

The Little Blue Nun:

A Tale of Astral Projection and Transcendent Discoveries

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation

<https://outofbodytravel.org>



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INTRODUCTION

There is a world beyond this world; a vast, luminous realm unseen by most, yet always present, waiting for those ready to journey into the unknown. *The Little Blue Nun* is not merely a story of spiritual adventure; it is an invitation to awaken to the infinite depths of consciousness, to step beyond the veil of the ordinary, and to discover the unseen architecture of reality itself.

The Blue Nuns are mystics of the highest order; astral travelers, guardians of the ethereal currents, and architects of soul transformation. They move beyond the confines of the physical body, traversing realms where consciousness flows freely, and where reality is pliable, alive, and responsive to intention. In these luminous expanses, they perceive the subtle distortions within souls, within situations, and within the vibrations of existence itself. With a single thought, a quiet act of presence, or the gentle shaping of energy, they intervene to raise the frequency of lives, align

destinies, and guide souls toward their higher potentials.

Dressed in a soft, dark navy, celestial blue, the Little Blue Nun embodies more than purity or divine wisdom. This color carries the weight of human striving; the quiet resilience of the everyday soul, the tenderness and compassion of those who live with humility and grace. It is the blue of the Madonna of the streets, the color of souls who persist through struggle, who rise through trials, and who extend care even when unseen. It is a color that nurtures and protects, a vibration that bridges the divine and the ordinary, the heavenly and the earthly.

Through her journeys, the Little Blue Nun does not merely observe, she participates. She moves among the astral planes and out-of-body realms with intent, altering the currents of reality itself to support growth, healing, and alignment. She reshapes energies, releasing what hinders, amplifying what uplifts, and weaving coherence where fragmentation has taken hold. Every encounter, every subtle intervention, is an act of precise spiritual engineering, designed to elevate souls to higher vibrations and awaken their latent capacities.

Astral Projection and Out-of-Body Travel are not exercises in escape; they are sacred practices of transformation. For centuries, mystics, sages, and

seekers of the divine have ventured into these realms not to flee, but to awaken, to perceive the patterns that underlie existence, and to participate consciously in the orchestration of reality. It is in these ethereal journeys that the soul learns to move beyond limitation, to witness the interconnectedness of all beings, and to recognize the infinite potential that resides within.

In my own experience, I have walked these planes not as a passive traveler, but as a co-creator. I have witnessed the unfolding of destiny, the subtle weaving of divine laws, and the awakening of potential in souls who seemed lost. I have seen how even the smallest shift in consciousness can ripple across realities, altering circumstances, illuminating paths, and restoring harmony where imbalance once prevailed.

Through the guidance of the Little Blue Nun, you are invited to enter these realms with openness, curiosity, and courage. She is both gentle and commanding, nurturing as she leads, yet unwavering in her commitment to reveal the truths that lie beyond the physical. She teaches that Out-of-Body Travel is not simply a journey to distant planes, but an encounter with the very nature of the soul, a recognition of the unseen forces that shape life, and an awakening to the power you carry to co-create reality itself.

This book will serve as your guide; a roadmap through the mysteries of astral and out-of-body experience. Through shared vision, practical insight, and sacred teaching, you will learn not only how to navigate the realms beyond the body, but how to perceive the subtle threads of energy that flow through all existence. You will discover the living currents that influence thought, emotion, and circumstance, and how, with attention and intention, you can participate in raising the vibrational field of your own life and the lives of others.

In journeying with the Little Blue Nun, you will see that the boundaries of time and space are illusions. You will perceive the hidden layers of your soul's evolution; its past, present, and future intertwined. Each astral and out-of-body passage is an opportunity for awakening, for communion with higher forces, and for stepping fully into your own power as a conscious, creative being.

The Blue Nuns move not for themselves, but for the unfolding of the cosmos, the elevation of consciousness, and the transformation of reality itself. And in walking with them, you are invited to recognize your own role in this grand, infinite dance. You are not limited by the body, nor confined by the material; you are a soul of infinite potential, capable of perceiving, shaping, and transcending the currents of existence.

May this journey awaken you to the sacred truth: that you are both traveler and creator, navigator and witness. That the unseen is as real as the seen, and that within the depths of your own consciousness lie the keys to higher vibration, luminous clarity, and profound transformation. The Little Blue Nun is your companion, your guide, and your reminder that the infinite is always within reach and that your own soul, like hers, can move among the stars.

In my journey as a member of the Sisters of the Common Spirit, I have come to understand the profound and sacred nature of our work. The Order of the Blue Nuns does not act through force, spectacle, or grand gestures; rather, we move with subtlety, precision, and intention, working within the currents of energy, frequency, and vibration. Our mission is one of deep transformation, carried out in harmonious alignment with the divine will. We operate primarily within the unseen realms, where shifts of consciousness ripple outward to touch both the physical world and the spiritual spheres beyond. Each mission is undertaken with reverence one soul at a time, one vibration at a time; guided by our unwavering obedience to the divine and our devotion to the sacred flow.

We do not seek to alter the world in a single, dramatic moment. Instead, we attune ourselves to the divine cadence, making the subtle adjustments that, over time, create profound and lasting change. The work of the Little Blue Nuns is movement incarnate; whether through the recalibration of energy fields, the alignment of frequencies, or the gentle correction of vibrational patterns. No act is insignificant; even the smallest shift resonates outward, weaving new possibilities into the fabric of existence. Through this meticulous devotion, we bring light, clarity, and healing into the world, one vibration at a time; each note echoing across eternity.

In this sacred labor, we move as one, a collective attuned to the same purpose: to serve the divine, to restore balance, and to uplift creation itself. Every motion, every intentional gesture, is an offering, a sacred step in the ongoing unfolding of cosmic harmony. We trust that these subtle movements, though often invisible to the eye, contribute to the greater good of all beings, and that in each frequency we raise, we touch the infinite.

The Little Blue Nuns work in the movement . . . join us there.

“During sleep the body and the soul are in a way separated for a time, while the body is resting and renewing its energy. During that time the soul is in a world of its own.

*There it can come into contact with the souls of the dead
and with spiritual realms. When we wake up we very
rarely remember our dreams. Of course, there are also those
dreams in which the soul reproduces that which it sees and
does while awake."*

*Our Thoughts Determine Our Lives, The Life and Teachings of Elder
Thaddeus of Vitovnica, On the Faith, Compiled and Published by the
St. Herman of Alaska Brotherhood, Translated by Ana Smiljanic, 2023*

CHAPTER ONE

Last night, once again clothed in the sacred garb of the Little Blue Nun, my spirit was carried into a realm beyond the ordinary; a vast, luminous school of the highest order, where the hidden mysteries of existence were made manifest.

I moved through realms upon realms, each more subtle, more radiant than the last, as though passing through a hundred levels of divine instruction. Time dissolved. What felt like aeons passed in the span of a single night, yet every lesson was immediate, total, and timeless.

Here, knowledge was not taught. Wisdom was not explained. Light did not shine. It **vibrated**, infused into the very fabric of my being. Words, poor vessels though they are, cannot contain it. Every cell, every fiber of my spirit absorbed the truth of things, whole and unbroken.

When I awoke, I did not understand with my mind. I understood with my spirit. There was clarity. There was stillness. There was fullness. And one truth resonated through every particle of my being:

All things made new. All things made new.

And from the deepest place within me, I whispered,
"Yes, Lord. I will make all things new."

"The highest of all hidden orders, the Order of Melchizedek, known by other names to other nations, exists only in the inner realms. It is composed entirely of those who have graduated from the Mystery Schools, who have broken through the confines of their former selves, and who, like the phoenix, give birth to a new self from the depths of their own nature."

Manly P. Hall

Anonymous Experience: "Marilynn and I were engaged in a sacred mission as part of a consecrated work together when a powerful, malevolent entity appeared before us, perhaps Satan himself, or one near the highest ranks of Hell. With mocking laughter and haughty disdain, it destroyed the work we had created, gloating before vanishing into the ether.

We accepted it without anger, taking it in stride, and immediately set about rebuilding and restoring what had been lost to this dark force.

Shortly thereafter, the Lord Jesus Christ appeared to us. With a gentle smile and visible pleasure in our efforts, He fully restored everything that had been destroyed by the evil visitor. He assured us, saying, 'All right, everything is okay. Get back to work,' and then quietly departed."

*"Speak not in the ears of a fool: for he will despise the
wisdom of your words."*

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs 23:9

Another realm had been formed, vast, luminous, unfinished. My spirit, clothed in the garb of the Little Blue Nun, moved silently through its contours, seeking out energetic imbalances and healing them one by one. This was sacred work. Nearly three hundred souls awaited their passage to the next realm beyond, but every detail of this current sphere had to be perfected first. No fractures, no dissonance could remain.

I wasn't alone in this task. A friend of mine was meant to be helping, but tonight, he was distracted.

I found him standing in a long line, arms full of books, many of them duplicates. I smiled softly. "Ah, he's bored again," I thought. He was always drawn to the banquet table, to novelty, stimulation, the thrill of discovery. The daily rhythm of this work, its repetition, discipline, and quiet demands, often left him restless.

But I had no time to pull him back now. The task required full focus. I let him be, knowing I would return to him when the moment came to transition the souls forward.

Gliding through the ether, I suddenly hit resistance, a spike of raw energy lodged at the front edge of the realm. It pulsed like a nerve, obstructing movement into the next sphere. Unless its frequency was softened, refined, it would prevent any further convergence.

At once, a prompting rose within me. I began to sing.

Not consciously, not as a choice, but as if the Holy Spirit had seized my breath and turned it into sacred sound. Hymns poured from me, and the air around me shimmered. Then, harmonies, five parts, layered and radiant. I stopped, astonished, straining to listen.

The music stopped too.

I sang again. The angels joined me once more, unseen but unmistakably present, their voices mingling with mine in a song that filled the realm.

Other souls were walking by. They noticed me, standing in rapture, singing to the heavens. One approached, eyes puzzled.

"Why are you singing hymns here?" she asked.

I looked at her, surprised by the question. "Why would I not?" I replied.

Then, lowering my voice to a whisper, I leaned closer. "Don't you hear them?" I gestured slowly, reverently, around us. "The angels?"

She looked around, confused. "I hear nothing."

Her words stunned me. The music had been so full, so clear, a celestial symphony echoing through my entire being. I could hardly imagine silence in its place.

A wave of awe swept over me. What a grace it is, to hear.

I lifted my voice again, unashamed, and the heavens responded. The angels sang. The realm trembled with resonance, and with their harmonies came motion, the spheres began to converge, a divine alignment unfolding. The time had come. The souls were ready.

I turned toward them and began to usher them forward, quickly, steadily, their movement now effortless, drawn by the magnetism of harmony. The energy was right. The moment had arrived.

I called for my friend, but he didn't come.

So I kept going, guiding soul after soul into the next realm, forward, forward, forward, until the space emptied and only silence remained.

I found him at the back, asleep, curled up, lost in his dreams.

It took effort to rouse him. When his eyes opened, they were groggy with disinterest.

"I needed your help," I said gently, "to move the souls. I had hoped you'd come."

He rubbed his face. "It just got... boring."

I nodded. I understood.

"The mission isn't always exciting," I said. "It happens in the daily work, in repetition, in discipline. Not in flashes, but in faithfulness. That's how it's done."

I reached out my hand. He took it.

We shared a knowing smile, not of blame, but of bond. And together, side by side, we followed the souls into the next realm.

"I think a new world will arise out of the religious mists when we approach our Bible with the idea that it is not only a book which was once spoken, but a book which is now speaking."

Aiden Wilson Tozer

Anonymous Experience: "I drifted into a dream, though it was no ordinary sleep. I entered Marilyn's soul, moving through it as if reading the pages of an inner book. There, I witnessed a quiet conversation unfolding with her guardian spirit. Her body rested in the world of sleep, but her spirit was awake, luminous, alert.

By her bedside, the guardian spoke, gentle yet firm: "Keep going, your work here isn't finished yet."

The scene shifted. Now Marilyn herself spoke, her voice calm, unwavering:

"That work is done... but only after you promise me you will come to take me with you."

Within her spirit, I felt the bittersweet tension of her words; a soft ache of longing, a tender sorrow, but beneath it all, an unmistakable serenity. She was at peace, fully present, and wholly aligned with what was hers to do.

In that moment, I too was invited into that peace. I saw the truth of her energy, how much she had given, how much labor and devotion had been drawn from her being. I had feared the loss of her presence, and feared time slipping away too soon. But the vision offered solace, a quiet assurance that there is still time, that all is as it should be."

And in that shared stillness, I understood: the work continues, the soul persists, and the love surrounding it endures, timeless and unwavering.

"When his work is done, he forgets it. The Taoist sage works with the world and then leaves it, without

attachment."

Tao Te Ching

My beloved cat, Binkles, lay surrounded by what I can only describe as astral veterinarians; luminous, otherworldly beings tending to him with deep care and solemn reverence. They formed a sacred circle, radiating quiet power and devotion, revealing to me

what I had long sensed but not fully understood: the illness he had endured, the harsh treatments he had weathered, had likely damaged his liver. Though he might yet have some time, perhaps even years, his life had become more fragile than it appeared.

Then my spirit was carried forward, swept into the moment of his passing.

I stood at the threshold of heartbreak, witnessing the choice that had to be made: the decision to release him from the suffering his body could no longer bear. His condition had worsened, the liver damage compounded by other mysterious ailments, and the circle of astral veterinarians had grown, fifteen of them now ministering to him with quiet grace, guiding him gently into transition.

I was devastated. Binkles had been with me since he was a tiny kitten. Our bond was profound, unlike any I had known. To imagine his life ending was almost unbearable.

He had survived a rattlesnake bite, a vicious cat fight that left him scarred, even an attack from a coyote; always returning, wounded but resilient. Yet this final illness was different. A stealthy, stubborn infection, coupled with the unintended toll of medications, had worn him down.

In that vision, the message was unmistakable: his spirit had endured much, and while he had received care and healing, it had come at a cost.

Even in waking life, I had noticed the change, his once boundless energy tempered by lethargy. From this day forward, I resolved to keep him indoors, offering a quieter life, a slower rhythm, a chance to stretch his days perhaps a little longer.

And yet, in my spirit, I carried a deeper knowing: time could shift suddenly, unpredictably. I must treasure every remaining moment with him, each soft purr, each gentle gaze, each brush of fur against my hand. For in those moments, I held not just a cat, but a lifetime of love and trust that transcended this world.

"I have lived with several Zen masters – all of them cats."

Eckhart Tolle

Billowing as the Little Blue Nun into a wintry church, my spirit flew through the swirling hush of cold air into the bowels of an ancient, holy abode. It was solemn and dark, yet glowing faintly with the warmth of old prayers. Within those stone walls, I heard a voice unmistakably familiar.

It was the priest under whom I had once served, a man of deep holiness, the former Superior General of a religious order. Though long since passed from this world, he had visited me now and then, offering quiet

counsel from beyond. Each time was a gift, and this moment was no exception.

He came walking slowly up the center aisle, his face lit with a warm and knowing smile. In his hands, he held a small, black book; worn, thick, and filled with tiny script. He approached the table before me and set it down with gentle care. The title gleamed faintly: **"Mystical Theology II."**

Just as he placed it before me, the first volume, *Mystical Theology I*, materialized beside it, as if summoned by memory. I remembered having read it. I remembered the fire it lit within me.

Now, he was offering the sequel; a deeper path, a higher initiation. I could hardly contain my joy.

Overwhelmed with gratitude, I thanked him with reverence and placed a few tokens of prayer on the table to honor the gift; not a payment, but a gesture of gratitude. He nodded gently.

And then, as silently as he had come, I turned and walked off into the night, the precious book in hand, its wisdom already beginning to stir within me.

"The soul that is united to God, is not only the soul, but is God in the soul. And thus it lives not by its own power but by God's, for it is God's will to be all in all."

St. John of the Cross

"The soul that is united with God in prayer knows that it is a partaker of the divine nature, and in this union, it is no longer the soul alone that acts, but God Himself working in it, bringing about all that is good."

St. Teresa of Avila

As the Little Blue Nun, I found myself inhabiting one of the old Catholic churches I once attended in Colorado; a beloved place from a former life, now silent. Strangely, it seemed the diocese had abandoned it, selling off the property. In my concern for its preservation for its sacred intent, I had somehow purchased it.

I was moving in.

All my old relics were being brought inside, one by one. I was in the process of restoring what had been lost. I didn't know exactly how I would do it, only that this place must remain holy. It must remain *a church*.

Curiously, this very church had once belonged to the deanery I had served for many, many years. A place I had worked, prayed, and lived within the rhythms of the liturgical life.

As I stood amidst the half-unpacked relics and worn pews, three recent out-of-body experiences came back to me with startling clarity:

First, I remembered walking through a space that resembled a condominium unsure of how I felt about living there. But the further I explored, the more hidden rooms I discovered, tucked away like secrets waiting to be revealed. Then, stepping out a side door, I was stunned: the condo was attached to *this very church*. At that time, in that vision, the church was still alive, vibrant, fulfilling its founding mission. I had been thrilled.

Second, I recalled a visitation from my deceased father. In the vision, he told me I had inherited from him an institute for the study of out-of-body travel. It didn't make logical sense, he'd never owned such a thing. But in the mystical realms, it *had* been passed on. I entered the institute, quickly reordering and purifying what was out of alignment, removing anything inconsistent with a path wholly devoted to God, and re-establishing it as a place of transformation, not ego or spectacle.

Third, I saw *The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation* as it existed in the mystical spheres; a luminous structure, funneling into the physical world. Was it a literal place? Could people visit it while incarnate, or was it a structure held within my soul, something I carried with me wherever I went?

Now, standing again within the physical shell of this abandoned church, I began to wonder: Was this to be a *fusion*? Perhaps a center for out-of-

body spiritual exploration that must also remain a **place of worship, a house of the sacraments, a sanctuary of peace?**

Were all these visions revealing pieces of how the work must come together?

Or was there something more, something I had yet to perceive?

A prophetic message not just about the Foundation, but perhaps about the future of the Catholic Church itself?

The closing of this church felt heavy, ominous. What did it mean? What could it foretell?

Just then, a knock sounded at the sanctuary door. I went to answer it.

Standing there were two old friends of the parish, familiar faces accompanied by a pair of dogs. When they saw me, recognition lit their eyes. They looked around at the religious items I had brought back in; the icons, the relics, the quiet labor of restoration already underway.

The elder gentleman's eyes filled with warmth and relief. **"So glad to see you're here to restore it,"** he said. **"At least it will remain a holy place, a place of worship, in some form."**

I gazed into his eyes. He could feel my frustration, my sorrow for whatever had brought the church to this point.

"Yes," I replied, softly but firmly. "That much you can count on. I'm still trying to understand what exactly happened, what I'm meant to do."

He smiled, gently, and with a wave, turned to go. The great doors closed behind them with a quiet finality.

And I returned to the work, to the sacred labor of rebuilding what should never have been abandoned.

"The restoration of the church must surely depend on a new kind of monasticism, which has nothing in common with the old but a life of uncompromising discipleship, following Christ according to the sermon on the mount."

Dietrich Bonhoeffer

Pregnant and due to give birth any day now, my friend and confidant had me stay with her until I went into labor as I was high risk.

It appeared that this birth might be a twenty eight book series, 'The Complete Guides to Out of Body Travel and Astral Projection' which birthed out of me like a flurry of light.

"We must have a spiritual rebirth. We must be born out of the belief in externalities into the belief of inner realities,

out of the belief that we are separated from God, into the belief that we are part of a Unitary Wholeness."

Ernest Holmes

Standing just outside my front door, I looked up and there she was.

My beloved dog, recently passed, was soaring through the air above me, her light tan fur glistening in the sun like golden thread. She moved like a creature of light, half-seen, half-felt, as if the wind itself had carried her to my threshold.

I saw only the front half of her, her sweet face, those joyful ears leaping with the wind, her front paws outstretched in flight. The back half of her body faded into the unseen, as though she were slipping between this world and the next.

But her message was clear.

She wanted me to see her.

She had come like a puppy angel on the wind; just to let me know she was free, she was joyful, and that the bond we shared was not broken by time or death.

"Dogs are our true friends, our angels, our teachers, our healers. They love us unconditionally, as God intended."

Leila Grandemange

Returning to my mystical home as the Little Blue Nun, one half of a humble duplex, I was stunned to find it transformed. After only a short absence, I came back to discover that nearly 100 to 150 men were gathered there, waiting for me.

I immediately understood who they were: **Knights of Columbus**, assembled for a meeting of great significance.

They had filled the entire interior of my home, but also expanded into the backyard, which had mysteriously grown much larger to accommodate them. The back patio had been converted into a grand conference room, complete with rows upon rows of chairs. Exterior shades had been rolled down to form makeshift walls, enclosing the space in reverence and purpose.

To my amazement, they had made full use of the sacred spaces within my hermitage, the outdoor chapel nestled in the garden, the religious statues, the inner chapels and altars, all of it.

They were in awe.

These men, some of whom I had known in passing, were surprised, even astonished, to discover how consecrated and devout my home truly was. I had kept a low profile at church, guarding the interior flame with quiet discretion. But here, they could see it plainly. And rather than being uneasy, they were

overjoyed. There was a festivity to their presence, a sense of brotherhood, comfort, and holy purpose.

Though my dear friend, the one to whom I am spiritually consecrated, was not yet among them, I knew he was meant to be.

He had recently been invited to join the Knights of Columbus, and this gathering was a confirmation: **he must accept**. He was meant to stand among them, to take his place in this sacred brotherhood. It was part of his calling.

Then, as though carried on an **eternal wind**, a divine message came, silent, but absolutely clear:

Though I had been considering moving it was clear that now was not the time. I was to remain in this place, in this hermitage, because it was essential that my compadre and I remain together.

Our union was not incidental. It was essential, to our well-being and to the mission.

Where one of us is, the other must be.

This was not spoken in sorrow or sacrifice, but with crystalline certainty. It was simply the truth of our shared calling.

He was meant to join the Knights here. And I was meant to remain here, to continue holding the sacred space we share.

It was that simple.

I accepted the directive with peace in my heart.

And I shared it with him.

"God wishes us all to be saints, and each one according to his own state of life. The religious as religious. Mother as mother. Priest as priest. The man of business as a man of business. Soldier as a soldier."

Fr. Michael McGivney

In a mystical, out-of-body experience, my spirit clothed as the Little Blue Nun found itself within a Catholic church. But to my astonishment, it was not as it should have been.

At the altar stood not a priest, but a middle-aged blonde woman. The sanctuary, once solemn and consecrated, had been transformed into something resembling a disordered new-age gathering. The sacred order of the Mass had been fractured. Reverence was replaced with casualness, and to my horror **advertisements** were being broadcast in the middle of the service.

I stepped forward and confronted her. "This isn't a Mass," I said, my voice trembling with both sorrow and righteous dismay. "Where are the priests?"

She responded without shame. "Five priests offered to lead each with a 7th-level Doctorate in Divinity." She rattled off a long list of degree titles, as if they were irrelevant credentials. "But we turned them away."

Stunned, I asked, "So you see advanced theological education... as a **negative**?"

They nodded. "**Yes.**"

I was speechless.

Disheartened. Disappointed. Grieved.

The atmosphere was one of confusion, disorder, the sacred undone. And it reminded me of another painful vision: a once-beautiful Catholic church in the same deanery. In a previous out-of-body experience, I had found myself mysteriously drawn to it. It, too, had been abandoned, handed over to the public for purposes I never fully understood.

In the mystical realms, I had moved into that church, laboring to restore its former splendor, slowly breathing back into it the holiness that had once made it a cornerstone of the community. But I never found the reason for its fall. Why had such a place been forsaken? Who had walked away first, the Church or the people? What unseen fracture had led to its demise?

And why was this being shown to me **now**?

A deep unease settled over my soul. It felt prophetic, like a warning, not just about individual parishes, but about the trajectory of the Church itself. A slow erosion, perhaps imperceptible to many, but deeply felt by those with eyes to see.

Quietly, I slipped out of the building, unnoticed, and turned my heart toward the Lord.

“Lord... For over 2,000 years, the gates of hell have not prevailed against Your Holy Catholic Church. Are You now showing me that this might change? That the promise could be tested to its very edge... or even broken?”

But no answer came.

Only silence.

I stood still, alone with the weight of the vision; holding it, praying over it, not knowing what to do... only that I had seen it.

“The Church will enter the glory of the kingdom only through this final Passover, when she will follow her Lord in His death and Resurrection.”

Catechism of the Catholic Church, 677

*My spirit wandered, weightless,
into a church – Catholic in name,
yet changed in form,*

*in dream and vision,
in realms beyond the waking world.*

*There, beneath vaulted echoes
of what once was sacred,
stood not a priest in cassock or stole,
but a woman – blonde, middle-aged –
guiding the sanctuary
like a ship lost at sea.*

*The altar was no altar.
The Mass, no Mass.
Advertisements flickered
where incense should have risen.
Disorder reigned
where liturgy once danced
with the divine.*

*I spoke, as one compelled:
“How can you bring commerce
to a place meant for consecration?
Where are the priests?”*

*She answered with letters and ranks,
five men of learning,
bearers of the seventh crown –
Doctorates in Divinity.
They had come,
they had offered,
but were turned away.*

*“You see wisdom,” I asked,
“as a threat?”*

*And with a nod,
they answered, "Yes."*

*I stood in stunned silence,
the weight of it pressing
like a stone on the soul.
This ruin echoed another —
a church I once tried to revive,
stone and spirit alike,
now dust in the corners
of a forgotten deanery.*

*Why had it come to this?
Why this decay
in the bones of the Bride?*

*A hush fell.
I slipped away, unseen,
out into the silence of spirit,
and there I turned to God,
heart trembling.*

*"Lord," I whispered,
"For two thousand years,
the gates of hell
have not prevailed against her.
Are You showing me
this may no longer be so?
That the promise could break
like fragile glass?"*

*But Heaven was silent.
No voice,
no answer.*

*Only the echo
of what had been shown –
a warning wrapped in vision,
a sorrow dressed as prophecy.*

*"Then Jesus entered the temple and drove out all who were
selling and buying in the temple, and he overturned the
tables of the money changers and the seats of those who sold
doves. He said to them, 'It is written, "My house shall be
called a house of prayer," but you are making it a den of
robbers.'"*

The Holy Bible, New Testament, Matthew 21:12-13

The Sermon on the Mount

Matthew 5 - 7

The Beatitudes (Matthew 5:3-12)

3 "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they will be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful, for they will be shown

mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called children of God.

10 Blessed are those who are persecuted because of righteousness, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are you when people insult you, persecute you, and falsely say all kinds of evil against you because of me.

12 Rejoice and be glad, because great is your reward in heaven, for in the same way they persecuted the prophets who were before you."

Salt and Light (Matthew 5:13-16)

13 "You are the salt of the earth. But if the salt loses its saltiness, how can it be made salty again? It is no longer good for anything, except to be thrown out and trampled by men.

14 You are the light of the world. A town built on a hill cannot be hidden.

15 Neither do people light a lamp and put it under a bowl. Instead, they put it on its stand, and it gives light to everyone in the house.

16 In the same way, let your light shine before others, that they may see your good deeds and glorify your Father in heaven."

The Fulfillment of the Law (Matthew 5:17-20)

17 "Do not think that I have come to abolish the Law or the Prophets; I have not come to abolish them but to fulfill them.

18 For truly I tell you, until heaven and earth disappear, not the smallest letter, not the least stroke of a pen, will by any means disappear from the Law until everything is accomplished.

19 Therefore, anyone who sets aside one of the least of these commands and teaches others accordingly will be called least in the kingdom of heaven, but whoever practices and teaches these commands will be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

20 For I tell you that unless your righteousness surpasses that of the Pharisees and the teachers of the law, you will certainly not enter the kingdom of heaven."

Love Your Enemies (Matthew 5:43-48)

43 "You have heard that it was said, 'Love your neighbor and hate your enemy.'

44 But I tell you, love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you,

45 that you may be children of your Father in heaven. He causes his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sends rain on the righteous and the unrighteous.

46 If you love those who love you, what reward will you get? Are not even the tax collectors doing that?

47 And if you greet only your own people, what are you doing more than others? Do not even pagans do

that?

48 Be perfect, therefore, as your heavenly Father is perfect."

Do Not Worry (Matthew 6:25-34)

25 "Therefore I tell you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or drink; or about your body, what you will wear. Is not life more than food, and the body more than clothes?

26 Look at the birds of the air; they do not sow or reap or store away in barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not much more valuable than they?

27 Can any one of you by worrying add a single hour to your life?

28 And why do you worry about clothes? See how the flowers of the field grow. They do not labor or spin.

29 Yet I tell you that not even Solomon in all his splendor was dressed like one of these.

30 If that is how God clothes the grass of the field, which is here today and tomorrow is thrown into the fire, will he not much more clothe you, you of little faith?

31 So do not worry, saying, 'What shall we eat?' or 'What shall we drink?' or 'What shall we wear?'

32 For the pagans run after all these things, and your heavenly Father knows that you need them.

33 But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well.

34 Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own."

The Golden Rule (Matthew 7:12)

12 "So in everything, do to others what you would have them do to you, for this sums up the Law and the Prophets."

The Narrow and Wide Gates (Matthew 7:13-14)

13 "Enter through the narrow gate. For wide is the gate and broad is the road that leads to destruction, and many enter through it.

14 But small is the gate and narrow the road that leads to life, and only a few find it."

CHAPTER TWO

Anonymous Experience: "Marilynn and I were out in a wooded area, walking on a winding path. The terrain was ascending and hilly with crests, mounds, and trees.

I had a walking staff, and we were walking peacefully, enjoying each other's company and the great peace and presence of the natural life around us.

Suddenly, a very large and majestic male lion walked up to the top of a crest in the terrain, very close to Marilyn and me. His mane was beautiful, large, and full. He exuded strength, power and was fearless. The lion was looking in our direction, appearing to be ready to face any threat and danger. The lion was not growling, nor giving any indication that it was ready to attack Marilyn and me, but the lion was very alert, very present.

A tiger then walks up to the same crest from the opposite direction and stands next to the lion and facing in our direction. Like the lion, the tiger is exuding strength, power and fearlessness. Likewise, the tiger is also not growling nor indicating any intention to attack Marilyn and me but also appears to be scanning for potential danger.

But I am fearful. I can't imagine that the lion and tiger have not seen Marilyn and me and I direct Marilyn to crouch down with me and quietly move away from the sight of the lion and tiger. The lion and tiger maintain their position on the crest, looking out in our direction as Marilyn and I leave the area.

Marilyn later revealed that the Lion and the Tiger were Divine Emissaries of Jesus Christ, The Lion of Judah. The Lion represented Christ's Divine, the Tiger, Christ's Human. They were there as both a warning of dangers lurking and as protectors from those dangers."

"Then one of the elders said to me, 'Do not weep! See, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, has triumphed. He is able to open the scroll and its seven seals.'"

The Holy Bible, NIV, Revelations 5:5

There I stood, as the Little Blue Nun, suspended in the silence between movements, witnessing the sacred rhythm, the soul's celestial dance: back to forth, back to forth. A gentle flip, almost imperceptible, yet laden with purpose. It was not merely a motion, it was a weaving, a breath of becoming that threaded itself through the fabric of time and spirit.

With each subtle turn, from the past into the future, and from the future curling back again, I beheld the choreography of the eternal self. This was no aimless pendulum. It was the soul tracing its arc of transformation, its spiral of ascent. The motion, step, then flow; effort, then surrender, revealed the quiet mechanics of divine evolution.

I saw the play of the Spirit, luminous and fluid, animating the soul like wind through veils. Each movement held memory, consequence, redemption. Each return was not regression but recursion, an echo that deepened the soul's learning. The Spirit was sculpting the self through this repetition, like the tide sculpting the shore, ever reshaping what seemed fixed.

Back to forth. Forth to back. It was the pulse of eternity made manifest in the inner chamber of being. A holy oscillation through which the soul gathered wisdom, refined essence, and gradually awakened to its own divinity.

And in this rhythmic unfolding, I came to understand: the path of the soul is not linear. It is a sacred dance between dimensions, a dialogue between what was, what is, and what is ever becoming. Through this holy motion, the soul evolves, not in haste, but in harmony.

*"Let your soul stand cool and composed before a
million universes."*

Walt Whitman

Within the sacred fold of our order, The Little Blue Nuns: *The Sisters of the Common Spirit*, we gathered in a hidden realm; quiet, cloistered, and suffused with celestial light. There were more sisters here this time, around forty or fifty. We were preparing for our first sacred exams in mystical theology, an initiation into the deeper currents of the divine mysteries. We were preparing for these tests which were to be based on our individual near death experiences.

Surrounding us were many luminous chambers, each graced with a grand piano, not for performance in the worldly sense, but as instruments attuned to the harmony of the spheres. Through them, we would translate the ineffable: our souls' remembrances expressed in music, as the Spirit stirred within us, awakening echoes of otherworldly realms long traversed. But there was more as these chambers were just a small portion of the realm of the Sisters of the Common Spirit. It was surrounded by a vast woodland and beyond this, the galactic heavens and the usual floating cathedral in the heavens. The array around us was its own world, not just a simplistic realm in any sense. Within its confines, we were coming and going, assisting souls in a variety of realms and spheres, addressing vibration and frequency in a myriad of tones, and coming back for further education and discipline of our souls. But these grounds were like a

college for the sisters, for the nuns . . . it felt very homey and familiar.

Each of us was to be tested upon our journey through death and return, our own near-death passage, that sacred crossing. The order was woven of both Nuns and Brothers, moving gently among the corridors like living prayers. We wore garments reminiscent of the *Madonna of the Streets*, humble, ethereal, and tender with grace.

My appointed hour was 3:30, marked not by a clock, but by an inner tolling, a summons from the Infinite. We each carried a treasured book, ancient in appearance, like the mystic *Pensatia's* tomes, hardbound with embossed artwork etched into the cover, as if inscribed by angelic hands. These sacred texts held the whispers of past journeys, waiting to be unlocked beneath the gaze of eternity.

"There is geometry in the humming of the strings, there is music in the spacing of the sphere."

Pythagorus

Anonymous Experience: "I knelt in prayer in my spirit for the prayer of Pope Francis, and in that moment, I was transported to a place that resembled a cave but not an ordinary one. It was like a Marian Grotto in France, one I've only seen on TV. There was a

procession in honor of Pope Francis. People gathered reverently, and I heard beautiful music, such a beautiful voices singing, mentioning his name. Though unknown languages to me, I knew the song was for him....

As I entered deeper into the cave, I realized it was vast, much larger than it first appeared. I searched everywhere for him. I don't remember every detail, but I saw a child digging deeper into the earth, as if uncovering something sacred. Many others were moving through the space too. It also felt like a protective areas where Pope Francis had been honored.

The journey to find him felt long. I couldn't find him at first, but kind people along the way helped me through. There were secret doors, each one leading to a wide, open space like square. Finally, I reached a simple, serene room. It was clean and peaceful. Pope Francis was there, seated, wearing his usual white Vatican clothes, simple, but full of grace. He looked wonderful.

I sat with him. He had a piece of paper and began writing something for me. With a warm smile, he joked that the paper wasn't the usual papal blessing parchment, so it was harder to write on. Still, he carefully penned a message. I don't remember everything he wrote, it had little more to this but part

of it said, *"May you walk the path of righteousness with steadfastness. May you take more people in."* I didn't fully understand what he meant by " May you take more people in" but as he wrote this, he emphasized the message to me, so I felt its weight and importance.

I helped hold the paper as he wrote, and he gave me two items to take back. One was the message he wrote, and the other was a long rectangular item that also belonged to him. I safeguarded both and knew they were sacred.

After we said goodbye, I left. On the way to meet him, I had been guided by a man through a huge, cathedral-like cave. As I followed him, I felt my spirit moving between the physical and the mystical. I tried so hard to stay there, to not be pulled back into my body.

By grace, I was allowed to remain in that spirit state for quite some time. The cave seemed like a protected maze, possibly to guard Pope Francis. When I eventually returned to my body, I researched the place. It looked very much like the place where he was yet to be buried below St. Mary Maggiore or the Grotto of Laodicea or the Grotto of St. Paul."

"The one who practices mercy does not fear death. And why does he not fear it? Because he looks death in the face in the wounds of his brothers and sisters, and he overcomes it with the love of Jesus Christ."

Pope Francis

"Even death is illumined and can be experienced as the ultimate call to faith, the ultimate "Go forth from your land" (Gen 12:1), the ultimate "Come!" spoken by the Father, to whom we abandon ourselves in the confidence that he will keep us steadfast even in our final passage."

Pope Francis

My spirit as the Little Blue Nun had been carried on a night wind to a home within the spheres wherein souls from within my ancestral family had been gathering. When I arrived, I was not surprised to observe several of my contemporaries gathered, one member in particular expressing grave concerns about my spiritual manner of thinking. Another had arrived as a guest to hear these concerns within the spiritual realms. Remaining silent, I just listened quietly.

Suddenly, a wave of massive fatigue fell over my soul. My spirit raised its arms in the air, my head tilted forward, my body went to its knees and I was suddenly in a suspended state of animation like this. A contemporaneous deluge of energy began to fall from the skies and into my crown chakra and within my entire soul revealing a continuous, harmonious and evanescent vibration and hum.

Instantly, I saw Pope Francis above me sitting in a lotus position meditating and sending this energy towards me. In that moment, I realized that this energy was

coming from the recently deceased pope as he was shedding some of his energies in my direction to assist me in my work.

Honored and overwhelmed, I couldn't acknowledge any of that, because I could only bask in the gift as it was fine tuning every last pore and frequency within my spiritual envelope.

I was in ecstasy and remained there for quite some time.

The member looked in my direction and then that of the ancestral family member and said, "Hmmmmmm, it appears she has fallen asleep. She's always falling asleep. I guess we can't talk about this now." The other turned to leave.

I was unable to respond as it appeared we were communicating from two entirely different frequencies of existence. "I'm here," I kept thinking and projecting to them, but they could not hear me where I was, and I could not speak where they were . . . and of course, they were unable to receive my thoughts in their limited flasks. I was perfectly conscious. But no matter . . . I left them to their own.

In my heart, I certainly knew what a great honor was being bestowed upon me in receiving this from Pope Francis, and I intended to bask in every moment of it. Turning my attention entirely inward to that which

was being given, I experienced this uniting in its fullness and observed how peaceful these energies were . . . Powerful, high vibration, yes, but they were of a refined nature so as to resonate entirely peace.

Certainly, I understood how this quality was something I could greatly benefit from in my spirit. My anxieties and agitations were annoying at best and harmful at worst.

My 'Thank You' to Pope Francis was not of words but of a reciprocal vibration.

Before he left, he handed me his pectoral cross, but it was somehow different. He conveyed that it was "The Cross of Dantin."

While the simple silver pectoral cross that the pope wore during life depicted a shepherd with his flock of sheep and the holy spirit in the form of a dove, the simple silver one he dropped through my crown chakra depicted the lowering of Our Lord's body from the Cross. Onlookers were providing support to the Holy Virgin below in her grief. My honor was profound.

And I stayed there . . . in that light, that peace, that refined peace . . . that powerful vibration . . . in ecstasy for a very long time.

"To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying 'Amen' to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is

to have kept your soul alive."

Robert Louis Stevenson

Walking amongst the common spirits in my little blue habit, I was given to observe four children having spiritual realizations that I had put in their heads over a great deal of time and it was very, very good about unity and love towards one another.

The Lord was giving me to see the fruit coming to bear, and I was greatly honored to witness it in the coming to pass.

"If we can see the soul in each other and relate to it, find it, understand it, respect it, then that oneness will be forever."

Yogi Bhajan

Having arrived as the Little Blue Nun, I was surrounded by family members and other dear friends at an older home, several of them were in the Family Room while I was in the Living Room with the spirit of my mother and other beloveds including a dear incarnate friend.

A familiar knock was heard upon the door and everyone there knew immediately to clear the way as this knock indicated that someone had arrived to receive counsel from the Little Blue Nun. They all scurried to disappear quickly. However, there was one

remaining incarnate friend who did not understand this and just kept talking a lot.

While one went to open the door for the person who had come in need of vibration and counsel, my mother reached towards the other who was obviously speaking. "Come on, Son," she said, as she handed him her hand.

They walked quietly hand in hand upstairs as I headed towards the door to let the traveler in so I might be able to help. The others disappeared quickly.

*"If it's not yours, don't take it. If it's not right, don't do it.
If it's not true, don't say it. If you don't know, be quiet."*

Japanese Wisdom

Appearing as the Little Blue Nun in a subconscious realm, my soul was given to observe something quite astonishing. In some such places, a friend of mine who teaches 'love' as a force for all things, was speaking with some very hard core political people who on the surface, conscious level are very hard to reach. In the conscious, waking world, these people are very addicted to adrenaline; to fighting, to arguing, to contradiction for its own sake.

But this friend was able to communicate with them in the spirit realm subconsciously and reach beyond those identity markers for which they were so tightly

bound. In this space, he was able to speak to them with reason, calm and peace . . . which in their case, was absolutely astonishing. In watching this, I knew there was something to learn from this understanding.

If we are able to reach to people in the essence of 'love,' not just the idea of it, but the real, moving, energetic current of it, communication can occur. But it does take someone who is very gifted in this way, a gift from the holy spirit.

"I love you not only for what you are, but for what I am when I am with you. I love you not only for what you have made of yourself, but for what you are making of me."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Suddenly, I was in a vehicle . . . it was like a car, but yet it was not. First of all, it was huge and wide open. We were in a 'vehicle.' In this vehicle were a father, a son and a priest. But also there was my son, the son I had lost years ago because he had never made it to birth, and the soul of another young man who was with my son.

I'd named this son, 'Sampson,' as that was what the Lord had directed me to call him years ago. Others and I had seen him over the years, although he had died during an ectopic pregnancy well over thirty three years prior.

It was night, and they were driving this vehicle without the headlights.

Chastizing them, I scolded, "Turn your headlights on! You should always have your headlights on, whether its day or night. You should never drive without your light! Your vehicle should always be filled with light!"

They turned on the headlights.

I chastised them again. "Turn on your lights! Your vehicle should always be filled with light!" I gave my son and his friend a bit of a slap on the back, and reached over to the father and son. As I did so, an interior light came on from inside them all including the priest.

The priest turned to look my way and I nodded towards him. He began to bless everyone in the car. **"May almighty God bless you: the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit."** As he did so, their lights increased ten-fold.

"Thank you, Father." I replied, bowing lightly. And again toward my son and the others, "Turn on your lights! Your vehicle should always be filled with light!"

I disappeared.

"Light must come from inside. You cannot ask the darkness to leave; you must turn on the light."

Sogyal Rinpoche

Within the spheres of remembrance, I'd appeared as the Little Blue Nun in the midst of an older man was hanging out with a short chicano man with jet black hair, which was curly and medium length. The older man immediately started yelling at me about a list of ingredients. The short chicano man, who was a demon, had given this older man a list of 30 ingredients to focus on. Screaming like a wild banshee, I asked him, "Why don't you just pick two or three things out of the thirty ingredients to focus on?" But he was determined to yell at me about every single thing. "Do you not realize that this short chicano man over here is a demon who is encouraging you to be volatile and fight with the ones you love?" The older man looked at me for a moment, and then continued with his rantings.

I disappeared.

"What you choose to focus on determines the quality of your life."

Sadhguru

"The successful warrior is the average man, with laser-like focus."

Bruce Lee

A beautiful parrot had gotten into the house. It was about sixteen inches long and was yellow, turquoise and blue. I reached to pick it up and then went to the

back sliding glass door to swoosh it into the air to set it free and as it swept itself up into the air it turned into Mrs. Binkles, my second little kitty, and turned back towards me.

Instantly, I knew she had a past life as a parrot, and that her turning back and soaring back into my arms indicated she really wanted to be with me. This gave me instant intense joy. I was so happy that she wanted to be with me so much.

"If you talk to the animals, they will talk with you and you will know each other. If you do not talk to them, you will not know them."

Chief Dan George

My soul as the Little Blue Nun was given to see something inexplicable. A gathering of birds which came together to form a human soul from the ground up. They were in the color of shaded blue, white and gray and they moved gracefully like a flow of water upwards. As it became a lithe shape like that of a female and the hair blew in the wind, there was a sense that this image was now resonating a knowledge interiorly regarding death. But I didn't fully understand its importance. There was a swooshing movement between life and death, the transition from one world to the next. The birds represented this transition from this life into a yet further sphere. The

moving, swirling swayed in a circular motion from the ground up and through the body of the soul towards the higher thrusts reaching the crown chakra. It was slow and methodical, not sudden or jolting.

Even though we know there are such things as sudden death, that was not relevant to what I was being shown.

This was something demonstrated within the soul. A movement which occurs at the time of death. It was beautiful and very precise, and yet so flowing.

"Our body is like the cage, and the spirit is like the bird... if the cage becomes broken, the bird will continue and exist.

Its feelings will be even more powerful, its perceptions greater, and its happiness increased,"

Abdul-Baha

I was shown two framed images of saints. One appeared to be St. Germain, while the other, possibly El Morya, was unfamiliar to me. The image of one saint was centered within the rectangular frame, while the other lingered in the shadows to the right. I sensed there was something significant I needed to understand about these two figures.

"Remember blessed children of men that the purpose of the real science should be to increase the happiness and to free the race from every external condition that would not be

*beneficial for the elation of man to the pristine greatness of
his original cosmic destiny,"*

St. Germain

*"Kindle your torches and set off to bestow your flame to the
world"*

El Moyra

My soul had been escorted to an old church in the heavens. And the person who was to remain there with me got distracted and left for a time forgetting to return to escort me home. So I remained.

Various older ladies needed my assistance as the Little Blue Nun in the other spheres, and I had arrived to give aid; spiritually, physically and psychologically. Staying with them, I remained overnight until a priest came by to bless them.

After the blessing, my mother had sent a special envoy to assist. Interiorly, I knew this was one of my mother's new friends and I was so excited to meet him.

The elderly gentleman did not at all appear old when he arrived as he was a dancer of some kind, almost like a Fred Astaire type of fellow. Smiling widely from the moment he arrived, he was very charismatic and asked, "Would you like to dance?" This was perfectly acceptable in this church, and I accepted immediately.

Dancing in the starlight and eventually from star to star itself, we had such a great time and I was so excited to realize that my mother was experiencing her afterlife in such an energetic and happy way.

Eventually, though, he brought me to another place nearby. And this seemed important although hard to describe.

There was a wall here which had been formed between the celestial church and the earthly church, between my world on earth and the celestial world I served from as the Little Blue Nun in the world beyond.

Hive-like in characteristic, there was this very thick and deep wall of chambers and colonies; like a world within a world. The wall itself contained worlds and aeons, and those worlds and aeons were like hives, chambers, colonies. Inside these walls, there was a certain type of protection from energetic hits which moved through from the earth.

The gentleman was moving me into the wall for my own protection. He spoke of these lights, there were lights that were constantly going off in all directions from the walls. "Those are the beehive lights." He said. "The chambers will protect you from the energetic hits."

"Are those lights . . . hits?" I replied. "Yes, every one of them is blocking an energetic hit that is moving through trying to hit one of our spiritual workers."

Looking at him with confusion, and staring at the wall oddly as it looked so different from anything I'd seen before, he continued. "But you are being moved into that protection." Chuckling, I said, "It's actually almost like a cocoon then, isn't it?" "A bit so, yes."

It certainly was not a regular wall. Thirty – Fifty Feet in Depth . . . filled with hives and chambers and colonies. It was just weird looking. But I was moving into this wall for self-protection.

"As bees are expelled from their hives by smoke, so also the wisdom of God is expelled by revellings and drunkenness; and this wisdom is, as it were, like a bee in our soul, producing the honey of virtue, of grace, and every heavenly consolation."

St. Basil the Great

Anonymous Experience: "I found myself in an office where I was returning to work. My supervisor had given me a uniform that he got at a thrift store. It was mainly white, clean but a bit worn out. I was happy to be returning to work. It was like a combination of being a prosecutor and working for SBA."

But suddenly I noticed, hovering in the distance the most magnificent, and very tall and regal Lady. She was clothed in a magnificent, soft, cashmere-like Royal blue robe from head to toe. The color was captivating and struck me as the blue associated with the Blessed Virgin. Her hair was very long, dark brown, wavy and mounted high above her head.

She was looking at me. She was the most beautiful Lady I had ever seen. She appeared to be the Blessed Virgin. She had a plain cross with a simple robe necklace around her neck. It seemed to be symbolic of Christ's life as a simple, humble servant of God. Suddenly, her arms came toward me with her plain cross and she touched my heart with the cross. There were no words spoken, just a silence and love that cannot be described. I was so moved and humbled, that I just starred at her in disbelief. I awoke and tried to comprehend what had just occurred."

"From Mary we learn to surrender to God's Will in all things. From Mary we learn to trust even when all hope seems gone."

St. John Paul II

CHAPTER THREE

Standing in a mountainous region as the Little Blue Nun, it was snowy and filled with ice-covered bodies of water. All was white and crystal clear, pure as glass. Before me I saw a unicorn, beautiful, bright and airy. This one had wings.

It was standing before a sword of light which was standing upright in the icy ground. It was like a crystal sword and up at the top near the silver handle and just under it in horizontal fashion there was a field of color about seven inches across or so. This band of color kept flipping from purple and blue, and the unicorn was waiting for it to become a solid green. That would indicate that it was ready for him to take it with him and go.

The unicorn got impatient and flew off for a short time; to where I did not know. I just kept watching the crystalline sword.

While he was gone the sword stabilized to the solid green.

The Unicorn returned and sat before the sword and spoke to it as if it were a living being. I'm so sorry," he said, "I should not have left. Please give me another

chance." The sword was still and strong. The Unicorn moved to remove it from the ice, but could not.

He wept.

But as he did so, he fell to the ground.

Something was happening that I did not understand. It appeared that it was eternally unlawful for the Unicorn to have left the crystal sword during its transformation process. In his impatience, something had changed.

Wrapping himself around the sword, the Unicorn slowly began to morph into a pale green creature, a dragon of some sort. He was very large, but it was clear he was a baby.

On the small dragon baby's face, was a look of satisfaction although I understood this to be a step backwards for the soul of the Unicorn born out of his disobedience to the rule of the Unicorns.

The dragon took a short nap and then turned to take the sword out of the ground which he did so easily and then flew away with it.

"Hmmm," I thought, "what an interesting thing I have just seen."

It occurred to me that in the ethereal realms, there, too, are requirements for moving forward and backwards, towards light and life or towards darkness and death.

In so many mystical theology texts a great emphasis is placed upon 'obedience,' and here before me it was shown how a small act of disobedience in the mystical spheres had such serious consequences for this beautiful creature in the spheres of the ethereal.

Perhaps it was a demonstration or an exercise meant to guide in this understanding.

"Obedience is a short cut to perfection. They who are living under obedience, if they really wish to advance in the ways of God, must give themselves up always and in all things into the hands of their superiors; and they who are not living under obedience must subject themselves to some learned and discreet confessor, whom they may obey in the place of God, disclosing to him, with perfect candor and simplicity, the affairs of their soul; and they should never come to any resolution without his advice. Nothing gives greater security to our actions, or more effectually cuts the snares the devil lays for us, than to follow another person's will, rather than our own, in doing good."

Saint Philip Neri

Slumbering peacefully, my spirit was drawn into a quiet, aging office building, rickety and weathered, the

kind of place you might expect to find in the 1970s. It belonged to a petroleum company, though no one else seemed to be there. Alone, I wandered its dim corridors, quietly tending to the administrative tasks I might have once done as a secretary. Room by room, I assessed what was needed; filing papers, straightening ledgers, restoring a sense of forgotten order.

Then, suddenly, something unexpected happened.

Into the room stepped a lion, massive, noble, and powerful. I froze in place, heart racing, every muscle locked in fear. I expected to be torn apart, yet I could do nothing but stare into its eyes, unmoving, waiting.

But instead of attacking, the lion approached with gentleness. His massive paw touched my hands with surprising care. Though his growls rumbled low and ominous, he extended his tongue and began to lick my body, slowly, reverently, moving toward my face. His eyes locked with mine, and in them, I saw no threat; only peace. Only love.

His presence radiated strength, but not aggression. Protection, not dominance. Before I knew it, I was swaddled in his enormous limbs like an infant in a cradle. We held each other; paw to hand, heart to heart. He licked my face with a quiet tenderness, as if I were his own cub.

The fear melted away.

I realized I was not in the presence of a predator, but a guardian. A sacred protector. His very being wrapped around me like a shield, and I felt something I hadn't known I needed: to be kept safe. My spirit sighed in relief, and wonder replaced fear. Why had he come to me? Why had he seen me with such gentleness, such unwavering devotion?

His love was a balm to my soul, and in that shelter of grace, I slipped into deeper rest, my spirit lulled into stillness. And later, I awoke gently, returning to the soft cradle of my physical body.

"A lion sleeps in the heart of every brave man."

Turkish Proverb

Soaring through the heavenly ethereals as the Little Blue Nun, weightless, timeless, I drifted in a realm beyond thought or flesh, carried by currents of divine vibration. Everything shimmered with hues no earthly spectrum could contain, a living music of color and light that danced in harmony with the pulse of existence itself. I moved not with effort, but with intention, drawn by a gentle call from something ahead.

As I approached, a radiant stillness began to envelope me. I slowed, then stopped, suspended in awe. Before me unfolded a realm of exquisite frequency and

sublime resonance, where love itself seemed to crystallize into light. The space pulsed like a living heart, beating in rhythms that matched the quiet joy rising in my chest.

Others were gathered there, souls like myself, glowing in soft, golden radiance. We were not strangers, though I could not place a name to any of them. We stood together in reverent silence, our presence a kind of silent praise. And then I noticed something curious: nearly all of them wore thick, golden chains around their necks, about an inch wide, ornate and glimmering like threads of sunlight woven into metal.

At the center of each chain hung a diamond of impossible brilliance. Each gem seemed to refract not only light, but intention and memory, catching glimpses of a deeper truth in every facet. The diamonds pulsed faintly, alive with energy; perhaps the very essence of who these souls were. They weren't mere ornaments. They were symbols of service, of love, of achievement, or maybe something even higher, something sacred.

I looked down and there it was: the same golden chain around my neck. I hadn't felt its weight, for it bore no burden, but radiated a kind of quiet power. The diamond at its center glowed warmly, uniquely tuned to me, and in its reflection, I caught a glimpse of

myself; not as I had known me in the earthly realm, but as I truly was: whole, radiant, eternal.

In that moment, I understood without words. The chains were not shackles, but honors, reminders of light borne through darkness, of truths held in silence, of compassion extended when no one else could see. They marked us not for status, but for service and soul-evolution. And in that shared recognition, surrounded by kindred spirits, I felt an overwhelming sense of peace... and belonging.

As I drew in closer, the scene became clearer, more defined, as though spirit itself was sharpening my vision. I realized then that I was among an exclusive gathering, perhaps a hundred souls in total, each adorned with the magnificent golden chain and radiant diamond. We stood in quiet alignment, forming an invisible circle of resonance, our frequencies harmonized like sacred tones in a celestial chord.

Surrounding us were thousands more souls who had journeyed here, drawn by an inner calling, many in quiet anticipation, others with wide-eyed hope. These were pilgrims of the spirit, seekers who had come to this elevated realm to receive a gift that could not be asked for, only earned through spiritual growth, through vibration refined by humility, love, and inner truth.

I looked down again and noticed something that filled me with reverence: I was clothed in the garments of the Little Blue Nun, a soft, flowing robe of the purest azure, the hue of deep devotion and eternal service. Its presence comforted me, reminded me of vows made long ago, not in time, but in soul, and of a path walked with grace. Around me, I saw others like me, my sisters, each moving with the same serenity, their eyes aglow with calm knowing. We were few, but we were united by a singular, sacred purpose.

Then, a Grand Spirit approached, not walking, but emanating toward us like light itself, vast and majestic. Words were unnecessary. The message was immediate and total, infused directly into our awareness. We were to move through the crowd, attuning to the vibrations and frequencies of those gathered. If a soul had reached the requisite resonance and the inner alignment, the quiet purity, then we were to bestow upon them the gift: the golden chain and the radiant diamond. Not as a reward, but as a recognition of their soul's maturity and readiness to serve at a higher octave.

There was no effort required. It was natural, instinctual, as though the knowing had always been within us. We simply *knew*, not through judgment, but through absolute spiritual clarity, who was ready and who was not. Our task was not to evaluate, but to witness and affirm.

I moved gracefully through the crowd, my essence guided by the Holy Spirit itself. My first encounter came swiftly, a soul whose light shimmered subtly beneath the surface, humble but clear. As I approached, our frequencies met and sang in harmony. With a single thought, effortless, joyful, the golden chain and diamond appeared around his neck, manifesting as if from the heart of eternity. He bowed, deeply, not to me, but to the divine in gratitude. I offered a silent blessing and moved on.

What struck me most was how few truly carried the frequency. Many were close, on the verge, their light flickering with potential. But only a select few had stabilized their resonance, attained the quiet strength of true spiritual maturity. There was no sadness in this, only patience. Each soul would have their time.

As the sacred task neared completion, a divine stillness fell upon us. We, the ones who bore the blue robes and the golden chains, came together again without signal or speech. We simply knew it was done. In unison, we turned inward, bowed, not to each other, but to the greater Source, and in a single breath, we faded from that realm like morning mist before the rising sun.

There was no sorrow in leaving, only a serene knowing that what had been given would echo on, and that those who received the chains would now walk

forward in service, ready to carry light into other realms, just as we once had.

"You should know that the secret causing the descent of the supernal book is the secret of the descent of the supernal chariot, and when you pronounce the secret of the great name, immediately the force of the 'garment' will descend downward... R. Simeon bar Yochai ... and many others learned likewise. ... And the secret of the 'garment' was given to those who fear God and meditate upon his name... they fasted for forty days... and on the fortieth day the 'garment' descended on him and showed him whatever he wished [to know], and it stayed with him until the completion of the [study of the] subject he wanted [to know]."

*Sefer ha-Meshiv, The Book of the Answering Angel, Anonymous,
Believed to have been Written in Spain, 15th Century*

CHAPTER FOUR

My spirit had drifted into an airport waiting room, arriving as if incognito, hidden, yet undeniably present. I was not alone. A male companion, another spirit, accompanied me for the night.

Immediately, I sensed disturbance, two men sat across the room, radiating a deep, chaotic energy. Aside from us four, the space was empty. My companion noticed it too. As he passed near them, I saw their hands move subtly, each was holding an angular knife, beginning to draw it out.

But when they noticed me lingering behind, they paused. I understood why: I was the more vulnerable one. My escort understood it, too. Yet he walked on without pause and soon disappeared from view, leaving me alone with the predators.

There was no path but forward, directly between them.

I began to walk.

As I stepped closer, my garment transformed, becoming the robe of the Little Blue Nun. My head bowed low, I tried to pass in silence, unseen, untouched.

But it was not to be.

One of the men rose and brandished his knife, his posture threatening. I felt the blade of danger poised in the air. Had it not been for a special grace from God, I know he would have struck.

Instead, I raised my arms.

The blue veil I now wore lifted with a sudden wind, sweeping upward like a holy gale. I met his eyes and said, calmly but with authority:

"I pray the grace of God upon your life, for whatever hardship has led you to such actions."

He froze, eyes cast downward.

"Put the knife down," I said. "And pray to Almighty God for forgiveness and restoration."

And he did.

But then the second man came at me in the same manner, as though unaware of what had just transpired. Once again, I tried to move past without conflict, but he lunged. Again, had it not been for divine grace, I would not have escaped unscathed.

And again, I lifted my arms.

The veil lifted once more, and I repeated:

"I pray the grace of God upon your life, for whatever hardship has led you to such actions."

He, too, froze.

"Put the knife down," I said. "And pray to Almighty God for forgiveness and restoration."

And he did.

I bowed to them both, offering a final blessing. Then I turned and walked calmly away, leaving the danger behind, and off to find my wayward companion, who had left me to face it alone.

"Whenever there is a decline in righteousness and an increase in unrighteousness, O Arjuna, at that time I manifest myself on earth. To protect the righteous, to annihilate the wicked, and to reestablish the principles of dharma – I appear millennium after millennium."

Bhagavad Gita 4:7-8

"But if the enemy incline towards peace, do thou also incline towards peace, and trust in Allah: for He is the One that heareth and knoweth all things."

Qur'an 8:61

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Psalm 23:4 (KJV)

In the boundless expanse of the spirit world, I, the Little Blue Nun, found myself summoned to a realm where the veils between the worlds are thin, and time

holds no sway. My soul, though weary and aching from the burdens of illness, ventured beyond the confines of the body, guided by a higher purpose, to assist the troubled spirit of an elder, lost in the storm of his own energies. His son, a beacon of love yet overwhelmed with sorrow, stood at his side, calling for help.

As I approached their ethereal dwelling, the tumult of energies surrounding the elder soul was palpable. It was as if the very air crackled with a storm of confusion and dissonance, the winds of discord whipping through the fabric of his essence. The son, desperate and pained, radiated a silent plea, his heart torn between duty and despair.

I could feel the weight of my own illness, an affliction of the soul that made the journey more treacherous, yet the mission was clear. There was no other choice but to step forward into the tempest, guided not by the mind, but by the pure light of compassion.

I whispered a gentle invitation to the son: "Come, walk with me. Let us leave this place, for I can offer you peace beyond the storm, if only you will trust the path I show you." With a tremor of hesitation, but with a deeper, soul-level understanding, he agreed, his heart recognizing the truth in my words.

Together, we ascended toward the Cathedral of the Galactic Heavens, a realm of ethereal beauty where

time unfurls like sacred scrolls and the soul can breathe freely. In the stillness of its great halls, I guided the son to a seat, a sacred chair made of light and sound, a place of refuge for all troubled spirits. I placed my hand gently upon his forehead, a tender communion of energies. Then, with reverence, I moved my palm to his crown chakra, channeling the celestial currents that flowed through the fabric of the cosmos.

As my fingers connected with his aura, I saw the veil of his energies shift, and before me appeared an image, a disturbance within the father's soul, an energetic fracture that was written in two obscure, jagged lines. These lines twisted and curled in a dance of shadow and light, an imprint of a wound that reached deep into the core of this soul. This rift, I knew, was the cause of the father's dissonance, a subtle but powerful force that had created the chaos within his personality.

I held my focus on the image in my mind's eye, tracing the lines with my inner sight, understanding that healing would not come through force, but through balance, through the alignment of the spirit with its true nature. With each breath, I guided the son's energies into a place of stillness, his heart attuning to the frequencies of peace that reverberated through the Cathedral.

And as the final piece of the puzzle fell into place, the storm of energies around the father began to settle, the

jagged lines softening into harmonious waves. Though the journey had been fraught with challenges, both physical and spiritual, the healing had taken root, slowly, but surely. The son, now calm and centered, stood in the radiant silence, feeling the subtle shift within his own being. The storm had passed.

In the quiet aftermath, I bowed my head in gratitude to the Great God, knowing that I had fulfilled my purpose, and that the sacred work of healing, no matter how mystical or subtle, is always a journey of love.

"Fathers, do not provoke your children to anger, but bring them up in the discipline and instruction of the Lord"

The Holy Bible, New Testament, Ephesians 6:4

"He who, without becoming angry, is able to reconcile with his father, mother, brother, sister, or friend, has reached the highest level of wisdom."

Dhammapada

In the quiet expanse of the cosmos, I journeyed once again, the Little Blue Nun, beyond the confines of the body, across galaxies of thought and spirit. My path led me to the home of an elder woman, surrounded by a cloud of heavy accusation. Her husband, her mother, even her sister, had turned against her, accusing her of financial misconduct, of misusing their money. The

weight of their judgment hung like a storm cloud over her, and she was sinking into despair.

When I arrived, I could feel the shadow of guilt and shame that clung to her, the torment of believing she had done something wrong. Yet, as I hovered closer to her essence, I saw the truth, her heart was not clouded by deceit or carelessness. This was *her* money, not theirs. The finances were hers to manage, and her soul was pure in its intentions.

I reached out to her in the spiritual realm, and there, in the ethers, appeared the sacred ledger, the accounting books, glowing with a radiant white light. Every line, every number was clear, without error. There were no hidden costs, no reckless spending. Instead, the pages revealed meticulous care, each expenditure documented with perfect precision. The purity of her intention was woven into every single entry.

These books, shining with the glow of integrity, reflected not the greed of a guilty soul, but the devotion of one who had lived frugally, carefully attending to her meager needs with a deep respect for every penny. There was no mismanagement here, only the quiet nobility of a woman doing the best she could with what little she had.

I gently spoke to her, my voice a whisper of light, "Look," I said, my hand tracing the glowing pages before her. "You have done nothing wrong. This is

your money, and you have handled it with the utmost care and integrity."

As the truth sank into her being, I saw the tension in her form ease, a soft smile spreading across her face, the weight of self-doubt lifting from her spirit. With a deep sigh, she fell back into the embrace of subconsciousness, her soul now at peace, knowing the purity of her actions had been seen and understood.

And in that sacred moment, the storm of judgment around her dissipated, leaving only the quiet glow of truth, as clear and unblemished as the books she had so carefully maintained.

"No one can serve two masters. Either you will hate the one and love the other, or you will be devoted to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve both God and money."

The Holy Bible, New Testament, Matthew 6:24

"Riches ruin the foolish, but not the wise. The wise know that their wealth is not the source of their happiness."

Dhammapada 223

"For the love of money is the root of all evil. Some people, eager for money, have wandered from the faith and pierced themselves with many griefs."

The Holy Bible, New Testament, 1 Timothy 6:10

As the Little Blue Nun, I was drawn across the vast expanse of the world, woven into the fabric of

countless tragedies. My purpose was clear yet heartbreaking: to be present for the souls of those whose lives would end on that day. Each tragedy was unique, its energy distinct, but always, the same sensation washed over me, the perception that time itself had been bent, muted, compressed into a singular moment.

I held many bodies, each in its final moments, souls slipping away from violent endings, whether by the clash of war, the hand of a criminal, or the merciless sweep of a natural disaster. I remember the feeling of these bodies on my lap, the warmth of their final breaths as they exhaled the last remnants of life. Each one was a story, a fleeting soul departing far too soon, leaving echoes of grief in their wake.

Once these souls had crossed, my work was not done. I was carried to the living; their families, their loved ones, those still bound to the material world. In the stillness of their sleep, I entered their minds, gently and silently whispering the details of the death that had torn their world apart. I shared the stories of their loved ones' passing stories of bravery, sorrow, and release from suffering. Each time, I gathered my soul with courage, making the journey to each location with grace, knowing that what I carried was both a burden and a gift.

When the night came to a close, I found myself seated in a realm of quiet green, a space of healing, where the weight of loss lingered like a fog. Around me, the stunned families wandered, lost in shock and disbelief at the suddenness of the deaths they had just learned of. The air was thick with sorrow and disbelief.

It was then that a new soul entered the space, a young one, just beginning to understand the alteration of worlds, the dance between life and death. She approached me with wide eyes, a question forming on her lips. "Isn't it an honor to be here on the worst day of their lives?" she asked.

I paused before answering, considering the weight of her words. "Yes, if you wish to simplify it, yes," I said, my voice soft yet steady. I turned to look at her, meeting her eyes with a depth that only experience can bring. "But the hardest part of such moments, my dear, is realizing that, while you are here to help, you are still an intruder on the worst day of their lives. You are sent to offer peace, yes... but you are still stepping into the rawest moment of their grief."

She looked down, taking in my words. "Yes, now I see," she murmured.

I fell silent for a while, reflecting on the gravity of the task we each carry. Then, I allowed a gentle smile to form. "But this is the nature of life, you see. It is mortal, fleeting, and filled with both beauty and sorrow. And

we must fulfill our duties, no matter where they lead us. This you must learn tonight, my dear. Learn it well."

She smiled back, the understanding settling in her heart. I rose and enveloped her in a warm embrace. "In the end, it is always an honor to be there on someone's worst day, to bear witness to their grief and provide what is needed. But remember, dear one, to always acknowledge that you are an intrusion in their pain. Give them the space to feel it, to live it fully, without you overshadowing their moment."

She nodded, the light of comprehension in her eyes. "It's not my worst day... it's theirs."

"Yes," I replied gently. "You understand. Give them room to grieve."

And with that, I turned, leaving her to reflect, as the green realm of healing whispered around us, a space for the souls to rest and the living to find their way through the hardest of days.

"The supreme good is like water, which nourishes all things without striving. It flows to low places that people disdain. Thus, it is like the Tao. In dwelling, be close to the earth. In meditation, go deep in the heart. In dealings, be honest. In speech, be true. In ruling, be just. In working, be competent. In action, watch the timing."

Entering the room quietly, my presence unnoticed as I slipped into the gathering. Clad in my simple garb as the Little Blue Nun, I moved through the space where a set of grandparents, parents, and children had gathered together for a meal. But something was amiss; a subtle discord that hummed in the air, though it wasn't immediately obvious.

My gaze shifted to the grandparents, sitting in silence, their faces drawn and weary. The parents, standing at a distance, were speaking coldly. "You can stay for dinner, but we made other plans, so we have to go right after dinner . . . " The words felt harsh, dismissive, and they echoed in the space between them. The grandparents had traveled a long way . . .

The parents were seated at the table, but their expressions were cold, distant. The children sat uneasily, glancing from one another, sensing the discomfort but not understanding its cause.

The air grew heavy, and I could feel the stirring of the Holy Spirit within. guiding me toward action.

I turned my attention to the children, who had carelessly spilled hundreds of beads across the floor, their mess sprawling like an untamed ocean of color. They old enough to know better but still oblivious to the situation at hand. There they were, casually

standing by, showing no intention of cleaning up. It was as if they had no concept of responsibility, no sense of the work it would take to restore order. The Holy Spirit's presence within me became undeniable, and I was compelled to act.

Before anyone could say a word, I moved swiftly, my hands gently taking hold of the children's arms. "Come with me," I said firmly, guiding them back to the mess they had created.

"Clean it up!" I commanded, my voice carrying authority, shocking everyone in the room. There was a collective pause, as the room seemed to freeze in surprise. No one had dared to challenge them, to set boundaries, and yet, everything in me knew this moment was one of necessity.

The children hesitated, looking at me as though they could simply ignore the demand. They shuffled, half-heartedly trying to avoid the work they knew they needed to do. But I stood unwavering, as the Holy Spirit pressed me on.

"As my mother used to say," I continued, "When the going gets tough, the tough get going." I fixed my gaze on them, my voice sharp yet full of compassion. "Now, get on the floor and clean up your mess."

There was resistance, of course. Complaints, whines, and excuses filled the air, but I remained steadfast,

repeating the demand, rallying them back to the task. I would not allow them to leave until the work was done. "You must learn that nothing gets done without hard work. You made this mess, now you clean it up. Clean up after yourselves, no one else will do it for you."

The children grumbled, but slowly, begrudgingly, they began to gather the beads, each one an act of resistance, but ultimately, an act of learning. Only when the floor was spotless did I let them rest.

Turning to the parents, I gave them a glance; sharp, unyielding, the weight of unspoken words hanging heavy in the air. The lesson had been set, but it was not just for the children. It was for all of them. And without a word more, I disappeared into the ether, the Spirit's guidance still rippling in the quiet of the room, leaving the echoes of the lesson behind.

"Honor your father and your mother, so that you may live long in the land the Lord your God is giving you."

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Exodus 20:12

"And We have enjoined upon man [care] for his parents. His mother carried him with hardship upon hardship, and his weaning is in two years. Be grateful to Me and to your parents; to Me is the [final] destination."

The Holy Qur'an, Surah 31:14

*“Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is
old, he will not depart from it.”*

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs 22:6

CHAPTER FIVE

My spirit found itself wandering through a vast and ornate monastery suspended in the heavens. The structure stretched upward in at least three tiers, its architecture a majestic blend of medieval solemnity and baroque splendor. As I looked down at myself, I realized I was not clothed in the familiar garb of the Little Blue Nun. Instead, I bore the appearance of something ancient. My hair, long and gray, was veiled beneath the solemn habit of a Mother Superior of the Poor Clares, though this was no earthly convent, but a galactic hermitage of staggering proportions.

About eleven nuns dwelt beneath my guidance, yet the halls were also filled with nearly a hundred visitors; ordinary men and women, drifting aimlessly through the sacred space. To my astonishment, the monastery was in utter disarray. Beds lay unmade, garments were strewn carelessly about, bathrooms were filthy, and the kitchen was a scene of chaos. The disarray of the monastery reflected a deeper disorder, both physical chaos and spiritual neglect.

Driven by urgency, I hastened through the corridors with feverish energy, compelled to restore order before my time in this realm expired. Yet the others, even the nuns, moved with a lethargy that left me nearly

undone. I knew I could not bear this burden alone. With determination, I began assigning tasks; one to scrub a bathroom, another to tidy the linens, another still to set the kitchen in order. Though some stirred at my commands, their movements were sluggish, their spirits unengaged.

"This is taking forever," I thought, despair pressing in as I watched their half-hearted efforts. Again, I gathered them into smaller groups, pointing and directing with urgency: "You, vacuum this carpet. You, scrub that floor. All of you, go to the bedrooms and fix the beds!" Sighs, reluctant steps, and distracted glances followed. My pace quickened even more, racing against a clock unseen.

Then, in a singular and timeless instant, I stopped. Then, like a breath from ancient wisdom, I sensed, purity of body and mind, is itself a holy austerity. It dawned on me that cleanliness isn't mere tidiness but a sacred discipline, a service to God."

The Holy Spirit entered me, filling my voice with a resonance that echoed through the vaulted halls like thunder through a chamber. It pierced not only ears but souls.

"Look around you! Do whatever needs to be done! It will make you glad to work for Jesus, it will make you glad to work for Jesus!"

For a moment, they responded. A spark ignited, though faint. Yet still they faltered; slow, unfocused, distracted, unable to rouse themselves to full diligence.

A great wind of Spirit surged through me, and I flew as though carried on its wings, sweeping through the monastery to do all that I could in the fleeting time allowed. At last, one of the Little Blue Nuns appeared, summoning me back to the higher heavens. As I was drawn upward, an understanding settled into my soul: *I cannot do it all. I must choose carefully what is mine to accomplish alone.*

Then I knew. This monastery was the world itself, a mirror of its disorder and neglect. And those who are called to bring the light of God into it often find themselves toiling almost alone in the vast field of labor. Even with guidance, the fruit can be meager. Thus we must discern wisely where to pour out our strength for Jesus, for the time and energy granted us are precious and finite.

"The day is short, the labor vast, the workers idle, the reward great, and the Employer is insistent. It is not incumbent upon you to complete the work, but neither are you at liberty to desist from it."

Pirkei Avot (Ethics of the Fathers), Rabbi Tarfon (2nd century CE)

This ancient teaching reflects the very essence of the vision: the urgency of the labor, the vastness of the task, and the humbling awareness that no single soul

can complete it alone. It speaks to the experience of racing against time, often feeling solitary in the work, and learning the deeper wisdom of discerning where one's limited strength must be poured out most fruitfully.

"If I am the garden only, and not the gardener ... it is surely essential ... that I should keep the place ... and should not usurp the gardener's place, nor try to act the gardener's part."

The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life, Hannah W. Smith, Timeless Truths Library

This truth mirrors the epiphany at the close of the vision; that one must carefully discern what can be done alone and entrust the rest to God's guidance. It reveals the quiet peace that comes from embracing one's role without striving to bear what was never ours to carry.

But it also stresses the importance of 'taking proper care of' and cleanliness, which has always been said to be next to Godliness. We "*should keep the place,*" because it is fitting that all gifts from God are honored so. It feels good to work for Jesus in all things.

We follow the Path of Purification for a reason, for it is in this purity that the gifts of God can be planted and sown in our souls. We must always take good care of all that is around us, for it is all composed of energy,

and the gardener is nearby looking for fertility and solid ground in which to implant that which is holy.

Just as our interiors must be pure, so, too, our exteriors. And then . . . the gardener may come. We must 'keep' the place.

*"The wind that blows can never kill
The tree God plants;
It bloweth east, it bloweth west,
The tender leaves have little rest,
But any wind that blows is best.
The tree God plants
Strikes deeper root, grows higher still,
Spreads wider boughs, for God's good-will
Meets all its wants.*

*There is no frost hath power to blight
The tree God shields;
The roots are warm beneath soft snows,
And when spring comes it surely knows,
And every bud to blossom grows.
The tree God shields
Grows on apace by day and night,
Till, sweet to taste and fair to sight,
Its fruit it yields.*

*There is no storm hath power to blast
The tree God knows;
No thunder-bolt, nor beating rain,
Nor lightning flash, nor hurricane;*

*When they are spent it doth remain.
 The tree God knows
 Through every tempest standeth fast,
 And, from its first day to its last,
 Still fairer grows.*

*If in the soul's still garden-place
 A seed God sows –
 A little seed – it soon will grow,
 And far and near all men will know
 For heavenly land He bids it blow.
 A seed God sows,
 And up it springs by day and night;
 Through life, through death, it groweth right,
 Forever grows.”*

*The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life, Hannah W. Smith, Timeless
 Truths Library*

In the Hindu philosophical tradition, **Śaucha** signifies purity, of body, speech, and mind, and is regarded as essential for spiritual growth and inner well-being.

This virtue is foundational in yogic disciplines and the Upanishads, underscoring that external cleanliness mirrors inner clarity; and both are necessary on the path to self-realization.

“Worship of the Supreme, the twice-born, teachers and the wise; cleanliness, straightforwardness, celibacy and non-violence – these are declared to be the austerity of the body.”

Bhagavad-Gītā, Chapter 17, Verse 14

This verse raises physical cleanliness (*śaucha*) to the dignity of *tapas*; a holy discipline and sacred austerity, placing it beside virtues such as truthfulness and nonviolence. Here, cleanliness is not mere outward order, but a spiritual act, woven into the very fabric of reverence and purity.

Many other religious and spiritual traditions emphasize purity and cleanliness; often linking outer cleanliness with inner spiritual integrity. Here's a summary of some key examples:

Hinduism

- **Śaucha (Purity):**

As discussed already, in Hindu philosophy, Śaucha encompasses purity of body, speech, and mind, forming one of the essential disciplines of the *yamas* and *niyamas* – the ethical and spiritual foundations of yoga. It is considered both a moral and spiritual practice, guiding the seeker to live in harmony with divine order.

- **Outer and Inner Purity:**

Cleanliness of the body, clothing, and surroundings is inseparable from purity of thought, speech, and emotion. One cannot cultivate devotion, meditate deeply, or

experience spiritual clarity without first purifying both the inner and outer self.

- **Practical Application:**

Daily practices such as bathing, maintaining clean living spaces, eating pure foods, and speaking truthfully are seen as expressions of Śaucha. Mindful behavior, restraint from harmful speech, and cultivation of virtuous thoughts further reinforce this inner cleanliness.

- **Spiritual Significance:**

Śaucha prepares the devotee for higher spiritual practices, enhancing focus, receptivity, and devotion. It is believed that a pure body and mind allow the energy of the soul (*prana*) to flow unobstructed, facilitating self-realization and union with the Divine.

- **Mystical Dimensions:**

In its deepest sense, Śaucha is a reflection of cosmic harmony. By maintaining purity within oneself, the practitioner aligns with universal order, allowing the light of the divine to shine through every action, word, and thought.

- **Cleanliness as Spiritual Discipline:**
 In Sikhism, maintaining both physical and spiritual cleanliness is an essential part of devotion. Daily bathing, keeping the hair (*kesh*) and body clean, and wearing tidy clothing reflect respect for the body as a divine gift. This outward care mirrors inner purity of heart, mind, and intention.
- **Spiritual Significance:**
 Cleanliness is deeply intertwined with the practice of Simran—the remembrance of God. A pure body and mind create a receptive vessel for divine contemplation and connection. Impurity, whether physical or mental, is seen as an obstacle to spiritual awareness and communion with the Divine.
- **Practical Applications:**
 Sikhs are encouraged to maintain personal hygiene, keep their living spaces orderly, and care for the environment as an expression of respect for all creation. Cleanliness is therefore both an individual and communal responsibility.
- **Mystical Dimensions:**
 The discipline of cleanliness serves as a reflection of moral and spiritual integrity. Just as one purifies the body and surroundings, so

too must one cultivate compassion, honesty, and selflessness. In this way, external and internal purity are inseparable, forming a holistic path toward spiritual fulfillment and service to God.

Jainism

- **Purity and Nonviolence (Ahimsa):**

In Jainism, cleanliness is not merely a matter of hygiene—it is a sacred discipline intertwined with the principle of Ahimsa, or nonviolence. Monks and nuns meticulously sweep the ground before walking, so as not to harm even the smallest living beings, and they prepare their food with careful attention to avoid injury to life. Every action is an exercise in mindfulness, reinforcing the sanctity of all creation.

- **Inner and Outer Purity:**

Purity in Jainism encompasses body, speech, and mind. Physical cleanliness reflects an inner commitment to ethical living, while meditation, self-restraint, and ascetic practices cleanse the soul of passions, attachments, and karmic impurities. Moral and mental discipline are inseparable from external acts of

cleanliness, forming a holistic approach to spiritual refinement.

- **Spiritual Goal:**

The ultimate aim is Moksha, liberation from the cycle of birth and death. This is achieved by purifying the soul of all karmic matter. In Jain thought, spiritual advancement demands both external diligence and internal vigilance—only through such integrated purity can one attain freedom and union with the ultimate reality.

- **Mystical Dimensions:**

Every sweeping motion, every careful act, and every meditation is a microcosm of cosmic order. By honoring the sanctity of all life through purity and nonviolence, the practitioner aligns the self with universal harmony, embodying both the visible and invisible dimensions of spiritual discipline.

Mystery Religions (Ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome)

- **Spiritual Significance:**

These were secretive spiritual traditions, such as the **Eleusinian Mysteries** of Greece, the **Isis**

and **Osiris cults** of Egypt, and various Roman initiatory rites.

- **Practical Applications:**
Purification and cleanliness were central: initiates underwent ritual baths, fasting, and symbolic cleansing to prepare for sacred knowledge and communion with the divine.
- **Spiritual Significance:**
 The emphasis was both **physical and spiritual**, cleansing the body, mind, and soul was necessary to participate in the mysteries and to align oneself with cosmic order.
- **Mystical Dimensions:**
 Such practices highlight the belief that spiritual insight and divine contact require preparation, discipline, and the purification of both the seen and unseen self.

Judaism

- **Ritual Purity (Taharah):**
 In Judaism, cleanliness is a sacred discipline, inseparable from moral and spiritual holiness. The Hebrew Bible and rabbinic law place great emphasis on both physical and ritual purity. Bathing, washing hands, and wearing clean garments were essential, particularly for

priests in the Temple, to approach God in holiness and reverence. These practices were not mere formalities – they embodied a recognition that the human body and actions must be aligned with divine order.

- **Scriptural Guidance:**

Leviticus 11:44 instructs: *“For I am the Lord your God; consecrate yourselves and be holy, because I am holy.”* This command underscores that external cleanliness mirrors an inner state of sanctity. To purify the body is to prepare the soul to engage with God, to act with justice, and to cultivate holiness in daily life.

- **Spiritual and Moral Significance:**

Taharah is both external and internal. Physical acts of purification cultivate discipline, focus, and awareness, while moral and ethical conduct – truthfulness, compassion, and righteousness – purifies the heart and mind. The holistic integration of body, speech, and thought exemplifies a life attuned to the sacred.

- **Practical Application:**

Ritual washing before prayer, purification after contact with impurities, and careful attention to cleanliness in daily living serve as reminders that every act can be sanctified. Cleanliness in

Judaism is therefore a form of devotion, a tangible expression of reverence for God and alignment with divine will.

- **Mystical Dimensions:**

Beyond physical and moral discipline, purity in Judaism opens the soul to divine presence. By sanctifying the self, one participates in the ongoing creation and maintenance of sacred order, embodying a harmony that mirrors the holiness of the universe itself.

Zoroastrianism

- **Purity of Body, Mind, and Environment:**

In Zoroastrianism, cleanliness and ritual purity are central. Fire is the symbol of divine light, and it must be kept untainted. Physical purity, proper hygiene, and avoidance of contamination are essential for maintaining spiritual and cosmic order (*asha*).

- **Ritual Practices:**

Followers observe purification rites for the body, objects, and surroundings. Even daily acts, like washing before prayer, are considered sacred.

- **Moral and Spiritual Dimension:**

Purity extends beyond the physical to

thoughts, words, and deeds. Maintaining purity aligns the individual with truth and the divine order, reflecting the interconnectedness of all creation.

- **Mystical Dimensions:**

On a mystical level, every act of purification participates in the ongoing struggle between light and darkness, order and chaos. By maintaining cleanliness in body, mind, and surroundings, the practitioner mirrors the divine order of the universe, nurturing the inner fire of the soul. This alignment with *Asha* fosters spiritual clarity, insight, and the capacity to perceive and manifest divine truth in everyday life.

Buddhism

- **Purity of Mind and Body:**

In Buddhism, cleanliness is both external and internal. Monastic codes emphasize physical cleanliness and ritual washing, while meditative practice cultivates purity of thought and intention. Monastics follow strict codes for personal hygiene and ritual washing, but true purity lies in the mind – freeing thoughts, speech, and actions from defilements such as greed, hatred, and delusion.

- The Eightfold Path includes *Right Effort* and *Right Mindfulness*, promoting internal and external purity.
- **Integration with Ethical Practice:**
 The **Eightfold Path** — particularly Right Effort and Right Mindfulness — guides the practitioner in cultivating both internal and external purity. Ethical conduct (*śīla*), meditative concentration (*samadhi*), and wisdom (*prajñā*) work together to refine the mind and actions. Through consistent mindfulness and ethical awareness, inner clarity naturally manifests as outward purity in behavior, speech, and surroundings. The concept of *śīla* (moral discipline) and *samadhi* (meditative concentration) links ethical behavior and mental purity to spiritual awakening (nirvana).
- **Mystical Dimensions:**
 At a deeper level, purity in Buddhism is inseparable from liberation (*nirvana*). The purified mind perceives reality without distortion, unattached and free from karmic impurities. Outer cleanliness mirrors inner serenity, allowing the practitioner to live in harmony with the Dharma, radiating clarity, compassion, and wisdom. Every act of mindful care, whether of the body, surroundings, or

thoughts, is an expression of awakening and a step toward ultimate liberation.

Taoism

- **Harmony and Purity:**

Taoist teachings place great emphasis on cultivating purity in all aspects of life – body, mind, spirit, and environment. Ritual cleansing, meditation, and internal alchemy (*neidan*) are practiced to purify the energy (*qi*) within the body and harmonize it with the flow of the Tao.

- **Spiritual Significance:**

Purity is not merely physical; it reflects an inner alignment with the natural rhythms of the universe. By clearing mental distractions, moral impurities, and physical toxins, the practitioner becomes receptive to the subtle energies of creation.

- **Practical Applications:**

Taoist monks and adepts often engage in purification ceremonies, breathing exercises, dietary discipline, and visualization practices to maintain clarity of thought and spirit. Clean surroundings and orderly living spaces are

also considered essential, as external harmony mirrors internal harmony.

- **Mystical Dimensions:**

The ultimate aim of these practices is to attain spiritual refinement, longevity, and unity with the Tao, where the individual's life force flows unobstructed, pure, and in harmony with all creation.

Shinto (Japan)

- **Purity and Ritual Cleansing:**

In Shinto, purity is central to spiritual life. The concept of harae encompasses ritual purification practices designed to remove kegare – spiritual impurity or defilement. Pilgrims and worshippers cleanse themselves before approaching a shrine, often washing their hands and rinsing their mouths at a temizuya (purification fountain). These acts are more than physical hygiene – they symbolize a spiritual preparation to encounter the kami (divine spirits) with respect and reverence.

- **Ceremonial Practices:**

Harae extends to various ceremonies, including seasonal festivals, rites of passage, and daily rituals. Offerings, prayers, and

symbolic cleansing rituals serve to restore balance between humans and the sacred world, ensuring that interactions with the divine remain untainted by impurity. Cleanliness of the body, space, and environment reinforces harmony within the community and the cosmos.

- **Spiritual Significance:**

Purity in Shinto is both inward and outward. Maintaining physical cleanliness cultivates attentiveness and reverence, while mental and spiritual clarity ensures that one's thoughts, words, and actions align with the natural and divine order. By purifying themselves, practitioners create a sacred space within and around themselves, making themselves receptive to the blessings and guidance of the kami.

- **Mystical Dimensions:**

Beyond ritual, purity is a conduit for spiritual harmony and connection with the divine. Harae transforms everyday actions into sacred expressions, allowing humans to participate in the balance of creation. Through these practices, Shinto teaches that spiritual and physical cleanliness are inseparable, and that maintaining purity in all aspects of life fosters alignment with cosmic and divine order.

Tribal and Indigenous Religions

- **Purification Rituals:**

Many tribal cultures practice cleansing ceremonies before entering sacred spaces, participating in rituals, or making offerings. These can include bathing, smudging with smoke (sage, cedar, or other herbs), and symbolic washing to remove spiritual impurities.

- **Connection to Nature:**

Cleanliness often reflects harmony with the natural world. Maintaining purity of body and environment ensures respect for the spirits, ancestors, and the land.

- **Inner and Community Purity:**

Spiritual cleanliness is inseparable from moral behavior. Thought, speech, and action are expected to be aligned with communal and cosmic order, and impurity is believed to disrupt balance.

- **Rites of Passage:**

Many tribal traditions emphasize cleansing during initiation or life transitions, symbolizing the removal of old attachments and preparation for spiritual growth.

- **Mystical Dimension:**

At a deeper level, ritual purification reflects the recognition that the material, spiritual, and natural worlds are intertwined. Each cleansing act, whether physical, symbolic, or ceremonial, aligns the individual with cosmic order and spiritual harmony. Purity becomes a vehicle for spiritual awareness, enabling the practitioner to participate consciously in the sacred flow of life and the cycles of nature.

Christianity

- **Inner and Outer Purity:**

In Christian teaching, purity encompasses both the external and the internal. The New Testament frequently links physical cleanliness with moral and spiritual integrity. Baptism, ritual handwashing, and other acts of purification symbolize the transformation of the heart and soul, reflecting an inner alignment with God's will. Physical acts of cleanliness are seen as outward manifestations of spiritual devotion and moral rectitude.

- **Scriptural Guidance:**

Psalm 24:3–4 states: *"Who may ascend the hill of the Lord? He who has clean hands and a pure heart."* Likewise, Matthew 23:26 instructs:

“First clean the inside of the cup, that the outside also may be clean.” These passages emphasize that moral and spiritual purity are primary; outward cleanliness is meaningful only when it reflects an inner state of righteousness, humility, and devotion.

- **Practical Application:**

Christian practices such as baptism, confession, participation in the Eucharist, and regular prayer are expressions of both internal and external purification. Maintaining a clean and orderly environment, caring for the body, and acting with moral integrity reinforce spiritual clarity and readiness to encounter God.

- **Mystical Dimension:**

On a mystical level, purity in Christianity fosters receptivity to divine grace. By aligning the body, mind, and heart with God’s will, the believer participates in the sanctification of creation and enters into closer communion with the Holy Spirit. Purity becomes both a discipline and a channel through which the light of God flows into the world, transforming ordinary life into acts of sacred devotion.

- **Taharah (Purification):**

In Islam, cleanliness is a central pillar of spiritual life. Taharah encompasses both physical and spiritual purification, creating readiness to engage in worship and encounter God. Ritual ablutions (*wudu*) before the five daily prayers, and full-body purification (*ghusl*) in certain circumstances, are required to approach God with a pure body and mind. These practices remind believers that physical cleanliness is inseparable from spiritual readiness and moral integrity.

- **Scriptural Guidance:**

The Prophet Muhammad emphasized the significance of cleanliness, stating: *"Cleanliness is half of faith"* (Sahih Muslim). This teaching elevates hygiene and ritual purification to a sacred act, reflecting the idea that spiritual and physical well-being are intertwined. Every act of purification is thus both a practical discipline and a spiritual preparation for communion with the divine.

- **Practical Application:**

Daily ablutions, care of the body, maintaining clean surroundings, and ethical conduct all serve to cultivate Taharah. Beyond ritual washing, believers are encouraged to maintain cleanliness in speech, thought, and behavior,

creating an inner state that mirrors external purity.

- **Mystical Dimension:**

On a deeper level, Taharah reflects alignment with divine order and consciousness. Purifying the body, mind, and environment allows the believer to experience spiritual clarity and openness to God's guidance. By integrating ritual, ethical living, and mindfulness of inner states, a Muslim participates in a continuous cycle of purification that nurtures both personal sanctity and harmony with the broader creation.

Bahá'í Faith

- **Purity as a Spiritual and Physical Practice:**

In the Bahá'í Faith, cleanliness and spiritual development are intimately connected. Both the body and the soul are to be kept pure, reflecting the principle that outer discipline mirrors inner sanctity. Physical cleanliness, order, and attention to surroundings prepare the individual for service to God and cultivate a receptive heart for divine guidance.

- **Teachings of Abdu'l-Bahá:**

Abdu'l-Bahá emphasizes that cleanliness,

refinement, and orderly conduct are forms of worship. Maintaining a tidy, harmonious environment and conducting oneself with grace are expressions of devotion and alignment with the divine unity and order inherent in creation. Such practices are not merely external – they cultivate mindfulness, moral discipline, and spiritual sensitivity.

- **Integration of Morality and Practice:**
Spiritual growth and ethical living are inseparable from the care taken in personal and communal spaces. Attention to cleanliness fosters clarity, order, and focus, allowing the individual to act with purpose and integrity. By maintaining harmony between body, environment, and soul, Bahá'ís nurture the capacity to serve humanity and reflect divine attributes in everyday life.
- **Mystical Dimension:**
On a deeper level, cleanliness in the Bahá'í Faith embodies the alignment of human life with cosmic and divine order. Purity of body and surroundings reflects a purified soul, enabling one to act as a channel for divine light and love in the world. Every intentional act of care, order, and refinement becomes a spiritual practice, fostering both personal sanctity and

participation in the unity and harmony of creation.

Across traditions, the common theme is that **cleanliness is not merely physical, it is a reflection of moral integrity, spiritual readiness, and reverence for the sacred.**

"Therefore, since we have these promises, beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from every defilement of body and spirit, perfecting holiness out of reverence for God."

The Holy Bible, New Testament, 2 Corinthians 7:1

"Cleanliness is next to godliness."

John Wesley

Cleanliness is a sacred thread woven through the tapestry of the soul's journey. Though often overlooked by many, it is a subtle yet powerful gateway to spiritual clarity. To purify the body, to tend carefully to one's surroundings, and to cultivate inner order is to align oneself with the harmony of the divine. In these acts, the soul awakens, receptive to higher truths, and the ordinary becomes luminous with the presence of God. For this reason, it isn't merely habit or duty, it is spiritual practice, prayer expressed through the discipline of care, through the quiet devotion of tending both self and world.

CHAPTER SIX

Sitting in a passenger seat, we were driving across a huge expanse of water toward a Catholic Church. Far ahead, upon that luminous sea, a congregation knelt in worship; the light of Christ poured down over the gathering and flooded the sky. Above them, Christ Himself hovered, an immensity that seemed to be the very size of heaven.

All around those hundreds of worshippers a miracle had been granted: they *walked on water*, deliberate, unhurried, over the ethereal liquidity toward a celestial service that lay beyond the earthly church's edge. However . . . it was a gift given to feet, not to engines.

The image in the sky had spoken to my companion more than once, a solemn urging to turn back. "Wayfarer . . . the path can only be trod by foot." A wide and fully ample parking lot lay waiting at the water's shore with sufficient space to leave the vehicle and join on trembling feet. Still my companion refused. The insistence was quiet but resolute; obedience would not be offered.

Pleading with my companion, my voice rising with each attempt until it rang with desperation. "Stop! You must turn back! We are called to park and walk upon

these waters." Within, I could not comprehend why this person would persist in such disobedience, nor why my companions would choose to profane so sacred a moment with defiance. All others had come quietly, reverently, their footsteps hushed upon the waves. Yet here we were, intruding with the noise of an engine into a holy assembly.

The very thought of drawing attention in such a place filled me with dread, for surely such spectacle could not be pleasing, least of all to me, who longed only to enter silently, in obedience, as one of many. I begged please just stop . . . turn around, park and walk. Each refusal pressed like a stone against my ribs. Deep inside I felt the shape of what was coming: catastrophe, inevitable, swift, and a helplessness that would pull me under, for I could not step free from the car that bore us across a sacrament it had no right to cross.

"“Lord, is it You?” Peter asked. “If it is, tell me to come to you on the water.”“Come,” Jesus said. So Peter got out of the boat. He walked on the water toward Jesus.”

The Holy Bible, New Testament, Matthew 14:28-29

“He alone stretches out the heavens and treads on the waves of the sea.”

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Job 9:8

“The perfect man walks under water without encountering any obstruction, treads on fire without being burned, and walks on high above all things without any fear ... It is by

his keeping of the pure breath (of life); ... when one attains to this ... how can other things come into his way to stop him?"

Chaung Tzu, Book 19

"When the world-honored Buddha had left Savatthi Sariputta felt a desire to see the Lord and to hear him preach. Coming to the river where the water was deep and the current strong, he said to himself: "This stream shall not prevent me. I shall go and see the Blessed One, and he stepped upon the water which was as firm under his feet as a slab of granite. When he arrived at a place in the middle of the stream where the waves were high, Sariputta's heart gave way, and he began to sink. But rousing his faith and renewing his mental effort, he proceeded as before and reached the other bank.

The people of the village were astonished to see Sariputta, and they asked how he could cross the stream where there was neither a bridge nor a ferry. Sariputta replied: "I lived in ignorance until I heard the voice of the Buddha. As I was anxious to hear the doctrine of salvation, I crossed the river and I walked over its troubled waters because I had faith. Faith, nothing else, enabled me to do so, and now I am here in the bliss of the Master's presence."

The World-honored One added: "Sariputta, thou hast spoken well. Faith like thine alone can save the world from the yawning gulf of migration and enable men to walk dryshod to the other shore."

Buddha, The Gospel, Paul Carus, Chicago, The Open Court Publishing Company, 1894

Walking on water is seen throughout ancient sacred texts and religious history as an event which occurs to souls with pure faith and holiness, but also, something more. Sometimes, it represents a transformative process in the soul.

In the Tamil and Vedas, we see:

Puranic / Hindu Imagery & Analogues

1. Visvamitra's Rivers

In the *Rig Veda*, the sage Visvamitra undertakes a penance so intense that two rivers which would have blocked his path subside and allow his chariot to pass. The rivers become "easy to cross," as though conscious of his holiness, bowing to let him pass.

2. Yamuna & Infant Krishna

There are texts which say the River Yamuna partingly made way for the infant Krishna, allowing passage. "The River Yamuna gave passage to infant Krishna."

3. Miracle of Dilipa's Chariot

King Dilipa's chariot did not sink in the waters: the text suggests divine favour or miraculous passage even when the natural order might have forbidden it.

Another example is indicated in the Jewish and Kabbalistic Texts:

Kabbalistic / Jewish Mystical Imagery

1. Crossing the Red Sea as Transformation

In Kabbalistic interpretation, the “Crossing the Red Sea” isn’t only a physical miracle but a symbol of inner transformation: the parting sea represents overcoming ego, stepping into higher consciousness, trusting in faith above reason.

2. “The Song of the Sea” & the River of Light

A mystical concept: the *Ana B'koach* (a sacred 42-Letter Name) is likened to a flowing river. When recited with purity and harmonized with communal intention, it causes the “dams” (barriers between higher and lower realms) to release and the waters of spiritual light to rise.

Interpretations of these mentions in ancient sacred texts to water and walking on water seem to go well beneath the surface understanding. Although it is indeed reported as a miraculous occurrence that has occurred in various faiths in the world, most notable with Jesus Christ in Christianity, there seems to be a thread of understanding about the deeper meaning, a mystical undertone, of what these symbols indicate. Lets revisit the ones we’ve discussed and look at a few more.

1. **Matthew (Christian New Testament)** – literal miracle; authority of Christ over chaos.
 “And in the fourth watch of the night he came to them, walking on the sea.”
2. **Rumi (Sufi poet)** – speaks of the lover / the Beloved and reciprocal longing:
 “Not only the thirsty seek the water; the water, too, seeks the thirsty.”
3. **Ibn ‘Arabī (Sufi mystic)** – the world’s desires compared to saline thirst (worldly appetite vs. spiritual buoyancy):
 “The desires of this world are like sea-water; the more you drink, the more you thirst.”
4. **Zhuangzi / Chuang Tzu (Daoist)** – the perfected sage transcends elemental limits (walking under water / treading fire as image of inner mastery):
 “The perfect man walks under water without encountering any obstruction, treads on fire without being burned...” (Chuang Tzu, Book 19).
5. **Nachshon (Midrashic tradition / Jewish)** – the archetype of courageous faith who steps into the sea and, by that first step, causes the waters to open:
 Midrashic accounts say Nachshon ben Aminadav plunged into the Red Sea before the

people crossed; his courageous walk into the waves provoked the miracle that opened the way. This account is told in Chabad 1.

6. **Sariputta / Buddhist account** — faith and steadiness make the water “firm underfoot”: In a traditional account Sariputta faces a rushing river and, by steadfast resolve, steps where the water becomes “as firm under his feet as a slab of granite” until fear overtakes him and he falters — a teaching about the mind’s power to make the impossible sure.
7. **Crossing the Sea (Kabbalistic / Midrashic meditation)** — the parting of the sea as inner transformation:
Kabbalistic readings treat the sea’s parting as an inner initiation: walking through the waters is stepping into a new dimension of consciousness where ego-barriers are suspended. This is treated in Sefaria 1.

So in examining the meaning of what I have seen, we come back to the simple repetitive acts of disobedience which were represented in the experience.

In mystical interpretation, a car often symbolizes the course of one’s life. In this vision, my companion was revealed to be enmeshed in a pattern of repeated disobedience, steering their life away from the guidance and will of the Divine.

Through the years, I had glimpsed the pattern again and again: this companion crashing a car, sometimes theirs, sometimes mine. Each time, I sat in the passenger seat, carried along as if fate itself were a vehicle I could not escape. The visions were clear, though shrouded in the language of symbols: this was no mere accident. It was a warning, a revelation of the soul's hidden currents.

The car, my life, was theirs to steer only if I allowed it. Each ride, each crash, spoke of the danger in surrendering my path to another, in granting them authority over my journey. The message pressed within me like a living weight: I must step free. I must refuse to be directed by hands not my own, refuse to let them drive my destiny. To remain in the passenger seat was to risk being carried into wrong direction or harm; to take the wheel of my own life was to claim the sacred freedom of my spirit.

The tragedy of disobedience to God's will lies in the soul's turning from its Source. What was meant to be harmony becomes discord, what was meant to be light becomes shadow. In rejecting the Divine order, man embraces separation, and the very breath of life grows heavy with sorrow.

Every act of disobedience fractures the soul's wholeness, casting it into a labyrinth of suffering where fleeting desires replace eternal joy. The tragedy

is not only the pain it brings, but the squandered gift of union with God, the highest destiny of the human spirit.

Disobedience closes the ears to Heaven's music, blinds the eyes to Eternal Beauty, and binds the soul to the dust of passing things. Yet even in its sorrow, the tragedy carries a silent hope: that in the soul's exile it may finally yearn again for its true home, and in repentance find the way back into the arms of the Eternal Will.

Anonymous Experience: "As I left the body, my spirit rose into the vast sky. Higher and higher I ascended, watching the city below diminish until it became but a whisper of light upon the earth. Carried upward on unseen currents, my soul was drawn into prayer, my voice lifting in hymn as I sang the Rosary. Soon, another soul came alongside me, joining in the sacred melody, guiding me deeper into the song of prayer.

In that ascent, I offered fervent prayer for the soul of Charlie Kirk. An unseen presence came near, his spirit, radiant with peace. It was revealed to me that his passing was not an ending, but the final holy work entrusted to him by the Lord. Joy and serenity filled my soul, and I was led to chant the Divine Mercy Chaplet in his honor.

When I returned, my spirit did not cease in prayer. I gave thanks to God for the gift of this night and lifted up Charlie's family and all those who grieved his departure.

In this prayerful state, another vision opened before me: the globe of the earth, turning in darkness. From its shadowed form, a luminous crystal-blue sphere emerged, shimmering with countless sparks of light, the flames of faith. Through his death, these sparks had been kindled in many hearts, each glowing like a star upon the world.

In that moment, it became clear to me that everything had been divinely ordained. Charlie's passing at such a young age was not without purpose; it was the very spark meant to awaken the light in countless souls. There was no other path by which it could be accomplished.

The vision was breathtaking, steeped in beauty and peace and the power of God. And in its radiance, I remembered Charlie's cherished words: *"Here I am, Lord. Use me."*

"For we know that if the earthly tent we live in is destroyed, we have a building from God, an eternal house in heaven, not built by human hands."

The Holy Bible, New Testament, 2 Corinthians 5:1

"Here I am, Lord. I come to do Your will."

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Psalm 40:7-8

*"Death is not extinguishing the light; it is only putting out
the lamp because the dawn has come."*

Rabindranath Tagore

Attending a Mass of Initiation in the modern day, accompanied by a consecrated spiritual friend; one who walks the mystical path with me as a fellow traveler and helpmate. The church overflowed with people gathered for the Easter celebrations, families crowding in to support their loved ones preparing for baptism.

Though my friend and I had already received baptism and confirmation long ago, the Spirit urged me to remain attentive to the present moment. Trusting the holy wind that stirred within, I followed its quiet summons.

Then, as if the veil between worlds dissolved, an ethereal mist enfolded us. In an instant, we were drawn into a vortex; its two ends flared wide, joined by a narrow, constricted passage in between. In a breath, the church and its crowd vanished, and we were erased from that place.

When we re-emerged, we stood within an ancient chamber, perhaps from the first or second century A.D. The room lay in a desert setting, hewn from stone, with sturdy pillars marking its entryways. Upon the rough

walls lingered simple painted images, echoing the faith of the earliest believers.



There were about thirty of us assembled, initiates of the mystery, waiting in silence for the baptismal rite of the early Church. The garments we wore were not ours alone but seemed woven from the very substance of our earthly nature; long robes of coarse and heavy cloth, their whiteness dimmed, as though reflecting the impurity yet to be washed away. Upon each head rested a veil or hood, shrouding us in shadow, a sign that we had not yet entered the light. The thickness of the fabric pressed upon us like a burden, reminding us of the weight of the old life we were about to surrender in the waters of rebirth.



I turned to my friend, and our hands met in a brief, silent gesture of sacred acknowledgment. And then we disappeared in a galewind of dust and light particles which whirled and swooshed into yet another vortex of equal proportion to the first, dense in its proportions and warm in its embrace.

But this time there was no place to go, I simply awoke in my physical body, renewed and blessed, quiet and restrained.

As I awoke, I recalled something from an earlier work of mine, *Fragrance Mysticism*. The *Hymn of IEOIU* and the *Hymn of Jesus*. Considered to be among the first teachings of Jesus to the Apostles at the Last Supper by the Gnostics; possibly one of the first encounters with Holy Initiation, this gnostic rendering is not held by the traditional Church or faith.

The Hymn of Jesus was published by G.R.S. Mead in 1907 for the Theosophical Publishing Society. It was part of a larger series called *Echoes from the Gnosis*. I shared the texts themselves in '*Fragrance Mysticism*.

The Hymn of Jesus – A Mystical Teaching for Initiates

Beloved, still your mind and open your heart. In this sacred space, feel the Presence of the Lord, not distant, but alive within and around you. Here, the teaching unfolds, not merely as words, but as a living rhythm that moves through body, soul, and spirit.

Glory to the Father, Source of All Light!

Answer within: Amen.

Know this, initiates: the Father is the Source, unseen yet ever-present, sustaining all life. When you call to the Father, you call to the eternal spark within you.

Glory to the Word, the Logos, through whom all things are formed!

Answer: Amen.

The Word is the principle of order, the divine intelligence that moves the universe. To honor the Logos is to align your mind with Truth, to see the unseen pattern of all creation.

Glory to Grace, flowing silently yet powerfully
through all!

Answer: Amen.

Grace is the invisible hand that shapes the soul. Learn
to recognize its touch within your life, in moments of
compassion, surrender, and unexpected joy.

Glory to the Spirit, the Holy One, the Glory beyond
naming!

Answer: Amen.

The Spirit is movement, breath, insight. Through the
Spirit, the heart learns to perceive, the mind to
understand, the soul to dance with Life itself.

Now, hear the teaching of the Lord through the living
rhythm of the Hymn:

- “I would be saved, and I would save.”
Here, the Lord teaches: salvation is both
receiving and giving. To be open to the divine
light is to become an instrument of that light for
others.
- “I would be loosed, and I would loose.”
Freedom is shared, beloved. As you release
attachment and fear, you become a channel
through which liberation flows to all.
- “I would be wounded, and I would wound.”
Suffering is sacred when it awakens
compassion. Learn that pain transforms not

merely the self but all souls who witness your endurance.

- “I would be begotten, and I would beget.”
Life is a cycle of giving and receiving. To create, to inspire, to guide others—this is your sacred responsibility.
- “I would eat, and I would be eaten.”
Assimilation and surrender: understand that to be fully alive, you must integrate all experience, allowing the divine to consume and renew you.
- “I would hear, and I would be heard.”
Listening is a sacred act. Hear not only with ears, but with the soul. And speak as the Spirit moves you, for your words carry healing.
- “I would be understood, being all Understanding.”
Seek understanding, yet know that true comprehension flows from the One who is Understanding itself. Be a vessel, not a gatekeeper.
- “I would be washed, and I would wash.”
Purity is both inner and outer. Cleanse your spirit, and guide others to clarity through your own example.

Now, follow the dance of the sacred numbers. The Eight, the Twelve—they are not merely symbols, but

patterns of cosmic harmony. Dance, lament, rejoice; the soul responds in movement, for the heart learns what the mind cannot grasp alone.

- “I would flee, and I would stay.”
Discern when to move, when to remain; the Lord teaches balance through all opposites.
- “I would be adorned, and I would adorn.”
Seek virtue first, then reflect it outward. The soul that shines inspires others to see their own light.
- “I would be at-oned, and I would at-one.”
Unity is both experience and practice. Know yourself as part of the greater whole, and act with the awareness of the interconnectedness of all.
- “I have no dwelling, yet I have dwellings.
I am a lamp to those who see Me, a mirror to those who understand Me, a door to those who knock, a way to the wayfarer.”
The Lord teaches: You are all things when surrendered to the Spirit. Each role you inhabit, each gesture of kindness, is a reflection of the divine Presence.

Beloved, understand this: the Hymn is not a recitation to be memorized, but a living practice. Step into the rhythm, breathe the words, let your soul dance in

harmony with the divine. What is seen is not all; what is lived in silence, vision, and action carries eternal meaning.

Speak within: Glory to Thee, Father! Glory to Thee, Word! Glory to Thee, Holy Spirit!
See yourself in the dance of the Word, alive,
unashamed, part of the eternal movement of creation.
And know, initiates, that this is not merely a vision –
it is your path. Step lightly, step deeply, step always
in the grace and teaching of the Lord.

Amen.

The Hymn of IEOIU: A Mystical Teaching for Initiates

In the presence of the Master, the Twelve are called to gather close. He invites them to form a circle around Him, and together they prepare to enter into a sacred act: a hymn not merely of sound, but of the very essence of being. “Answer with Amen,” He says, “and join Me in praise, that all Treasures of the Divine may be revealed.”

The hymn begins, a song of union and ascent. The Master speaks of the Divine, the Unapproachable, whose Will encompasses all things yet withdraws from none. This is the beginning of a journey: the soul is

invited to recognize the fullness of the Cosmos while remaining anchored in the eternal Truth.

“Amen,” they answer, threefold, echoing the affirmation of stability, certainty, and divine presence. In this utterance, the soul aligns with the rhythm of creation itself, finding in sound the power to call forth what is hidden. Amen becomes more than a word; it becomes a bridge between the seen and unseen, a link between human aspiration and the Will of God.

The hymn continues with a series of sacred declarations. Each is a step toward spiritual transformation, a ladder leading from the self-bound soul to the vastness of the Divine:

- “I would be saved.” The soul seeks liberation from the whirlpools of fate, from the currents that toss it endlessly in ignorance and illusion.
- “I would be loosed.” Bound by the limitations of ego and circumstance, the aspirant prays to be freed, to surrender fully into the flow of divine will.
- “I would be wounded.” The soul opens to the transformative power of love, allowing the ray of higher consciousness to pierce its heart, dissolving the knots of fear and separation.
- “I would be begotten.” This is the mystery of self-birth, the Immaculate Conception of the

soul into divine life, becoming the New-Man, the Christ within.

- “I would eat.” To partake in the Supersubstantial Bread is to merge with Life itself, to allow one’s being to be nourished by the Cosmos and, in turn, to become nourishment for all.
- “I would hear.” Here the soul enters a deeper sense of perception, where hearing is the verb of awakening, a call that precedes and creates vision.
- “I would understand.” Stability of mind allows the soul to perceive the weaving of cosmic destiny, to witness the patterns of fate and the flow of divine order.
- “I would be washed.” Immersion in the Ocean of Living Water purifies and renews, connecting the aspirant to the unity of all things.

The dance of the hymn is not merely movement but the enactment of cosmic harmony. Grace, the Spirit, the Wisdom of the Divine—these lead the dance, guiding the soul into alignment with the higher rhythms of existence. Through sound, motion, and intent, the disciple becomes a living instrument, resonating with the music of the spheres.

To “pipe” or to play is to express the harmony of the universe through oneself. Each step, each note, is an echo of the divine creativity. The lower tetrad of sorrow and the higher tetrad of joy join in an octave of being, elevating the soul from its small self into the fullness of the Greatness.

In this sacred enactment, the Twelve are more than followers—they are reflections of powers that radiate from the Divine. Their dance mirrors the cosmic motions, their voices the harmonies of the heavens. The disciple, too, participates in this union, learning to dance in tune with the infinite, to hear the rhythm of creation, to surrender self-will and become one with the Great Will.

The culmination of the hymn is a triadic doxology, praise given to Mother, Son, and Father; Grace, Wisdom, and Light; the Unity and multiplicity of the Divine. The soul perceives itself as both instrument and participant, microcosm and reflection of the Macrocosm. Through this union, the disciple discovers the presence of Christ in all things—the Lamp that guides, the Mirror that reflects, the Door that opens to the eternal Path.

The final teaching of the Hymn is clear: to know the Divine, one must dance with it, hear it, allow oneself to be consumed by it, and ultimately become one with it. Those who refuse to dance, to surrender, to hear and

understand, remain apart. But for the willing soul, the hymn becomes a living reality: a bridge to cosmic consciousness, a map of the soul's ascent, and a reflection of the eternal union of human and Divine.

The Hymn of IEOIU: A Poetic Reflection

In the presence of the Master, the Twelve are called,
To gather close, to form the sacred circle.
Together they prepare to enter the hymn—
Not a hymn of sound alone, but of the very essence of
being.

“Answer with Amen,” He says,
“And join Me in praise,
That all Treasures of the Divine may be revealed.”

The hymn begins, a song of union and ascent.
The Master speaks of the Divine, the Unapproachable,
Whose Will enfolds all things,
Yet withdraws from none.

This is the journey:
The soul invited to recognize the fullness of the
Cosmos,
Yet anchored in eternal Truth.

"Amen," they answer, threefold,
 Echoing stability, certainty, and divine presence.
 Amen becomes a bridge
 Between seen and unseen,
 Between human longing and the Will of God.

The hymn unfolds, step by sacred step:

- "I would be saved."
 Liberation sought from whirlpools of fate,
 From currents tossing the soul in ignorance
 and illusion.
- "I would be loosed."
 Bound by ego and circumstance,
 The aspirant prays to surrender,
 To flow fully into divine will.
- "I would be wounded."
 The heart opens to love's transformative
 power,
 Allowing higher consciousness to pierce,
 Dissolving fear and separation.
- "I would be begotten."
 The mystery of self-birth,
 The Immaculate Conception of the soul,
 Becoming the New-Man, the Christ within.
- "I would eat."
 Partaking in Supersubstantial Bread,
 Merging with Life itself,

Nourished by the Cosmos,
Becoming nourishment for all.

- “I would hear.”
Entering deeper perception,
Where hearing awakens,
And calls forth vision.
- “I would understand.”
Mind steadied,
Perceiving the weaving of cosmic destiny,
Witnessing patterns of fate, flow of divine
order.
- “I would be washed.”
Immersed in the Ocean of Living Water,
Purified, renewed,
Connected to the unity of all things.

The hymn dances —
Not merely movement, but cosmic harmony enacted.
Grace, Spirit, Wisdom of the Divine —
Leading the dance,
Guiding the soul into higher rhythms.

Through sound, motion, and intent,
The disciple becomes instrument,
Resonating with the music of the spheres.

To “pipe” or to play is to express universal harmony,
Each step, each note, an echo of divine creativity.
The lower tetrad of sorrow,

The higher tetrad of joy,
 Join in an octave of being,
 Lifting the soul from self to Greatness.

In this sacred enactment, the Twelve are reflections
 Of powers radiating from the Divine.
 Their dance mirrors cosmic motion,
 Their voices, heavenly harmonies.

The disciple participates —
 Learning to dance in tune with the infinite,
 To hear creation's rhythm,
 To surrender self-will,
 To become one with the Great Will.

The culmination is triadic doxology:
 Praise to Mother, Son, and Father;
 Grace, Wisdom, Light;
 Unity and multiplicity of the Divine.

The soul perceives itself —
 Instrument and participant,
 Microcosm and reflection of Macrocosm.
 Through this union, Christ is seen in all:
 The Lamp that guides,
 The Mirror that reflects,
 The Door that opens to the eternal Path.

The final teaching:
 To know the Divine, one must dance, hear, surrender,

Allow oneself to be consumed,
And become one.

Those who refuse — remain apart.
The willing soul —
Hears the hymn as living reality:
A bridge to cosmic consciousness,
A map of ascent,
A reflection of eternal union,
Human and Divine.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Serving as the Little Blue Nun, anchored in a hermitage hung like a lantern in the high sky, when the world tugged me down. I was torn from that still place and sent walking the lower airs. In my absence someone crept toward my door, intent on claiming my refuge , a hostile shadow at the threshold, yet I could not let that worry or unmoor me. I gave that battle to the Holy Spirit, and with trembling faith I pressed onward, knowing only that what awaited was more necessary than my fear.

My spirit fell into an alleyway of hunger and cold, into the poorer bones of a small city. In a blink I was folded into the life of three street-souls, and my gaze found a young woman whose life had been stripped to its rawest edges: all she loved gone, every warmth taken, left to learn the language of survival among the gutters. She was new and learned, naive and schooled by need.

They welcomed me as though I'd always lived there; memory itself seemed softened, rearranged, a veil that masked my true, wandering nature. Yet even behind that veil, danger circled this girl; perhaps the dark temptation of self-harm, perhaps the blunt cruelty of

others; and I became her unseen sentinel, following her like a hawk that will not leave its quarry.

The quarter was drained of song and hue, as if color had been taxed away. We gathered scraps of bread and water, stitched our small mercies together, kept watch with restless, fragile vigilance. All the while a separate assault whispered against my hermitage; a sly, spiritual pressure meant to keep me earthbound and blind to my charge, but abandoning her was impossible. My task held me fast, even at the risk of returning to find my own roof altered or gone.

And then the impossible rose from the stones: a subtle seepage of color, a paint of rainbows climbing like sap through concrete. I lifted my face with it; the hues swelled until the sky itself opened with awe. A Rainbow Dragon, orange-robed and robed again in every spectrum, braided light across the empty streets. Where it passed, a lake of newborn water gathered from nowhere, rivers filling it from all sides ensuring the purity of its contents; the dragon plunged and flung that living water outward, scattering glassed droplets of mercy over pavement and people.

The three women looked up. The one I guarded was transformed by a single intake of wonder: smiles unfurled, the gray peeled away, their tattered garments drank light and became luminous. Despair,

which had been their cloak, fell from their shoulders as if unstitched by a divine hand.

The Holy Spirit lifted me then, like a secret current, and bore me home back to the hermitage of the Little Blue Nuns that hung among the constellations, safe and whole above the night. The intruder nowhere to be seen. In that return, guarded and grateful, I bowed my head and gave thanks.

“And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb... and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald.”

The Holy Bible, New Testament, Revelation 22:1; 4:3

“Indra, clothed in rainbows, stretches out his arms to pour the waters. From the heavens he lets loose the streams, and the parched earth is gladdened.”

Rig Veda, Mandala 1, Hymn 32

“Then from the sky there rained down heavenly flowers, and the world was filled with fragrance and light. The assembly rejoiced, and the beings in sorrow lifted their eyes in hope.”

Lotus Sutra, Chapter 1

“Try to accept the changing colors of life. Sometimes it is a cloak of sorrow, sometimes a robe of joy. Yet always beneath them, the water of spirit flows, and the rainbow waits in the unseen.”

Jalaluddin Rumi

As the Little Blue Nuns watched in wonder, a beautiful angel appeared, draped in a long, pink, translucent gown that shimmered like morning light upon dew. Her form was delicate and slender; tiny, yet elongated in grace, as though her being stretched beyond earthly proportion into the infinite. Her hair flowed like strands of rose quartz light, and her eyes reflected the cosmos, holding galaxies in their depths.

Around her moved the Music of the Spheres; yet it was more than music. It was the breath of creation itself, vibrating through the ether in tones too pure for human ears to capture. The sound resembled celestial chimes, each note crystalline and distinct, yet woven together in perfect harmony. Every vibration shimmered with color, hues of gold, violet, and white that pulsed in rhythm with the sound.

From the galactic heavens above, the music began to take form, shaping itself into living symbols of light. The words emerged, flowing not from lips but from the very essence of being. They sounded almost like Latin, majestic and ancient, but carried a resonance that transcended any earthly tongue. It was the language of angels, the sacred *angeloricum*, the *hierarchicum*, a divine lexicon known only to those who dwell in the celestial orders.

Each syllable carried meaning not merely heard but felt, truths impressed directly upon the soul, bypassing thought and entering pure knowing. The space around her vibrated with holiness, and as she raised her gaze, the light expanded, forming halos within halos, concentric circles of sound and color spiraling outward into eternity. It was as if creation itself paused to listen, awed by the melody of the divine.

"Just as millions of angels participated in the dazzling show when the morning stars sang together at creation, so will the innumerable hosts of heaven help bring to pass God's prophetic declarations throughout the time and into eternity."

Billy Graham

A great musician who had long since passed came to visit me in spirit. Many wondrous and beautiful things unfolded around us, though I could not recall them clearly upon waking. When his work was done, he turned to me with gentle encouragement, urging me to continue striving toward my goals, the films I was creating and the messages they carried.

With a serene smile, he said, "Impediment is but a prop to the unprepared." I understood. His words resonated deeply, a reminder that every obstacle is only a test of readiness.

After he departed, I journeyed to visit an old friend. Their parents, too, had passed on, yet they appeared radiant and full of life in the spirit realm. They greeted me warmly, their joy overflowing as if time and distance no longer existed.

From there, I took flight as the Little Blue Nun through the subtle ethers, gliding as though carried by invisible currents of light. Before long, I arrived at a church, St. Patrick's Parish, its spires rising through the mists of the out of body and astral heavens, glowing softly with emerald light.

As I approached, I felt a wave of recognition, as though this place had been prepared for me, a signpost along the path. St. Patrick, the great missionary and spiritual liberator, had once brought light to a land bound by darkness, banishing the serpents that symbolized ignorance and spiritual bondage. To arrive at a church bearing his name was no coincidence; it was a message.

It spoke of mission and endurance, of the call to bring illumination into the shadows of the world, just as he had done in his time. The emerald glow that bathed the parish represented renewal, rebirth, and divine courage. I sensed that my own work, the films, the writings, the spiritual labors, were to follow this same sacred pattern: to go forth into realms where light was needed, even if those realms were clouded with resistance or doubt.

Within the stillness of the church, I felt St. Patrick's spirit near, not as a vision but as a presence; strong, steady, and resolute. His essence seemed to whisper through the ethers: *Persevere. Bring light to the places where none believe it can dwell. Cast out the serpents of fear and confusion with the power of divine truth.*

And so I understood that my arrival at St. Patrick's Parish was no mere visitation; it was a confirmation of calling. The path ahead might still hold obstacles, but each one, like the musician's words had foretold, was only a prop; something meant to test and strengthen the soul prepared for divine service.

Little did I know that such a test was so near.

*"I arise today through God's strength to pilot me;
 God's might to uphold me,
 God's wisdom to guide me,
 God's ear to hear me,
 God's word to speak for me,
 God's hand to guard me,
 God's way to lie before me,
 God's shield to protect me afar and anear, alone or in a
 multitude."
 St. Patrick*

Unexpectedly, and without warning, my friend and protector had left and begun a new life. My soul was shattered by this, as we had been consecrated to one

another for seven years, and it had come completely as a shock.

*“For it is not an enemy who taunts me –
 then I could bear it;
 it is you, my companion, my familiar friend.
 We used to take sweet counsel together;
 within God’s house we walked in the throng.”
 The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Psalm 55:12-14*

*“I opened to my beloved,
 but my beloved had turned and gone.
 My soul failed me when he spoke;
 I sought him, but found him not.”
 The Holy Bible, Old Testament, The Song of Songs 5:6*

Anonymous Experience: “You had a production company, yet it felt more like a small kingdom of purpose. The office itself was bathed in a soft, luminous blue, almost otherworldly, filled with a warm, uplifting energy that seemed to hum gently in the air. Almost like the Little Blue Nuns . . . In the cubicles, six young people worked diligently, their spirits bright, as though they were drawn there not just by employment, but by calling. They were all serving your vision.

Everyone had just returned from a shared meal with you at a Jewish restaurant, a gathering that felt almost ceremonial, a moment of communion. But the office

manager had missed it. She was moving quietly through the space, searching for an important document for you, clearly guided by a sense of duty. At last she found it and placed it reverently upon your desk, as though setting an offering in the center of a sacred work.

The atmosphere was full of joy, eagerness, and devotion. These young souls were vibrant, energetic, carrying much of the movement forward with excitement. And you stood among them as the matriarch, the founder, the one whose presence shaped the entire atmosphere. There was a sense that your wisdom held the structure together.

Someone who had once been vital to the eternal mission was absent, almost as if the spiritual architecture of your life had already begun rearranging itself without that person. And when I looked at you, a sudden knowing washed over me; a solemn realization of how devastating it would be if you had been gone, or if your journey had been cut short. Because if you simply remained patient, if you continued to breathe and endure, an extraordinary and meaningful future awaited you.

The inner workings of both the ministry and the business were being cared for with an almost divine orchestration. You were peaceful, content, unstressed, held in a kind of sacred ease. The message that

permeated everything was unmistakable: *Trust in the Lord. The work is already unfolding. All will be well.*

*"Trust in the Lord with all your heart,
and lean not on your own understanding.*

*In all your ways acknowledge Him,
and He shall direct your paths."*

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs 3:5-6

Then, gently, a voice passed by me like a breeze, soft, intimate, unmistakably spiritual. It whispered that it was important for you to rekindle the bonds with your women friends. Their presence would help you heal, easing the deep grief and loss that has settled so heavily on your heart."

*"Two are better than one,
because they have a good return for their labor:*

*If either of them falls down,
one can help the other up."*

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Ecclesiastes 4:9-10

Finding myself wandering in a dim, dust-gray expanse where the winds howled from every direction, striking me with their unseen hands. Around me flickered the glimmering shards of countless lives, hundreds of them, lives my friend and protector had walked together: in the early Christian deserts, on Native plains beneath starlit drums, through Greece and Turkey and ages beyond recall.

Each flash struck me with the ancient truth of our bond, a love threaded through the loom of eternity, and my heart ached as the winds tore at me. In my desperation I cried out, and the Blessed Mother appeared first, robed in white and sky-blue, luminous against the storm. She stepped toward me and drew her mantle over my trembling form.

Yet the winds of unmaking were ferocious, and then Christ appeared in a simple white robe, thorned crown, blood tracing quiet paths upon His face. He wrapped the folds of His robe around us both, covering even the Mother with its radiance, and the tempest broke against that shelter in vain.

In that stillness He spoke without words, and understanding unfolded in me like a new dawn: I had loved my friend and protector across all time, would love him still, and would love him yet beyond the stretch of worlds. To deny that eternal thread would be futile. It had been so before; it would be so again. Such soul-woven bonds are rare, and no mere replacement could echo what had been.

And then He showed me what must come next: that I must embody all that my friend and protector was meant to be beside me in the mission. I must become my own protector, my own steady ground, my own sheltering strength, and yes, even my own IT person, which made me laugh through the tears. The mission

remained, and I must carry it onward. Free will had opened another road for him, and though its surface might seem gentle, it bore little of eternity's weight. Perhaps happiness might dwell there, I could not know.

Christ held us until the winds softened and released their claim on me. Then I was led into a long vision whose depth I was not permitted to remember.

What stayed with me was this: I would always love him and appreciate all that he had been to me. And now, as he walked another path, I would send him on with blessing. I would honor all he brought into my life; the joy, the steadiness, the laughter, the support, the deep and tender love. I would strive to remember the light he gave, and slowly, gently, let the wound of betrayal loosen its hold, even if time would be required to make it so.

"Two birds, inseparable companions, dwell upon the same tree.

*One eats the fruit, sweet or bitter;
the other watches in silent witness."*

Mundaka Upanishad 3.1.1

*"He shall cover you with His feathers,
and under His wings shall you find refuge."*

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Psalm 91:4

*"In the center of the storm,
the sage rests in stillness;*

the world revolves, yet the heart remains at peace."

Tao Te Ching

Anonymous Experience: "As I left my body, my spirit was drawn downward; deeper and deeper still. I remained fully conscious throughout the descent, and because of that awareness, I worried the experience might end too soon. There was a strange sense that being so alert might somehow pull me back prematurely. Yet inwardly I knew this journey was significant. A prayer I had carried for a long time had finally been answered, and so as I continued downward, I prayed to be allowed to remain for as long as was needed.

What impressed itself most strongly upon me was the movement itself; down, down, far down. The place I had gone was the vibration your former protector was now walking, and it indicated very clearly that the path he had taken was not another eternal one, nor was it simply another free will choice, this was a fall, a direct fall from grace.

When I arrived, my memory dissolved into blankness. I know that I spent time there with both you and your former protector, as you were trying to help him there. Yet none of those moments remained accessible to me. Everything was veiled except for the final scene before my return.

The place was almost purely black and dark, and I found myself walking along a dark, clouded street, the atmosphere heavy and dim. Suddenly, a man began to pursue me and approached me. Without warning, he shoved me to the ground. Shock coursed through me as he forcefully came towards me. A deep terror rose within my spirit that I might be violated. I kicked at him and struggled to push him away, but my efforts seemed powerless.

In that moment, I realized that this was a place of dark sexuality, lust, destructive sexual energy.

In my fear, I began to pray; and the instant the prayer formed within me, I was released. In that same moment, I returned."

*"You cast me into the deep,
into the heart of the seas...
the deep surrounded me;
weeds were wrapped about my head."
The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Jonah 2:3-5*

*"You have put me in the lowest pit,
in the darkest depths."
The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Psalm 88:6*

Anonymous Experience: "I found myself standing inside a dim, tavern-like place, steeped in shadow. The atmosphere was thick and oppressive, carrying a heavy,

dispiriting energy that pressed in on me from all sides. Several older men lingered about, loitering idly as they cast lustful glances toward a few women nearby. The entire setting felt coarse and spiritually burdened.

Almost immediately, I sensed the presence of the soul I had been praying for who had broken with a spiritual consecration. This was a place of casual encounter, a pickup spot, and I felt deeply uncomfortable being there. Everything within me wanted to leave.

One man clearly stood out as the leader of the group, and I could see that the soul for whom I had been interceding was following his influence. When I awoke, I carefully recorded the experience. As I reflected upon it, I was surprised and saddened, realizing that this soul had broken from an eternal pathway and regressed in his spiritual path. Ardently, I continued praying for his soul. “

*“As long as the evil deed has not ripened,
the fool thinks it sweet as honey;
but when it ripens,
then he comes to grief.”
The Dhammapada 69*

I was instructed to turn my attention to the left side of the medicine wheel, the North, symbol of winter, wisdom, and elderhood. It is the direction of the color white, of the buffalo and the bear, and of prayer. This

place on the wheel marks the completion of a cycle, the season of drawing inward, gathering strength, and reflecting deeply before the promise of rebirth in the East. It speaks of later life, of maturity and the quiet dignity of old age. Its elements are air, along with the physical and mental bodies, calling for clarity, endurance, and thoughtful awareness.

Along with this guidance came a more personal correction: I was told that I complain too much, and that it is time to stop.

*"With the ancient is wisdom,
and length of days understanding."
The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Job 12:12*

Standing within the ethereal realms, I watched as I was introduced to a new mystical way of receiving knowledge. An energetic current rose from the ground toward me, moving in the shape of an inverted "U." As it ascended, it passed through me like a living transmission. With its movement came an influx of awareness, vast, immeasurable, infinite in nature, far beyond anything I could fully explain or contain in words.

Throughout the night, I was led through a multitude of scenes and life situations. Yet I could not discern how they connected to this new form of energetic

exchange, this unfamiliar mode of receiving messages from beyond. The experiences continued for six consecutive nights. Even then, I still did not understand what it meant or for what it was preparing me.

"And I looked and saw how the spirits of the righteous are transferred upward, guided by the hand of the Most High, moving as the wind moves in the heavens."

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, 1 Enoch 14:8

"Spiritual knowledge is transmitted not by speech alone but by the living energy of God, which moves silently within the soul, awakening its powers gradually."

Philokalia (St. Maximus the Confessor)

A voice whispered, "All that is concealed will be revealed."

In an unexpected and earth shattering move, my friend and protector returned, sorrowful, repentant and desirous of recovering lost ground.

*"I sought the Lord, and He answered me;
He delivered me from all my fears."*

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Psalm 34:4

*"He reached down from on high and took hold of me;
He drew me out of deep waters..."*

He brought me out into a spacious place;

He rescued me."

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Psalm 18:16-19

Journeying with my friend and protector into a realm made of water and light, an ethereal expanse shaped like a vast celestial watercourse, flowing in luminous spirals through the unseen worlds.

Before he came, I had wandered in one of its shadowed quadrants. There, strange and unsettling figures lingered, circling too close, whispering disturbances into the air. Their presence unsettled me. But the moment my friend and protector appeared, they withdrew; slipping back into their hidden crevices as creatures of dimness do when light arrives. He took my hand without a word, and together we passed through other chambers of that aqueous realm, each one vibrating with its own frequency.

In one quadrant we encountered another presence. There was tension there, an awkwardness between them, a current unspoken. Yet before I could understand it, he gently but suddenly sent me down the living river of the watercourse. He followed close behind. We plunged into the radiant slide, and ecstasy overtook us. We whooshed through corridors of liquid light, laughter echoing in the currents. Bliss surged

between us, he delighted in my joy, and I in his. We emerged at the end breathless and shining.

Then the scene shifted.

I was taken into what felt like a celestial hospital. I was placed upon a table as though I were with child, and they prepared a sonogram. They said they were listening for one voice; the single, steady sound they expected to hear. But instead, they detected two. One voice was not my own. It was intrusive, discordant; a demonic current whispering incessantly to feed my doubts, feeding thoughts into me like a parasite trying to again capsize the eternal program we were so carefully trying to save from faltering again.

They treated me gently, as though I carried something fragile and sacred. They waited for my friend and protector to stand beside me.

Again, he appeared, guiding me through another waterway; this one narrower, more guarded. There was a port of entry, and only one key would allow passage. He possessed it. Calmly, he unlocked the threshold and brought us both through. I felt safe. He knew the path.

I saw him then moving across the panorama of the mission, carrying a psychedelic mantle of energy, like a luminous carpet, which he unfurled above me as protection and covering.

At one point, a crawling, grotesque thing attempted to enter my sacred spaces while he was watching silently. I saw it and recoiled in alarm. He was unmoved. He seized it without hesitation and removed it instantly, as though it were nothing.

Suddenly, turmoil erupted in the mystical realms, not as chaos without order, but as a violent disturbance striking something sacred and deliberate. It felt as though the mission itself had been hit, an impact reverberating through layers of unseen architecture. The atmosphere trembled. Waves of alarm rippled outward like shockwaves through water, and for a brief moment there was the sharp intake of collective breath.

Then panic dissolved into precision.

Beings moved into position with disciplined urgency. What first appeared as confusion transformed into coordinated restoration. Tools manifested, not crude instruments of metal, but luminous implements of intention. There were arcs of light like celestial welding torches sealing fractures in the fabric of the path. There were saws of sound cutting away corrupted strands. Sparks flew, not destructive, but purifying, like stars being born in miniature bursts.

The road itself became visible: not a road of stone or dust, but a living current suspended in the spheres. It floated in multidimensional space, layered like a

bridge between worlds. Portions of it flickered where the assault had struck, as though sections of destiny had briefly destabilized. Teams labored above it, below it, and along both sides simultaneously. Some reinforced its foundation with cords of radiant geometry; others recalibrated its frequency, humming tones that realigned its vibration.

The entire structure undulated like a ribbon of conscious energy, flexible yet enduring. Where damage had been, new light was woven in, brighter than before. What had seemed like a threat to the mission became, in the hands of those working, an opportunity to strengthen its design.

And slowly, the trembling ceased. The road stabilized; stronger, clearer, more luminous than it had been prior to the strike. What had been shaken was not destroyed; it had been reforged.

Then bells began to ring.

They chimed into my bedroom from some distant sphere; clear, resonant, otherworldly. The first tone did not merely sound; it descended. It entered the room like a living presence, as though a veil had thinned and something sacred had crossed through. The air shifted. Time loosened its grip.

Each bell carried layers within it; high crystalline notes woven with deeper, sonorous undertones. They did

not clang harshly but rang with intelligent harmony, like voices made of light. The sound did not remain outside of me; it moved through my chest, through my bones, through the quiet interior spaces of my being. It felt as though the tones were calibrating something; aligning, sealing, confirming.

They echoed not against walls, but against dimensions. The resonance seemed to ripple outward and inward simultaneously, as if the room had become a chamber suspended between worlds. There was no visible source. The bells were not struck by hands. They seemed to arise from the architecture of heaven itself; like signals sent across vast luminous distances.

The chimes continued for what felt like a timeless interval. Not minutes in the earthly sense, but a stretch of sacred duration where chronology did not apply. Each tone faded into silence only to give birth to another, as if a message were being spelled in sound rather than words.

The quality was both celebratory and solemn; like a coronation and a warning intertwined. They carried the atmosphere of proclamation: something had shifted, something had been completed, something had been sealed. It was the kind of ringing one imagines at the turning of an age, when unseen decrees are made and the heavens bear witness.

When at last the final note dissolved, it did not end abruptly. It receded gently, like light withdrawing at dusk. Yet the room did not feel the same afterward. The air still shimmered faintly, as though the sound had left behind a residue of holiness; a quiet assurance that heaven had spoken, even if the words had not been audible.

When the bells faded, the Eternal spoke of a launching protocol that must be undertaken.

And then there was Passover, a celebration in the spirit; signifying that a great danger had been passed over, a trial endured. The Eternal declared, "This heralds the soul's reckoning."

*"They feast on the abundance of your house,
and you give them drink from the river of your delights.*

*For with you is the fountain of life;
in your light do we see light."*

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Psalm 36:8-9

Again the Eternal spoke: "Men like Galileo and Da Vinci had no real power. They were ordinary souls entrusted with a divine mission. They fulfilled what was given to them."

My friend and protector stepped forward and said of me, "You have presence, patience . . . and are wonderful."

He said, "It's not just signs. It's my thoughts about signs."

And in that admission was a deeper confession: it was not the universe that had misled him, nor the symbols themselves, but the lens through which he had interpreted them. He had mistaken echoes for declarations, shadows for substance. Both mystical symbols and the ordinary markers of daily life had become distorted in his perception, and from those distortions he had constructed conclusions that quietly led him away from the truth.

Later, the roles shifted, and I found myself speaking with calm patience, unfolding doctrine before him as one might carefully lay out a map long folded and misunderstood.

He admitted then that he felt there was something unresolved lingering beneath our exchanges like sediment at the bottom of clear water.

Looking patiently, I replied "Sediment only settles when the water has been stirred. If something remained beneath us, it was not to divide us, but to be gently brought into the light, so the water could run clear again."

Then his voice softened. "Please do not be mad at me if I feel the mission is accomplished and we are done."

There was fatigue in that statement, perhaps even fear. As though finishing the mission might justify retreat.

Answering him, I said gently, "The completion of a mission is not measured by exhaustion, nor by the desire to withdraw. If it is truly finished, peace will confirm it, not fear. And if there is still breath within it, walking away will not bring rest, only echo."

I saw two versions of him, each leaning toward a different woman, poised to take hold of paths, one of which was not his. It was not merely temptation, it was division. A splitting of trajectory. In that moment, I understood: this was the fracture. The subtle tearing in the eternal design. The point at which alignment splintered and the current of destiny forked.

It was not dramatic. It was decisive.

This was the fracture, the rift in the eternal design, the moment where alignment splintered.

And then I was taken into an alternative future . . .

Suddenly eight years had passed. He had walked away long ago. I saw him speaking to his closest friend. "I haven't called her for eight years." Regret weighed heavily upon him. He believed too much time had passed, that restoration was nearly impossible.

Yet because I had reached out, that timeline had collapsed. The separation was averted before it solidified.

The Eternal then said:

“Do not give him the answers. He must restore his vibration through his own seeking.”

And I understood: no soul can be carried into awakening. Each must rise by their own return to the Source.

“By oneself is evil done; by oneself is one purified.

Purity and impurity depend on oneself;

no one can purify another.”

The Dhammapada 160

“You shall be called the repairer of the breach,

the restorer . . . to dwell in.”

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Isaiah 58:12

“The holy sparks scattered in the breaking are gathered and restored.”

Tikkun (Lurianic Kabbalah concept)

Anonymous Experience: “I flew out a second time.

The first time I left my body, I saw four or five souls waiting for me as I emerged. They felt familiar, as though they had long been known to me. As my spirit became aware of them in my room, I rose swiftly into

the sky, holding my Rosary in my hand and telling them not to fall behind. Immediately, they followed.

We flew with great speed. The journey continued for some time, though I can no longer recall how long. What I do remember is that we arrived at a vast space filled with books, books everywhere. My soul was drawn to many small handbooks made of papyrus. I opened them and read their titles and the words within. The writings were short quotations, yet each one felt profoundly important to me.

I tried to memorize the names and the contents, knowing I might forget once I returned to my body. I studied them intently and repeated them to myself, doing my best to carry them back with me. But as I feared, when I returned, I remembered nothing.

The second time I rose, I went alone. I ascended to ask my Lord about Marilynn's friend and protector, to confirm whether he is truly the one God has placed before her.

My soul lifted upward with great speed, carried by a powerful wind. The sky was clear and bright, with beautiful clouds drifting past. As I ascended, I pleaded on Marilynn's behalf. I prayed and begged for an answer.

"Please, my Lord, Marilynn is unsure. I ask You to give me a sign, a clear sign, yes, no, or that things will

change and are therefore not definite. If Your answer is yes, I promise not to intervene.”

As my spirit spoke these words, I began to see many symbols. I cannot recall exactly what each one was, but as I flew through them, my eyes were drawn to a couple of white birds passing by. Next thing I knew, my spirit saw crystal-white doves edged with blue, and like many balloons strung together coming into my eyes.

In that moment, my spirit understood.

This was my experience early this morning. After I returned, I gave thanks to our Lord and prayed. Before I went into my prayer, I looked up the exact meaning of “not to intervene,” the words my spirit spoke during that experience.

It means to “intentionally become involved in a difficult situation in order to change it, improve it, or prevent it from becoming worse.”

During my prayer, what was made clear is that we must both trust God’s will and not try to force, manipulate, or influence what happens next out of fear or doubt.

Often, we act from past experiences - experiences that were meant as warnings, and that gave rise to fear or doubt - even your guilt toward your ex-spouse and your children could cause obstacles to achieving God’s

will in this . . . these emotions can lead us to interfere when we are meant to trust.

As your spiritual sister and listener, I must be very careful when offering advice, because it is easy for me to become emotionally involved. In those moments, rather than helping you, my words could unintentionally cause more backward movement instead of progress.

I believe we will continue to receive warnings along the way; not necessarily because the path is wrong, but because your friend and protector is not yet able to fully recognize his own stains and receive guidance regarding them himself. For that reason, they may come through us as vessels, for his sake. Still, we must remember not to give in to doubt. Fear and doubt are dangerous because they can shift the course God has laid out for you both.

Finally, it was made clear to me that whether your friend and protector can walk this journey fully is ultimately dependent on his own effort, not something for you to carry.

From both your experiences and my experience today, we know what God wishes to accomplish between you. Let it be done according to His will."

*"Then the Spirit lifted me up... and the hand of the Lord
was strong upon me."*

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Ezekiel 3:12-14

*"Therefore, since we are surrounded by so great a cloud of
witnesses, let us run with perseverance the race set before
us."*

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Hebrews 12:1

CHAPTER EIGHT

My spirit as the Little Blue Nun was borne away to a place that felt both ancient and not of this world; an archaeological ruin beneath a sky too wide for history alone. There, half-buried in the ribs of ochre hills, lay the remnants of five extraterrestrial celestial craft, fallen like wounded stars thousands of years ago. Their metal bones shimmered beneath the sand, as though time itself had failed to consume them. The air trembled with memory.

I stood in a desert that would not decide its name. One moment it was the desert I lived in within the present day and a moment later the holy dust of Israel; the next, the wind-swept vastness of Rumi's homeland, ancient Persia, now called Afghanistan. The land shifted like a veil being lifted and lowered. Through the currents of air, the poetry of Rumi was whispered; verses not spoken but breathed, woven into the atmosphere like incense. Each syllable moved the dunes.

Then the vision settled. The desert became Israel. Before my eyes, the dry bed of the Jordan River stirred.

When was the Jordan river dry? I didn't know, but here in this ancient memory, it was dry as a bone, cracked as an ancient pottery shard.

But what had been cracked earth softened, darkened, and began to glisten. Water gathered, then flowed. It filled the riverbed with a living shimmer.

People emerged from their dwellings and from the edges of the hills. Seeing the water, they cried out in joy. They stepped into it as though into a promise fulfilled. The land had been dry, so dry, and now it was wet again. As I beheld it, my heart swelled. The water was flowing. The Spirit was flowing. What had once been withheld was now released.

The Holy Spirit had been released upon the lands.

Then I underwent what felt like an ethereal examination. A current of light passed through my entire being, scanning, unraveling, discerning. It was as if my essences were gently taken apart, not to harm me, but to understand me. Every layer was seen. And each essence was examined by the light, removed, and placed back within the organism as if it had remained untouched.

Afterward, my spirit was carried back to places I had once lived. It felt like a student returning to an old classroom long after graduation, walking halls once familiar, sensing the echo of former lessons. Time folded inward.

In the distance, I saw my former priest from years past. The sight of him filled me with such joy that I hurried

toward him, my spirit trembling with gratitude. When I came close enough, I knelt and kissed his hand. "Thank you, thank you, thank you," I said, "for all you have done for me."

He smiled, gentle, almost surprised, as though he now understood that I truly knew. I knew the depth of the gifts he had given my soul, the spiritual treasures planted during a tumultuous time in both of our lives. I had seen through the turbulence; the Lord had allowed me to see the gold beneath the dust.

He asked me to go and bless others, especially a young woman ahead who was preparing for marriage. Bowing to him with reverence, I agreed and leapt off to carry out his wishes.

Many souls . . . many souls . . . flying, flying, away into the night.

Then I found myself alone again. The air was alive with particles, tiny motes suspended in a luminous field. The Eternal was revealing something subtle and magnificent: how the ethereal feeds into the particulate, how the particulate condenses into matter, how matter bends toward destiny, and how destiny unfolds back into the eternal. It was an endless circulation, a holy ecology of being.

Suddenly, I was again clothed in the garment of the Little Blue Nun, and my spirit was ablaze with

purpose. I stood within a mystical scriptorium beyond imagination; a vast sphere of sacred knowledge suspended in light. Ancient texts rested upon long tables that seemed carved from silence itself.

I was directed toward one table bearing the writings of Paramahansa Yogananda, A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada, and other Hindu scriptures. Their pages shimmered with devotion and metaphysical fire. Then my spirit turned toward another table filled with Chinese Buddhist texts, serene and crystalline in their wisdom. Beyond that stood a table of Islamic writings, many of them small volumes dedicated to individual moral virtues; humility, patience, surrender, love. There was yet another table whose contents I cannot now recall, but its gravity was immense. Each text pulsed with living insight. I moved among them, trying desperately to imprint their essence upon my soul before returning to form as the garments of the Little Blue Nun were shed quietly.

"The moment a man truly knows God, he sees Him everywhere; all that is, in essence, is divine, and the scriptures are living maps to that inner light."

Paramahansa Yogananda

"All phenomena are like a dream, a phantom, a drop of dew, a flash of lightning; so should you meditate upon them."

Diamond Sutra, 32:14

"Purify your heart, for therein lies the secret chamber of the divine. The essence of knowledge is not in the words but in the transformation they awaken."

Al-Ghazali, Alchemy of Happiness

"Raise your words, not voice. It is rain that grows flowers, not thunder."

Rumi

Then I was flying again through aeons upon aeons of luminous spheres and layered realms. Suddenly, my spirit halted before two radiant buttons suspended in space. They represented the Catholic liturgies. One read: "Latin." The other: "English."

Inwardly, I understood. For myself, I pressed "English." For my friend and protector, I pressed "Latin." I had already studied the traditional Latin for years; he had not. There was a balance in this choice, a quiet justice of grace.

As I pressed them, another button appeared, glowing with deep crimson light: "Sacred Heart."

The Voice of the Eternal spoke: "Place your friend and protector's problems within the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

I nodded in assent and pressed the button.

“But also,” the Voice continued, “place the way he looks at the world so negatively. Place it all under the Protection of the Sacred Heart.”

“Awww,” I murmured softly, as understanding dawned. “That makes sense.”

And in that knowing, everything felt gathered, held, redeemed within a Heart vast enough to contain all wounds and all worlds.

*“Waters shall break forth in the wilderness,
and streams in the desert;
the burning sand shall become a pool,
and the thirsty ground springs of water.”
The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Isaiah 35:6-7*

*“I will make a way in the wilderness
and rivers in the desert...
to give drink to my chosen people.”
The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Isaiah 43:19-20*

*“I will sprinkle clean water upon you...
A new heart I will give you, and a new spirit I will put
within you.”
The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Ezekiel 36:25-26*

My ex-spouse's mother having departed from the visible world, was visiting him, again and again, like a tide that refuses to forget the shore. Six times each day

her presence crossed the veil, and my spirit was drawn into his home to witness it.

At first, I felt a flicker of concern. It seemed excessive, almost intrusive, as though the boundary between worlds had grown too thin. I perceived it initially as if she were still embodied, arriving at his door repeatedly in the fullness of day, her persistence heavy with unfinished longing.

But then my spirit was carried into his bedroom.

He lay sleeping, wrapped in the soft anonymity of unconsciousness. The room was dim, quiet, undisturbed. And there she was, not as a disturbance, not as a shadow pressing upon him, but as a quiet nearness, a hovering tenderness. She came to him in the sanctuary of sleep, and he did not stir. He did not wake. His breathing remained steady, his rest unbroken.

In that moment, my understanding shifted.

Perhaps this was not intrusion at all. Perhaps this was devotion. She was not interrupting his days, nor fracturing his nights. She was moving within the hidden corridors of his dreaming, where the soul wanders more freely and the heart is less defended.

A mother's love does not always surrender to death.

Then something in me resolved. I would make him aware of her visits. I would tell him, so that he might lean inward, might soften, might become more conscious of the subtle ways she was reaching across the threshold to him. Perhaps if he knew, he would meet her halfway.

And then the vision turned.

I saw my own mother.

She stood before me with a familiar gravity, her presence both gentle and insistent. She, too, was trying to communicate. Her words did not arrive as language but as a pressure against my spirit, a meaning that hovered just beyond comprehension. I strained to understand. I reached toward her intention, but it slipped through me like light through water.

It felt as though she was trying to tell me something, perhaps correcting me, trying to show me something I was not seeing about myself, maybe doing wrong. The sense of it carried both love and urgency.

But I could not grasp it.

And in that not-knowing, there was frustration; a child once more, wanting desperately to understand her mother, yet unable to decipher the message carried on the wind between worlds.

*"Set me as a seal upon your heart...
for love is strong as death."*

The Old Testament, Old Testament, Song of Songs 8:6

The Little Blue Nuns stood quietly in their galactic cathedral. My spirit had been casually expelled for the night and sent towards an ancient desert upon the earth wearing my habit. But my work for this night was somehow different, and those I'd been sent to minister to were in need of no help from me.

But they wanted me to listen . . .

The extraterrestrials were attempting to speak, not in words, but in pulses of light and subtle currents that brushed against my awareness like wind across the still desert. Their communication was geometric and luminous, unfolding in symbols that entered the heart before they reached the mind.

As they drew near, the space around me began to shift.

The walls dissolved like mist at dawn. The floor beneath my feet thinned into horizon. My surroundings were lifted, gently and without rupture, and overlaid upon a vast expanse of flat desert; an endless plain of pale sand stretching beneath a sky too wide to measure. It was as though my dwelling had been translated into another dimension and set down upon ancient earth that had long awaited this meeting.

The air shimmered with heat and hidden intelligence.
Silence deepened until it felt alive.

There, in that boundless flatland, heaven and sand
seemed to converse and I stood between them,
listening.

*"It is known to him to whom it is unknown;
he who thinks he knows it, knows it not."
The Upanishads (Kena Upanishad 2.3)*

*****b

That evening, leaving behind the robes of the Little
Blue Nun, my soul returned to its lifelong cloak; the
simple, enduring mantle of 'mother,' worn through
every season of my life.

In the mystical panorama, my adult children became
small and tender infants, and I carried them onto an
ethereal airplane. But it was to be no ordinary passage
through the skies, but a lifetime we were to traverse
together, a body of knowledge we were to seek as one.

We were given an entire theater in which to travel, a
vast and empty chamber of seats and silence, as though
the journey had been reserved for just us. Even though
there would be more than just us . . . it felt less like
transportation and more like initiation.

The engines hummed like a distant chant in a forgotten
netherworld, a world between worlds.

Then, inexplicably, I was placed upon stilts at least twenty feet high lifted far above the ground. As 'mother,' it was necessary for me to look from a differing height. It was some strange and sacred therapy, a balancing between heaven and earth. From that height, every movement required trust. I could feel the fragility of flesh and the strength of spirit contending within me. It was as if I were being taught to walk above fear, to steady myself in impossible elevation while still carrying my children into the below, into the world of flesh, into the world of temptations.

After our ethereal airplane 'landed' landed, my mother came.

I didn't immediately understand, and surely, wouldn't necessarily understand anytime soon. But when that airplane landed, my children had grown up.

My mother insisted on driving me to meet my sister and brother. Yet her driving was wild with distraction. She sped forward while sometimes not even facing the road, her gaze turned elsewhere, her attention divided between worlds. Still, the car did not crash.

And then the impossible unfolded.

She drove us up a 14,000-foot peak, though we were in Ohio, a flatland state. But it was also the state where we had grown up.

Yet it mirrored a hidden geology of where a sibling and I now also lived in yet another. The contradiction did not matter. The mountain rose from the plain as if summoned from hidden geology, as though the flat terrain concealed heights waiting to be revealed, but yet, symbolized real mountains which rose from the desert plain as almost a defiant whisper against the blazing sun.

She brought me to a place at the summit.

But oddly, instead of my siblings, my ex-spouse and my friend and protector were there. We stood next to a building which seemed to be built into the mountain itself yet only a small portion of the entrance could be seen on the surface.

My ex-spouse entered the building first. A woman stood nearby, and she'd asked him to give her a kiss on the cheek. Yet he seemed unaware, oblivious to the request, and simply walked past her into the structure. Seeing the omission, I stepped forward and kissed her cheek in his stead as though mending a small tear in the fabric of courtesy, restoring a gesture that had been forgotten.

My friend and protector stood beside me.

Together, we entered the building. It was some kind of facility, though its purpose was unclear. It felt institutional yet symbolic; like a place where souls are

processed, examined, perhaps even reassigned. We moved deeper inside, beyond the surface corridors, into an interior that seemed to fold inward upon itself.

There, I found myself tending to my three children; not as they are now, but as small children again. I was caring for them, gathering them close, making sure they were fed and comforted. Everything around us - the food, the toys, the supplies - had been purchased from those who identified themselves as Latter-day Saints, as Mormons. Their presence was gentle but distinct, as though they were providers of structure, order, and provision within this symbolic realm.

It felt as if I were being shown something about stewardship, about nourishment, about the sources from which we gather what sustains our families, spiritually and materially.

Immediately, I thought of my parents, because we'd been raised as Latter Day Saints, as Mormons, and so much of what had provided and sustained my childhood home, our family, when we were growing up had come from this source.

And although I had not raised my own family with the same structure, that structure had indeed then fed the structure with which I had built my own, which eventually became, a structure involving Catholicism, and even, the religions of the world.

Turning, for a moment, I saw someone quickly darting across the room. "Mom?" I quickly said. But it was too late, she was gone.

And there, in that layered place of mountain and flatland, of past and present, of former bonds and present companions, the vision slowly came to rest; like a curtain lowering at the end of a mystery play whose meaning continues to echo long after the stage has gone dark.

But this time, when the winds finally grew still and the movement of the vision quieted, something subtle remained.

It was not a full revelation, just a small opening, like a curtain lifted an inch. In that stillness, I began to understand, however faintly, what my mother had been trying to show me. Her message was not criticism, nor correction in the harsh sense. It was continuity.

Each generation does not begin from nothing. We inherit foundation, wounds and wisdom, strengths and unfinished lessons. What our parents struggled with, we often refine. What they could not complete, we are given the chance to continue. What they learned through hardship becomes the soil from which we grow.

In that quiet after the wind, I sensed that my mother was not merely pointing out something I was “doing wrong,” but inviting me to see the thread that runs through us, the way her life flows into mine, and mine into my children’s. We are not isolated chapters. We are a single story unfolding over time.

Each generation builds upon what the one before has given; not only materially, but spiritually.

And perhaps what she was trying to show me was this: I am not separate from her efforts. I am the continuation of them as my children will become the carrying on of mine.

*“He will turn the hearts of fathers to their children
and the hearts of children to their fathers.”*

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Malachi 4:6

*“Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name lives on
generation after generation.”*

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Sirach 44:14

“Hear, my son . . . forsake not your mother’s teaching.”

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Proverbs 1:8

*“But Mary kept all these things, pondering them in her
heart.”*

The Holy Bible, New Testament, Luke 2:19

Having attempted a past-life regression on a man who, despite every remedy, could not respond to hypnotic

suggestion or move backward through time at all, I witnessed something altogether different. When exposed to a Catholic relic, blessed by an exorcist, a profoundly holy priest, and once touched to the bloodied glove of Padre Pio; he reacted with overwhelming force. The Holy Spirit moved through him unmistakably.

Soon after, my spirit was again garbed in the attire of the Little Blue Nun and carried across a vast archipelago: bold cliffs rising from the sea, waterfalls spilling down their faces, dense forests breathing with life. I stood upon a luminous cliff and followed a waterfall downward, descending into an enclosed tropical paradise that slowly unfurled into the open ocean. Then, just as suddenly, my spirit was drawn backward and upward. Though it appeared I was returning to the island, I was in fact being led somewhere entirely different.

“What are you showing me?” I cried out.

At that moment, I became aware of a male presence traveling with me, flying alongside me, then overlapping with me, as though our movements had become one. I knew who this soul was. I understood he required guidance.

“Ah,” I said aloud, “I see. I will take this journey for him.”

A great rushing swept over my soul in confirmation.

Darkness fell like night as we moved together toward a city of light hidden deep within the island, not merely across its land, but within it. We crossed countless energetic thresholds to reach it, passing through layers of space and time, shifting through densities of consciousness until we were finally able to perceive it.

Ahead of us, rising in the darkness, was a crystalline structure, glistening like a temple suspended in the night sky, beautiful beyond description.

The moment we arrived, all sound ceased.

I understood then that the soul beside me was receiving instruction meant only for him; teaching I was neither to hear nor interrupt. I remained still, silent, and receptive. Time passed without measure.

There was calm there. Peace. Quiet. Stillness. And within that stillness, teaching itself existed as a quality rather than words. We both understood this. When I looked at him, we exchanged a nod of recognition.

Then a curious being appeared before us, smiling.

He had already seen her during his instruction; she had been veiled from me until now. She was entirely white, almost robotic in form, yet unmistakably alive and sentient. Her head gleamed without hair, her face

simple and smooth. Her eyes were blank slits, yet warm and deeply aware. Her mouth moved naturally, though it was only a narrow line. She was a natural being, profound in her simplicity.

As she appeared, others emerged from the darkness, moving quietly through the city of light, inhabiting this unknown world.

For a brief moment, my mind reached outward: *What place is this? A spiritual realm? An extraterrestrial civilization?*

Then I released the question and returned to stillness. The information did not matter. My companion understood this as well and remained focused, immersed in calm and receptivity. The teaching was for him.

Suddenly, a vast ethereal angel appeared above us. She was immense, four times our size, with great wings that overshadowed us entirely. Without a word, she swept her hands across us, and we were gone.

We arrived in another place, one I scarcely believed we had been permitted to enter so easily. We stood in the Akashic Records, deep below, in what I understood to be the basement. I knew we would be allowed only brief glimpses, yet we had been welcomed without resistance. I bowed in reverence for such grace. The traveler beside me did the same.

Before us rose walls upon walls of lockers, no two alike. They varied wildly in size and shape, many in visible disrepair, as though neglected. This was unlike the upper halls I had seen before, where everything was immaculate, white, and precisely maintained.

There was no time to linger. Everything moved quickly now.

The great angel raised her arm and swept it forward. A massive locker opened directly before my companion, silently, completely. Its contents were hidden from me.

“Behold the sins of your family,” the angel said to him.

The weight of it struck me at once. It was not that these sins were greater than those of others, but that they were all revealed to him at once. I had never seen such a thing. The force of it washed over us like a great wave.

He stood expressionless, studying the contents with calm detachment, examining them analytically. No words passed between us. I focused inward, committing everything to memory, not for myself, but for him. I sent him the intention that this knowledge be retained at a subconscious level, for a purpose not yet revealed.

Again, the angel swept her hand. A much smaller locker opened beside the first.

We both leaned forward, hoping, almost pleading, that it would contain wisdom, a sacred memory, a forgotten covenant that could help untangle the present.

Instead, inside was a black, tar-like substance. Much of it had hardened into crust at the bottom, but some still oozed, spilling out as the door opened and dripping onto the lockers below.

I understood inwardly that this represented the block in his life, but I wanted clarity.

I prayed:

“O Lord God of Heaven and Earth, I see that there are sins upon this family and a great blockage. Show us what has caused this. Show what must be seen, known, understood, or done to overcome it.”

The angel moved us backward. The lockers vanished from sight.

At dusk, a bride appeared to our left.

She approached in the most exquisite white wedding gown, ornate beyond earthly design. The gown itself radiated unearthly light, light we both knew came from heaven, from God. As she passed us, attention was drawn not to her face, but to her long, flowing train, filled with divine potential, saturated with love. Christ was within it.

Then the light began to dim.

Slowly, steadily, it faded until it was gone entirely. Darkness closed in. The train stopped, lifeless, unlit.

We stared at it in silence.

Then a faint sound. A brief fizz, a soft buzz.

At the very edge of the train, a small light flickered back into being. Tiny but real. Beautiful.

The angel spoke within me:

“The marriage and the family began with a great intention that the light of God would fill and bless it. And the right actions were taken to make it so.”

I nodded.

“But as time passed, those actions ceased, and the light diminished.”

I nodded again.

“Eventually, it went out.”

“There is still a desire,” I began.

“Yes,” she interrupted gently. “A desire for truth.”

“Yes,” I said.

"And the truth sought may not be what the seeker expects."

"Please guide us."

"The answer lies not in the past, but in the present. The truth can be found, but it will not tickle his ears. Ironically, it will appeal more to his rational, analytical mind."

"His intellect?" I asked.

She smiled. "Yes."

She then showed me *The Catechism of the Catholic Church*. I hesitated but she placed it into my hands.

"He will find it boring," she said, "but it will bring the light back into him."

I nodded.

"And if he abides in this truth, he may be drawn deeper still. He can become the spiritual head of his family and bring the light back to them all."

My mind raced through the great mystical works of the Church, *The Ascent of Mount Carmel*, *Introduction to the Devout Life*, *The Dialogues of St. Catherine of Siena*. "You are going too fast," the angel said.

I stopped.

"Tell him this," she said.

"If he seeks the truth, there *is* a truth to be found. It will not tickle his ears, but it will light his life, and his family, once more. Take the first step."

"I will tell him," I said.

"There is a great deposit of faith . . . writings, things left behind by great souls . . . " "Oh, yes!" Marilyn replied. "Do not get caught up in rule or law, but be lifted up into the spirit that abides within it. There you will find the truth . . . Just take the first step."

*"If you continue in my word, you shall be my disciples indeed;
And you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."*

The Holy Bible, New Testament, John 8:31-32

*"Leave behind the senses and the operations of the intellect,
all that is sensible and all that is intelligible,
and be raised up as far as possible
to union with Him who is beyond all being and all
knowledge."*

Pseudo-Dionysius, The Mystical Theology

*"The true vision of the One we seek
consists in this:
in not seeing."*

Gregory of Nyssa, The Desert Fathers

"If you will, you can become all flame."

Abba Joseph, The Desert Fathers

My spirit had been traveling in the higher reaches of the celestial heavens as the Little Blue Nun when it came again upon the mystical scriptorium, a vast and comprehensive library of ancient sacred texts that had not yet entered the confines of our earthly world. These were texts which had never been written upon the earth, whose fragrances had never been inhaled upon the physical shores of mankind.

*"But you, Daniel, shut up the words and seal the book,
until the time of the end."*

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Daniel 12:4

I loved this place. It was filled with the subtle fragrance of wisdom not yet gathered or understood by humankind. Yet it was rare that I was permitted to journey there, rarer still to peruse its holy volumes.

*"Your anointing oils are fragrant;
your name is oil poured out."*

The Holy Bible, Old Testament, Song of Songs 1:3

"For we are the aroma of Christ to God."

The Holy Bible, New Testament, 2 Corinthians 2:15

Instantly, my soul found itself seated in a chair at the center of that sacred enclosure, as though placed there by unseen hands. An ancient manuscript descended

gently into my lap. Its title read: *The Sutra of the Ounce: The Ounce of the Vow for the Beings of the Earth.*

I could not yet speak of its knowledge or its wisdom. I only perceived a living vibration emanating from it; a gathering current of understanding forming quietly within my spirit.

"He heard inexpressible things, things that no one is permitted to tell."

The Holy Bible, New Testament, 2 Corinthians 12:4

Suddenly, my soul flickered and began to drift away from the glorious scriptorium. The scene shifted into a mountain valley, precious and familiar. I realized I was entering a new home that had been prepared for me near the forest.

The house was sparsely furnished, its walls bare. Everything was white, clean, clear, pure. It felt like a sanctuary, and I marveled at its pristine stillness.

Having planned to go to church for study, I suddenly realized that a dear one had arrived. I intended to change my plans and visit with him briefly before leaving. But when I approached the door, I saw that he had opened the front window. It was about twenty degrees outside. I gently asked him to close it, explaining how cold it was, but he refused, again and again.

Then he forced the front door open, breaking it off its hinges and leaving the entrance completely exposed. My sanctuary was no longer protected, from the cold, from outside influences, from spiritual warfare, from unseen invasions pressing in from beyond the veil.

Soon the living room filled with people and with spiritual presences. Another friend, a spiritual protector, arrived and attempted to assist in what had become a clear spiritual invasion. He handed me four checks, monetary donations from those wishing to contribute toward repairing the damaged door and window. The amounts were substantial, except for the one written by the one who had caused the damage. His check was for a few dollars. He neither seemed to recognize the severity of what he had done nor felt compelled to restore what had been broken in its wake.

Going into the family room, invited guests sat quietly waiting. Their presence was gentle and patient, and I realized I needed to get food for them so I left to retrieve it as they began to unpack and make themselves comfortable.

After gathering the food from a nearby store, I lifted into the air with the food in hand and flew out over the forest. As I passed near the trees, I saw an unexpected opening in the earth, beautiful, vast, and mysterious. At first, I was startled. It plunged downward tens of thousands of feet, and its nearness to the house

unsettled me. It seemed dangerous that there was such a drop of several thousand feet so near to the home.

Yet as I gazed more deeply, I realized that it was not merely an altitude drop, It was a doorway, an entrance into a wondrous out of body travel realm. It beckoned like a passage into another world, a place of mystical exploration beyond the physical.

I was tempted.

Pondering, I considered sending the food upon a breath of the wind to my waiting guests and leaping into the opening myself, abandoning the ordinary for the extraordinary, embarking upon a fantastic and luminous journey. But something inside told me that would be wrong to do, to abandon my guests. But not only this, but to walk away from the broken door, and all the chaos which had ensued. All of these things were now my responsibility to tend to even though it had been another's negligence which had brought it into being.

But it was so beautiful and offered such a fantastic temptation to escape it all and just fly away . . . so I attempted it.

But as I tried to breathe the food onto the winds, it would not lift.

And as I tried to fly into the great open chasm, my spirit could not rise or fly.

Nothing moved, neither myself nor what I carried.

And in that stillness, I understood.

I'd been tested and I'd failed. Having chosen what was more beautiful, more preferable to me . . . over my responsibilities; I'd chosen myself over those entrusted to my care, and beyond this, I'd chosen selfishness over tending to the needs of those who had fallen into my care through no fault of their own.

If only I'd chosen the better part . . .

Humbled, I gathered the food and easily lifted up in the spirit and flew home.

"Faith by itself, if it does not have works, is dead."

The Holy Bible, New Testament, James 2:17

When I arrived, I saw a gull-like demon standing beside the chair of my protector. Its presence was defiant yet diminished. The gull was the demon of destructive sexual energy. My protector had recently recovered from a recent foray with such a one.

I told the gull demon him he no longer had dominion in my home. He lowered his gaze.

And I commanded him:

"By the power of Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who came down from heaven and became flesh, who was

incarnate of the Blessed Virgin Mary and became man, I command you to leave.”

The gull demon looked downward and disappeared.

Looking around, I noticed that my guests had settled peacefully into their bedrooms. My protector had repaired the damages made to the sanctuary, and he had graciously escorted all the others out of the sanctuary and back to where they had originated.

Looking thankfully into his eyes, I nodded and turned towards my deeper sanctuary, the cell; which was my bedroom. But before I could even arrive there, my spirit began traveling once more.

Faster and faster I went through the out of body and astral fairways. Seeing what appeared to be sleigh-like cars arranged in a row, like a train, I instantly recognized them as vehicles for out-of-body passage into higher spheres. Without hesitation, I entered one so that I might ascend more swiftly.

As I sat down, I released a sigh of relief. The vehicle accelerated upward with radiant force. The cars moved like a shaft of light, vanishing from the out of body and astral realm and reappearing only upon arrival in a higher sphere. My spirit rushed through luminous corridors of space until, once again, I arrived at the scriptorium.

The text, *The Sutra of the Ounce: The Ounce of the Vow for the Beings of the Earth*, rested once more in my lap.

It began to stir.

It emanated like incense into the ethers.

I inhaled it into my soul, as the interior sight of my soul transcribed it within me. And as I read, it entered into me.

Curiously and reverently, I cradled the sacred text as it released its subtle fragrance into the ethers that encircled my spirit. It was not a scent perceived by the senses, but a living essence, an aroma of understanding, that unfolded gently in waves around me. I inhaled it with gladness, with quiet joy, with a bliss that felt both weightless and profound.

Closing my eyes, I allowed it to enter me completely. It did not rush; it permeated. Its wisdom moved through my being like a continual and holy perfume, not overpowering, but abiding, settling into the hidden chambers of the soul. It lingered there in soft radiance, illuminating without flame, instructing without words, remaining as a quiet, interior light.

*“For she [Wisdom] is the breath of the power of God,
and a pure emanation of the glory of the Almighty;
therefore nothing defiled gains entrance into her.*

*For she is a reflection of eternal light,
a spotless mirror of the working of God,*

and an image of his goodness."

Pseudopigrepha, Wisdom of Solomon 7:17-21

*"My soul has been filled with your fragrance, O Lord,
and your love has become my life.*

I inhaled your sweetness, and my heart exults in you."

Pseudopigrepha, Odes of Solomon 24:1-2

And gently, my spirit was released and sent back to its
bodily home.

A few days later, the ethers began to utter themselves,
pouring out of my hands like a fluid rain. And the
words and experience of a mystery poured forth.

*"The sense of standing on the Earth
shifted into standing with it.*

The ground was no longer background.

It was responsive.

Attentive.

Involved.

There was no voice in the air.

There was no figure to address.

What arrived came as pressure,

as orientation,

as a sudden intimacy with consequence.

Every breath was revealed

as an exchange already underway.

Taking in what had been given.

Releasing what would be taken up elsewhere.

*Nothing was neutral.
Nothing was personal.*

*The separation between observer and observed
thinned until it was no longer useful.
Seeing became participation.
Standing became impact.*

*It was understood without language
that harm had never been abstract.
That care had never been symbolic.
That attention itself was a material force.*

*The realization did not accuse.
It did not absolve.
It simply placed the body
inside a living system
that would continue whether or not
it was acknowledged.*

*There was grief,
but it was not overwhelming.
There was beauty,
but it did not distract.*

Both were instructions.

*What was received was not a command,
but a measure.*

*Not a burden,
but a calibration.*

*It became clear
that nothing large was being asked.*

No heroism.

No purity.

No transcendence away from the world.

*Only a willingness
to carry a small amount of responsibility
consistently.*

*The word ounce arose
not as metaphor,
but as limit.*

A mercy.

*An ounce of restraint
is survivable.*

*An ounce of attention
is repeatable.*

*An ounce of vow
does not fracture the nervous system.*

*It was understood
that beings fail not from lack of love,
but from being asked to carry too much
for too long.*

*The experience ended
the way weather ends
without announcement.*

*The ground returned to ground.
The body returned to weight.*

Nothing looked different.

*What remained
was not certainty,
but a residue of alignment
like a compass settling
after being disturbed.*

*Later, words were arranged
not to explain what happened,
but **to prevent forgetting**
what had been momentarily obvious.*

*What follows
is not revelation.*

*It is a reminder
set down carefully*

*The word ounce arose
not as metaphor,
but as limit.*

A mercy.

*An ounce of restraint
is survivable.*

*An ounce of attention
is repeatable.*

*An ounce of vow
does not fracture the nervous system.*

An ounce is enough.

An ounce of attention.

An ounce of restraint before harm.

An ounce of mercy before judgment.

Do not wait to be vast

small vows carried daily outweigh great promises"

*The Sutra of the Ounce: The Ounce of the Vow for the Beings of the
Earth, Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation , 2026*

*"Acquire a peaceful spirit, and around you thousands will
be saved. Contemplation of God is sweet and fragrant to the
soul; it fills the heart with silent joy."*

Philokalia, St. Maximos the Confessor

*And that was the beginning of what became 'The Sutra
of the Ounce: The Ounce of the Vow for the Beings of the
Earth', by Marilyn Hughes, a separate text.*

And then the ethers filled up like a conglomeration of
energy, light and sound as I was swept again into the
beyond of this earth into the beyond of the
netherworlds and yet again into an infinite sphere of
expanse leading beyond the Mystical Scriptorium.

Now again wearing the garment of the Little Blue Nun,
I looked around myself and thought, "Where is this?"

My spirit had gone through the powerful and majestic rooms filled with ancient texts, papyrus and stones etched with words of hidden thoughts that had been echoing from the spirit of humankind for ages through the ethers like the smoke and dust of just so much forgotten mass retain.

It was as if that ether, that smoke, that incense, that wondrous fragrance, were just nuisances like the specks of dirt that layer themselves in our homes from time, wear and decay. Those things that you pick up with a simple duster or spray and a cloth as if it carries no value.

It was as if these intricate ethers were not specks of something greater, like the unnoticed gold dust lingering in a gathering of minerals of little value picked up by a tractor unnoticed, or the purest untouched snow at the top of a mountain peak in winter, or the calmest breeze hidden in the finest forest untouched and never seen by any human being, or the calmest water gathered in a lake hidden from humanity's gaze or ruinous stare because it lies so high in altitude that it has never been seen. And then the ethers gathered, thickening into a vast convergence of energy, light, and sound, and I was swept once more beyond the boundaries of the earth, beyond even the netherworlds, into an infinite sphere of expanse that stretched past the Mystical Scriptorium.

Where was this? I wondered.

My spirit had already passed through the powerful and majestic halls filled with ancient texts, papyrus scrolls and stones etched with words, hidden thoughts that had echoed for ages through the spirit of humankind. They drifted through the ethers like smoke and dust, like the lingering residue of forgotten centuries.

And yet it seemed as though that ether, this smoke, this incense, this wondrous fragrance of accumulated wisdom, was treated as nothing more than nuisance. Like the fine film of dust that settles unnoticed in our homes from time and decay, brushed away with a simple cloth, as though it carries no value.

But these were not mere specks. They were flecks of something immeasurably greater, like unnoticed gold dust hidden among common minerals, gathered and discarded without recognition. Like untouched snow resting on the summit of a winter mountain. Like the softest breeze moving through a forest never entered by human feet. Like the stillest waters of a high-altitude lake, concealed from humanity's gaze and ruinous touch.

The rooms themselves stretched cavernous and deep, shelves carved into walls that seemed formed from the living stone of the earth's hidden spheres, or perhaps from some higher, subtler frequency within the

galactic heavens. It resembled a sacred cavern, yet its origin felt beyond earthly making.

And still it remained veiled, its truest essence softened by mystical distortion. For a reason. For a season. For a time. Such things were not meant for human eyes to behold, nor hands to gather, nor even breath to touch.

And yet I had breathed it in.

And I had breathed it out.

And in doing so, my spirit passed through that holiest of Mystical Scriptoriums into a region beyond it.

There, I witnessed something I could scarcely comprehend.

Thousands of texts, ancient and sacred, were being washed.

Women clothed in white robes stood in a bright oasis, surrounded by trees and vibrant green growth. Sunlight poured over them. They looked up and silently conveyed that they were nearing the completion of their work, the cleansing of the ancient texts.

As I drew nearer, I saw that this was indeed so. The texts appeared renewed, restored, luminous, almost reborn. Then a young man entered and gently pointed to certain places upon them, and I saw that they had

undergone something like surgery, careful incision, precise correction, deliberate restoration.

Perplexed, I realized they no longer bore the weight of age. They looked new. Polished. Whole.

And suddenly, I understood.

I was finished.

With them.

I was departing.

We had passed through the ancient sacred texts, studied them, understood them, gathered them together, and drawn their vibration inward. The wisdom had been integrated.

And now, it was complete.

And as I stepped away, the expanse seemed to ripple softly behind me, as if acknowledging that the work was done. The ether no longer pressed or beckoned. It simply existed, serene and whole. I carried its resonance within me now, a vibration that would remain, silent yet profound, guiding each breath, each thought.

I realized then that the journey into the ancient sacred texts was one of both knowledge on the ground and vibration in the ethers. It was about the halls, it was about the cleansing. It was about the passage through

the seen and the unseen, through the ancient, through the currents of understanding that flow beneath all things. I had become a witness and a vessel as the Little Blue Nun.

And in that knowing, I understood a quiet truth: some doors open only once, some wisdom reveals itself only when we are ready to receive it, and some journeys, when finished, enter into a continuum and transform, settling into the spirit, like gold dust in the heart of the world, waiting to shine when the time is right.

And with that, I turned, carrying the stillness, the clarity, and the profound echo of all that had been, ready to return, ready to walk forward as the Little Blue Nun in the waking world, yet forever changed by the mysteries I had touched and would continue to touch in the unseen realms I had traversed and would continue to hallow.

CONCLUSION

The Blue Nuns are not merely figures of devotion, they are mystics, travelers of the soul, and custodians of the hidden currents that shape the unseen worlds. They move beyond the boundaries of the physical, stepping gracefully into the ethereal realms where the fabric of reality itself is fluid and responsive. In these luminous dimensions, they navigate the vast networks of consciousness, sensing the subtle distortions and resonances within souls, within circumstances, within entire lifetimes.

Through their journeys, the Blue Nuns act as alchemists of being. They enter the astral planes not as passive observers, but as instruments of transformation. With intention, presence, and profound attunement, they intervene in the architecture of reality; softly, invisibly, and yet with precise effect. A thought here, a vibration there, a gentle touch of awareness, and entire patterns of fear, doubt, or limitation can be restructured, recalibrated, and elevated. They are healers of the unseen, architects of possibility, guiding souls toward higher frequencies of love, clarity, and alignment with the divine.

Yet their work is never unilateral. The Blue Nuns do not impose; they harmonize. They move within the

sacred consent of the soul and the permission of the universe, nudging, illuminating, and coaxing latent potential into expression. Where stagnation has taken root, they awaken motion. Where shadows cloud understanding, they shine subtle light. Where a soul is fragmented, they weave coherence, threading intention, awareness, and grace into the tapestry of life.

Their service is simultaneous, spanning realms and realities. One Blue Nun may hover over a person on earth, guiding choices through gentle intuition, while another may move through the dreamscape, aligning energetic currents that ripple across timelines. In this way, they alter not just individual outcomes, but the vibrational field of situations themselves, lifting the frequency of circumstances so that healing, insight, and evolution may unfold naturally.

To encounter a Blue Nun is not to meet a distant authority; it is to recognize the possibility of your own ascension. Their presence awakens the remembrance that all of creation is alive, responsive, and interconnected. That the choices, thoughts, and intentions of one soul echo across vast, unseen landscapes. That the universe itself waits for collaboration, for alignment, for conscious co-creation.

In essence, the Blue Nuns are conduits. They move, breathe, and act within the liminal spaces between worlds, orchestrating the subtle harmonies that allow

souls to rise, situations to transform, and reality itself to align with the higher order. They teach that growth is not always linear, that assistance is not always visible, and that awakening is often a dance with forces both within and beyond comprehension.

They are guides, healers, and witnesses, and through their luminous work, they invite every soul to remember its own capacity for transformation, to reclaim its vibrational power, and to step consciously into the infinite, ever-expanding dance of existence.

And now, as you pause in the stillness that follows your own inner journeys, feel the cosmos exhale through every cell of your being. Stars shimmer not only above, but within you, and each breath you take sends ripples across the vast ocean of existence. Sense the hidden currents of spirit flowing beneath and through all things, carrying you toward deeper understanding, toward greater compassion, toward the luminous truth that resides at the center of your soul.

Know this: love, courage, and presence are your keys to the unseen. Every thought, every intention, every quiet act of awareness shapes the worlds around you, visible and invisible. Every soul, no matter how small, hidden, or wounded, reflects the infinite, and every encounter is a mirror of the eternal.

Step gently into the luminous pathways that stretch before you. Dream boldly across the infinite expanse. Let your own light unfurl like a banner across the heavens. Feel the pulse of the universe moving with you, a rhythm that has always been there, waiting for your recognition.

Trust the currents of your spirit. Listen to the silent music that weaves through every moment. Allow your heart to open, not just to what is seen, but to the unseen, to the sacred threads connecting all beings, all life, all creation.

And remember: you are not alone. You are a traveler, a witness, a luminous presence in a boundless, ever-expanding tapestry of being. Your journey continues beyond form, beyond time, beyond fear into the radiant mystery that is both your home and your destiny.

Walk with wonder. Move with grace. Shine without hesitation. The universe awaits you, and it flows through you, now and always.

SOURCES

Sacred Texts & Scriptures

- *The Holy Bible*
 - *Qur'an*
 - *Bhagavad Gita*
 - *Mundaka Upanishad*
 - *Rig Veda*
 - *Dhammapada*
 - *Lotus Sutra*
 - *Pirkei Avot (Ethics of the Fathers)*
 - *Sefer ha Meshiv, The Book of the Answering Angel*
 - *The Hymn of Jesus*
 - *Wisdom of Solomon (Pseudepigrapha)*
 - *Diamond Sutra*
-

Christian Writings & Commentaries

- *Catechism of the Catholic Church*
- *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life*
- *Philokalia*
- *The Mystical Theology, Pseudo-Dionysius*

Hindu & Yoga Teachers

- *Paramahansa Yogananda*
 - *A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada*
 - *Yogi Bhajan*
-

Buddhist & Chinese Wisdom

- *Chaung Tzu*
 - *Sogyal Rinpoche*
 - *Dhammapada*
 - *Diamond Sutra*
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Islamic/Sufi Wisdom

- *Al-Ghazali, Alchemy of Happiness*
 - *Abdul-Baha*
 - *Qur'an*
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Mystical/Philosophical/Christian Saints

- *Tao Te Ching*
- *Pythagoras*
- *St. Germain*

- *St. Basil the Great*
- *St. John of the Cross*
- *St. Teresa of Avila*
- *St. Patrick*
- *St. John Paul II*
- *Gregory of Nyssa*
- *Abba Joseph*

Modern Spiritual Teachers & Authors

- *Eckhart Tolle*
- *Aiden Wilson Tozer*
- *Ernest Holmes*
- *Dietrich Bonhoeffer*
- *Walt Whitman*
- *Elizabeth Barrett Browning*
- *Robert Louis Stevenson*
- *Leila Grandemange*
- *Fr. Michael McGivney*
- *Billy Graham*
- *Sadhguru*
- *Rabindranath Tagore*

- *Pope Francis*
 - *El Moyra*
 - *Chief Dan George*
-

Contemporary / Personal Works

- *Our Thoughts Determine Our Lives, Elder Thaddeus of Vitovnica*
 - *The Sutra of the Ounce: The Ounce of the Vow for the Beings of the Earth, Marilyn Hughes*
-

Proverbs & Wisdom Traditions

- *Turkish Proverb*
- *Japanese Wisdom*
- *Tikkun (Lurianic Kabbalah concept)*

The Little Blue Nun:

A Tale of Astral Projection and Transcendent Discoveries

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation
<https://outofbodytravel.org>

The Little Blue Nun: A Tale of Astral Projection and Transcendent Discoveries – In *The Little Blue Nun: A Tale of Astral Projection and Transcendent Discoveries*, readers are beckoned into the boundless realms beyond the physical world into the infinite expanses of the cosmos, where the nature of reality is fluid and consciousness knows no limitations. Through the ethereal presence of the Little Blue Nun, a cosmic guide and astral projectionist, we embark on a celestial journey that transcends the constraints of time, space, and form.

As the Little Blue Nun ventures through the vast web of interconnected souls, she journeys to distant corners of the universe, reaching beyond the material world to heal, guide, and uplift the spirits in need. She moves through shimmering dimensions of light, traversing the astral planes where the physical body falls away, and only the essence of the soul remains. With every mission, she brings peace and healing, reuniting lost souls with their higher selves and helping them find balance in the ever-expanding universe.

Each chapter is a cosmic odyssey, an exploration of the deep mysteries of existence. The Little Blue Nun encounters not only troubled souls, but also explores the intricate dance of love, forgiveness, and universal unity that binds all beings. Whether she is aiding a soul to reconcile with their past or guiding a wandering spirit toward enlightenment, her transcendent adventures open the door to greater understandings of our collective journey through the cosmos.

This book is an invitation to explore the very nature of reality and consciousness itself. It serves as a cosmic meditation on the boundless potential of the human spirit and the transformative power of unconditional love. Through the eyes of the Little Blue Nun, readers are reminded that we are not isolated beings; rather, we are all interconnected by unseen threads of light that stretch across the universe, linking us to one another and to the very fabric of existence.

The Little Blue Nun's journeys reveal that we are part of an infinite, ever-evolving tapestry of creation, one that transcends the limits of time and space, where all things are connected in an eternal dance of energy, love, and wisdom. Each soul, each encounter, is a reflection of the vast and mysterious cosmos in which we all reside.

This book encourages readers to look beyond the veil of the physical world, to step into the boundless

expanses of the spirit, and to awaken to their own divine potential. It is a call to transcend the mundane, to explore the realms of higher consciousness, and to recognize that the universe itself is alive with spiritual energy, waiting to be discovered.

In the end, *The Little Blue Nun* is more than just a story. It is a cosmic reminder that we are all travelers through the stars, united in our shared journey of spiritual awakening. Each chapter is a portal to a higher understanding, where love, healing, and enlightenment are waiting to be discovered if only we open our hearts to the infinite possibilities of the universe.

(For more info – <https://outofbodytravel.org>)