ethereal ground below my feet.

Walking with peace towards the holy family, the sacredness of the moment filled me with a reverence for the Lord. The Holy Mother Mary, Joseph, and their son, Jesus Christ, were sitting upon a large stone bench amidst a plain of grass and trees. Jesus sat on the ground at their feet, looking upon them with reverence and love.

As their robes lay motionless and surrounded in light, they looked up towards me. Mary gave me a peaceful smile, Joseph, a knowing look, and the savior emitted a familiar beckon.

Joseph calmly arose and walked towards me, his calm gaze never wavering. Opening his hands, he held a sacred amulet that had a large faceted diamond in the center, and a string of exactly eight small diamonds that surrounded it (which represented the immortal). Hanging this around my neck, I was surprised that it felt weightless. "You are now immortal," he conveyed to me, "there is only life, now." Intuitively, I reached into my own pocket, retrieving a heart-shaped rose-quartz pendant. Hanging it around Joseph's neck, I replied, "We are now forever love."

"Jesus said, 'Fortunate are those who are alone and chosen, for you will find the kingdom. For you have come from it, and you will return there again.'"

The Gospel of Thomas, No. 49, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)

Night fell in the spaces beyond time, as a formless hand led my soul to a mysterious corridor. Unable to break free from the impending importance I felt, I began soaring down a blue-green tunnel until I reached a set of barren bleachers and sat alone. Out of the ether, the spirit of Jesus Christ appeared, his face exhibiting tremendous pain and torment, his hands and feet bound in metal shackles. But despite his tortured demeanor, light glowed all around him. A white robed man surrounded in light with a very long beard sat next to Jesus, whose features were barely perceptible. "It is your purpose," he said, "to release the bondage Christianity has put upon Christ's spirit." His powerful comment shocked me, and I didn't know how or what he had in mind. As I gazed upon Jesus' tortured countenance and

his beckoning eyes, they both disappeared into the ether.
***"But the seed of man hath not understood all of which
 Thou hast made it heir, neither have men known Thee
 whensoever Thou hast spoken."***

*The Dead Sea Scriptures, The New Covenant, Page 438,
 Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Appearing from behind, another spoke. "Look at me!" he commanded, as I turned to look into his deeply intensive eyes. "What you have come to do carries a far greater significance than you know. Do you realize how rare it is to have someone with full consciousness on both sides of existence who resides primarily in the physical?" I'd taken that for granted, since it hadn't occurred to me that others did not live in this manner. "Express the music of your soul, your time has come." Beginning to waver into the ether, he whispered these words over and over again, "Far Greater Significance, Far Greater Significance, Far Greater Significance . . . ," and then he was gone.

***"The psychic race is like light from a fire . . . through a
 voice it was instructed and this was sufficient, since it
 is not far from the hope according to the promise, since
 it received, so to speak as a pledge, the
 assurance of the things which were to be."***

*The Nag Hammadi Library, The Tripartate Tractate, No. 14,
 Page 94-95, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

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

Dhammapada, Canto IX, No. 122, Page 51, (Buddhism)

***"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of
 the world."***

King James Bible, New Testament, John 1:29, (Christianity)

As I stood outside of my body upon the earthen

bank, my spirit was directed to look towards the sky. My face became ecstatic, staring in a fixed state upon the heavens with joy and elusive wisdom. Utter peace filled me as the skies began to whirl and heave. A purple, blue and white vortex began swirling as the clouds began to part. From beneath their depths, the Mother Mary appeared.

Angelic mercy strewn towards me, my ecstatic state grew deeper. 'A New Journey.' She wrote with her finger into the clouds, 'The Final Chapter.' Nodding, the vortex pulled Mary back towards heaven. Feeling her winds slowly release my soul, I fell to the ground in awe. The next day, I found out that I was pregnant with my second child, a daughter, Mary.

"If the most pure Mary has reached the highest pinnacle in the ranks of the just, She may also on this very account be considered as the instrument or the motive power through which the saints themselves have reached their station."

The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Transfixion, Page 400, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Ven. Mary of Agreda)

On the ground below me I suddenly noticed two feet wearing old, old sandals. Looking up to see their bearer, Jesus Christ stood with light glowing all around His white flowing robes. Conveying to me great and wonderful things, He spoke of what I must do to fulfill them. Bowing to the ground, the Lord Jesus honored my soul with secret tasks. In obedience, I lowered my head to acknowledge my duty.

As the Earth began to tremble, a powerful being appeared before Him whose essence was airy and white. "I am Yammeth/Symmeth, he who controls the movements of the Earth." "Will you come with me to Exodus?" he asked. Not understanding what this meant,

I simply replied, "Yes, I will." "You and I will go to Exodus alone!" he commanded, as the rumbling increased and he disappeared.

Jesus directed me to stand, and as I did He transformed what I was wearing into a gleaming white robe, much like His own. Feeling unworthy, I bowed my head down. "Retrieve the ancient texts," He said, as my mind filled with the vision of the sacred texts of all the world's religions throughout time, "all of them." Energy pulsed through me, as the Lord directed me to consider the part-time job I had recently taken. "I fear it was not well chosen," he said, "you now begin your Essene training; you must allow no defilements in your retreat." A huge pink and glistening cross appeared in the sky, adorned with jewels. "You shall never make a living from the cross," he said, as I began to understand that I was never to consider my work for the Lord as a means of financial support. "There are many ways in which abundance can come to you." Seeing financial support coming from many different avenues, but none from my own work, He began to disappear. "Retrieve the ancient texts," He repeated, and then He was gone.

"Every man who in this world does not wrap himself in the ceremonial garb and clothe himself therewith, when he enters the other world is covered with a filthy garment and is brought up for trial. Many are the garments prepared for man in this world, and he who does not acquire the garment of religious observance is in the next world clad in a garment which is known to the masters of Gehinnom, and woe to the man who is clad therein, for he is seized by many officers of judgement and dragged down to Gehinnom, and therefore King Solomon cried aloud, 'At all times let thy garments be white.'"

*The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume V, Shelah Lecha (Numbers),
Page 236-237, Bottom & Top, (Judaism)*

"When God saw that his people would perish because they did not see the Light of Life, He chose the best of Israel, so that they might make the Light of Life to shine before the sons of men, and those chosen were called Essenes, because they taught the ignorant and healed the sick, and they gathered on the eve of every seventh day to rejoice with the Angels."

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Book Three, Page 19, Prologue,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

His body was writhing as my soul watched this ancient sacred event taking place upon the Earth from above. Energetic bursts pierced His soul like lightning, as His body hurled and purged, accepting the living immortal energy that was now being forced into His body from His Father. Violently, He was accepting the finality of His destiny, relinquishing the parts of Him that were not ready for such an immense task.

Sweat poured from His brow into His thick mustache and beard, as more pulses of energy hit Him. He *knew* what the acceptance of these final vibrational thrusts would mean, that the Messiah would indeed be birthed and He would die to achieve the destiny of His coming. As the energy pulse slowed in completion, Jesus Christ allowed Himself to have one last peaceful slumber. In honor, I bowed to the invisible guardian who allowed me to bear witness to this incredible moment, and then I was gone.

"Watch and pray that you not come to be in the flesh, but rather that you come forth from the bondage of the bitterness of this life. And as you pray, you will find rest, for you have left behind the suffering and the disgrace. For when you come forth from the sufferings and passions of the body, you will receive rest from the good one, and you will reign with the king, you joined with him and he with you, from now on, for ever and

ever. Amen."

The Nag Hammadi Library, The Book of Thomas the Contender, Page 207, Paragraph 3, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)

Spiraling rock walls circled themselves until they reached a center point within. The ancient monument had secret columns and passageways below ground where I stood, but only the initiated knew how to get to them. Energies came and hit like torrents of wind from the ground beneath my feet, and the earth began to shudder and shake. Crevasses opened within the Earth and ancient artifacts were exposed to the top-most layer of the ground. Looking at them, I knew they held secrets and wisdoms from the ancient past. Little did I know, I was about to meet some members of God's royal family.

The earthquake ceased, but its quaking had laid me upon the ground, so I looked up, preparing to stand. Two bare feet stood before me with a singular hole in the center of each. I knew who had come, as I whisked myself to my feet so that I could bow to Christ, my divine visitor. Beginning to walk together, we quietly followed the spiraling columns from the farthest point out to the farthest point within, the core center. When we had reached this point, we stopped walking and Christ began to mutter sacred words. As He did, we immediately fell through the rock into the secret columns below ground.

Absolute calm was inside as hundreds of monks from all religions of the world were there awaiting our arrival. As the abbot approached, I noticed that some of the monks glowed very brightly with light, while others did not glow at all. It didn't seem to matter which faith the monks were from, for there were glowing and non-glowing monks of all faiths. Christ conveyed to me that the monks who glowed were true monks, while the

others who did not were still in training to become 'true' monks.

Looking at me deeply in the eyes, he motioned to the monks who did not glow, "One must understand the isness. They do not understand the isness." Reaching to take my hand, I placed mine in his as Christ disappeared.

"Every perfect being naturally communicates itself to others so far as is possible, and this belongs to each thing in imitation of the first perfect being, namely God . . . but the good of a person is communicated to others both as regards being and as regards knowledge."

On Evil, Question IX, Page 339, Reply to 3, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Thomas Aquinas)

CHAPTER TWO

Meetings with the Buddha, Christ, the Essene Christ, Beatitudes, Holy Rabbi's, Casket of the Dalai Lama's, Pistis Sophia, Mother Teresa, St. Francis of Assisi, Blessed Virgin, Bhikku Nanomali.

Brilliant air filled my soul, as the song of a particular Buddhist Sutra began exploding in melodious streams all around me, 'A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life,' also called, 'Bodhisattvacharyavataara;' the epitome of self-sacrifice on behalf of other living beings. My soul began dancing in flight to the musical stream. But almost as quickly as it had come, it stopped.

In the distance, I saw the outline of the Buddha sitting in a lotus position. The white descended. As it did, the Buddha approached me, floating through the air in the same position. Pulsing white energy throughout my spirit, I immediately felt complete and total calm. Conveying to me that he was now going to place me within the actual energy of three qualities of attainment, I surrendered in awe as the white and absolute serenity covered me in a blanket of solitude.

First, I was surrounded in wonderment.

Then, devotion.

And last, humility.

In these spaces, I knew isness.

With this experience also came a deep sorrow, humility and repentance for all I had done in my many lifetimes that caused harm to others.

Inherently, I understood that all religions serve a pathway, a cause in evolution. Following these very high roads requires a sense of true devotion in order to be understood, followed and embraced. Because they are

ensconced in karmic purification, most souls cannot yet understand true devotion. Because their minds are deluded and misled, they may *intend* to be devoted, but their minds are incapable in their present state, of the discipline required to attain true devotion. A karmic soul serves the will of the self, while an eternal soul serves the will of the Lord. As Christ said:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

*King James Bible, New Testament, Matthew 22:37-38,
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

In the white energies of wonderment, devotion and humility, I saw my own vices and how displeasing they were to God, and in the same breath I was given to observe true virtue as it manifests among the heavenly realms. Looking upon great holiness and purity of heart, I yearned for it . . .

"The truly awake know all things, are nondual, beyond duality, all equal, inherently pure as space, not distinguishing self and nonself. As the ocean reflects beings' bodies and is therefore called ocean, enlightenment reflects all mental patterns and hence is called true awareness."

The Flower Ornament Scripture, Manifestation of the Buddha, Page 1011, Stanza 1-2, (Buddhism, Mahayana)

Thunderous roaring was heard in the backdrop as a column of monks quietly walked forward chanting the mystical songs of their secret knowledge. Lightning flashed, and rain began to fall as a monk approached and took my hand. "Come," he said, as he led me away.

A flash of light knocked me flat on my back.

Looking up, Christ was standing above me waving his arms over my body and soul, exuding vibrational power beyond any I'd ever known. As he continued, my soul became more and more detached from worldly vices; lust, greed, vanity. "What are you doing?" I asked Him. "Purification." He replied, conveying that final purification is a process one undertakes when true devotion is finally achieved. Coming about not of your own hands, but by the hand of God, it comes when a soul is truly repentant and seeking only God's will. When one attains true devotion, this alters the path of the seeker from walking in selfishness, to walking with God.

As Christ continued laying his hands upon me, I felt absolutely tranquil. Going on for hours, when it was over, He quietly said, "You will not be able to explain, it cannot be understood unless you have passed through it." Nodding, I made a move to get up. "Retrieve the ancient prayer books," he said, as suddenly I was whisked into the energy of the Rosary Novenas. So holy that they swept my soul into the air in a state of levitation, I'd never seen them before, but knew they were of the Catholic faith. Overwhelmed, I grasped onto the wisp at the end of their holy reign. "I will." I said. Smiling, Jesus disappeared.

"(Let) the greatest sinners place their trust in My mercy. They have the right before others to trust in the abyss of My mercy. My daughter, write about My mercy towards tormented souls. Souls that make an appeal to My mercy delight Me. To such souls I grant even more graces than they ask. I cannot punish even the greatest sinner if he makes an appeal to My compassion . . . before I come as a just judge, I first open wide the door of My mercy. He who refuses to pass through the door of My mercy must pass through the door of My justice . . ."

*Divine Mercy, Notebook III, No. 1146, Page 420,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ, Author: Sister M.
Faustina Kowalska)*

Hovering over my sleeping body, the Buddha transported me into the white spaces. Various alternating patterns of energy barraged me for hours as I saw three frames of energy depicted in pictures, whiz by me over and over again. The first was two Buddhist priests, and one martial arts master. The second was two martial arts masters, and one Buddhist priest. The third, I can no longer remember. Alternating for several hours, the patterns changed back and forth between each vision.

When it was over, the Buddha disintegrated and a Buddhist priest arrived with no fanfare. Wearing a simple brown monk's robe, his serenity was complete. Bowing to him, he said, "I will take you into the energy of the 'Absolute Dissolution of Body and Mind,'" he said, as I bowed again.

Five white energy vortexes surrounded me all at once, spinning a power I could never have fathomed. Becoming the most profound experience of my life to date, the energies of the Absolute Dissolution of Body and Mind relinquished all personality, mind, ego, and self, placing me directly within the mind of God where my soul had begun.

In this space, my wholeness and unity with God was so complete, there was no me; and therefore, there were no desires emanating from me. From this absolutely clear vantage point, I viewed my life and found that despite the fact that I'd always considered myself a reasonably good person, *everything I'd ever done in my life was wrong*. Even those things I'd done to help others bore selfish desire whether it was the need for

approval or wanting to be perceived in a certain way, nothing I had ever done in my life had been done for the sole purpose of glorifying the holy will of God; not one thing. Even acts of goodness were done to fortify myself, and despite the fact that some good intentions did exist, every act of my life was tainted by selfish desire.

Bowing in shame, I was overwhelmed by the selfishness of my life. But in this space there wasn't judgment, only compassion and understanding. God knows the path a soul must take to reach the absolute. My walk into karma had been necessary in order to emerge into the light, but a soul cannot serve itself *and* God.

Coming out of the absolute dissolution of body and mind, the Buddhist priest was quiet and calm. "Please!" I begged him. "Show me how I may repent, how may I purify myself of these things?!" Pausing, he placed his hands upon my shoulders. Holding a serious and ominous look, as if he was afraid for me, replied, "You seek a very high level of purification, few seek this level, most retain much darkness within their souls." His face told me that he was trying to convey more than he had already shown and this frightened me. "I want to purify *all darkness* within my soul." I said. Nodding, he replied very calmly, "A dark goddess lives within you, and you must force her out."

Panicking, I tried to remain calm, but this revelation shocked me. Beginning to feel the essence of this dark creature rising from deep within my stomach, the priest walked forward and began performing an exorcism. Feeling her come upwards through the energy centers of my soul, she reached my vocal chords in a plaintive wail. Not wishing to be forced out, sweat poured through me as my thoughts raged towards God's will. After what I had seen and felt about my selfish soul,

I could never turn this process back, for the presence of such darkness appalled and shamed me. When her screams had stopped, I turned to the priest. "Is she gone? Is she completely gone?" "These things take time," he said.

"Thy will be done!" I shouted to the Lord, as I awoke.

"Jesus, on seeing a crowd rapidly gathering, rebuked the unclean spirit and said to it, 'Mute and deaf spirit, I command you: come out of him and never enter him again!' Shouting and throwing the boy into convulsions, it came out . . . When he entered the house, his disciples asked him in private, 'Why could we not drive it out?' He said to them, 'This kind can only come out through prayer.'"

*New American Bible, New Testament, Mark 9:25-29,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

As I stood amongst a crowd of hundreds, despite my wretchedness, the Lord still saw fit to allow me to wear the white robe of Essene training that Christ had given to me. Even so, I felt extreme sadness, as the sins I had committed against my Father seemed too great to bear. Offending Him, offended me. Remorse total, I'd sunk into a state of total depression.

Off in the distance, I saw Jesus administering to the multitudes. Turning, He came to me. "You know why I am so pleased with you, Marilyn." "I do?" "Yes." Looking down, I bowed in shame. "You could not possibly be, my Lord. I have sinned against my Father with selfishness and pride." Christ smiled. "The wretchedness you feel is an essential part of purification, but it is not how you are perceived by your Father." "Oh?" I replied softly, as His beautiful lips formed a smile. Taking my hand, we flew through the white ether. "I'm taking you to meet one of the messiah's," He said.

Sitting upon a rock, Christ conveyed the importance of a man who had lived during the 20th century in Europe without renown. Recently, he had passed over.

Calling him a messiah, the man began to speak of my recent initiations, when he suddenly paused and spoke very slowly. "You know, I wanted to be a professional tennis player." Remembering my own desire to be a professional musician, I listened carefully. "But then I took ill." Realizing our similar plight, I noticed that he paused for a very long time. "The Lord has a way of healing us," he said. Stopping, he turned as if to leave, but for a moment looked my way again. "Then I became a messiah to the people." He disappeared.

God's will is unseen and moves mysteriously to the ways of the world. Christ placed me back into my body, and He was gone.

"And Jesus had not told his disciples the total expansion of the emanations of the Treasury, nor their orders, how they are extended; nor had he told them their saviours, according to the order of every one, how they are."

Pistis Sophia, First Book, Page 2, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)

Death came suddenly in the night as a plummet through worlds. Knowing not where my soul would go, I was not afraid, but within the recesses of my mind, I did not know if this was a true physical death, or yet another spiritual one. Unknowing made my emergence into the ancient cave all the more grand.

Above me on a ledge, ancient robed beings stood in a circle surrounding me. Holiness apparent, I was humbled and I bowed to pray. As one, they spoke. "We are the Beatitudes." They said. Honor amassed within

me, as I realized that the words of Christ known as the Beatitudes were not just words, but an actual energy of attainment. Hearing the words resonate within my soul, I bowed as they disappeared.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the Earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceedingly glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 5:3-12,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

"May my life be loyal and true, that in death I may find only beatitude."

*The Way of Divine Love, Chapter VI, Page 161, Paragraph 3,
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: Josefa Menendez)*

Jesus Christ and the Buddha were floating towards me in a cavern. Christ was bearing a hymnal, and I could hear angelic choirs begin singing a very simple but powerful hymn. In four part harmony, the angels resonated throughout heaven in a resounding chorus of 'Holy Love.' Handing the hymnal to me, I understood his wishes. Opening the hymnal, the angels began singing even louder. "Holy love . . . holy love . . . holy love . . . holy love - Gloria!" Looking up at Jesus and the Buddha, I understood that there was a oneness between their paths. Although Christ was indeed the

Messiah, it was made known to me that the Buddha was a significant teacher within the Royal Family of God. (The Royal Family of God consists of the prophets, saints, mystics and sages of all the world religions, as well as, the holy hidden ones, people who serve the Lord without notice.) Beyond this, there was a oneness within all of God's holy paths. "I understand." I said, closing the hymnal. "I will bring in your hymns, Jesus, and I will unite the East and the West." Smiling in approval, Jesus said, "Your writings will be as scripture to the next millennia, and your hymns a pathway to the eternal." They disappeared.

As I returned to my body, an angel began repeating the first stanza of the Lord's Prayer into my ears: "Our Father, who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven . . ."

"We, verily, have made music as a ladder for your souls, a means whereby they may be lifted up unto the realm on high; make it not, therefore, as wings to self and passion."

*The Kitab-I-Aqdas, Page 38, No. 51, (Baha'i, Author:
Baha'u'llah)*

Walking quietly into the past, the marketplace was not overly crowded. Gazing at a very old apartment building, I was looking from the back at two balconies, one on each of the two levels. A golden door and window adorned the upper level, and those made of old and beat up wood on the floor below.

Turning away from the building, I walked towards the traders and buyers in the streets, selling their wares and sacred items from the temples and synagogues. Up in the distance, I saw a sight that immediately caught my full attention, a rabbi in full ceremonial dress. Approaching me, his holiness was so

apparent that I was staring. My rude gaze did not disturb him, but rather, he quietly pointed to a book sitting on a table in front of me. Its title read, 'Exodus.'

Picking it up, I felt disgust, horror and filthy rage all at the same time. Articles of clothing from Jews who had died during the holocaust of World War II were pasted on each page. But my initial grisly response waned, and in its place I felt a certain elevation. Knowing that this book held a great secret, I waited.

In the book, the 'Exodus' was death, and death was deliverance. Perhaps the greatest act made by the souls of the Holocaust was their surrender to God's will amidst the great evil that would be their end. In the face of torture and death, they loved the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. Fearing nothing but His abandonment, walking forth to their torturous deaths, they were unmoved in their faith, love and devotion to Him whom they served.

Perhaps this was the difference between the first and second level of the apartment building, some experienced this horrible outrage on the ground, while others were elevated to a holy sacrifice because of their faith. Some achieved the Exodus even before they died. *"So far concerning this mystery. Old man, old man! As thou has started to sail on the wide sea, go on boldly in all directions and breast its waves! I have now to reveal something more. I said that the 'redeemer,' when he enters into the 'vessel,' lets his spirit cleave to that 'vessel,' so that nothing is lost, not even the breath of the mouth. This is quite correct. Old man, old man! If thou art to reveal mysteries, speak out without fear!"*
The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume III, Mishpatim (Exodus), Page 309, Paragraph 1, (Judaism)

Kneeling before a holy altar, awe filled me as I looked upon a magnificent golden engraved casket. A

very ancient man stood at guard before this oval casket, I knew this by the garb he wore and the expression upon his face. Indicating that he'd guarded this it for a very long time; he motioned me to rise from my humbled position. "This is the casket which holds the energies of all the Dalai Lama's throughout time." Motioning me forward, he continued, "In recognition of your service to the Lord, you are being given this gift. You may proceed forth and *touch* the casket." Magnificence filled me as this was a remarkable honor, and I understood that the casket contained the energy of the *knowledge* of all the Dalai Lama's. Walking forward, I bowed down, rose again, and gently placed my hand on the lid of the casket. Tears struck my eyes as the vibration filled me, but I could only stay for a moment. Granted only a moment of the thunderous vibrations, the ancient man nodded as I turned to leave the holy place. Nodding back, I conveyed gratitude.

"The founder of our spiritual legacy, the mighty Buddha Shakyamuni, first gave birth to the altruistic aspiration to achieve highest enlightenment in order to be of maximum benefit to all living beings . . . All of his teachings can be subsumed under two categories: those of the Hinayana, or Smaller Vehicle; and those of the Mahayana, or Great Vehicle . . . In the first of these vehicles he revealed the means of achieving nirvana, or liberation from cyclic existence, which is accomplished through transcending the belief in a truly existent self . . . In the second category of teachings . . . the Buddha mainly emphasized the methods for eliminating the self-cherishing attitude and replacing it with universal love and compassion."

*Training the Mind in the Great Way, Point One, Page 45-46,
Bottom & Top, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Gyalwa
Gendun Druppa, The First Dalai Lama)*

"When seeing a Buddha's tomb, they should wish that

all beings be honored as a shrine and receive the offerings of celestials and humans. Reverently gazing at the shrine, they should wish that all beings be looked up to by all celestials and humans. Bowing their heads to the shrine, they should wish that all beings be exalted beyond the view of gods and men. Circumambulating the shrine, they should wish that all beings act without offense and develop omniscience. Circling the shrine thrice, they should wish that all beings diligently see the Buddha's path without indolence of mind."

The Flower Ornament Scripture, Purifying Practice, Page 328, Stanza 1-5, (Buddhism, Mahayana)

Taken to a theatre where a band was performing, they sang of only one topic, the 'Pistis Sophia.' In their songs, they told the story of a young woman who would sing of the Way to bring others to it. Living by a lake, one day she walked into the lake with her beloved singing for the deliverance of mankind. But on this day, the bank had changed dramatically and she fell off of the edge into the depths of the waters. Sinking very rapidly, she was gone too quickly for her beloved or anyone else to save her. Pistis Sophia did not struggle, but surrendered her spirit to the depths. As she fell to the bottom of the lake, she never stopped singing of the Way and she dedicated the vessel of her former life to the development of the Way in others. It is said, according to their song, that you can hear her soulful chanting in the wind when it sweeps across the lake; and that if you hear her, that Pistis Sophia is calling your soul to the development of the Way.

Swaying to the beautiful, yet eerie sounds, I hardly noticed it when my hands began to bleed as if two nails had been plunged right in their center. Knowing

this to be a grand honor, I looked upon my hands with shock, and the band members began to come towards me, despite the fact that I was sitting amongst hundreds of souls. In joy and elation, a woman from the band said, "It is said that if your hands bleed when we sing of her, that you are the Pistis Sophia." Two other women in this crowd bore the sign, as well.

All of a sudden I saw an image of the Buddha and the Pistis Sophia blending together into one being. Not understanding any of what was going on; all I knew was that the Pistis Sophia is an ancient sacred text.

In the Pistis Sophia, Pistis Sophia is not a person, but rather, a guardian of the twelfth realm of lights who seeks to attain to level thirteen. Because her power in the twelfth realm can only be given by Christ, and there was a time when Pistis Sophia failed to live the Way and her divine protection was removed, she became vulnerable to the chaos realms below. Awakening, Pistis Sophia awakened and sought deep repentance. Praying that Christ would save her from the destruction and chaos, He listened and returned her as guardian to the twelfth realm with all the divine protection the post afforded. However, in order to earn this protection and redemption, she had to unravel several mysteries that lay within the Psalms of the Bible. In those Psalms, according to the Pistis Sophia, lie the map of the eternal order and the mysteries of heaven.

One more question was posed to my soul. "Do you have a little girl of holy birth?" As my second daughter Mary, had been announced by the Holy Mother, I nodded, 'Yes.' Saying that this was the second sign of the Pistis Sophia, she handed me a small statue of the Virgin Mary and requested service of me.

"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 aeon. 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 Gabriel and Michael. 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 under foot the serpent faced emanation of Self-willed, and moreover treading under foot the seven-faced basilisk emanation, and treading under foot 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 might 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, Second Book, Page 117-118, Bottom & Top,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

And so it came to pass that I was whisked away by a Buddhist priest into a deep space. Beginning to manipulate the physical form of my spirit, he formed my body in several postures to achieve states of concentration. "You will now experience the seven levels of concentration," he said. When we reached the seventh level, my head was bent backwards towards my legs which had pulled upward in the form of an oval. Each level of concentration brought more peace and serenity to my mind, and this practice seemed to actually transform seeds of rage and violence that lay within me.

As my spirit began its descent back into the body, a brilliant bright purple and green light began pulsating before my vision. Sucked directly into this light, my spirit underwent a very different vibrational raising as I became one with these lights.

Upon return to my body, the purple and green light transformed itself into a huge yellow golden orb. Seeing within its mass several Buddha worlds or aeons, I observed the heavenly realms with wonder and delight.

"It is only the Tathagatas and Bodhisattvas who are firmly established on the seventh stage who can fully understand its workings. Those earnest disciples and masters who wish to fully understand all the aspects of the different stages . . . by the aid of their right-knowledge must do so by becoming thoroughly convinced that objects of discrimination are only seen to be so by the mind . . ."

A Buddhist Bible, The Lankavatara Scripture, Chapter VIII, Page 324, Paragraph 2, (Buddhism)

In my bedroom, I had not yet separated from form when I saw some people coming after me who had wanted me to remain trapped in the world of vice. Quickly, I darted out of my body, trying to gauge what I should do.

From behind me, someone grasped my arm and gently pulled me away. Looking upon his face, I sighed in wonder. The Dalai Lama, the fourteenth, was leading me to safety. "I will take you into exile . . ." he said, fulfilling the prophecy that I would go to Exodus alone. In a moment, I was stashed safely away in a Lamasery, a cave where monks often go to meditate.

"It is better to lead a solitary life; there is no companionship with a childish person! Let one live alone committing no sin, having few wishes . . ."

Dhammapada, Canto XXIII, No. 330, Page 129, (Buddhism)

Wandering through a high mountain in a rainstorm, a man appeared beside me to take me to an unknown destination. Following him, he led us to a white building sitting atop the crest of the mountain. Inside, there was a small room whose walls were covered with my future paintings. "They appear to be dry," I said to the man, "would it be alright if I take them home, now?" He nodded that I could.

In the corner of the room there was what appeared to be a doll house, but when you got closer, you could see that it was a replica of a nun's convent. On the front of the house, there was a plaque that read, "Sisters of Charity." I recognized that name, as they were the nuns who'd worked on behalf of Mother Teresa to help the poor all over the world.

As soon as I opened the tiny front door, Mother Teresa appeared at the other side of the room. Looking up to see her glowing eminence, I immediately began sobbing great tears of joy and holy honor. Walking quietly, no one could mistake the obvious relevance she had to God, as this was a truly holy woman.

Stepping softly so as not to disturb her, I came closer and held out two stones as gifts; an amethyst and a crystal. Falling to my knees, I bowed at her sanctity. Turning to look at me, I instinctively handed her the two stones. "No," she said without reproach, "take an ordinary stone, my child." Placing a simple rock into my hand, its edges were rough. "Hold it within your hand," she said, "rub it and caress it so that someday from the wear of your hands it will be smooth. By the time that rock is smooth, my child, you will know what God wants you to do . . . you will know." Smiling, before she quietly walked away, she left behind her sacred message of simplicity.

"Let Him empty and transform you and afterwards fill the chalice of your hearts to the brim, that you in your turn, may give of your abundance. Seek Him.

Knowledge will make you strong as death. Love Him trustfully without looking back, without fear. Believe that Jesus and Jesus alone is life. Serve Jesus, casting aside and forgetting all that troubles or worries you, make loved the love that is not loved."

*The Love of Christ, Part III, Page 75, Paragraph 3,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mother Teresa)*

In our side yard was a huge pig-pen; inside it, a pig about twenty feet tall. Serenely, the Lord Jesus walked towards the gate conveying that this pig was the true energy of people attached to the world, who despite His constant efforts, continued to deny God. Opening the gate, the pig ran away, disappearing into the ether. "Let the pig go." The Lord Jesus instructed.

"Do not give what is holy to dogs, or throw your pearls before swine, lest they trample them underfoot, and tear you to pieces."

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 7:6,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

Our new baby appeared on my lap, as I was hugging and loving her. Multitudes appeared before me, complaining that I must do more, that taking care of my children was not enough. The Lord Jesus approached the multitudes, "Look how she loves this child, how she cares for this seed from My own mind. It is good." Disappearing in annoyance, the people were gone.

"What else do you do, my child?" Jesus asked. Shrugging my shoulders, I conveyed that I surely didn't do enough. "Let me tell you what you do," the Lord said, "you maintain a breathing operation, your job is to spin the wheel of karmic retribution, and you are the overseer of the souls coming and going." Honored, I stared at Him

in silence.

Knowing that it did not matter what Earthly men could see, I realized that all that mattered was that I continue to do God's will, unseen and unheard, as only a quiet whisper upon the wind when Earthly souls would begin their crossings, and as a loud thunderous thud of karmic retribution when God guided them to awake. Before He left, He asked that our home be transformed into a monastery for the Lord.

"Those in this stage, worthy of human and celestial respect, become lords of the heaven of timely portion, carrying out celestial justice; they withdraw beings from the tangle of views and accumulate good for the sake of enlightened knowledge."

The Flower Ornament Scripture, Chapter 26, The Ten Stages, Page 735, Stanza 4, (Buddhism, Mahayana)

Christ stood at the foot of my bed when I awoke. Seeing Him made me feel joy, and I begged to ask Him a question. "My Lord," I asked quietly, "am I fulfilling Your will, am I doing what You wish for me to do?" Entering into a portrait that I had painted of Him, He lifted the lips to create a smile, as suddenly, a wave of information came upon me. Gladness exuberated from Him in regards to the fact that I had a true desire to fulfill His will. Fulfilling things according to His wishes, He also wished to convey that despite the simplicity of my paintings, they contained within them the life of the spirit. They were as He wished. Bowing to Him, He disappeared.

"Many times a deep and fervent gaze upon Christ is the best prayer. I look upon Him, He looks upon me, is the most perfect prayer."

The Love of Christ, Part I, Page 6-7, Bottom and Top, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mother Teresa)

Preparing to enter a bus, I was wearing a white robe and waiting my turn. All the others in the line walked quickly by the driver who presented them with a stole, and walked further onto the bus. When I entered the bus, I saw the driver and bowed to him in tears. St. Francis of Assisi placed an all-white stole around my neck to match my Essene robes. "I am honored," I said.

Sitting down in a prayerful position, St. Francis glanced over at me and began to come closer. Feeling the honor of receiving this stole from the beloved saint, I noticed that I was beginning to disintegrate. Looking up at him one last time, he whispered, "Pray for souls." It was a gift given to my soul honor of prayers made on behalf of others. At that moment, I fully understood how powerful intercessory prayer truly is, and that it brings about awakenings that arguments never could.

"A soul of prayer can make progress without recourse to words, by learning to listen, to be present to Christ, and to look toward Him."

*The Love of Christ, Part I, Page 6, Paragraph 3,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Mother Teresa)*

Listening to prayers and recitations in the out of body state, the Dalai Lama arrived with two women who had very long black hair. Demonstrating a proper respectful posture towards God, they called it a 'Muslim' look. Conveying that there are times when this is called for, the Dalai Lama changed the music to some very serious chants. As they began, he started singing "Falalalalalalala," in a simple scale pattern, laughing in its wake. Conveying to me the balance of sacred respect, repentance, and reverence; he then reminded me that God also wants us to be joyful in His name.

"That joyous happiness of yours would be a source of joy, not something prohibited, a precept given by the Excellent Ones and a supreme (means) for assembling

others."

*A Guide to the Bodhisatva's Way of Life, Chapter VI, No. 77,
(Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Shantideva)*

Getting lost in a dark realm, some nasty spirits had come to trick me. Confused and scared, I didn't have any idea how to escape from this plight, so after running this way and that, I simply stopped. Allowing the weight of my spirit to completely surrender, I expected to fall to the ground in a huge thud, but instead, as I surrendered to Christ, I shot like a rocket away from this horrible place, now standing in the center of two large mountains.

A doorway of light opened in the sky as Mary quietly appeared. Taking me on a journey to all the sites of her visitations in the 20th century, she allowed me the grace of seeing her as she had appeared in each place. Humbled, I asked, "What may I give to you, Holy Mother, for this wonderful grace you have given me?" "Pray for souls," she conveyed as she disappeared.

Standing before my spirit, the Lord Jesus was asking me to do something for another soul. Expressing hesitation because of my illness, which remained undiagnosed, I knew doing this would cause me great pain and suffering. "Nothing is ever too much to give," He said. Nodding in shame, I apologized for my momentary selfishness. Appearing with a picture of the Pieta, a statue formed by Michelangelo depicting the scene where Christ lay dead in His Mother Mary's arms, two angels handed it to me. "This is a gift given to those who understand the true meaning of sacrifice."

Holding the picture, Jesus began walking towards me, and in His arms, He carried the Blessed Virgin as a baby. "I am as much a father to her, as she is a mother to me." He said. "In a sense, she is my daughter and I am her son, because in our uniting, we give birth

to one another."

***"By the law of nature, there is no pleasure in suffering;
but Divine Love, when It reigns in a heart, makes it
take delight in its sufferings."***

*The Voice of the Saints, The Meaning of Suffering, Page 122,
No. 5, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Alphonsus
Liguori)*

Surrounded in the vile defilements of sin, I didn't know what to do, so I called out and surrendered to Jesus, as I immediately soared to a place within a mountain's hold. Although it wasn't our present home, it appeared to be one we might live in someday. (We were being given the initial clues which would eventually lead us to this place, which we have since done, and we remain there.) Inside, there was a small plaque that represented my work with music. But looking outside the window, the ancient sacred texts appeared to be the size of mountains and they completely surrounded the house like a cloak of armor. It appeared that the Lord was conveying that my musical path was small in comparison to the work involving the ancient sacred texts.

Soaring outside, a cloaked man stood in the mountain path. Initially, I reach toward him to unveil who he was, but then stopped. "I don't want this," I said, "I only want Jesus." Appearing in the sky and enveloping its entirety, His image was displayed much like an old Catholic icon. At his feet was a message. "JESUS. Sitting Sin Stings." Chastised for my recent vanity, Jesus knew that I'd gained a great deal of weight since pregnancy which I'd been unable to get off. Annoyed that I had given so much time to such a vain pursuit, rather than accepting my imperfections and focusing entirely on God, I didn't yet understand the meaning of 'Sitting Sin Stings.' 'Sitting in Sin Stings?' I

thought, not understanding the message it held for my soul, but I soon would. "I'm sorry, my Lord," I sighed to the heavens. Afraid to find the mysterious meaning of this message, I awoke ashamed and fearful of its impending truth.

"The death from which you flee, that will surely overtake you; then you will be sent back to the Knower of the unseen and the seen, so He will inform you of that which you did."

The Holy Qura'n, Part XXVIII, 62:8, (Islam, Words of Mohammad)

Wandering outside of form, my experience in regards to sitting in sin had plagued my mind, and my fears being diminished, I now truly wanted to understand the deeper meaning of the message Christ had come to give. Recognizing the monk who walked ahead of me, he had passed from the Earth two decades earlier, and was responsible for translating several of the most important Buddhist texts from the Pali canon into English. Wearing modern clothing, his head remained shaven in the acceptable manner of a Buddhist monk. Turning to me, he conveyed that I should study his translation of the work, 'The Path of Purification,' also known as the 'Visuddhi Magga.' Bowing to him, I nodded that I would. "Your writing, as it is done at this time, will be completely redone, and the Lord wishes for you to add quotations from the ancient sacred texts of all world religions to the current work." Further clarifying that the work was to be done with the basic theme of Purification as expressed in the Visuddhi Magga, the work should illustrate the ancient texts experientially.

Studying the text made me aware of ignorance remaining within my soul which was causing the rise of karma. Dependent Origination, a Buddhist concept, became known to me. All phenomena arise from causes

which we generate. Rather than panic because of Christ's message, I now sought to know it deeply. Because in seeking to unite with God, we cease generation of karmic result, energizing the proliferation of ignorance, whose causes must surface in order for them to be overridden in the quest for a higher destiny.

"With the arising of cankers, there is an arising of ignorance."

The Path of Purification, Chapter XVII, No. 36, (Buddhism, Theravadan)

"Ignorance is an outstanding cause of kamma that leads to unhappy destinies . . . But craving for becoming is an outstanding cause of kamma that leads to happy destinies."

The Path of Purification, Chapter XVII, No. 39-40, (Buddhism, Theravadan)

In peaceful surroundings, the monasteries upon the top of the mountains had beckoned my soul as the snow had blanketed us in. No man aside from the monks roamed these solitary areas. Visiting both Buddhist and Christian monasteries, I went to several that night where I learned of the many practices, prayers and rites that the monks were to follow.

Following their lead, I fell to the ground in hours of meditation, prayer and various penances for the Lord, but in each place, a number of the monks were impure, and indicated that such a level of discipline was unnecessary. Staring at me while I was bowed in prayer, I wouldn't leave my position of communion with God. Approaching to tell me that although this was the way the practices were meant to be done, there was no need for me to do them with such zeal. Discipline weak and hearts not purified, these monks were untrue.

Among the Buddhist and Christian monasteries, I realized that they were very much alike, and among the

true monks, there was very little difference between them. (In my waking life, I didn't observe such a strict discipline as I am a mother.)

Preparing to leave, an old Catholic monk came to me whose hair had long since vanished, a few white strands remaining. Removing his cloak, he placed his hand upon my shoulder and with great sincerity, he said. "You are a true monk, you are the Lord's child, I see," concern filled his eyes, as he continued, "but the fact that some monks are not purified, makes an Earthly monastery incompatible to you. It is this that makes it important that you create your own monastery wherein you may serve God as God pleases." Directing me to be aware of the solitude of these places, the mountainous snowy setting was secluded from mankind. "You must live as they do, but in your own setting. You must be prepared to make great changes on behalf of the Lord." With this, my spirit was sent away. (Again, he is referring to the home we did eventually find and make into our own monastery.)

"The Lord himself knows that in the last period there are (to be) wicked monks who do not understand mysterious speech. One will have to bear frowning looks, repeated disavowal (or concealment), expulsion from the monasteries, many and manifold abuses. Yet mindful of the command of the Lord of the world we will in the last period undauntedly proclaim this Sutra in the midst of the congregation."

Saddharma-Pundarika or the Lotus of the True Law, Chapter XII, Page 261, No.'s 16-18, (Buddhism, Nepalese)

CHAPTER THREE

Meetings with the Druid, Padre Pio, Mother Teresa, Jesus, Paramahansa Yogananda, St. Joseph, St. Michael, Mother Mary, Writer of the Urantia Book, Sri Ramakrishna, Devaki - Mother of Krishna, Abdu'l Baha, Baha'u'llah, St. Therese of Lisieux .

As my spirit was hurled down a waterfall, an old white-haired druid with a long beard appeared above. Handing me a large staff, I knew that it represented the energies of the ancient sacred texts throughout time, which the Lord had ordered me to retrieve. Reaching, I grasped tightly to the end of the staff as I accepted their energies and the responsibility that entailed.

But just before I was outside of hearing range, the druid spoke. Conveying to me a sacred responsibility regarding the texts, I accepted and understood.

Suddenly, I was dead, and my tasks were complete. Although it appeared that I had died before my work was finished, this was not the case.

"The Torah remains only with him who is prepared to slay himself for its sake."

The Talmudic Anthology, No. 370, Stanza 1, Zohar, ii, 158b: c, 279a, (Judaism)

"Therefore, in order to benefit all beings I shall give up this body without any attachment . . ."

A Guide to the Bodhisattva's Way of Life, Chapter VIII, No. 184, (Buddhism, Tibetan, Author: Shantideva)

A vision of light which honored my very tears at his presence, Padre Pio, the stigmatized priest who was truly a saint of our century, appeared to me conveying many things. Many tears were falling down his face and

as he wiped them away, he told me that his tears had come about because of people's indifference to Jesus' pain.

Still suffering from his wounds (stigmata) which were given to him during his life, Padre Pio looked very frail and ill. Asking him if praying for him would help, he told me that we should always pray for people because sometimes the Lord grants what we ask. "Your devotion is good in God's eyes," he said, "a soul who thinks about God is dear to Him." Wanting me to know that he had been watching over my soul long before I even knew of his existence, he said that he had given me his blessing November 7, 1995, over 1 1/2 years ago. Honored by his care for us, even before we knew of his holy existence, I bowed to him in thanks.

"How careful men should be,' he said, 'to abstain from sin and to watch their actions, for at many periods the world is judged and every day deeds are placed in the balance and examined on high and recorded before the Almighty; and when the deeds of men are not approved before the King, wrath arises and judgment is awakened. But if when the executioners of judgment are ready to strike and wrath impends, there is found in the generation a righteous man who is inscribed above, then God looks upon him and His wrath is mollified."

The Zohar (Kaballah), Volume V, Korah (Numbers), Page 239, Paragraph 3, (Judaism)

"A man who has obeyed one commandment is helped by Heaven to obey many commandments."

The Talmudic Anthology, No. 108, Paragraph 7, Mekilta Beshallah, (Judaism)

"People say: be the first to tell the low thing about thee."

The Talmudic Anthology, No. 146, Humility, Page 195, No. 2, Baba Kamma, 92, (Judaism)

My impatience could not be paled as I awaited the arrival of the supremely holy guest. Padre Pio was coming and this large gathering of sub-consciously astral souls were awaiting his guidance about their spiritual journey. When he arrived, however, many were quite disappointed.

Padre Pio arrived with no fanfare, and sat upon a stone underneath a podium. Many souls were kneeling before him, as he gave them the blunt truth regarding their souls. As one brother approached, the Padre made no excuse for his directness. "You are a user, and you cause all sorts of harm to others to get what you want. You will crap all over anybody to get what you want." Furious, the man left. Another approached, and Padre Pio had little to say. "For you, there is nothing at all. Nothing is there at all." The voidness of her soul was clear from his words.

As my turn to listen to the saint came, I was unconcerned. After all I'd been through, I thought I was truly pure and purely clean, so his words came as a stunning surprise. "Your practices are better than nothing," Padre Pio said, "but most of your practices are much too shallow. You should get into the practices much deeper." My thoughts were scattered and worried, "Better than nothing?" I asked, as the Padre offered no comfort to my soul in realizing that my efforts towards God were still quite minimal. "Practices?" I thought, "What does he mean by practices?"

Determining to spend more time in prayer and meditation, I also begged to do my daily duties with more fervor and focus. Everything that we do can be uplifted to a higher deeper level, by making God a part of it.

"They, however, heavy with sleep, hardly hear the voice of Jesus, they barely perceive Him as a faint shadow, so

***much so that they are not aware of His countenance all
disfigured from the internal agony which tortures
Him."***

*The Agony of Jesus, II, Page 22, Paragraph 2, (Christianity,
Catholic, Author: Padre Pio)*

***"This life is a master novel, written by God, and man
would go crazy if he tried to understand it by reason
alone. That is why I tell you to meditate more. Enlarge
the magic cup of your intuition and then you will be
able to hold the ocean of infinite wisdom."***

*Sayings of Paramahansa Yogananda, Page 66, Article 2,
Paragraph 2, (Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa
Yogananda)*

Mother Teresa approached me quietly, "I want you to experience the Presence within the Eucharist." She said, as she quietly turned to walk away.

***"Divine Blood, spontaneously Thou flowest from the
loving Heart of my Jesus; the flood of pain, the extreme
bitterness, the steadfast perseverance which He
sustains press Thee from that Heart, and sweating from
His pores Thou dost flow to wash the earth!"***

*The Agony of Jesus, IV, Page 32, Paragraph 1, (Christianity,
Catholic, Author: Padre Pio)*

Soaring through space, my soul was led on a journey to the places upon the Earth wherein Jesus had walked during his life. Remembering many flashes of scenes before His tomb, Gethsemane, and places he had walked, I was only allowed to remember that this had occurred, but the details were taken from me. Jesus had spoken to me, but I wasn't allowed to hear what He had said.

***"For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son,
so that everyone who believes in him might not perish
but might have eternal life. For God did not send his***

Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world might be saved through him."

*New American Bible, New Testament, John 3:16,
(Christianity, Catholic)*

Pulling me from within the confines of sleep, people from India were awaiting me with many other souls who were here to be shown truth of a profound nature. Standing beside six crypts, they began to talk of the saints of the Hindu faith. Telling us about their countries of origin, their deeds and their lives, I found myself immediately enamored and fascinated by them.

Without warning, they opened the first of the six crypts. Inside the crypt was the body of one of these Hindu saints, completely incorrupt, completely intact. "Praise be to Him," a woman spoke, "for when a soul finds something they didn't previously know, it is grand." Looking at his body, the Hindu saint looked as though he had just passed, although his death had taken place long before. I was stunned, because the question of the Catholic incorruptibles had been on my mind for quite some time. Opening the other five crypts, the remaining Hindu saints were found to be preserved in a similar fashion.

Several of the souls who had been led to witness this miracle were asking questions, and I awaited my opportunity to ask mine. Coming towards me, the leader said, "You have a worthy question, ask it." "Well," I responded, "this incorruption has occurred in Catholicism to its saints for thousands of years. From what I am being shown it appears that this incorruption occurs to saints of other world religions, as well." Pausing, I tried to form my thoughts. "I wonder what this means?" The male guide took my hand and smiled as my soul filled with questions. Honoring the importance of

my inquiry, he led me closer to look upon the body of the first saint. At the time I didn't know who he was, but later upon seeing a picture, I knew it to be Paramahansa Yogananda. About to answer my question, my soul began feeling the pull and tug of the eternal. "No, please!" I shouted. "Let me stay long enough to find the answer to my question!" But my spirit was tugged back to my body.

"The Great Being saith: O well beloved ones! The tabernacle of unity hath been raised; regard ye not one another as strangers. Ye are the fruits of one tree, and the leaves of one branch."

*The Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Chapter 11, Lawh-I-Maqsud,
Page 164, Top, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)*

A narrow pathway had led me to small house in the woods. Upon the door, it said, 'The House of Jesus.' Walking in, it was a beautiful monastery in honor of Jesus, and especially of His sacred heart. Reminding me of my own home which had been turned into a personal monastery, a large statue of Jesus was placed on an altar in front of me. Arms outstretched, Jesus' sacred heart was shining from His chest like a beacon of light.

Becoming animated, Jesus stepped off of the altar and came towards me. Smiling, He conveyed happiness in regards to my devotion to making our home a monastery in His honor. Holding a T-shirt in His hand, it had written upon it biblical words, 'Upon this rock, I will build my church.' Instantaneously wearing it, the words were emblazoned upon my back. Smiling again, He turned to re-enter the altar. "You may rest here in My house." Jesus said.

For many weeks following, I awoke each night in this holy House of Jesus, greeted by the outstretched arms of my Lord, wherein He conveyed to me how much we must change in order to become compatible to the

holy kingdom, for each of us is wretched in our own right and none of us pure enough to enter without intensive alterations which can only come about through divine intervention inspired by prayer.

Allowing me to see some of the Christian martyrs, their holiness filled me as he gave me the name for my house, 'Many Mansions Monastery.' Created to honor all of God's holy religions, the many sacred receptacles throughout time were brought together in this house.

"Jesus Christ, addressing Peter, said, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church.' This utterance was indicative of the faith of Peter, signifying: This faith of thine, O Peter, is the very cause and message of unity to the nations . . ."

The Promulgation of Universal Peace, 30, April, 1912, Page 65, Middle, (Baha'i, Words of Abdul Baha')

Standing before a stage, a small upright piano was placed on the floor below in this darkened theatre. An old man had come as my teacher, and he insisted that when it came to words, I was failing. Initially, I didn't believe him, but as he continued to insist, I realized that it must indeed be true. How I was failing at words was a mystery to me. Insisting that if I were willing to go through a long and arduous process, I could pass 'words' with flying colors, I agreed, feeling within me the hard and long path that lay ahead. Leading me to the first of a series of ritual passage, the old man stood before me as a large monolith of sentences appeared.

Cylindrical and round, much like a Buddhist prayer wheel, words were boxed into little compartments on a circular base which turned and spun. Apparently, these were my words, and the old man began highlighting my mistakes all of which were descriptives and adjectives. Angry at his seeming

severity with my words, he had highlighted so much, but as I thought more carefully, I came to a state of acceptance. Eventually, it was abundantly clear that I was doing something inappropriate with words, although I didn't yet understand what it was. Reflecting upon the 'prayer wheel' from which the words came, it occurred to me that all of our words could be considered as prayerful, since they do ascend into the ether. If this were so, then *all of my words* could be deemed prayerful. And if this were so, then my words were most definitely failing, because I'd spent much too much time in idle conversation and, unfortunately, gossip.

Awakening in an icy river which also had flames coming from it, I was almost naked, wearing only my underwear. Sitting amongst this extreme hot and cold, I thought of the saints who had undergone severe austerities on behalf of others. Getting up, I returned to the old man who was awaiting me on the bank. "Enduring severity will be required in your path in life," he said. A set of steps appeared from the piano to the stage and they were shaped very much like pyramidal steps to a higher point. Handing me a container of liquid filled to the top, the old man had me begin walking, spilling a tiny bit. Immediately reproaching me, the old man said, "You cannot spill any of it." I would have to walk these steps from the floor of the theatre to the stage without any agitation or lack of focus, because the water was of the Holy Spirit and our journey to God could not be taken properly without total focus and the will to maintain every single drop of this great grace.

As I passed to the stage, a huge textbook landed upon my lap and the keys to the piano became large enough to walk upon. Carrying the huge and very heavy textbook which contained knowledge in the proper use of words, I began walking from the midpoint of the

keyboard towards the high notes. Careful not to overlap any of the keys, with each step the contents of the textbook came into my soul. Despite this energetic journey, I was not allowed to actually *read* any of the book. Later, I would discover that this holy book was the Talmud (Jewish Writings of the Ancient Rabbi's), which contains detailed instructions in the use of words and proper speech, among other things. Attaining to the highest note, I stood upon the stage again in a place the old man called the world of dreams.

In front of me lay three sets of clothing strewn on individual chairs, each representing a choice. The first was very ornate Victorian clothing which I immediately knew to mean opulence and greed. The second was a pair of pajamas which I immediately knew to represent love and comfort. The third was a set of work clothes, whose meaning I didn't immediately understand. My instinctual drive was to go towards the work clothes because they seemed the most appropriate in our world, but the old man gave warning. "*Those*, I know, will take you into a spiral of chaos." Realizing they represented worldliness, I turned towards the pajamas. "Well," I said, "it seems obvious to me now, the only way into the world of dreams is through the pajamas." Putting them on, I was given a small blank card which held three separate distinct lines, and on them I was to write my three greatest dreams in the order of their importance.

Thinking of music, I inherently understood that my choices must be of a higher quality to pass through this ritual. On the first line I wrote, 'wisdom.' On the second line I wrote, 'love.' Pausing, I was unsure of the third line, but then it came to me. 'Service,' I wrote. Issuing from above with a very cryptic message, a voice said, "Go give service, then you will know how the Lord wishes you to serve."

Returning to sleep that same night, it was conveyed that I had undergone one hour of a two hour rite and was halfway through it.

Swept away to help a woman who was dabbling in the occult, I reached her just as she was about to try to communicate with the dead relatives of two women who had approached her in her séance. Appearing to her in native dress, I had come as a Medicine Woman. "Never try to speak to the souls of the dead if you don't know whether or not any of them are damned." I said.

Shocked by this revelation, she backed off, but she wanted to know the meaning of my attire. "Live as the Indians did, but within the modern world, this will bring balance."

Swept before the entry of our home, an amazing sight stood before my soul. About forty feet high, St. Michael stood as a winged man wearing the garments of a warrior. But his essence was a dark, smoky substance which I knew to be the energy of the wrath and justice of God. Behind him, St. Joseph appeared twice, as if there were two of them, one on each side of St. Michael. Holding the infant Jesus, St. Joseph remained silent, but exhibited the power of no words . . . perhaps in this there lay a clue, perhaps my words were not well chosen because there were too many of them. In my encounters with others, I had a tendency to get involved in debates over the Lord.

"If silence be good for wise men, how much better must it be for fools!"

*The Talmudic Anthology, No. 323, Stanza 5, Peshahim, 98b,
(Judaism)*

St. Michael *moved* with the mind of God, and although he seemed to embody God's justice and wrath . . . there was no wrath. St. Michael crushed demons with no emotional attachment, it was simply his purpose. His

power was so great; he could crush a demon with a single sweep of his hand, sometimes with only a thought. But St. Michael exhibited peace in his work and was not angry, he just did his job of crushing darkness and their consorts with no emotional concern. Handing me a report card, I got all 'A's with one exception. For 'words' I had merited a 'B.'

St. Michael then allowed me to witness one of his prime functions. Taking me to an energetic prison, St. Michael showed me that the souls of incarnate mankind who are chaotic and dangerous are held energetically. St. Michael energetically prevents them from causing the total mass destruction they would cause if left to their own will. Allowing me to participate in restraining them, I quickly realized how difficult this was. So violently out-of-control, it took a great deal of concentration to hold them in place and to restrain their destructive impulse.

As I was easily overcome, St. Michael took pity on me and restrained the prisoners with only a thought, demonstrating to me the huge grace that the Lord had given this special angel.

Saying nothing, St. Michael and St. Joseph disappeared, but left behind them three huge statues that showed protection before our front door. Bowing to the Lord, I thanked God and His many angels for His protection.

"Man's power of speech is a spiritual force and it has great effect in the higher spheres. Consequently, the damage wrought by improper speech in the higher worlds is severe and awesome. And the greater the damage, the greater is the punishment."

Taharas Halashon, Chapter 2, Page 28, Shmiras Halashon, Sha'ar Hazchirah, Chapter 1, (Judaism)

"I tell you, on the day of judgement people will render an account for every careless word they speak. By your

words you will be acquitted, and by your words you will be condemned."

*New American Bible, New Testament, Matthew 12:36-37,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Christ)*

Paramahansa Yogananda, the Hindu saint, appeared to warn me of distraction in meditation and spiritual practices.

"Paramahansaji frequently warned disciples of the dangers of spiritual idleness. 'The minutes are more important than the years,' he would say, 'If you do not fill the minutes of your life with thoughts of God, the years will slip by; and when you need Him most you may be unable to feel His presence. But if you fill the minutes of your life with divine aspirations, automatically the years will be saturated with them.'"

*Sayings of Paramahansa Yogananda, Page 102, Stanza 1,
(Hinduism, Kriya Yoga, Words of Paramahansa Yogananda)*

Flying gracefully through the vociferous mountain skies, the breeze blew by my spirit in a rush of wind, and the smells of the woodland in my spirit body were magnified and more intense. Noticing an amazing spectacle before my eyes, a banner rose from beneath the ground, bordered in roses and beaming in brilliance. Mary appeared upon this banner, looking directly at me. Taken aback, she was ever so holy and beautiful that I could not speak. Another banner rose from the ground beside her. Upon it were also many roses and Jesus appeared in the center. Manifesting as the Lady of Grace, Jesus was wearing white robes. Both of their arms were outstretched and their eyes were upon me.

Unable to speak, I just stared, my soul paralyzed in wonder and undeserved honor. Several more banners began emerging from the ground, showing different manifestations of Mary and Jesus. Gazing upon them all,

I never spoke. But as I looked, I began hearing a hymn entitled, 'One and Only Mary.'

Nodding to Mary and Jesus, I knew what would be required of me to render to God for allowing me such a spectacular vision. Preparing to return to form and write the new hymn, my soul was lit alight into the wondrous treetops to smell again the holy aroma of God's green Earth. Thanking them telepathically, it was acknowledged by a nod from the holy duo.

"She composed hymns of praise to the Divinity and the most holy humanity of Christ, while the angels set them to music and were sent with them to congratulate Him for the blessings won for the human race."

The Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Transfixion, Book 5, Chapter VI, Page 446, Top, (Christianity, Catholic, Words Regarding Mary)

"All phenomena, existing and apparent, are ever transient, changing, and unstable; but more especially the worldly life hath no reality, no permanent gain (in it). And so, instead of doing work that's profitless, the Truth Divine I'll seek."

A Buddhist Bible, Life and Hymns of Milarepa, Page 569, Stanza 2, (Buddhism, Words of Milarepa)

Up ahead, his eminence was quite profound. Padre Pio stood before a line of fifteen golden confessionals. Coming to approach him, I closed my eyes as required, moving into position before the golden confessional which I instinctively knew to belong to myself. Beginning to move, I knew I had to go ten paces, but I had moved forward rather than sideways. Opening my eyes, I had moved *beyond* the golden confessionals, and was disappointed. Allowing me to try again, I moved back ten paces, closed my eyes and tried again. Coming to the proper place before the tenth confessional, a nun was standing beside me at the ninth, telling me it

was good I had made it to the proper confessional, because different nuns and priests owned the other confessionals, and if I'd landed on theirs, I would have lost my own.

Padre Pio was wearing the robes he would normally have worn at mass, and he looked spectacular. As he stood before the confessionals, his energy was very much focused on the truth, his face stern and foreboding. Frightened a bit, because I knew the wretchedness of my soul, I was afraid God's wrath might come upon me through this priest. However, I couldn't have been more wrong, as he exuded nothing but forgiveness, understanding and love. Happy that I had made it to my proper confessional, he was quiet. I looked at the very ornamental confessional in awe.

"It is the Blood of His well beloved Son, Who came down to purify the earth; It is the Blood of His Son, the God-Man, which ascends to His throne to pacify His justice, offended by our sins. He is superabundantly satisfied."

*The Agony of Jesus, Part IV, Page 32, Paragraph 2,
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: Padre Pio)*

Plentiful in attendance, I'd mingled with the crowd as I overheard some souls discussing the holy truths found within 'The Urantia Book.' Gleaming of gold as they spoke of its vastness, I wandered amongst the others. The gathering was plentiful in attendance and I mingled. Seeing a table in the distance, several stacks of Baha'i texts appeared on the table, and as I looked at them, I noticed another small book entitled, 'The Magnificat.' A vision of Mary amongst the clouds being assumed into heaven appeared before me as I stared in awe. Wearing a singular white robe, her eyes looked towards heaven. Angels held her from below and gazed upon her countenance from above, as a singular cloud

opened, making way for the great light to penetrate. The vision disappeared.

Noticing another table which was filled with the books of Paramahansa Yogananda, a large image of the glorified Ramakrishna (a Hindu saint) floated above. Gleaming with golden light, I was honored to witness their holiness.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name. And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation. He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away. He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy; As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever."

*King James Bible, New Testament, Luke 1:46-55,
(Christianity, Words of Mary, The Magnificat)*

Three trees were displayed before me, each in a succession from below. The lowest of the trees was small with only a few leaves, not yet strong enough to bear much. The second tree was a step above the former, with more greenery and quite a bit larger. The third tree stood above all the rest, its branches and abundance of leaves displayed outward in a fashion of praise, the trunk a solid and thick foundation. Reaching out to touch all life, I was told that this tree's name was 'Devaki.' And Further, I was told that its holy symbolism contained within its confines an element denoting the Baha'i faith.

Devaki was the holy mother of Krishna, the manifestation of God honored by the Hindu faith.

"Devaki, the mother of Krsna, offered her prayers . . . Devaki said, 'My dear Lord, Your eternal forms . . . and millions of similar incarnations emanating from Visnu, are described in the Vedic literature as original . . . Such eternal forms are ever cognizant and full of bliss; they are situated in transcendental goodness and are always engaged in different pastimes. You are not limited to a particular form only; all such transcendental, eternal forms are self-sufficient. I can understand that you are the Supreme . . ."

*KRSNA, Book 1, Chapter 3, Page 51, Paragraph 1,
(Hinduism, Words of Devaki)*

Enraptured in shock and elation, my holy love appeared to me without warning. Jesus appeared to me in the manner in which he often is seen in portraits with one exception. His skin was darker, as you would expect of somebody born in the region from whence He had come. Standing at the foot of my bed and smiling at me, he appeared for only a moment, and then He was gone.

"He said that He would return, and He did return, because the Holy Spirit came not alone, but with the power of the Father, and the wisdom of the Son, and the clemency of His own Essence."

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

"Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my words shall not pass away. But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father. Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is. For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and

to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrowing, or in the morning: Lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch."

*King James Bible, New Testament, Mark 13:31-37,
(Christianity, Words of Christ)*

'Abdul' Baha', the son and successor of Baha'u'llah was walking quietly; his back turned to me. Suddenly, he turned to look upon my countenance, his face radiant, peaceful, serene. Appearing at the age of about thirty, his white turban had fallen on one side just slightly. Information was imparted to me about Baha'u'llah and his successor, 'Abdul' Baha', but I was not given leave to remember any of it. Remembering his face, it held a silent witness to the power, glory, serenity and love of God. Turning to go on, I watched him walk slowly away.

"The denizens of this plane speak no words - but they gallop their chargers. They see but the inner reality of the Beloved. To them all words of sense are meaningless, and senseless words are full of meaning."

The Seven Valleys and the Four Valleys, The Four Valleys, The Third Valley, Page 55, Paragraph 4, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

Slightly opening in this vast expanse of sky, the portal which would show me the truth in regards to the question of Christ and Baha'u'llah had emerged. For those of you who don't know, Baha'u'llah had claimed to be the second coming of Christ, and I'd prayed earnestly in regards to this claim.

The holiness, sanctity, and absolute wonder of Christ and His purpose on our earth came through in a

flash of light as my soul was made to experience energetically the function of our divine Savior.

And then, my soul was filled with an intense knowledge of the true station of Baha'u'llah and the Bab. Although they were not a manifestation of the second coming of Christ, they *were indeed* the promised Qa'ims of Islam.

Having understood the true station of Christ as Messiah and Redeemer, they made this claim based on the understanding of Christ laid out by the Muslim faith. This view is that Christ was a prophet, but not the Son of God.

In this space, the true loftiness of the Christ was laid before me, and His station which surpassed all men, all prophets and all divines. Standing on a pedestal aeons above the others, He stood high above all the holy men throughout time. Oh, allow me to expand on the great effervescent energies, so powerful and secure, I felt regarding the mystery of Christ. There are no words to describe the holiness of His mission, and the greatness of the wonder of His coming. Christ was above all the prophets, so much higher than all of them, and this was shown to me this eve in an indescribably profound and obvious manner. Christ bore aeons above them because He was the Messiah, and he *is* exactly what He said He was, the Son of God.

Descending further down, I was shown the station upon which Baha'u'llah and the Bab stood, which was a very hallowed place, but aeons below that of Christ. Allowing me to witness the holiness of their writings, the Lord wished to make exception of one particular text; a book of law and rule which was called the 'Most Holy Book' or the 'Kitab-I-Aqdas' by his followers. An impure text, it was conveyed that rules and laws which require payment to a religious

organization for sin or transgression of its laws, are not inspired by the Lord. There were other such impurities in this text which were typical of the day and age of their writing.

Eternity is beyond the superstitious structures of humanity, and souls who bear the mark of holiness eventually experience the expansion of understanding which takes them far beyond all Earthly concern, understanding or pretense, into the realm of the unknowable, the absolute. Religious structures among mortal realms are necessary for the guidance of souls unable to lead themselves, the masses; but when a soul seeks to attain immortality amongst the worlds of eternity, he must go beyond their fetters and boundaries to unleash his ancient soul, and thrust it upon the paradise realms which, amidst Earthly delusions, structures and limitations, remain unseen.

Manifestations of God and holy souls bear this one trait of similitude, their knowledge of this truth. It is mortal man's false interpretations of their words, and their unwillingness to acknowledge the humanity and fallibility of such manifestations, which causes the hard-won absolutism of religion. Even Moses, the man who spoke to God face to face, was punished by God for his sin. His imperfection disallowed his entry into the Promised Land.

"You shall die on the mountain that you are about to ascend, and shall be gathered to your kin, as your brother Aaron died on Mount Hor and was gathered to his kin; for you both broke faith with me among the Israelite people, at the waters of Meribath-kadesh in the wilderness of Zin, by failing to uphold My sanctity among the Israelite people. You may view the land from a distance, but you shall not enter it - the land that I am giving to the Israelite people."

The Torah, Deuteronomy 32:50-52, (Judaism, Words of God

to Moses, Translator: Jewish Publication Society)

Knowledge in mortal realms is not absolute, but continues to grow and expand as understanding increases. Let thy will be done, and may any soul who may be offended by my words forgive me for my purpose, and that which I must do to fulfill the will of the Lord within the context of my own revelation which remains fallible due to the human counterpart used in bringing it about.

I fear not being wrong. I fear not being right. I only fear in being stuck, therefore, in not attaining to the glorious paradise I seek. My only concern is that my words, whether they be wrong or right (or just misinterpreted), never be used to halt the progress of a people, of a world, or of a single soul. Let it be known that I harbor not this intention; my only intention is to provide a guide for those who wish to cross. But I wish for them to follow such guidance with their own eyes and ears open, so that God may lead them in His own inexplicable manner towards the specific destiny and path He has laid for them. A guide, a guide . . . not a sword.

"O Friend! In the Bayan We directed everyone in this Most Great Revelation to see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears. However, when the horizon of the world was illumined with the resplendent light of this Revelation, many people forgot this divine commandment . . ."

Tablets of Baha'u'llah, Excerpts from other Tablets, Page 236, Paragraph 3, (Baha'i, Author: Baha'u'llah)

"Though my body be pained by the trials that befall me from Thee, though it be afflicted by the revelations of Thy Decree, yet my soul rejoiceth at having partaken of the waters of Thy Beauty, and at having attained the shores of the ocean of Thine eternity."

Prayers and Meditations, LX, Paragraph 3, Page 96, (Baha'i,

Author: Baha'u'llah)

"Let there be nothing we know of which it would be a service to the Lord for us to do, and which, with His help, we would not venture to take in hand."

The Way of Perfection, Chapter 16, Page 122, Paragraph 1-2, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Teresa of Avila)

And let it bear repeating for every soul who seeks to overcome this crust upon himself that no coward may cross this gate, only the courageous with the will to look upon himself, his family, his culture, his religion and his world . . . with honesty:

Original sin is transmitted through the seeds of the seven deadly sins, is implanted through habit, is cultivated by tolerance, and grows through the mass ignorance of humanity. Original sin can only be transformed through the seeds of the seven virtues, implanted through habitual choice, cultivated by discernment, and grown through the singular awareness of an individual soul. Beyond our individual karma and vice, lies the original sin of mankind. We partake of it because of our own humanity, so we must transform it because of our own divinity.

"They also lamented the sins of their parents, as if knowing that all kinds of evils had descended to them through their progenitors, as if through them they were still in possession of the sad heritage of sin."

The Life of Jesus Christ and Biblical Revelations, Volume II, From the Second Feast of Tabernacles to the First Conversion of Magdalen, No. 1, Page 380, Paragraph 1 (Christianity, Catholic)

Watching the childhood home of St. Therese of Lisieux, it appeared in Claymation as the children went about their day and mother watched over them with loving care. Bade to witness Therese's decision to become a nun, as I watched, I felt her simple holiness

which was filled with childlike joy and innocence. Energetically, Theresa gave this gift of her simplicity to me, as I was filled with peace.

"That great soul must stand pictured before another soul, one not mean, a soul that has become worthy to look, emancipate from the lure, from all that binds its fellows in bewitchment, holding itself in quietude. Let not merely the enveloping body be at peace, body's turmoil stilled, but all that lies around, earth at peace, and sea at peace, and air and the very heavens. Into that heaven, all at rest, let the great soul be conceived to roll inward at every point, penetrating, permeating, from all sides pouring in its light. As the rays of the sun throwing their brilliance upon a lowering cloud make it gleam all gold."

Plotinus: The Enneads, Fifth Ennead, First Tractate, No. 2, Paragraph 3, (Mystery Religions, Greek, Words of Plotinus)

The clouds parted making way for a light to permeate the high heavens and down into this realm below. As the hole emerged, the light sprung forth before my eyes in a splendid array, while a marble staircase became visible from this source of light. An inexplicable experience ensued wherein several aspects from my earlier life emerged energetically, descending the staircase and entering within to fill me with the energetic sense of those happenings which occurred in my late teens and early twenties.

Andy and I had come together, very much out of necessity, when I had been turned away by others after I'd lost a job. Recalling the aloneness I'd felt and the turmoil and ruckus of the time and being alone in the world, that all ended when Andy and I came together. Choices which I'd questioned over and over again were apparently not all based on choice, but necessity . . . and destiny.

Unfolding before me, I understood that the mysteries of God's redemption were working in me even when I was unaware of it, and that despite my many regrets about my past, *that very past* with all its mistakes and regrettable choices, was very necessary in the attainment of my redemption. When Andy had entered into my life so quickly, it had been a signal grace from God. Thanking God, I bowed to the ground.

"And he said unto them, Blessed are they who suffer many experiences, for they shall be made perfect through suffering; they shall be as the angels of God in Heaven and shall die no more, neither shall they be born any more, for death and birth have no more dominion over them."

*The Gospel of the Holy Twelve, Lection XXXVII, No. 2,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

Descending from the steps was a man, and behind him, several nuns. In front of him was a spiritual guardian, who conveyed that this man was the soul who had originally 'translated' the 'Urantia Book' from the heavens into the Earthly realm. Because he had done so with conservatism and traditionality, it had been done in a slightly tainted and wordy manner. Showing me how the wordiness of the book could be changed into shorter, more precise sentences, the guide made me to understand that it was my task to write another translation of this book, a task I had begun years ago (What would become 'The Mysteries of the Redemption'). Both books contained within them the mysteries of the redemption, although in the 'Urantia translation', these mysteries were given in an intellectual manner, wherein in my 'translation', these mysteries were experiential, showing through visionary experience the process of the redemption from beginning to end.

Having tampered with the text slightly due to his

own views, the translator concurred, wholeheartedly agreeing and expressing a singular wish that I should help him by weeding out the falsehoods he had added due to his own impetus. These included the denial of reincarnation, the dark side or lower realms, perceptions on racial superiority, the denial of the unique sacredness of the holy family, and the belief in the falsehood of mystical vision. Mostly found in the third and fourth parts of the book, the first two parts on angelic kingdoms had been 'translated' with few flaws.

Due to the most holy nature of this text, I consider myself unworthy to read it, much less to correct it. But let it be known that we should never allow the fallible aspects of ancient sacred texts, to deter us from relishing the most holy true aspects. Truth is a difficult business and you may never fully know the absolute, until you have left this realm through death.

When they were finished rectifying his error; the nuns, the man and the guide, without any display of emotion or thought, all turned to the marble staircase in the sky, walked into the cloudy veil of light and left me spellbound by the sight.

"We incline to the belief that the eternal future will witness phenomena of universe evolution which will far transcend all that the eternal past has experienced. And we anticipate such tremendous adventures, even as you should, with keen relish and ever-heightening expectation."

*The Urantia Book, Part I, Paper 23, No. 4, Paragraph 6,
(Christianity, Urantia)*

CHAPTER FOUR

Meetings with the Holy Mother of God, Holy Family, Jesus, Holy Shepherds, Don Bosco, Mystical Jesus, Philothea, Swami, Last Supper and Crucifixion of Jesus Christ, Burial Cloth of Jesus, Therese Neumann - Catholic Stigmatist.

Appearing very much as the Lady of Grace, the Holy Mother of God had her arms outstretched and was wearing a pink robe, the robe of the redemption. Embroidered with gold and white, upon her head was a gilded golden crown. Brown and streaked with gold, her hair was blowing in the spirit wind as her hands remain outstretched to the world. Waves of light came from her hands, and she conveyed that I would change the title of my books to reflect the mysteries of the redemption. Pausing to consider such grandeur, I gazed upon her most beautiful countenance as a yellow lily, another sign of redemption, appeared in her hand.

"I was transported to a high place between Heaven and earth. I saw the earth below me gray and somber, and above me Heaven where, among the choirs of angels and the orders of the blessed, was the Blessed Virgin before the throne of God. I saw prepared for her two thrones of honor . . . and they were formed out of the prayers of earth. They were built entirely of flowers, leaves, garlands, the various species typical of the different value and characteristics of the prayers of individuals and of whole congregations. Angels and saints took them from the hands of those that offered them and bore them up to Heaven."

The Life of Jesus Christ and Biblical Revelations, Volume I, Section 3 - The Most Holy Virgin, No. 5, Paragraph 8, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Anne Catherine

Sent upon a vast pilgrimage, my soul was sanctioned to follow Jesus, Joseph and Mary as they traveled across the desert to Bethlehem. Beginning in ancient times, I was preparing foodstuffs for the long journey. Because I was able to move from each destination point in a flash of moment, I was leaving supplies and food at each post along the way.

Interiorly, I gained a deep understanding of the process that was initially begun two thousand years ago. Joseph would always protect the child Jesus, while Mary would always obey Him. This was the intricate balance required between the two holy parents in order for the redemption to reach fruition on the ground.

Leaving the heavenly abodes, I was given paupers robes to wear as I began my journey across the desert to the first pilgrimage site. Surprised at what I found, my spirit was now ensconced in a maze below a towering rock within the deep desert. Having ridden a donkey, I had no idea what lay ahead. Up until this juncture, I had experienced all the treacheries that the true Mary and Joseph might have known in their time, but most powerfully, the spitefulness of the king and the suffering of the desert. Made especially aware of the safety issues in regards to Mary and Joseph, it was vital that they reach the desired destination where the birth would occur.

As I approached the towering rock in the desert, I entered the maze below it, as suddenly everything was transformed in a great flash of light.

Watching a different time, Mary and Joseph were now children. Observing them, I noticed that they were very charitable and quick to help others. Despite this, no matter how deeply obvious the circumstances of those

around them (in terms of sin), they were not quick to judge anybody. Humbling me, I had struggled with making rash decisions about others, and sometimes it had proven incorrect. 'Forgive me, Lord,' I thought. Very much like other children, they bore very distinctly developed aspects of holy of charity and love - manifested through kindness and lack of judgment.

Mary was helping a fellow friend who was engaging in sin, by taking away a sinful object. Choosing not to reveal her friend's shame to anybody else, her charitableness was revealed even further. Quiet assistance from the young Madonna, was quite enough to turn her friend towards virtue. Able to affect great change in their contemporaries by a singular act of love with no words being required or necessary, both Mary and Joseph had this unique gift. Fascinating and most humbling, I watched Joseph helping puppies by taking them to a safe place, out of reach of some particularly violent people who would've harmed them. Immediately, this scene was followed up by a remembrance of Joseph protecting the baby Jesus from the hands of the King, and leading his family to safety. Further scenes were shown of the protection he afforded the child Jesus throughout His life, to keep Him safe from the dark forces who continually sought his downfall through people or circumstances as they presented themselves. I also saw that people were often enraged by Jesus' display of holy wisdom, which others instinctually knew came from God, but convicted them deeply of sin.

Upon leaving this first destination, I was pleased to find that the food I'd earlier prepared for each leg of the journey remained. Continuing my journey on the back of a camel, and sometimes a jeep, I was surprised that despite everything having been prepared ahead of

time, this journey was deeply grave. Feeling the difficulty of this path for Mary and Joseph, I experienced extreme empathy for the most Holy Mother in being pregnant and traveling the desert in such a way.

As I traveled, I felt a vague impression of the coming Disciples of Christ, and how they were all inexorably linked to every move of Mary and Joseph. Their destinies were deeply entrenched in how this journey would unfold, which would determine the fate of them all.

"The pillar arose through the center of the church and there, like a tree, divided into several branches. Upon these branches stood the members of the Holy Family and their relatives. They stood as if on the stamens of flowers . . . But above them all, on the very summit of the tree sat the Child Jesus in unfading splendor, the imperial globe in His hand. In adoration around these groups, were the first choirs of the Apostles and disciples . . ."

The Life of Jesus Christ and Biblical Revelations, Volume I, Part III - The Most Holy Virgin, No. 4, Page 145, Top & Bottom, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Anne Catherine Emmerich)

Flashing back to the scene of Mary and Joseph as children, I was astounded that they chose to link their energies to mine by blending their holy soul's lights to my own. Experiencing their unity for only a moment as man and woman, I felt the oneness between Mary and Joseph, who were twin souls, eternal flames. They were united in body, mind and spirit, and this surprised me because of certain doctrines which support their virginity. Although I could certainly not say whether or not they remained virgins during their marriage, I experienced the aspect of unity and oneness - mind, body, and soul - which resonated between them, and I felt how holy, pure and uncalculated it was. Spirit born,

their union contained no self-interest. In a certain sense, their journey and union were a blending of the divine into the soul of mankind as their entire lives were a sacrifice for God. Giving back to him in flesh, in Word, in energy, in power, and in intrinsic substance, these things were inexplicable for their souls were *not* the same as the rest of humanity. Despite their appearance to the eyes of the undiscerning, these were immortals.

Returning to the camel and the jeep, I continued my pilgrimage into the desert, noticing how the food became scarcer into the journey and their sufferings increased. An absence of food was indicated, but there was also an absence of an energetic link-up to other people on the ground, which was so vitally needed in such a grand redemptive effort. Skimming from their supplies, they supplied for all that was wanting in each location of their journey, and they made what they had be enough, rather than ask for more, which they could have easily done to bring about this great event.

Mary and Joseph were shown to me as being very normal and simple, but immensely kind. Through their kindness you witnessed their splendor; otherwise you might not have noticed their holiness amongst the masses. Part of their purpose was to blend in, so as to protect the identity of the child they raised until He was of age to perform His great redemptive act.

Among the three of them, Mary, Joseph and Jesus, there was a great and lofty ideal which caused each member to give all in order to make it happen. This ideal was the mystery of the redemption which had been revealed to all of them in different ways. Because it was only a concept to them at the time, it seemed all the more incredible that they could understand such lofty subjects, because the people of their times were simple nomadic desert dwellers. But Mary and Joseph, and others who

were a part of the redemption, became conscious of this knowledge aeons before their time.

Swept to another location deeper within the desert, I watched as another mystery of the redemption unfolded before my eyes.

Watching Jesus digging in the ground with His raw hands, the dirt below Him stirred and swirled almost like a whirlpool as it became mud and then volcanic ash. Below ground at this holy Mount of Sinai, was the great item He sought to find, and Jesus was bound and determined to remove it from this holy place. Seeking something I immediately understood to be 'The Coffin of the Redemption,' He was looking for a simple wooden casket which contained a holy energy of great import. Only knowing that this holy item was vital to the next link of the redemption, connecting the works of the Patriarchs, Moses, and the Ten Commandments, to the coming of the Messiah to redeem all mankind, it bore some connection to the Ark of the Covenant. As He pulled the simple wooden coffin from below ground, the sky turned pink and Jesus turned to look directly into my eyes as I gazed through this portal to the past.

"On the same night that Moses took possession of the Holy Thing, a golden casket shaped like a coffin was prepared, in which at their departure the Israelites took it with them . . . In the center of this coffin-like chest, was placed a little golden casket wherein was contained the Holy Thing . . . Only afterward on Mount Sinai, was made the chest inlaid with gold inside and outside, and in it the golden mummiform coffin with the Holy Thing was placed."

The Life of Jesus Christ and Biblical Revelations, Volume I, Part II - Sin and its Consequences, No. 17, Page 108-109, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. Anne Catherine Emmerich)

Waving His arms, we suddenly stood before a

great sky portal. Standing in the heavens trying to decide what sacrifice He could make on behalf of mankind, the Lord Jesus Christ was seeking the lofty ideal of the redemption of mankind. Trying many things, he went through every possible sacrifice that could be made, known to heaven and man. But in the end, a great sheath of red blood fell over the sky, and it was clear that the only sacrifice that would be sufficient was His most holy blood, and He was pleased to give it.

As I stood there in the sky looking upon the most holy countenance of the Lord Jesus, covered in a sheet of red, I wept at what He must choose to endure for my sake. As my tears fell, a great sheath of blood came in the form of a gigantic wave towards me and covered my soul. Instantly, I awoke.

"Many times did He beseech his eternal Father not to allow the sins and the ingratitude of men to hinder their Redemption. As Christ in his foreknowledge was always conscious of the sins of the human race and of the damnation of so many thankless souls, the thought of dying for them caused Him to sweat blood many times on these occasions."

Mystical City of God (Abrid.), The Transfixion, Chapter III, Paragraph 2, (Christianity, Catholic, Author: Ven. Mary of Agreda)

Amidst the company of several wise men of old, my eyes still hold the vision of their flowing robes around their tall bodies as they stood before me. One's back faced me, as the other two magi looked upon my countenance. Much like shepherds, they stood around me for a great part of the night, as I felt serenity. Teaching me of things, I have not been given leave to remember even one word of their teaching, just the holy wonder and peace . . . peace . . . that I felt in the presence of these shepherds this night.

"And this is that holy and loving inebriation which causes the blessed to lose memory of themselves, to give themselves wholly to praise . . ."

*The Soul Sanctified, Chapter 30, Page 84, Paragraph 1,
(Christianity, Catholic)*

A black and white picture of Don Bosco stood before me, the founder and saint of the Salesian missions. As it appeared, I heard a voice repeating over and over, "Blood Eucharist, Blood Eucharist, Blood Eucharist," as my soul felt the longing to partake of this holy sacrament which it seemed would never be mine to taste.

"This Divine Bread is eaten, but it is not changed, because it assumes no other form in him who eats it. It transforms the worthy receiver into Him whom it contains."

*The Blessed Eucharist, Chapter 13, Page 188, Paragraph 1,
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: Fr. Michael Muller,
C.S.S.R.)*

Suddenly walking briskly with Albert Einstein, I said, "Boy, you sure look like my father," I said, as he spoke not. "It's interesting," I added, "how you blended science with Christianity." Looking at me, his face didn't change; he had a very mystical sort of presence. Within a moment, he was gone.

Given to witness an enigma, a mystery of which I could discern little, I looked upon the cosmic Christ as if through a microscope. Naked and walking towards a door on the right, his eyes were dreamy and mystical. The room had green walls and was covered with images which I believed to be Gnostic symbols, and I was seeing the Christ as they had; naked, pure, untouched and yet imprisoned within form, to fulfill the grand works of the redemption. Observing Him, a hymn began playing, 'He

was a being devoted to all the worlds of the dream.'

He, too, received communication through the dream world, and that in His life; He was a very mystical man, far beyond what Christianity perceives of Him. Dreams vivid and prophetic, they led His path through Earthly life.

Holding a surreal quality in this image, His eyes energetically implanted within my soul another side of Jesus. Perhaps it was a mixture between His human and divine, but I don't know exactly what that quality truly meant. But I did know that it was related to His nakedness, as He was exposing *all* of Himself to me by allowing me to see the mystical side of His essence.

Looking upon Him, I felt that there was more to know about His life. Filling me with questions, I began to think. 'Was there some truth to the statements made regarding certain scrolls found of late that He might have had siblings, that He might have been married, or that His birth may have come about through normal means as opposed to the virgin birth? Or perhaps even still, the truth may lie between the lofty divinity and the simple man.'

For a moment, I knew that the truth was depicted in the loftiest degrees of his spoken divinity in Catholicism, to the Gnostic view of the simple man. *Both* were somehow true, both somehow held energetic currents of the actual. Inexplicable, I *knew* the truth of them both, and in this knowing, these truths did not contradict one another.

Most primarily, I felt that there was more to know about His life, that His true life story had been somehow skewed, either through the historical destruction of many Apostolic and Gnostic documents by various parties including the church, or misinterpretations of His teachings due to our own limited understanding. This

mystery was *the key* to the chains which Christianity had put upon His soul, and it was vital to their release.

Balance between the human and divine, His humanity was very normal, although His divinity was greatly exalted. Perhaps the truth lay within the knowledge of His natural manhood and the normalcy of His life to all outward appearances, and His supernatural divinity which was the exalted station of Himself invisible to the masses, yet seen by faith among the chosen.

If we allow any part of His history to be untrue, it disturbs the truth of the whole energetic seed of knowledge which comes to us as the mysteries of the redemption through the images of His exterior world. So be it! I say! The Lord of the eternal, the Lord of the redemption has unified the elements of discord. Allow them to be so, and allow the truth of their essence to be understood by men. May they perceive the inexplicable renderings of truth which the Lord deigns to release.

"In the second confession more emphasis was placed upon the combined nature, the supernal fact that he was the Son of Man and the Son of God, and it was upon this great truth of the union of the human nature with the divine nature that Jesus declared he would build the kingdom of heaven."

The Urantia Book, Section IV, Paper 157, No. 5, Paragraph 2, (Christianity, Urantia)

Thrust upon the holy time of Jesus' conception, gestation and birth, I was again stunned by the sacredness of this time, but yet, placed within the context of perceiving that there was more to this historic time than I knew. Again, the knowledge was placed within my mind that there was more to Christ's birth than our world currently knows. Again, the answer lay between the Catholic divine of the virgin birth, and the Gnostic

human of the natural. The definitive answer was not to be given, however, just the understanding that there was more normalcy in the human element than we had been led to believe. Normalcy allowed the holy family to remain under wraps, beyond suspicion of any such grand event, but this normalcy in no way diminished the holiness of the Christ and His mother.

The truth of these particulars lay within an energetic liaison between the divine and human, Catholic doctrine's highest exaltation and the Gnostics simplest humanity. Together they energetically formed a complete understanding of this mystery of the incarnation of the Lord Jesus. Were natural elements to be added to His exterior life, they would in no way alter the divine mystery that lives within Him of the redemptive act itself. The divine holiness of such a thing is a hidden mystery witnessed and understood only within the energetic realms. The humble natural, also is a hidden energetic enigma understood only within the realms of God. Inexplicable . . .

"More than this cannot be told, for the Holy Streams will take you to that place where words are no more, and even the Holy Scrolls cannot record the mysteries therein."

The Essene Gospel of Peace, Volume 4, The Holy Streams, Page 44, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)

As I awoke in bed, I looked up to notice that the Mother Mary was standing before one of the altars in my bedroom formed in her honor, looking upon it. Wearing light blue and white robes, she never turned to glance at me, but kept looking at the altar. Staring at her for several minutes, I turned to go back to sleep.

"She seeks for those who approach her devoutly and with reverence, for such she loves, nourishes, and

adopts as her children."

*The Voice of the Saints, Chapter 17, Page 135, No. 5,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Bonaventure)*

Oh, my goodness, to look upon it! How could I bear such beauty and radiance before my eyes? The souls who traveled with me this eve seemed unaffected by that which was affecting me and everywhere my eyes could look, I saw images of the most Holy Mother of God! But what was very odd was that some of these images would begin of her, and then become something ordinary.

Several hundred yards in front of me, I saw a towering image of her most holy essence, at least one hundred feet high. Wearing dark robes, she wore black with a blue interior, much like a nun.

As I began running towards it, however, something odd began to happen. While running, I could hear a distant woman's voice whispering, "Philothea, Philothea . . ." Following the beckon ever closer to what I had seen, when I arrived it had become a rather tall building. My momentary euphoria was not lost, as I began to hear the words echoing in the sky yet again.

On top of a nearby hospital, I saw her image radiating towards me, arms outstretched. Wearing transcendent white laced with gold, her arms reached to me and I saw her lips move. "Philothea, Philothea . . ." Following the beckon, I ran in fury to find the Blessed Virgin, but as I came nearer, I suddenly saw many statues and images of Her most holy essence which had now appeared . . . everywhere! In front and on top of buildings, in the windows, everywhere! Astounded, I said nothing but fell to my knees in fatigue and wonder. "Philothea, Philothea . . ." She continued to call as I got back up and ventured towards the hospital.

Within only a moment, a most beautiful song

began playing to my soul from the heavens on a harpsichord, 'Holy Mother of God.' Relishing the beautiful sound, my soul was swept away. All was gone now, except for the whispering words, "Philothea, Philothea . . ."

For those who do not know, Philothea is the original title of a St. Francis De Sales text, 'An Introduction to the Devout Life,' and it means, 'Lover of God.'

"You aim at true devotion, my dear Philothea, because, as a Christian, you know how acceptable it is to the Divine Majesty. But inasmuch as trifling errors at the outset of any undertaking are wont to increase rapidly as we advance, frequently becoming almost irreparable, it is needful that, first of all, you should ascertain wherein lies the virtue of devotion; for there are many counterfeits, but only one true devotion; and, therefore, if you do not find that which is real, you will but deceive yourself, and vainly pursue an idle, superstitious form."

An Introduction to the Devout Life, Page 1-2, (Christianity, Catholic, Words of St. Francis De Sales)

Sitting upon the top of a small pyramid, whose point had been carved out to fit his buttocks in meditation, the swami never said a word, but glared right through my soul with his eyes. As he looked at me, my soul went into a deep transcendental state and received guidance regarding the next steps I must take to begin the next leg of my journey. Amongst the guidance, was a stern directive towards more astute meditation, which I agreed to immediately.

Swept more deeply, my agitation and confusion disappeared. But all that lay ahead remained unknown and mysterious to me. A magnetic electrical surge posited between his eyes and mine, as he quietly reached

his hand toward me. My soul then went sub-conscious.
"He took hold of me, saying, 'My beloved! Behold, I shall reveal to you those (things) that (neither) (the) heavens nor their archons have known . . . I (shall) reveal to you him who (is hidden.) But now, stretch out your (hand). Now take hold of me.'"

The Nag Hammadi Library, The Second Apocalypse of James, Page 274, Paragraph 1, (Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)

All those who had received revelation regarding the life of Christ were now waiting here in this spot, each revealing the particular aspect of the truth which had been shown to them. Interestingly, the truth appeared in the form of several small books, each heralding one revelation of the life of Christ. Among them were also bottles, each containing small pills which represented aspects of the truth of Jesus' life and resurrection from the dead. Five different versions of the story were presented here, each with their successive authors, but after careful evaluation of all of them, I was strongly led towards one particular individual who bore a shorter version than some of the rest.

In an inexplicable eternal sense, all of these versions were true, but this particular version was different than the others, and I had not heard it before. Having approximately thirteen bottles containing pink pills regarding such truths, and four volumes; as opposed to the others which ranged from six to twenty six bottles, the colors of white to various shades of blue, and anywhere from one to ten volumes, this was the truth which the Lord wished for me to see this fortnight.

Meeting the man who was about to present me with aspects of this truth, he was a thin but tall gentleman with dark brown hair. Dressed in modern day attire, he introduced himself to me kindly, expressing his

interest in showing me his truth. Sincerity grand, I found him to be too humble about his revelation. "May I witness to your truth of the life of our Lord?" I asked. Assuring me kindly that I had reached the proper spot, the humility of this gentleman bore witness to his truth. Gathering around him were people who were calm and accepting, harboring a deep profound peace amongst themselves regarding this revelation. It was not important for those interested in this man's revelation to be 'right,' only to find God's truth. So many on the Earth fight about being right, that what is true gets lost in the quarrel. The egos of these souls were contributing to their inability to find the absolute truth, because their own foundation was so shallow that any disagreement with their former views would be Earth-shattering for them.

Presenting me with the first two bottles of his truth, they consisted of the incarnation of God in Jesus the man. Bidding me to sit, I called Andy over to sit by me. A re-enactment ensued of the days just prior to and after the birth of Jesus Christ, and they were portrayed to me almost as if by live dramatic endeavor. Sitting in my seat, I was whisked by the breezes upswept by the coming of Herod's army for the slaughter of the innocents. Becoming nauseous at the reverie of this horrid event, the horses and the soldiers swept by, as suddenly a quiet overcame the room. Standing before a small altar of the birthplace of Christ, the man showed me a tiny pill from the bottle lying in the manger, which represented the body and life of the baby Jesus. Quietly retrieving two more pills from within the bottle, he placed them to the side of Jesus as beautiful majestic music filled the scene. Instantly, I knew beyond all doubt that these represented two siblings which Jesus had in the flesh, a sister and a brother born to the blessed Mary

and Joseph. Rejoicing at this revelation to my soul, the scene began to slowly dwindle and disappear.

Finding these texts in physical form, they were entitled, "The Life and Teachings of the Masters of the Far East." Because I found them in a used book store, there were four volumes, although the complete version contains five or six. Presenting a wholly unique perspective on Christ, the books hold Him to be a living master, still visiting, teaching and helping many souls in our own time in his resurrected body.

"He saw that man must learn that ignorance is disregard and lack of understanding both of Divine Mind as the Creative Principle, and of his relation to that Principle. He saw that man may have all intellectual knowledge and be versed in worldly affairs, yet if he does not recognize the Christ as the living, vitalizing essence of God within him, he is grossly ignorant of the most important factor governing his life."

The Life and Teachings of the Masters of the Far East, Volume II, Chapter XI, Page 108, Paragraph 2, (Anthology)

Given to witness the chaos and confusion regarding the times of Christ's sufferings, torments and crucifixion, it was a horrid time. A great deal of hypocrisy was in the air, and it was easy to see how Peter fell so quickly into denying the Christ, because it was such a bloodthirsty calculated event that placed everyone who loved Him in a sort of state of suspended animation.

All along, it seemed that His followers truly believed He would come out of this unscathed, because they believed in His ability to save Himself. Chaos was so high; followers were looking for opportunities to leave the city that night so as not to be added to the roster of victims.

Experiencing what was very much like being in the body of one of his followers, the imminent peril seemed to close in on them, each and every one. In a split second, it became unlawful to follow Jesus, and in the moment, those who had followed Him, responded in a very instinctual fashion. There were those who found ways to disguise themselves, by denying Him and the like, but the majority were thinking on ways to leave the city that night and escape recognition. Chaos and confusion were abundant, and the confidence many of them had in Christ's unction to save Himself was deathly shattered upon hearing of His death. They didn't understand why He wouldn't use His omnipotence to save Himself.

For those who left the city, it was portrayed as if they were skiing down a fast hill, making a fast smooth break. Many waited on the borders of town for fellow Christians, and among the group I saw one individual who was not a Christian and was trying to go with them to spy. Looking at him, I let him know that I knew who he was and said, "Well, this time you'll be outnumbered by the Christians. It'll be more difficult for you to accomplish your purpose." Apparently he'd caused problems for the Christians before.

No longer witnessing this historic time, I had rejoined a league of guardian angels. Preparing for a week in special training, I noticed quickly that we were a highly trained organism of angels who worked in league towards the betterment of mankind. Three to four hundred angels worked in our league, as I enjoyed this remembrance of one of my liaisons in the spirit.

"Jesus recognized this, and He could have saved Himself the Calvary experience. Had He wished to use His power, his enemies could not have touched Him. He saw there was a great spiritual change taking place in His body; and saw that if this was brought about,

among those He knew and loved, without some outward change, a great many would not recognize the spiritual import, but would still cling to the personal. He knew that He had the power to overcome death, and He wished to show those that He loved that they had the same power; so He chose the Calvary way, the way they could see; and seeing, they would believe. He also wished to show that He had so perfected His body, that should His enemies take His life . . . still He, the true Self, could, raise His real or spiritual body above all mortal limitations."

*The Life and Teachings of the Masters of the Far East,
Volume I, Chapter XXI, Page130-131, (Anthology)*

Amidst the spectral future, my soul was swished back through time to gaze upon a moment of infinite beatitude. The gathering of disciples had another guest visiting from the future, yet only the Messiah seemed to know this. Walking with Jesus among the last few days of his life, this momentous experience resulted in the last supper. But before the supper, my soul was given to witness the event which led to the death of Jesus.

Feeling uncomfortable with His first declarations against the Jewish authorities and their coldness to the people, He was saying this in regard to their attitude about the healing of people who suffered greatly on holy days and the Sabbath. But there was more to His accusation than this, as it seemed that He was accusing them of not caring for the sick even through their own regular means on certain holy days like the Sabbath. My discomfort was caused only by my own wimpiness in such matters of direct confrontation, although my soul recognized the truth of the Messiah's words.

After a short period of time, my courage began to grow within me. The Lord had given me the duty of care giving to a woman who was very ill and appeared to be

dying of an open wound in her head. Caused by a disease rather than an injury, Jesus' anger had resulted from the cold and compassionless response of those who insisted that even such a one as her should not be healed on a holy or Sabbath day. Apparently, they had also neglected to give her the proper ordinary care she required, as well.

Confrontation had been with someone in the Sanhedrin who had previously supported Jesus, and actually loved Him very much, but taking such a verbal reprimand was difficult for his ego, and would eventually be enough to make him turn on Jesus, despite his love. This betrayal was as great as that of Judas, because this man loved the Master and knew who He was in his heart. It was an open rebellion against the Son of God, rather than an ignorant reprisal done in anger. Open rebellion was broad and wide amongst the people on this last night following the confrontation; it felt like violence was actually energetically placed in the air.

Making it to the place where the last supper was about to begin, Jesus spoke of the man he had rebuked openly in the streets, and said with great confidence that this man loved Jesus with all of His heart, but despite this, his pride had been challenged and he would have a change of heart which would lead to the bloodshed of many. Speaking of His death with great calm, the disciples didn't seem to allow the truth of it to soak in. But they *felt* the energy in the streets, the violence of the people amongst themselves. Jesus spoke of how others were going to die this night, as well, for there was open battling among many in the streets. Great excitement filled the air, fear and righteous concern.

Turning my head, I was shown a vision inside the vision. Outside the gathering place of the disciples, the sick and suffering were gathering and this was a grand

sight. Amongst the chaos were these pockets of the sick, who seemed to carry with them an energy of great courage and peace. Even amongst the disciples at the last supper was a majestic peace, despite the chaos that now surrounded them in all avenues of the city.

As I sat with the other disciples, they spoke to me of the teachings of Jesus, and I tried to listen intently, but couldn't because I found it so shocking that they all were in complete and total denial that Jesus was actually going to die. Although there was probably nothing they could do to prevent it, they simply couldn't imagine this God-man being subject to death, as they didn't yet understand the grand purpose of the death and subsequent resurrection of Christ.

Suddenly, Jesus took me aside, and now with a swift change in energy, He began talking to me as if the present time and the past were overlapping. "All of my disciples will be misled," He said, "Through no fault of their own; they will go in a different way than I have taught them. Only you among my disciples, can I trust, to stand true to the teaching I have given."

Shocked by this revelation, I nodded that I would. I felt the energies of the mysteries and mechanics of existence (i.e. reincarnation), that such things might have been too complex for the people of Christ's time to fully understand, but the time for the fullness of the Master's teaching had come. Face filled with urgency, His arm touching my own with a sureness and forthrightness I cannot explain as He wasn't simply making a statement, He was pleading with me to fulfill this important task.

Knowing in my heart the courage that would take on my part, I would have to challenge the beliefs of a multitude, in order to hopefully reach a few who were willing to embrace the fullness of the Master's truth.

Speaking openly to me of His death, He again shared that it would occur because of this person who had once loved Him, who had a change of heart in order to save face. Feeling in my heart what a horrible betrayal this was, he took me back to the others who were still laughing and making merry.

They began speaking of the commandments and the beatitudes which filled my soul with peace. Looking across the table to my most blessed Jesus; I gazed upon His infinite beauty with a joyous sense of love. It was an honor to be held as one amongst this table. I would worry another night and spend this night in a joyous reunion with my Savior.

"I tell you truly, in the daylight hours are our feet on the ground and we have no wings with which to fly. But our spirits are not tied to the earth, and with the coming of night we overcome our attachment to the earth and join with that which is eternal. For the Son of Man is not all that he seems, and only with the eyes of the spirit can we see those golden threads which link us with all life everywhere."

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Vol. 4, Page 15, Paragraph 1,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene, Words of Christ)*

"And it came to pass that Jesus gathered the Sons of Light by the shore of the river, to reveal to them that which had passed, and each one was ripe for truth, as the flower opens from the bud when the angels of sun and water bring it to its time of blossoming . . . And for seven years the unknown angels of the Heavenly Father had taught them through their sleeping hours. And now was the day come when they would enter the Brotherhood of the Elect and learn the hidden teachings of the Elders, even those of Enoch and before."

*The Essene Gospel of Peace, Vol. 4, Page 10, Paragraph 1-2,
(Christianity, Gnostic/Essene)*

Amidst the mountainous waves I came upon the treasure in the out-of-body state. On a small island, no more than 10' X 10' wide, lay the burial cloth of Jesus Christ. By looking at it, you would probably never know what it was; you had to have been brought here with the knowledge implanted within you to have understanding. It was a plain white cloth with no unusual markings except for blood stains. Because this island was in the center of the ocean surrounded by voluptuous waves, there was great effort and sacrifice involved in coming here to see it, and indeed, in remaining here to witness its splendor. Interestingly, every time the waves swelled and I became fearful of the water around me, the cloth would begin to bleed. A connection existed between the sufferings of Christ and the sufferings required of a soul to come to this hidden remote place of passage to witness the splendor of such a gift.

A hymn began singing as I awaited the final waves which came in such a fury; the entire island was obliterated . . . at least for now. As my body swelled beneath the waters, I fought to survive the thrust and return to the surface. Wondering what had become of the burial cloth, inside I knew that this washing away was only symbolic of the washing of the sins that occurs when one witnesses such a marvel.

Swimming to shore, I could no longer see any remnant or vestige of the island of passage, or its contents. Pondering on the cloth that would bleed at any sign of suffering, I began to write the hymn down.

"Yes, O Jesus, it is for Thee to drink the chalice to the dregs, Thou art now vowed to the most terrible death. Jesus, may nothing be able to separate me from Thee, neither life nor death. Following Thee in life, affectionately bound to Thy suffering may it be granted to me to expire with Thee on Calvary in order to

ascend, with Thee to glory . . ."

*The Agony of Jesus, Chapter IV, Page 36, Paragraph 2,
(Christianity, Catholic, Words of Padre Pio)*

Coming and going with might, the Pleiadian vessels had come and gone all night, filling my eyes with visions of wonder. Every time they came, the sound of their vibrations resonated across the heavens, as the vessel held your eyes to it as if in some kind of trance.

Outside a denominational church we waited, while several devotees of this church also looked on. Turning a stormy purple-blue, the skies were filled with color. Winds picking up, our skin became elastic as an especially beautiful music of the spheres began playing, and radio energy showers began falling. Waiting aside a sturdy wall, the skies parted for a huge Mother Ship.

Emanating from the underside of the vessel was a light beam, and a beautiful lady was immediately transported to the doorway of the church. Exquisite, she was wearing a white robe with a gilded golden white and sky blue crown, and everyone called her "The Lady in Light." These words were spoken with inherent and instinctual understanding and respect.

Nearby, I moved closer to her and was able to touch her robe, but I couldn't see her face, for she was looking in the other direction. Unable to let go, the vibration was so eminently pleasing. As we walked into the room, all the members of the church were immediately mesmerized. Bowing to her, as she suddenly turned and bowed back five or six times, I was stunned, shocked, and exasperatingly excited!

"My God!" I shouted to her most beautiful face, "you're the Blessed Virgin Mary!" Smiling in knowing, the most Holy Virgin had come to us from the stars, in a spaceship that still hovered in the sky between two light

portals. Saying nothing, she only smiled in happiness at my observation, as I began to disappear and return to my physical Earthly craft.

"The local universe Mother Spirit thus acquires a personal nature tinged by that of the Master Spirit of the superuniverse of astronomic jurisdiction."

*The Urantia Book, Paper 34, No. 1, Paragraph 3,
(Christianity, Urantia)*

Stunned by the brightness of this immensely holy being, I found myself humbled when I realized who it was. Therese Neumann, the Catholic stigmatist (one who mysteriously bore the wounds of Christ) from Germany who lived in the mid-twentieth century, was looking upon my countenance with a glowing eminence which overwhelmed me. An aura of light shone around her form which seemed to go on forever. Only her smile could surpass the radiance of her mere presence. Glowing at me with love, she conveyed to me that my soul was not in a good place because I'd begun reading some books by a particular author. "Do not follow the New Age or other false paths," she said, "the time is coming for you to become Catholic." Surprised by this pronouncement, I shouted to her as she began to fade from view. "Does that mean that reincarnation is untrue?" She smiled as if to convey that this was not relevant, and that I simply must obey the holy command. Nodding back to her, I watched her disappear from my view, taking the ominous light with her.

Awaking in sleep, I found my soul had entered into an all-white room where a table had been placed. At the other end of the room by the table was a large, magnificent painting of Jesus wearing the robes of white and red, His Sacred Heart emanating from it brilliantly. Having approached the table, I noticed that there were

several old wrinkled photographs lying next to this painting on the table. Immediately picking them up, they were pictures of Therese Neumann and her family. Because her life as a stigmatist had been filled with criticism and controversy, the Lord wished to convey to me that she was a legitimate messenger of Christ. There would be no doubt as to the authenticity of the message I'd received at her hand, as this was no deception of the enemy. "Thank you, Jesus." I prayerfully said, bowing to the picture which now became animate.

Without words, Jesus conveyed to me that I must embrace my reclusive lifestyle as He had chosen me to be a contemplative in order to fulfill His will through my writing. Further, I was to raise my children, in His eyes an exalted role. Reaching my hand to touch His, my spirit became invisible to the room.

CHAPTER FIVE**Meetings with the Blessed Virgin, the Buddha, Avalokiteswara, Zarathustra, Babaji, Indira and Mahatma Gandhi, Cross of Jesus, St. Paul, St. Michael and Heavenly Hosts, St. Patrick, Dalai Lama, St. Elizabeth Ann Seton's Schoolhouse, Padre Pio Celebrating a Mystical Mass in the Heavens.**

Within the depths of the night, they came towards me like a swarm of bees, angered at the spiritual changes which were being wrought within my soul. Five ugly reptilian demons had come after me followed by a huge vortex of black energy which carried with it the most horrendous humming sound. Individual molecules of evil could be seen within the cloudy vortex. Feeling immediately overwhelmed, I called out to Mary, Mother of God, to assist me in this battle in which I was obviously outnumbered.

Appearing in the heavens before me, she wore a five pointed crown on her head and was covered in a swirling robe of blue. Awestruck by her beauty, I didn't immediately notice that the demons with their energized black vortex of evil had immediately disappeared as soon as she had come. When the moment had passed, I was filled with amazement at how quickly she had vanquished them.

Whenever I've been in trouble, it is the members of the royal lineage of souls upon whom I call for assistance; Jesus, Mary, Buddha, Zarathustra, Avalokiteswara, etc. Perhaps this is a lesson in *true* significance, rather than that which is vainly perceived through worldly eyes.

Long black mane blowing in the wind, the master Babaji was soaring through the stars. 'Babaji' is a well known master from India, and quite familiar to those who've read the books of Paramahansa Yogananda. Very, very old (several hundreds of years), he is said to be able to travel between realms, appearing at one moment as a physical being, appearing in another as a spiritual essence at will, manifesting in and out of realities.

Although I saw him soaring, I was unable to keep up with him and stopped to catch my breath. Not my physical breath, mind you, but a breath it is, despite its immateriality. Hovering in the heavens, I noticed that a tiny three-foot high witch had appeared in the sky in front of me. Attempting to dissuade me from finding the great master, she said, "I have much to teach you of sorcery." Laughing at her suggestion, I replied, "Sorcery is a practice which violates eternal law, and don't you think that the green pointy hat and straw-like hair is a bit obvious?" Frowning at this, she disappeared, as a disgusting gull demon appeared. Gulls are the demons of destructive sexual energy who appear as humans with bat-like wings and such. Often, but not always, their hair is greased back. As would be expected of such a demon, he began to make sexual gestures towards me, as I pushed him aside, declining his offer of vice.

As Babaji was now long gone, I began flying in search of him or someone who could lead me to him. As the stars passed by my vision like snow on a windshield, I finally noticed up ahead a golden temple. Approaching the huge gold/marble door, it bore a sign which read, 'Temple to the Masters.' I was elated!

Knocking upon the door, I was not given entrance. Disappointed, I recognized my unworthiness, but was happy that I was allowed to look upon a set of

pictures. About thirty masters resided in this temple, and they were shown in their entire splendor. Babaji was not among them, and I noticed that these masters were different than the others I'd already encountered. Bearing an adventurous quality to them, they seemed to be energized in a truly unique manner. Unlike the masters, saints and prophets of the Earth, whose holiness was calm, serene and effulgent, these were powerful stewards of creative energies, almost reminiscent of the Assisi Marauders (who rode white-winged horses with whom I'd encountered long ago.). Active and highly energized, these masters seemed to be involved in energetic action, while the other equally holy ones seemed to be more involved in 'being' with God.

Humbled and in awe, I quietly left this golden marble temple without entering, and continued my quest for Babaji.

Traveling with my vision removed, the spiritual world was taking me through the aeons to a very holy place. As my vision was restored, I struggled to regain consciousness in the realm I now occupied. An image of holiness and splendor arrayed in such simplicity lay before me, that of Indira Gandhi, the wife of Mahatma Gandhi. Dressed in an exquisite, but very simple, immaculately white wedding gown, her holiness could never be expressed. Stunned, humbled and moved, a voice spoke, "Gandhi was a saint, not just to the Hindu and Indian people, but to God. The people of the world must know this, especially those in the Christian world who do not believe that a Hindu man could not only go to heaven, but be a *true saint* in the eyes of the Lord." Having known some Christians to say such things, wouldn't it be interesting if they were given a moment to compare their own status in the eyes of God, with such a

man as this? Perhaps they would be greatly humbled and deeply troubled by their lack of insight.

Indira was just as holy as her husband, and in some respects, she was even more so due to her silent but powerful influence during life in supporting her husband. She was his strength, courage and stronghold. Literally glowing with light, Gandhi suddenly appeared next to her. Very friendly and hospitable, he was anxious to talk to me. Other sub-conscious astral souls were in the room who did not recognize the obvious level of his saintliness. Disappointed by this, I pointed it out to them because they were completely unaware of the great honor which had been bestowed upon them. Indira and Mahatma Gandhi had lowered themselves from their usual place within the high heavens to deign to speak to a lowly worm such as myself.

Gandhi walked quietly over to me in the same humble manner he bore in life, wearing traditional Indian garb and adorned with a smile which could only speak of the eternal happiness which had been bestowed upon him and his wife for their courageous and holy efforts to save a people through non-violence. Showing me the similarities between the Catholic and the Hindu religion, his purpose was to discard the differences and begin a peaceful discussion with the hopeful conclusion of achieving understanding and unity between peoples. Pointing out that both the Hindu and Catholic religions honor an incarnation of God and a divine mother, he also noted a similarity between the mantras of the Hindus, and novenas of the Catholics. Both honored many symbols, pictures, images and statues of the holy divinities and/or saints, and each religion had an extensive theology of demons. Pointing out the different spelling, the Hindu spelling would be 'daemons.' Finally, Catholics pray to saints for intercession, while Hindu's

pray to demi-gods for intercession, which is just another word for saints.

In order to express this unity in a more meaningful way, the entire gathering of people, who had now become completely enamored of this saintly simple man, performed several Hindu mantras together following this holy ejaculation with several Catholic prayers. As we prayed the Hindu mantras, Gandhi made appear Hindu icons and pictures, and when we began the Catholic prayers, he changed the pictures and icons to those of the Catholics. Engaged by the holiness of the moment, I was taken by surprise when I began to fade from this realm.

Waving good-bye to these two amazing souls, I couldn't help but shed a tear as my final breath took me away. Awakening, I had no words, but chose to remain silent for a very long time in honor of this amazingly holy visitation.

Walking along an old dusty road, a large convention center loomed ahead. Announcing that a New Age convention was in progress, a large banner was displayed near the doorway. Going towards this building, I began running as I planned to go inside and see what might be happening. When I came near, however, an invisible force resisted my attempts. No matter how hard I might try, I couldn't go in due to an immense force-field which had been placed upon my path.

Suddenly in the sky above me, something began to form. In bright yellow-white light, the aura of a starry emerald phantasm came from the heights of heaven. Waiting to see what it might become, I was humbled and a bit ashamed when the image became clear. The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ hung in the sky at least a mile long

and a half mile wide. Instantly, I knew that I was not to 'enter' into anything New Age again. Profoundly intense, this was not a friendly reminder, but a stern reprimand. Bowing to the Lord's wishes and looking down in embarrassment, I began to disintegrate.

My soul was honored to observe the last days of St. Paul; his life, death and a small part of what seemed to be his journey into heaven . . . and a resurrection. Beginning my journey this eve, I was allowed to inhabit the body of St. Paul in a way which permitted me to experience the history of this man as if I were living it myself. Inhabiting the body of another disciple of Jesus in a similar fashion, my husband, Andy, was with me. St. Paul was speaking quite verbosely regarding the resurrection of Christ, condemning the actions of His executioners with extreme flame and fury. A plot was being hatched behind St. Paul's back to poison him to death, but St. Paul seemed to have a foreknowledge of their affairs. Telling those gathered that he, too, would die and be resurrected; he was speaking of the resurrection of the spirit.

Following St. Paul after his death, somebody had poisoned both him and his disciple (whom Andy was traveling through) on the day of his death. Following their spirits beyond death, we came upon an interesting gateway which seemed to be a borderland into heaven. As the two had died they reawakened on a beach. Next to the beach, was a huge wall of water bearing onto the sands at least one thousand feet high. Filled with oceanic life, this wavy mirage was a self-contained body, as though it wasn't really water, but perhaps an energy field waving to and fro like an ocean. Knowing he would be transported to heaven as soon as he stepped in, St. Paul did not step. Rather, his soul was resurrected

automatically into the spheres, as was the soul of the other disciple.

Andy and I reappeared in the physical world, sitting naked upon each other's lap. A sign of purity, it was now the 20th century.

Because there was a great deal more to this experience which is totally inexplicable, I have left it unsaid.

Flown around the world to witness a marvel of the present age, Pope John Paul II stood atop every mountain and high point of the world waving to the people. Holy eminence a sight to behold, I flew above him in the realm of the blue-green ethers as my soul was somehow receiving of the sacred embers which came from his hands to the people of the world.

In the darkness of the night, her image appeared before my soul. Ten feet high and framed in gold, the Blessed Virgin Mary wore a sky blue robe over the inlaid white one below. Stars appeared all about her garments, and cherubim were singing and playing musical instruments, mostly harps and trumpets. Below her was an emblem which read, 'Our Lady of the Rosary.'

Unable to remove my ecstatic and fixed gaze from her beauty, she withdrew with this simple message of the importance of this magnificent Catholic prayer. Thunderstruck, I breathed for the first time since her appearance, and drifted back to sleep.

In a desert like oasis, something amazing and spectacular emerged. Standing upon the edge of a beautiful sand dune, a large gathering of heavenly hosts appeared before my eyes. Appearing in human form, their bodies were composed of white light. Heading the most sacred ensemble was Jesus Christ; at his side St.

Michael the Archangel. Standing humbly behind them, the Blessed Virgin Mary stood before a gathering of a literal torrent of saints. Angels surrounded the holy ensemble, as they all stared at me with intensity. No words or thoughts were emitted as they stood amongst the desert sage and tumbleweeds.

Because this experience seemed so conscious, I became confused and began to look for a camera in my purse. 'With the level of brightness these hosts are emitting,' I thought, 'they will most assuredly show up on film.' Walking towards my Lord Jesus and St. Michael, I snapped a picture of them as they instantly vanished along with the entire host.

Entering unaware of what lay before me, the production was in full force. A group of actors had been preparing for a grand production about the life of an Irish psychic from long ago. Many of the women were arrayed in various veiled outfits, while others were dressed as belly-dancers. Immediately, I was approached by the producer of this grand gala, who grabbed me excitedly, exclaiming that he had saved the title role for me! Not quite sure what was happening, he shoved a picture in my face of the psychic he wished me to portray. Although the man was clearly not evil or dark, I noticed a wild hairdo and that a great dramaticism had been played out within his life. Unfortunately, this dramaticism had leaked into the portrayal of his psychic gifts, as well.

Looking up at this anxious man who assumed I'd be honored to partake of this role, I quietly said, "I'm so sorry to disappoint you, but I don't feel that I can play this part." Looking confused, he waited for me to explain. "I have a very deep and innate feeling that St. Patrick would have whipped this guy's bootie," I said.

St. Patrick, the Catholic Patron Saint of Ireland, had been taken by the Irish as a slave while a young boy, but as he worked in isolation tending to the sheep, he began to undergo grand spiritual changes which were noticed by many. As a result, he became known as the holy youth, because of the virtuous life he lived.

Many had become aware of his mystical experiences which were leading him ever closer to his Lord, Jesus Christ. Beginning to have visions, he was led by them to escape back to his native England. Despite this escape, shortly after he returned from Ireland, he had a vision which told him that he would someday go back to convert the Irish to Christianity, and that someday he'd be the Bishop of Ireland.

Years passed by in a monastery before this opportunity came, but when it did, he jumped on the chance to fulfill the vision of his youth. All these years, he had practiced great austerity, penance, obedience and virtue and had led a very holy life. When he returned to Ireland, the Druids were the primary religious body in the country, and among other things, they practiced human sacrifice, divination, prophecy and the use of magical or mystical powers.

Miracles of amazing stature are reported in regards to St. Patrick, who overturned the rule of the Druids in a very short time. Among the legends, it is said that St. Patrick became immaterial when his former slave owner tried to kill him with a sword, and the sword passed right through his body. The Druid High Priests attempted to poison him, and he was unaffected. When the Druids challenged him to a trial by fire, which was their ultimate test of whose God was supreme; they demanded that he send one of his followers because they believed that St. Patrick was practicing some form of high magic. St. Patrick's follower came out unscathed,

wearing the mantle of Patrick upon his shoulders. The Druid and his belongings never came out.

Although suffering a great deal from many persecutions, some from his own church, he never wavered in his great faith and commitment to God. Despite the fact that he was Bishop, he never ceased participating in the difficult daily chores which he could have easily given to others, like building shelters, feeding livestock, or gathering water or food.

Standing before me confused and lost, the man who was to run this production was completely clueless. He didn't know the difference between a saint and a psychic! So I began to convey to him some of the elements of importance. "A psychic," I shared, "is someone who has received a spiritual gift. That is all. Being psychic does not denote that someone is leading a virtuous or holy life, because the gift itself is not related to any merit on their part. We cannot even be sure with such cases wherein the spiritual gift is coming, as it could be coming from either side, God or Satan. 'You may judge them by their fruits,' as Jesus said. Manifesting in a life ever deepening in virtue and holiness, and in the lives of those they aid with their gift, a similar response, another fruit would be modesty and humility in their appearance, as opposed to, excessive displays of vanity to make them stand apart. They would not be guiding people to riches, sex or fame, but rather to simplicity, purity and selflessness."

"A saint may display many spiritual gifts, but they are not a saint because of these spiritual gifts. Living a life of heroic virtue is what defines a saint, although it may also be said that it is likely that such saints receive so many spiritual gifts because they use them for the sanctification of souls. The Lord Jesus said in the parable of the talents that He would give more talents to those

who used the first talent He had given to them faithfully. A great energetic chasm exists between saints and psychics, which cannot be understood through mere words. I can't for the life of me understand why there are those who seem to perceive that having a spiritual gift, in and of itself, denotes holiness. It doesn't denote evil, either; but it is a talent, a gift, which can be used for good or ill."

Having made my point as best as I could for the moment, I shook the man's hand and thanked him for his kindness in offering me the part. "I'm gonna stick with the saints." I said, as I disappeared.

Beyond the barrier which lay in front of me was a place which filled me with fear. The Lord called it 'the bowery,' and His internal voice directed me to invoke the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary before entering by saying one 'Hail Mary.' As I did, I became invisible, in the sense that I was protected from danger, although the people in this place were able to see me.

Coming into the bowery, I was to see what was perhaps the poorest and most violent, criminal infested and dangerous part of the city. Former tall buildings lay in ruins before me, partly torn down with windows and doors missing in most places. Rotting on the inside, the buildings were infiltrated by an unusually gross mold.

Passed out or high on drugs, most of the people who lived in this place were just mere shells of the beautiful creation the Lord had intended them to be. Their surroundings could easily be called 'Hell on Earth' without any fear of exaggeration. Bodies broken down from drug and alcohol abuse, hunger, poverty and insanity, the people reached out to me asking me to tell their story so that those who had forgotten about them might try to help. But amidst this horrible display of

degradation, I felt totally helpless, and I didn't know what to do.

Speaking in my ear, the voice of Jesus Christ whispered, "Pancreas of Flowers, pancreas of flowers, pancreas of flowers . . ." Repeating this many times, over and over, my spirit began ascending.

Filling me with understanding, I had an internal visual already in place. Bizarre as it may sound, the pancreas produces insulin in the body. Without insulin, the body is ravaged and slowly destroyed by diabetes. Many diabetics eventually have limbs removed, piece by piece, because of the ravages of the disease, and it is impossible to number all of the body systems which are slowly destroyed; the eyes, heart, kidneys, limbs, etc.

Similarly, the people in the bowery were ravaged by hunger, illness and drug abuse, but their poverty was as beautiful as a garden of flowers to Our Lord. As He spoke the words in my ears, I could feel His tremendous and unending love for these poor, forgotten people.

My soul returned to my home.

Joining a group of souls praying the rosary, we were being led into a chapel by a group of older ladies. Beautiful and ornate, the church was filled with paintings and images of angels which were surrounding Jesus Christ and His Mother Mary and was appropriately called, 'Our Lady of the Angels.' Stone pillars framed the entrance to this wondrous abode.

Inside the chapel, I looked intently at pictures and mementos of a great bishop, as I suddenly noticed his spirit standing in front of me. Peacefully, the bishop had a simple message to impart to me. "If you are praising the Lord with other Catholics," he said, "feel free to go ahead and pray the rosary together, but if there are Protestants in the group, it is not necessary to convert

them. Focus on your mutual love for Jesus and praise Him in a way which is comfortable for both." As our group had been praying the Rosary, we immediately changed our prayers as a group of Protestant souls arrived, joining together in a mutual expression of love and unity for God. He disappeared.

After a short period of time, there were several hundred souls praising the Lord in a unity of spirit, irregardless of their dogmatic or doctrinal differences.

In an interesting dichotomy, my soul was led a fortnight later to another Christian church. Inside the building, a woman's spirit was wandering around the vestibule seeking ways to 'bewitch' the holy tabernacle. Within my soul, I was given immediately to know that this woman, who had once followed a path towards God, had strayed by following witchcraft, and thus, partaking in a pact with the devil.

Another older woman was sitting quietly at a desk when a sudden and odiferous presence made itself known to her. Before she had a moment to ascertain what was happening, she fell to the floor having a full-blown heart attack. Quickly, several more angelic hosts arrived to tend to this poor woman's needs as I was summoned to follow the witch throughout the church and abort any satanic missions she would attempt. Entering into the church library, the witch was trying to place a bewitched book upon the shelves. Grabbing it from her, she then fled to the nursery wherein she attempted to place bewitched baby blankets. Continually going in and out of demonic control, this woman's spirit was almost completely possessed. She would seem normal one moment, and then her face would contort horribly as the demons inside of her would regain control.

Beginning to perform an exorcism, I noticed that her possession was not yet complete, and that she was

not totally convinced of her decision to serve the ogre. Becoming disoriented, going back and forth from herself to demonic entities, I told her that I sensed great confusion on her part. "You are divided!" I shouted, "Satan does not want a servant who is divided!" Pausing a moment, the Holy Spirit came upon me and impressed me with a message for this poor lost soul. "Jesus wants *you*. Yes, Jesus does." Matter of fact and very calm, her face contorted for a moment to that of Satan, before he left her body for good and my task was complete.

Waking to the presence of a small being laying next to me on the bed, I first believed it to be that of my second eldest daughter, Mary. Coming over to hug her, I quickly noticed that it was an imp. Chastising the foul creature, I ordered it to leave my home under the authority of Jesus Christ as it scurried off into the night.

Hovering amongst the clear blue sky above ancient Egypt, the Dalai Lama appeared to give me instruction. "You need to look for the invisible upon that which is visible," he quietly stated. As my eyes were directly looking upon the side of an ancient pyramid, an image began to slowly appear from invisibility. Upon one side of the rock face was a large eye, just as I'd seen during my journey through the mysteries. "Come," the Dalai Lama replied, "I will take you somewhere where I can show you how to do this." In an instant, he had taken me to a huge wilderness wherein I became sub-conscious for the remainder of the journey.

On a subsequent night, a very saintly nun appeared to me saying, "You need to sit still and meditate on the life of Our Lord; His passion and death."

If only the human language could encompass what I've seen this night! My soul was taken over the

threshold of death to witness many beautiful and rapturous things, almost none of which I have been allowed to retain in memory.

While enjoying the freedom of spirit, however, I asked Jesus, "Would it be possible for me to see something very holy? It doesn't matter to me what it might be, just as long as it's very holy."

Soaring towards space, approaching what appeared to be a 19th century schoolroom, it was steadily afloat amongst the stars as if it had been given immortal status. Landing inside, the schoolhouse was filled with happy children playing. Sitting down quietly, I was unsure of what to expect.

Before I was to be made aware of the purpose of this flight, a very attractive *appearing* man approached, attempting to entice me sexually. Apparently, he didn't want me to see this grand holy thing, and had come to detract my attention on something foul instead. Annoyed, I grabbed his hand and threw it towards him, away from myself. Holding a firm grasp, I shouted, "In the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, I command you to leave!" At this command, he turned into a disgustingly grotesque gull demon, angry and writhing. Repeating my command, he lifted his grip, and at the third command, he thankfully disappeared.

Having passed through the throes of temptation, I looked again at the room which lay before me. An old man appeared in the room as an almost ghostly figure. Like an apparition, his human form was all in white. Wearing the coveralls of a man from the 19th century, he was almost completely bald. Many children were sitting down at their desks now which were neatly gathered at the sides of the room. Approaching the older man, I asked him politely if he knew where I might be. "Why, you are in the schoolhouse of St. Elizabeth Ann Seton,"

he said as he bid me to lie down on the floor.

Following his directive, he told me that the Lord was aware of my desire to know what it was like to die, and that he was going to allow me to experience it in part. Surprised by this revelation, he continued, "I'm going to allow you to experience a death somewhat like Mr. Seton," he said, referring to the saint's husband who had passed away after a short illness (This was prophetic in nature, although I didn't know it.). "Mr. Seton actually passed while his body was being ritually prepared for burial," the old man said, indicating that he was actually in a coma when he'd been pronounced dead.

As his words became an echo from another world, I began to see and feel my soul entering into a lightly blue-green misty place wherein I was slowly beginning to feel the closure of breath. Frightening me a little bit, I shouted to the old man, "I don't want to *really* die, you know!" As I said this, the state was immediately lifted and the old man had disappeared.

Annoyed at myself for making this comment which had indicated my fear of undergoing this experience, I knew I had to find the old man in order to try again. As I began running into a back room, I saw him behind a counter. "There you are," I said, "I'm sorry I messed things up, could we try again?" Without saying a word, I was immediately transfixed back into the state I'd been before.

Interestingly, there was a transition between life and death which was different than what I'd experienced in the astral state. Deathly aware of each system of my body shutting down, most primarily breath and heartbeat, I was still a bit afraid. As the body systems slowed to a stop, I felt a sense of concern over the difficulty one might encounter in adjusting to this different state of existence, sans body functions.

Everything vibrated around me, as if I'd become aware of the molecular structure of ether and all spirit life.

Within a few moments, the old man slowly bid my soul return. In his hands, was a large chart. Showing me a graph of what he had done, there were several categories of experience involved in the bringing on of death categorized in the numbers one through six. Six, he explained, would indicate irreversible death, and he had taken me to a level four. "If someone had seen your body while this was going on," he said, "it's not likely they would have noticed these changes in your body. But if they looked closely, they would've noticed the respiration and heartbeat were significantly close to stopping." Interested in this chart, I shared with him how I'd experienced a small panic when my breathing and heart rate slowed. Nodding, he indicated that this was not uncommon, although this transition in true death took only a few moments. As a result, many souls didn't even notice it as they were dying because they'd passed through it so quickly.

As is *quite* usual, he began smiling as his spirit began to waver in and out of my view.

Hearing a summon from the Master, I immediately followed this beckon to see where it might lead. Traveling towards the stars, I found myself ascending a large mountain. Halfway to the top, I came upon a messenger who had come on behalf of the Lord, carrying a large binder full of instructions. "The Master is in need of you," he said, as he directed my attention to continue towards the summit of this snow-capped mountain.

Going with him, he took me to a large spiritual community which resided at the crest of this beatific peak. Marble temples had been erected in this

magnificently sunny and bright realm, and I understood that the sky was lit with the light of God.

A gathering had assembled of about fifty people as I was led to take a seat next to a woman of whom I did not immediately recognize. Being the only newcomer, the others were natives to this place. Instructing the group from the front of the assembly, a beautiful lady appeared with long, slightly wavy, light brown hair which flowed halfway down her back. Speaking of living in harmony with one another, they began singing a song about how they all worked together to take care of the needs of each individual, and how all that they had was to be used for the community. The next song was about the fire which came down from heaven through the angels, to seed eternity upon the Earth.

When they'd finished singing, the woman openly introduced me to the group as a newcomer. Saying nothing, I noticed that when she mentioned that I'd come directly from the Earth, the lady beside me was upset and began to protest that I'd been allowed to come here at all. In a confrontational manner, she asked, "How many training sessions have you been to?" As I'd been to none, I didn't immediately respond, but the woman at the head replied, "Well, this is a humble soul who has learned through self-seeking and humility." Quiet remained in the room, as I became red with embarrassment. Beckoning me to come forward, I began to walk towards her. "Besides," she said, "the Master has need of her." Feeling a rush of tremendous awe and honor, I felt unworthy of this grand statement. 'How could I, a lowly, wretched human, be of any help to my Lord?' I thought.

Approaching the front of the assembly to join us was a young girl of about thirteen years of age. Reaching her hand to mine, she said her name was 'Lisao.' In awe,

I recognized her as being one of the guardian angels of my second eldest daughter, Mary.

Asking Lisao with whom she would like to partner, without hesitation, she asked for me as I knew that I was to be a mother to her in some way, I was adopting her.

"There is to be a marriage today," the lady again spoke, "those who are to be married, please approach." Sitting directly in front of her, I instinctively stood up and a lone, tall, red-haired, skinny man had approached, now standing alone and staring at me. Whispering into the lady's ears, she openly replied to him, "Don't worry, she's stood up. But she's confused and doesn't fully know what is to take place." Taking my hand, the lady placed his in mine as I stood there, confused. Looking towards this man, I replied, "I have three kids, and apparently now, four, as I have adopted Lisao." Very quick to agree to adopt all of my children as his own, he seemed perturbed at my lack of understanding.

Despite this, the ceremony continued as I quietly pondered in my mind what could possibly be happening. It was also clear that this person was living on the other side, and not physically present upon the Earth. (Although I didn't know it at the time, I was meeting somebody who might become more important to me in my after-life. But because there were medical problems which remained undiagnosed, I didn't realize the potential momentousness of this revelation. In a short time, my status would be revealed and their import would become clearer.)

Lisao, this young man and I had wandered off together as the gathering concluded. Looking upon the sky which did not bear a sun but was aflame from the light of God, I hesitated to leave, but knew that I must. Releasing this young man's hand, I looked into his eyes

which mirrored back to me an intensive longing on his part for me to remember who he was, something I sadly could not give him at this time. Meekly, I bid them both good-bye, releasing his hand to soar down the mountain.

As I began to soar, my spirit found itself waiting in a mountain temple with marble beams jutting high into the sky. Awaiting me was a young woman who appeared to be of royal descent. Looking as though she might have come from India, her long black hair was pulled back into a casual braid. A very simple golden band was formed around her head, and she wore an exquisite and colorful Indian garment, which was shimmering with pinks, purples and blues. In her hands was a golden gilded book which she immediately handed to me. Inside was the text of 'The Mysteries of the Redemption,' along with the imprint of a publisher. "I have a message for you from the Master," she said, as she pointed to the name of the publisher. Flipping through the golden gilded book to a page in the back, she handed it to me to read. 'Let Jesus take care of everything,' it said.

Looking up at this royal young lady before me, she closed the golden book, placing it in my hands for me to keep. Quietly, she turned and walked away, as the spirit wind took her essence into a molecular cyclone which then spun upwards towards heaven.

Alit by the sun, the clouds were glorious as I arrived without foreknowledge of how I'd made my journey to this abode. Two priests were calmly awaiting my arrival, wearing the robes which are normally worn for the performance of the Mass. Today, they wore the color green. Hovering in the heavens, the priests directed my gaze in another direction wherein I immediately noticed a glorious stairway from the sky into deep space.

Turning towards the steps, the priests handed me a stack of 8 X 11 cardboard markers which were to serve in some manner in the journey of which I was about to undertake.

A ritual process followed, as I instinctually threw the cardboard markers up the steps, tossing them into the heavens. It was absolutely vital that a correct synchronization between these markers and the steps occur before I could continue on my way. Coming together in the heavens, the markers synchronized into the first ten steps, as an angel appeared. "You've missed a few steps," she said. Gathering up and looking at the ten markers more carefully, I noticed that several appeared to be stuck together, so I prepared them properly and again flung them towards the heavens directly at this heavenly stairway which led into deep space. Counting, I gathered that I had now acquired twenty-one steps. Very patiently, the angel conveyed, "You have still missed some steps as there are a total of fifty four." Again, I gathered up and looked at the markers, focusing more intently on the hidden meaning that they might, as I flung them again towards the heavens along this galactic stairway. Watching in awe, they magically formed into a grandiose series of fifty-four steps into the heavens, beckoning me to follow. Imprinting themselves upon each of the etheric steps, they had become deeply imbedded a beautiful heavenly image of which I was not yet allowed to see. All I knew was that they followed a sequence of events.

Standing on each side of me, the priests had approached as if to protect me from the thrust which was about to overtake us as we prepared to enter upon this pathway into deep space. As they took my hands, one on each side, the images upon the steps became clear to me and I shuddered at the import of their meaning. Upon each of the fifty four almost invisible, etheric steps, were

very distinct images showing the sequence of the holy mass. Jesus Christ appeared in robes of red and white, taking the place of the priest in the performance of the Latin rite, as His sacred heart blazed forth a reddish light which glowed in heavenly proportions. Each of the stages presented, brought about an energetic thrust within the souls of those who were open to them as they attended the mass.

Without a word, my spirit was immediately swept up into galactic space, as my soul followed the fifty-four steps of the Holy Mass undergoing a voluminous transformation as I traveled at the speed of light towards the stars. A rushing torrent of influential energies filled me with a solemn knowledge of this holy rite, and transformed my spirit as I followed its pathway.

Before I had the time to ascertain the meaning of this torrential flood of energy, my spirit came to a sudden standstill. Inside a very solemn and holy cave which held reminiscences of the sacred tomb of Christ, we were hovering in deep space. Because I had been swept up in a whirlwind of white energies, my spirit could not ascertain the path I had taken to enter this tomb. But as I stood here, I felt the coming together of each step of the journey. Each unique and individual image of Christ performing the fifty-four stages of the Latin rite of the mass at the sacred altar had been thrust into my soul.

Standing before me in an epiphany of light, the priests were preparing to finish this sacred ritual by consecrating the Eucharistic host into the body and blood of Jesus the Christ. Before I could ascertain any more, I noticed a holy visitor who had come to join us for this final procession of our faith. Standing beside the priests, placing his holy hands upon their shoulders, Padre Pio looked up to peer deeply into my eyes.

Stunned by his entrance, I didn't know what to do or say. But before I could think, the spirits of the priests became ablaze with sparkly blue lights, permeating throughout their spiritual forms and encompassing the robes they wore. All around them, the sparkly blue lights were aglow as they began to speak the sacred words of consecration, which held within them great power now translated into my soul in a lightning-storm of power.

Huge power came from within the priests manifesting as a magnificent and large beam of blue light coming from their hands, entering directly into the sacred host which immediately came alive, bursting with blue energy and light. For a moment, I remembered long ago when I had been taken through the rites of the crucifixion and had been shown images of Christ during his passion. Interestingly, his body had been surrounded by beautiful blue energies, very similar to those which had now overtaken the Eucharistic host. Overcome with holy energy, the entire tomb was filled with an electric silence, the most notable being that of Padre Pio. My mind took note of the appropriateness of his presence, in that as a bearer of the stigmata (the sacred wounds of Christ); he had journeyed through his life as a living crucifixion. In this holy tomb, we had just experienced Christ's resurrection . . . and the most amazing thing about it was that every single soul upon the Earth could experience this magnificent moment any day of the year by attending the holy mass.

A flash of light occurred as our spirits were immediately transported into deep space, hovering amidst the stars. Padre Pio's back was turned to me, as he sat silently in a very still and meditative position. Feeling compelled to talk with the priests who had completed the mass, I was wondering if they had seen the magnificent energy and power which had come from

them during the consecration. Because I'd not seen astonishment coming from their faces as all of this had occurred, I'd considered that maybe they'd experienced it in the mundane, the manner in which it is physically experienced on Earth. But gazing upon the back of Padre Pio, I had an inherent feeling that he might consider such a discussion disrespectful in regards to the holy moment of which we had just been allowed to partake.

Keeping my amazement to myself, I sat quietly in respectful obeisance to the Lord, and gazed upon the back of the holy man who was to grace my presence for only a moment more. In a flash, my spirit disappeared, returning to my familiar Earthly abode.

"Padre Pio has accepted you as a spiritual child," the voice said, as an invisible hand gave me a relic of the saint. Awaking at San Giovanni Rotondo, I meditated quietly in a room alone all night.

Waking up in the back seat of a car, two other people were being driven around a ghetto with me. Stopping in an especially scary location, the driver asked all of us to get out of the vehicle. One exited the car immediately, while the other stayed put.

Looking more closely at the driver, I suddenly recognized him as Padre Pio. Because of this, I made a quick decision. 'Padre Pio wouldn't leave me here in this dangerous part of town,' I thought, 'I think I'll take my chances and remain in the car.' Not moving from my position, the Padre began driving quietly without saying a word. "Those who truly love you," Padre Pio conveyed, "will not put you in harms way." Referring to those who wished for me to continue to provide things to them that I had done before becoming ill, it was very clear that if they truly loved me, they would encourage me to fight

for my life, and be unconcerned about the things I could
no longer do for others.

CHAPTER SIX**Meetings with Jesus, Prophets, Saints, Mystics
and Sages from all over the World from All Time,
Ancient Biblical Patriarchs, Paramahansa
Yogananda, Pope John Paul II, Mother Teresa, Sai
Baba, Crucifixion, St. Veronica.**

Having appeared to me in the splendor of white, I was stunned by His presence, and overwhelmed by his purpose. Throughout the night, the Lord Jesus repeatedly took me out of my body to observe what my husband and children's lives would be like when I was gone. Literally driving me somewhat crazy, I would try to bring myself back and wake up my spirit so that I wouldn't have to bear witness. "Don't you understand? I don't want them to grow up without me!" I shouted at the Lord, as He responded in understanding and patience. But each time I returned to sleep, Jesus calmly took me back out and allowed me to observe my family in my absence. Ironically, they seemed okay despite my loss.

Very calm throughout, the Lord had wished me to see that my family would be okay without me, and He also filled my spirit with an indescribable peace about the will of God. Conveying that this experience was vital to the spiritual formation of my children, it was an experience which would help form their destiny in adult life. (As always, the Lord never revealed if or when I would truly die, just that whether I or not I died or experienced disability for years, it was the will of God.) Wishing for me to know that my family would be fine if I did pass on, this was very hard for me. Because I most certainly wanted them to be okay, it was hard for me to accept that I may not be present at least while they were

growing up. Frankly, I was afraid of being forgotten by my children, and of being replaced by somebody else who might enter their lives as a step-mom. Feeling tremendous guilt for this, I knew that if I were unable to be there, I'd want them to have a motherly figure to love. But I'd always assumed that it would be me . . . apparently arrogantly so.

Waking from this traumatic event, I accepted the peace Our Lord was giving to me as a gift, and I understood that when the time had come in which it was appointed for me to die, that I would be grateful to know that they would be okay, despite the fact that they would be okay *without me*.

That very morning, my middle daughter shared that she had a dream where she was playing in the front yard. A man with long brown hair, a beard and moustache, dressed in white and red robes came walking up the street towards her. "Are you Jesus?" Mary asked. Replying that He was, He played with her in the yard for some time before taking her back into her bedroom where He watched her while she slept, disappearing only in the morning when it was time to get up.

Standing amidst the galactic heavens, my soul awaited that for which I had come, although I was unaware of what that might be. Because I'd recently considered getting a job due to financial matters, I had been thinking about things I might still be able to do in my current condition. Suddenly surrounded by a crowd of very colorful spirit beings, I looked among them. Recognizing them as the prophets, saints, mystics and sages of all ages and from all over the world, I was honored and quite amazed.

Feeling a powerful rush of energy, they all began to enter into me energetically, like a bolt of lightning. But

this power burst lasted for only a moment as I began to hear above me a resonant and holy voice which came across as 'a mouthpiece of God.', "You are the voice of the prophets and saints. You speak for us in the physical world . . . and this is your occupation." Demonstrating how they were able to use me in the physical world to accomplish the will of God, I was a vessel, a sieve. Without saying so, I knew that I was being directed not to pursue any type of job at this time, and it was further shown to me in another manner that most of the jobs I might be able to acquire would be too physically demanding in my condition and put me at risk of death.

Gazing upon this amazing gathering of souls, a vortex of energy began to circle around and through them into me, as my soul became a rocket burst of light! An incandescent smile lit upon my face to imitate the grand smiles coming from each of them. Marveling at the gathering, I was able to observe that there were prophets, saints, mystics and sages from every world religion represented. So many were there, I felt sure there were those representing smaller sects present, but I wasn't as familiar with what these special souls had looked like during their lives. Among them were Babaji, Paramahansa Yogananda, various Old Testament guys, some very amazing Jewish sages, a particularly interesting Sufi who I believed might be Rumi, some Buddhist monks of whom I knew to be among the saints of that religion (one of them I believed to be Milarepa and others among the patriarchs), and various monks, saints, nuns, mendicants, hermits and priests of the various religions, as well. In this whirlwind of energy, my spirit was rushed away to return to the Earth and remember my incredible journey this eve.

Standing before the ancient patriarch, his ochre robe was draped over his body all the way down to his feet. In his hands, he bore the 'Catechism of the Catholic Church,' from which he was teaching me. Focusing primarily upon the entries regarding Abraham and the patriarchs, he was having me read the inter-dimensional version of the Catechism which explained the metaphysical and multiple mystical meanings which were hidden within the words. Looking upon the inter-dimensional text, some of it would wave in and out of view, and therefore, I was reading slower than usual. Meanings were hidden within the words, deep, mystical and difficult to comprehend. As he finished, the patriarch was pleasantly surprised to realize that I was indeed listening and taking in the words of his teaching, because he was unsure if any of it was penetrating. Although I would be want to explain any of these deeper meanings, my soul went into a meditative state contemplating these new understandings.

Lying in bed, I looked up to notice that the ceiling overhead had begun to swirl. As it did so, the walls of the room became transparent and my vision soared to that of the now swirling clouds above my home. Parting, the clouds opened to reveal an image of the heavens as a parade of bluish-white, life-size statues appeared in succession. Showing the history of salvation, it began with the Old Testament patriarchs and prophets and continued through the life of Jesus, finalizing at the ascension of Christ which was portrayed by a bluish-white statue of Him ascending to heaven with a large white-winged angel standing aside.

After this final statue was depicted, there was a large cliff which fell fifty to one hundred feet below. Above the statues was the entrance to heaven which was

clearly in view and depicted as a bluish-white, swirling cloud with light. Below the statues and standing below the cliff were thousands of people all reaching to the heavenly gate. These were souls in purgatory, who regretted the missed opportunities in life which would have allowed them to enter heaven immediately upon their death. Although they did not appear to be suffering in any obvious physical way, they exhibited very clearly that they were undergoing a mental suffering in being able to see the gate of heaven, but being unable to penetrate it as of yet.

Following the exquisite salvation history of mankind through the parade of statues backwards and then forwards again, I marveled at this grand plan of the Lord.

Traveling the galactic heavens one fortnight, my spirit noticed a familiar soul wandering the heavenly pathways ahead of me. Running to catch up to him, Paramahansa Yogananda immediately seated himself in a lotus position in midair and looked at me expectantly as if waiting for me to pose a question. Bowing before him, I got on my knees. "My question to you, Master, is this. Over the last year, I've experienced and understood that many people die young, either through illness or accident, and don't seem to get the opportunity to finish what they start. Because of this, Master, I am struggling with the feeling that life appears quite meaningless to me."

Calmly, and with no change of expression on his face, he replied, "You must lower your desires and relinquish all things. Allow God to lead your soul to where the meaning lies." Our beatings within the Eucharistic Tabernacle served the purpose of impermanence, renunciation and detachment. Nodding

that I would do this, I got up onto my feet and turned to go.

Having sat down to talk with this young woman who had recently gone through a bout of non-invasive cancer, I found that my words were not very effective in my attempts to guide her. Next to her, an image of a person began to slowly materialize into the realm in which we occupied, and I became quiet to see who it might be. Within moments, Pope John Paul II had appeared in his white robes with a simple white cap, sitting next to the woman very quietly. "You can not talk to her," he said, "because she has not yet discovered her destiny." Understanding, it was clear that it was pointless to try to talk to this person at this time because of her spiritual status.

Walking slowly wearing the garment of a nun, I was amidst a long line of Missionaries of Charity and monks who were engaged in spiritual practice. Mother Teresa was overlooking our practice and guiding us as we went.

Because of my clumsiness, I experienced repeated accidents; falling down, tripping out of line, knocking something over, etc. Each time, I felt so badly about myself because the monks and nuns around me were so very intensely mindful and full of peace. It seemed my soul was trying to overcome some remnants of agitation which remained within it. But each time, Mother Teresa gently came over to me, and took my hand in hers. "I love you," she said, as she gazed into my eyes with utter peace.

As she did so, I felt totally loved and strong enough to get back up and join this line of prayer and contemplation, working towards removing my fetters

and agitated qualities which prevented my practice from being as penetrating as these souls who walked with perfect calm and precision.

"I shall share with you fully what I know. Meditation, control of the senses. And passions, and selfless service of all are the body, the scriptures are the limbs and truth is the heart of this wisdom."

*The Upanishads, Kena Upanishad, #8, (Hinduism,
Translator: Eknath Easwaran)*

"Lord! By my inmost mind am I contemplating Thee! This helpless one in Thy Shelter keep. Grant union: my life with love for Thee is brimful. My self ever Thy beauty is contemplating; by realization of the Lord attracted. Lord! You are protector of the devotees' esteem, shatterer of suffering, fulfiller of all desires. May the auspicious day arrive when the Lord to my bosom be clasped."

*Sri Guru Granth Sahib, Volume II, Raja Asa, Page 980,
(Sikhism)*

In the distance, I saw him sitting in a very peaceful lotus position. Paramahansa Yogananda was meditating quietly and I was facing his side. As I watched, I was given to see how he was able to tune into any realm, much like a radio, at will. Ringlets of light and laser beams of energy were moving from his third eye and crown chakra into many differing realms, sometimes all at one time. Nodding my observation, I was taken elsewhere.

"And those persons who only believe in perception by the senses, those monks, nuns, male and female lay devotees who by the sage were admonished of enlightenment."

*Saddharma Pundarika or the Lotus of the True Law,
Sadaparibhuta, No. 8 (Buddhism: Mahayana)*

"O Brother! Not every sea hath pearls; not every branch will flower, nor will the nightingale sing thereon. Then, ere the nightingale of the mystic paradise repair to the garden of God, and the rays of the heavenly morning return to the Sun of Truth - make thou an effort, that haply in this dust heap of the mortal world thou mayest catch a fragrance from the everlasting garden, and live forever in the shadow of the peoples of this city. And when thou hast attained this highest station and come to this mightiest plane, then shalt thou gaze on the Beloved, and forget all else."

The Seven Valleys and The Four Valleys, The Valley of True Poverty and Absolute Nothingness, (Bahai', Words of Baha'u'llah

For weeks, I had been honored to see Christ almost nightly as He gave me further instructions on the final publications of my works. Every detail was covered in exquisite detail, and if I missed something, He would tell me of it the next night. Finally, it appeared that I might be wrapping up the work on the previously written books when He came again.

"We have much to do and not much time left within which to do it." He said, conveying great urgency. Sharing instructions on how I might reorder my life to accommodate a coming onslaught of energies and intensive work, He made me to know that we were going to work together to finish the Palace of Ancient Knowledge. A flurry of instructions began to follow nightly as to which texts I was to study that day and the work began with a pulsating roar . . .

"It is the virtue of teachers to aim not at praise, nor at esteem from those under their authority, but at their salvation, and to do every thing with this object; since the man who should make the other end his aim, would not be a teacher but a tyrant. Sure it is not for this that

*God set thee over them, that thou shouldest enjoy
greater court and service, but that thine own interests
should be disregarded, and every one of their built up.*

This is teacher's duty."

*The Complete Writings of the Early Church Fathers, Nicene
and Post-Nicene Fathers, Volume 13, Homily VIII,
(Christianity, Catholic, Author: St. John Chrysostom)*

It was the last thing I expected to see or run across in my mystical world, an encounter with Hindu Avatar Sai Baba. Why? Well, let me explain.

Having studied the Hindu Avatar Sai Baba for about a year, I'd ran across many books in support of him and many which discounted him as a sorcerer or a 'false prophet.' Years ago, I'd discounted him myself, never really thinking of him again. He was prominent in India in the mid 1900's, passing from this life into the next in the late 1960's or early 1970's.

One of the difficulties I had with him was the simple understanding of the Hindu people that he was an incarnation of God. I didn't believe that then, nor do I now. But in Hinduism, Krishna was an incarnation of God. And in their belief system, those whom we might consider as saints in subsequent generations can be considered as another subsequent incarnation of God. So that is the Hindu belief, although I do not share it. And because of this, I held Sai Baba as highly suspect.

But another Hindu concept is that of the Avatars and the great Yogi's. These include those such as Babaji (the immortal Avatar), Paramahansa Yogananda (the Hindu Incorruptible Yogi Saint), and others like them.

After my experience last night, I believe that Sai Baba was an Avatar, and a valid one. Though I still hold within myself the studies and research that I did which showed me he was an imperfect being, but one gifted with unusual gifts.

He was known for healing people and creating miraculous objects of devotion out of the ether. Many followed him, some rejected him, and nobody could explain the miraculous ash that would come forth from his mouth during healing ceremonies except that it is a common miraculous occurrence among Hindu saints.

The first thing I recall when I first saw Sai Baba coming toward me in the ether was his calming voice and the powerful, mind-blowing vibration of his soul. His words were without blame because of my prior judgment upon his soul. "Isn't it true," he said, "that Anna Maria Taigi and many other Catholic mystics were called sorceresses in their lifetime?"

I remembered. During the life of Blessed Anna Maria Taigi, who had been blessed with many visions of great importance to the pontificate of her day, was indeed thought to be a sorceress by many who lived near her, despite her obvious holy nature and many good works.

Without any further question, Sai Baba, the Avatar, came upon my soul. And it was truly a 'coming upon' if I may use this analogy. Without hesitation, I knew immediately that he was not as I'd judged him, that he was a holy man. Instantly, I knew that I'd been wrong. And before I knew it, his holy vibration encompassed my very soul and we began to soar into the mysteries of knowledge . . .

The power cannot be expressed or contained, and if I had known where this journey would lead, I would have been surprised that he had been chosen as its emissary. But at this moment, I didn't yet know where we were going.

It was an exterior and interior experience at the same time, although my body was completely asleep. My soul was filled with his soul, but he was showing me

things exteriorly, as well.

We came across several intersections in the galactic heavens of knowledge, and within them were mysteries contained in energetic receptacles of which he allowed me to partake. As we continued, I felt more and more the holiness of this man (who I knew to be a man, not an incarnation of God) and I began to FEEL knowledge rather than KNOW it.

Each subsequent body of wisdom filled me with a greater tranquility and peace, but at the same time, an indescribably powerful energy that I had never before experienced.

It went on for hours as the energies would climb and subside, climb and subside. And interiorly, I just understood.

But the final turn in our journey was unexpected, although perhaps upon reflection it should not have been so. This night journey was taken two nights after an attack was made to the mosque on the Holy Mount in Jerusalem, the site of the original Temple of the Ark of the Covenant. The subsequent day, many mosques all over the Arab world had been attacked by suicide bombers and many people killed. And, of course, this was all happening at a time when my own nation was at war with Iraq.

The horrendous reality of the lives that had been lost during these wars and terrorist attacks is unfathomable to man, how must God see such things? And then to have the Muslim people, Shiites and Sunni's, desecrating the mosques of their fellow Muslim's? Such craziness was only mirrored by the not long distant fighting, desecration and bloodshed between the Protestant and Catholic Christians of Ireland.

Despite this, Sai Baba was focused on something much smaller, although it became clear to me that these

recent desecrations had been a catalyst for my journey with him this eve. Sai Baba took me into a small localized Christian Catholic church. Inside, he showed me something of great importance because it explained the type of mass desecration and violence which was now going on all around me. And in that moment, I realized why God had sent Sai Baba to show this to me; rather than somebody I had accepted, not judged or rendered false according to my own limited capacity to know (like a Catholic Saint, for instance).

Inside the small Catholic Church was being committed a sin akin to murder according to the Jewish Talmud. In the writings of the Talmud, there is a section devoted exclusively to a sin called by the name of 'Lashon Hara' and/or 'Rechilus.' Remember this name well.

Lashon Hara and/or Rechilus are gossip and slander of a fellow human being. And as Sai Baba stood above this small Catholic Church, I saw within him a holy rage begin to emerge identical (I interiorly knew this.) to the rage of Christ at the temple when he shouted, "My Father's House is a HOUSE OF PRAYER!" I felt this holy rage of God at the outrage being committed in an institution called by His name and it filled me like a powerful vibration.

Slander, in the Jewish Talmud, is the cause of ruining another man's reputation. In the Jewish tradition, to destroy a man's reputation is to destroy his ability to make a livelihood. And to destroy someone's ability to make their own livelihood is akin to murdering him.

And in that moment, I saw the correlation between what was happening in a small Catholic church through the mouths of some who were present and participating in Lashon Hara, and the destruction of

God's holy temples in other parts of the world. They were one in the same, and one led to the other.

"As for me and my house," I shouted to Sai Baba, "we shall serve the Lord." A huge torrent of energy like a tsunami whizzed through my spirit as I said this. Sai Baba looked at me so intensely, I cannot describe his eyes. And I realized that Sai Baba had come to deliver this message to me, because he was a servant of God that I had judged wrongly; falsely perceived as false. It was my own judgment against him that was false. I was wrong, but had truly and honestly felt that my judgment was correct.

In the mouths of those committing a similar lack of discretion or mistake, was a similar confidence in their correctness. They had no idea the damage they were doing to those of whom they spoke. And the holy rage I was experiencing as if it were Christ's rage when He was at the temple mount which had just literally been desecrated again had been generated by the fact that they didn't care . . .

It was not important enough to them to even consider the damage that their words might do to another fellow brother or sister in Christ. It was not important enough to them to even consider the possibility that they might be wrong about somebody or something and actually INTERFERING with the Will of God!

And it was this arrogant ignorance that was also responsible for the warring of the nations, the desecrations of the Holy Mount and all the Mosques across the Middle East the previous day.

As I stared into Sai Baba's eyes, he didn't ask for apology on my part. He didn't ask for anything. He conveyed . . . and what he conveyed was the Holy Rage of God at each and every person of faith who enters into

a house of prayer, whether it be Christian, Jewish, Muslim, Buddhist, Hindu, or any other; and desecrates it with his words or his internal hatred of his brothers and sisters.

And it went without saying that this holy rage extended to those who took it to the higher level by actually desecrating holy places with violence.

I FELT the Holy Rage. And it became a part of me. He wouldn't allow me to speak of my own false judgment of him. He was not willing to waste time on any apology I might have to offer him, because he held no anger at me for this misjudgment. All that mattered to him was that I FEEL the Holy Rage of God and SEE the desecration of this sin and how it had infiltrated so thoroughly into the hearts of so many people of faith, in every religion. So I internally apologized to the Lord, and vowed to never desecrate the holy temple of any of my brothers or sisters, anywhere in the world of any faith with the inappropriate use of words again.

Sai Baba was not yet satisfied. He knew of my sincerity and he was unconcerned. Pointing down below, he showed me my other brothers and sisters so negligently continuing in their acts of 'Lashon Hara' and/or 'Rechilus.' Nodding, I finally understood. He wanted me to tell them, too. This message was not just for me, but for all of us.

Thou shalt NOT bear false witness against thy neighbor and Thou shalt not judge that which you don't understand.

In his eyes, I knew that I was not held accountable for making a false assumption about his soul. He was totally unconcerned with this because he knew that I'd done a great deal of discernment and I'd never slandered him. I'd kept my thoughts about him to myself. But he'd come to show me the faulty nature of human

understanding.

That which is impossible to man is not impossible to God. That which is understood by God, is not always understood by man.

And it was this that was causing so much warfare in our world. It all began with the inappropriate use of words. From the slanders and blasphemies committed in God's name by those who consider themselves His servants to the bitter and violent struggles of actual warfare in the Middle East. They all had one root; prideful, arrogant, misuse of words.

Sai Baba showed me something else. It concerned a situation wherein such 'Lashon Hara' was resulting in the will of God being usurped in a small community. Imagine the ramifications of this, if you consider all of the small communities put together.

It was a reprehensible act of negligence to the Holy House of God, which no matter what the religion, is meant to be a House of Prayer.

Filling me with one final rush of purpose, he withdrew from my soul only after he knew that I would convey this message to everyone concerned. And it appears that that would be every single one of us.

In honor of this message delivered to me by the holy avatar Sai Baba, the 'Other Voices' section in this issue contains three writers who speak eloquently and powerfully on the subject of violence in our world and the responsibility of every single one of us to stop that violence from within ourselves so that we may become a part of the solution.

Sai Baba was often asked while alive about the miracles that were attributed to him. His response was this. "It is wrong to call them miracles for they are only evidence . . . not an exhibition." Speaking of his devotees, Sai Baba said, "I give them what they want so they will

want what I have come to give, a deeper understanding of ourselves."

In the future, perhaps we should ask ourselves to deeply think upon these questions. If something is incompatible with our faith, as it stands now; like Galileo's discovery in his time that the Earth circled the sun and not vice versa. How do we know whether or not we have the wisdom to determine if it is incompatible with God?

And in the words of the great Buddhist Monk, Thich Nhat Hahn, "Peace is Every Step." And I might add . . . every word.

Beyond infinitum, my spirit began soaring into the sky and then the heavens, soon to be greeted by the welcoming hand of Jesus Christ my Lord. Taking my hand, He flew me to a sunny oasis, wherein we stopped and I waited to see what was to come.

As we stood there for several moments, the ethers were stirring. But in my heart, there stirred the greatest love as I admired and looked upon my Lord and Saviour. Gazing at Him, He also gazed at me with a huge and voluminously joyous smile. Which was odd considering the sad sight which was about to appear before us. But because I did not yet know, I just stared at Him, with the knowledge of the moving ether around me, but happy and content in the presence of my one and only true love. The skies around us were filled with light and a light blue color sweeter than any earthly sky.

Within moments, four huge crosses appeared in the sky before me. Christ was upon each of the crosses in one of the stations of his agony and death upon the cross. In the first station, his head was upright as he'd just been placed upon it. In the second, it had dropped a few inches down to the right. In the third, his head was at

neck level in its drooping and in the fourth, his head rested against his shoulder in death. Observing these four stations, I interiorly understood this to be a penitential observance to be called the 'Watch and Wait.'

Interiorly, I understood that He had felt very alone and abandoned at this time. Although St. John and the Holy Women had stayed, all the other Apostles and followers of Christ had left Him at this difficult time of His suffering and death.

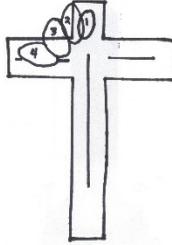
But there was a hidden mystery in this waiting to be revealed. I was unable to take the next step in my white bridal gown because something remained in me that was holding me back. It was not yet something I knew or could even predict, but it would come in its own time so that I might purify myself of it and be ready to jump into the next sphere when given the next opportunity to do so. Perhaps then . . . I could bring back the sacred galactic texts?

Winds began to blow my spirit back into its earthly receptacle as my hand was released from that of my Lord. "I wish others to do this, too." He said, as I began to blow away because of the sudden and intense spirit wind . . . "Tell others this . . ." As He spoke, I nodded in understanding as He disappeared into the ether and I was replaced into my physical receptacle upon the earth.

Watch and Wait

Four Stations

Stand at the Foot of the Cross with St. John and the Holy Women Between Twelve Noon and Three P.M. Good Friday.



Sitting at the piano in the church I was playing and singing the Mass. I noticed quickly that about thirty or forty deceased priests, bishops and monks were sitting in the center pew of the church gathered together. But what struck me was a beautiful voice I heard from my side.

Turning, I saw a woman hovering as if sitting in midair before the statue of the Blessed Virgin. "Who are you?" I asked. "Don't you know me?" She responded. "No." I replied. "I am Veronica, I help you to sing." "Are you *St. Veronica*?" I asked, as she nodded in acknowledgement that she was the woman who had wiped the face of Christ on his Way of the Cross. Awed, I turned and noticed that as she sang, the religious who sat in the pews could hear her, but not see her. They were frightened by it. A sound of a heavenly organ came from the back of the church, and again they felt fear. "Don't worry," *St. Veronica* said, "I will help you to sing. And many may disapprove of what you do. But it is because they cannot see me and they do not understand that which I am doing. I will stay with you, and I will help

you."

She disappeared in a simultaneous wisp with that of my own soul as I left the world of the night to the physical world below.

Visions of Jesus and the Saints

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