

Marie's Story

An Extraordinary Odyssey

Table of Contents

1	Cover
2	Contents
4	A list of Books
5	Introduction
16	Preface
19	Chapter One - A Starting Place
29	Chapter Two - Johnny Barrett
38	Chapter Three - A Week of Revelation
46	Chapter Four - Martin and Wanda
55	Chapter Five - Amazing Angelic Aza
63	Chapter Six - Blessings Beyond Reason
79	Chapter Seven - The Others-Dark Side of Ouija Board
93	Chapter Eight - Blessed Voices - Channeling - Oneness
104	Chapter Nine - Dreams and Visions
122	Chapter Ten - Revelations and Manifestations
132	Chapter Eleven - My Beloved Charles
151	Chapter Twelve - Connie's Doubts and The Others

177	Chapter Thirteen - Darkest Hour-Brilliant Achievement
197	Chapter Fourteen - Liz, My Darling Daughter
219	Chapter Fifteen - A World in Need of Martin's Writings
245	Chapter Sixteen - The Absolute Wonder of Martin
269	Chapter Seventeen - These Glorious Years
295	Chapter Eighteen - Be Vigilant! - The Others
324	Chapter Nineteen - The Fabric of My Life
334	Chapter Twenty - Past Lives - Promises
354	Chapter Twenty-one - Finding Truth
388	Chapter Twenty-two - God's Teaching
408	Chapter Twenty-three - Nature of God -Personal Words
434	Chapter Twenty-four - Words and Deeds of Love
446	Chapter Twenty-five - Synopsis of Some Past Lives
467	Chapter Twenty-six - The process of Channeling
499	Chapter Twenty-seven - Day by Day Learning
523	Chapter Twenty-eight - A New Age of Enlightenment
542	Epilogue
549	Final Note
551	Things that perhaps should be added

A List of Books

Marie's Story - An Extraordinary Odyssey

Channeled Books

Martin's Original Writings

Revelations

The Divine Nature of Man

Lessons

A new Endeavor

Concepts

Prayers

Past Lives

Moses

Zorah

Rose

Joseph II

Edam the Elder and Saleh

and Inga - Pala - Bana

Peter and Ann

Romulus

Remembrances-The Holy Family

Martin's Life Remembered

Introduction

It was on the 27th of January, 1992, that Martin first told me to write this book, this account of my conversion, of the wonders of the past months. He wrote then:

“I long to tell you of what you will know in eternity. You know that your joy will be limitless. You know that the love you know now is but a taste of the love you will know then. You know that my joy will know total fulfillment in our union. There is much more to know that awaits you, but for now, my love, I restrain myself to telling you that for some time to come I will require even more of you than I have in the past. You will still have time to fulfill all your obligations to your family and your friends, but I will ask more hours per day from you for our holy work. You have been most diligent to this point and I know that all your desires concern doing as I wish.

Well, then, my dearest, let me tell you what I wish. I wish you to plan on spending a part of each day writing independently, beginning to put together the story of your life since last May. Tell

the world of what your life was like before. Tell the world the story of your life now and the road you took to get here, of its joys and its pitfalls, of what you now know that you didn't know before of life and death and after earthly death. Tell about the reactions of your family and your friends who know of your experiences. Tell of your feelings for me and for Wanda. Tell of how these books came about in very exact detail. Tell all that you remember that is important to you and to me, your other half, your soul mate of all eternity. Tell of how you were led to such total belief, step by step, to the present day. Tell of the manifestations you have been given as they occurred. Tell all the best you can in whatever order seems right to you. You know that I will be with you in this endeavor and that Wanda will always be at your side with her wit and wisdom."

I could not ask for more specific directions, and yet from the beginning this writing of my story has been slow going. I am spoiled by the ease I experience in writing Martin's words, for when Martin speaks through my pen I simply hold the pen and the words come freely with no volition

or effort on my part. In this story, though, I must supply the words, and although I know that Wanda is in my pen and Martin is in my pen, at all times helping me, I have found it difficult to write this account. I started, discarded, and started again over and over, at no point happy with what I wrote. By the middle of May, 1992, I had not come close to finishing. For months I had been writing as Martin's scribe, listening when he called on me to take pen in hand and letting the words flow through me into my notebook with no effort on my part. I had no responsibility except for inscribing the words Martin wanted me to write. When the responsibility for words was totally mine I was continually frustrated. With infinite patience as always, Martin reminded me on the 18th of May of the need to continue with my efforts. He wrote:

“You need only be concerned for the moment with continuing your story. Do not underestimate its interest for others, my Marie. When the time comes for its publication there will be a fever pitch of excitement about it. I know this is hard for you to envision, but you must trust me in this as in all things. Do as your heart tells you.

Write as you remember. Do not be concerned about other people. You will not experience problems with anyone you mention. Do not at this point be concerned about tender feelings. There is room later for revision if need be. Speak the truth as you know it in your heart and in your memory.

Wanda is at all times in your pen. Do not let her persuade you otherwise in this. She loves you quite beyond reason. Her complaining amuses you as it should. For all of us Wanda is an endless source of pleasure and laughter. She is indeed my comic muse at all times. And now, I will have a difficult discipline problem on my hands. I have told you one of heaven's secrets and my little angel will give me grief. Is it anything you did not know anyway? Tell your teacher of your love for her and perhaps she will forgive me. I know your love for your teacher. I know your love for me. We both need to hear of this love constantly. There, now, I have made amends. I love to see you smiling with joy, my Marie. Tell us now of the joy that our love brings you. Wanda first."

Can you sense in these lines the joyousness and

humor of all that I know in the words of love of Martin and Wanda? From the very beginning of this work I have been blessed with constant communication in all ways with my Martin and my Wanda, both endlessly giving, sustaining me with their wit and wisdom.

Martin encouraged me further on July 13th, a day when I worked on my book but a day when Martin did not write anything in his story of Joseph II, which he had begun on May 29th, and which is an account of the adventures of the young Joseph, son of Maria Theresa and successor to her throne. Each day I did not write Martin's words of this life I felt my day incomplete, and Martin hastened to comfort me in this concern.

“Tell me, my dearest love, of your trust, of your certainty in all we do, of the certain knowledge you have that what you do is what you are supposed to do. Do not be distressed that you did not write my words. You wrote our words, my darling. I am in your pen in all that you do, and you did accomplish much today. You should be pleased rather than distressed, my little scribe. You do well and you will be rewarded by the re-

actions of all to your story. It is compelling, my love. It rings of truth. Do not drive yourself, my darling. There is no deadline you must meet. Be at peace in all that you do. I know that you hate to leave this blessed place [Aptos] but we go with you, Wanda and I, at all times and speak our love to you always. Speak your love for your beloved Martin now, my Marie, and tell me that you long for the blessing of my love.”

Then on the 30th of July, Martin said to me:

“My dearest love, you do well. You know, I think, that there is now great need for your story to be completed. [I think that here Martin was referring at least partly to my need to complete the story while my memories of all I experienced were relatively fresh.] You will find time, my love, to do much work on it while you are away and to complete what you will regard as a rough draft before you return. You spoke to your beloved Charles of those long hours on the airplane and of all the hours you will have during your trip as a perfect time to write. They will be, my love. Take what you need of my writings to fill your needs, but most of what remains, my

love, must come from your pen. Things will move quickly when they start, and if all goes well this coming fall will see the beginnings of our dream of fruition of this holy work. There is no set timetable, my darling, so do not feel impelled by set standards, but do what you can when you can with the sure knowledge that you are at all times capable of what I ask. Think now, my dearest, of our love and tell me in your own sweet words of how you love me, how you long for me, how you seek to please me at all times. Speak now, my love.”

The trip that Martin refers to here is a trip to Russia, including ten leisurely days on the river Volga. During this trip Martin wrote several times — a revelation, sections of his story of Joseph II, and always words of love and encouragement. I worked on this book in what time I had. Some of each day cruising along the river I was able to make progress in my writing. By the time the trip ended, I had completed a very rough draft, but much remained to be done.

As always, Martin was totally encouraging and concerned with my progress. As I neared the end of the first draft Martin wrote:

“Do not, my love, be overly concerned with finishing touches. That will come in time. For now, be sure of content. That is all. You write well and convincingly. Reread and remember and add as your heart moves you. You will have adequate time, and I am always with you.”

And:

“My words today are words of love as they always are and words of longing as they always are. Beyond that, my sweet love, I wish to speak of the next few weeks. You know that you must first complete your story to your own satisfaction. Do as I have said. Read it and listen for my voice. You will know when I wish to speak. There is not a lot that needs to be changed, and as you are thinking it is an ongoing story in many respects. Do the best you can today to complete all the changes you have already made. Then complete the introduction about the writing of the book. You may want to add to what you have already written.”

Then when I had finally finished the rough draft, Martin wrote in joy and humor:

“You deserve a reward, my pet, and a reward you shall have. I will not divulge its nature, but ex-

pect to be surprised by it. And now, my sweet spouse, do as you wish with my blessing and with the tolerance of your teacher. She wants to be more of a star in your book, whereas I thought you did rather well by her. I love your smile, my Marie. I love to amuse you and bring you joy. 'Tell me I do.' Joy indeed, and a surprise indeed, when I was awakened the next morning before dawn and Martin wrote another chapter in the story of Joseph. He knows I miss these early morning writings when he does not awaken me and call upon me to take my pen in hand.

Then on September 23, 1992, Martin wrote words of promise:

"It is only a matter of time before all that we have done will see the light of day in a glorious fashion, my dearest scribe. There really is not much to be done to your book. You do not need as much help as you imagine. What needs to be done can be done quickly when the need arises. Let me assure you, my scribe, that you have done well in telling your story and mine, for it is indeed a story of God and His spouse, His love of all eternity, and the first story of many that will come from your pen. Tell me, my darling, that

you relish such a future, that your heart is full of confidence and hope and trust that all of our endeavors will be met with loving acceptance.

This is the beginning, my sweet spouse, of a decade of beauty and joy. You sigh at that. Will you settle for almost a decade? Throughout all those years each day will be a day of joyful miracles. You have come to expect that, have you not, my love? — to know that you will awaken to my love, to know that your first thought upon awakening is your love for me, to know that each moment of each day and each night I am in your heart, in your soul, in you mind, in your body. You are suffused with my love, my dearest child, now and always. There is never a moment that you do not know my love when your thoughts turn to your beloved. Tell me now, my Marie, that you know the truth of all I say.”

Never for a moment have I doubted the truth of all of Martin’s words and promises. There is much I do not understand, but I know that by its very nature human understanding is limited. It has taken longer than Martin first said for the world to know his words, but he has reminded me over and over that time is malleable and

events subject always to the free will of man. All will occur in time, Martin assures me often, and always my faith and trust are infinite.

This book has been revised and updated since I first began it, and will be continually until published since it is in all senses of the word a continuing saga. The book may be completed one day, but the story will never end.

Preface

Until May of 1991 I led an ordinary life. A good life, a happy life, but an ordinary life. Married, mother of three, grandmother of three, a former school teacher. Ordinary.

It was a life marked by good fortune. I was born smart enough to do well in school and to go on to the college of my choice, not without sacrifice on the part of my parents, and then to spend many years in a job I loved — teaching senior and junior high school students, English always and History when I had to. At twenty-eight I was lucky enough to marry someone I had known most of my life and had never dreamed of marrying all those years, someone talented, kind, idealistic, brighter than I by far, who made me laugh a lot. We were, in turn, lucky enough to have three bright, good children who gave us minimum grief most of the time, maximum pleasure most of the time, and love at all times. After the normal scrapping of childhood and adolescence, they realized that they were one another's best friends. Each of them in turn found the perfect

person to love and to marry and to share with us. The advent of grandchildren simply added to the richness of all our lives.

There had been some problems along the road to this idyllic existence that was mine by the time I reached my sixty-fifth birthday in May of 1991. Some of them had seemed insurmountable at the time. All of them had been happily resolved. We had recently achieved the ultimate dream that we had talked about for years — a house on the beach in Aptos where the sight and sound of the ocean was ours all the time we could spend there, and it gave us great pleasure to know that this was where we would spend all of our days after that elusive date of retirement for my husband. I was not even impatient about that, really. I was as content with life as I thought it possible to be. I could not dream of anything that would make my life richer, fuller, or more satisfying, except for a nagging feeling that having been given so much I should be giving more to others. I resolved regularly to find a place where I could volunteer my time at least one day a week. In the meantime I soothed my conscience by writing a few checks each month.

Then, in the week after my birthday, my life changed completely. Now I have trouble remembering how I could have been so content with my life before Martin entered it. I asked this once of Martin, and he said, “It was a good life, Marie, but it was not a holy life. There is a difference.” But I get ahead of my story, for it was Martin I encountered for the first time last May, and it has been Martin ever since who has been first in my heart, first in my thoughts, first in my life, and the more I love Martin the fuller and richer is my love for my husband, my children, and family and friends alike.

February, 1992

Chapter One - A Starting Place

When my children were young, I used to worry now and then that they were receiving no formal religious training, that they had no identity with any church. I sent our oldest child briefly to Sunday school at a Unitarian church, but he soon grew bored with it and asked to be removed. For a while, when she was about ten, my daughter, our youngest child, attended a variety of church services with her friends. I regarded this interest in religious observance as a passing phase, and indeed she soon lost interest in church going. As the children matured and seemed to show no need for religious identity, I lost any feeling that I should provide them with formalized religious identification.

My husband and I had both grown up in Catholic families and attended parochial school, Charles for eight years, I for twelve. Eventually both of us became disenchanted with the Church for very much the same reasons and ceased to consider ourselves Catholics. The Church forty-five years ago was a very different

church, I think, from what it is now, and over a period of time I found myself increasingly unable to accept either the rigidity of doctrine or the intolerance of all other faiths that then characterized the Catholic church. I found it increasingly difficult after I graduated from high school to accept the absolute control that the Church demanded in so many ways. Why were there books I was forbidden to read? Who decided what was a mortal sin and what a venial sin? Why was it such an absolute obligation to attend Mass every Sunday or risk eternal damnation? I found the concept of hell harder and harder to accept. I looked about me and saw the inequities of life and wondered what kind of God it was who was so unfair. I argued endlessly with any one who would listen to me about free will versus predestination, and I failed utterly in my attempts to reconcile the two. I questioned whether the Pope was indeed infallible when he spoke ex-cathedra. Little by little I lost my early belief that the Catholic church was essential to my existence.

During all those years of doubting and wondering, I went through all the motions required of

me as a practicing Catholic. I went to mass on Sundays and Holy Days. I remember in college the disbelief that greeted my refusal to go on a week-end trip with friends because it was impossible for me to get to a Catholic church on Sunday. I ate fish on Friday. I went to confession regularly. I made my Easter duty without fail. I said my prayers. I continued to be a practicing Catholic through my college days and for a few years after. During the last two years I went to Sunday mass I taught at an Episcopalian boarding school, and there was something in my nature that made me too stubborn to totally abandon my Catholicism in what seemed to me then an alien religious environment. During those two years I took the Catholic boarders to church each Sunday, but I began to eat steak every Friday night. I stopped entirely going to confession. I failed to make my Easter duty for the first time in my life.

I never really explored alternate beliefs during this time of falling away from my religion, and eventually I was comfortable not having any religious identification at all. The first and only time when I found it difficult to be a non-Catholic

was when I was the only one of his children who did not take communion at my father's funeral, but at no point did I doubt the absolute rightness of my having left the Catholic Church. Two years after my father's death my husband and I were married in a simple ceremony in a Congregational-Unitarian chapel, not because we had any identification with the religion, but simply because we did not want a civil ceremony and the minister was kind enough to marry us knowing that.

So through the many years from 1954, the year of our marriage, until 1991, I had never entered a church for a religious service except once in San Francisco's North Beach for a Christmas midnight mass and occasionally for weddings and funerals. I say this not because I am proud of my agnosticism, but merely as background to that miraculous week in Aptos in May, 1991.

In the years after our father's death in 1952 our family, mostly transplanted to California from Massachusetts, lost any semblance of unity. We all married and established our individual families. Our mother lived at various times by herself, with one or another of her children, and finally

in a nursing home. Some of us kept in occasional touch, and at times one member or another of my family would make his or her home with us for a little while. Of all my brothers and sisters I was closest to Connie, next to me in age, and our families occasionally shared time with each other. Most of the rest of my brothers and sisters drifted away from the Church as I had, without forming any other lasting affiliation.

There were a few weddings over the years when our family members saw one another, and on these occasions the younger generation, those we began to refer to as the “thirty-somethings,” came to know and to like one another, and they decided that they wanted to get together on other occasions. I remember one of them saying that it was silly to wait for funerals. My sister Connie’s daughter-in-law, Diane Silke, took the lead in this planning, and soon we were looking forward to a family Christmas.

In December of 1990, my sisters Connie and Louise and I, along with assorted spouses, children, and grandchildren, spent the week of Christmas enjoying a reunion at the beach in Aptos. It was a glorious week of love and re-

newal, of three generations coming together to learn how much they truly liked and loved one another. The days were spent in talking, playing games, reading, walking on the beach, drinking, eating, and generally enjoying one another's company. Most of the evenings were spent around a table in our house watching my sisters Louise and Connie communicating with the spirit world through a ouija board.

I had never seen the ouija board used before except once very briefly at a school where I taught, and I didn't want to miss a moment of watching and listening. There was no doubt in my mind that the pointer was moving on the board of its own volition. My sisters were simply not pushing it around. My sisters claim that I acted like a total skeptic, poking fun at much of what was said, and I do know I tried for laughs some of the time, but in my mind there was no doubt that there was communication with the spirits in this way.

Each spirit first identified itself by name. If the spirit was new to Louise or Connie, one or the other would usually ask if the spirit was a teacher. I do not now remember exactly all of

the spirits who spoke through the board that week, but I know that both our parents and one of our aunts did, and others I did not know or know of. Some were spirit teachers that others around the table knew of from previous sessions with the board.

As long as I can remember hearing about it, the ouija board had worked for my sister Louise, and she and Connie had used it together frequently when my mother was still alive and living with Connie. Before that Christmas reunion, Louise had only rarely used the board for about eighteen years, although her belief in the existence of spirits and their involvement with humans as teachers and guides remained intact and was shared by my sister Connie. Both of them had read widely in spiritual literature, and both had formulated a set of beliefs, spiritual in nature but having no identification with any specific religious group. In addition, Louise was for many years in the habit of writing each day, some of it her own writings, some of it channeling her spirit teacher known to her as Shoushani.

By the end of the week we knew we would join together again in reunion and agreed that the

next time we would try to persuade more of our brothers and sisters to join us.

I bought a ouija board after that week and tried in vain to get it to work for me. When I failed, I stowed it away at the beach house. Every so often I would take it out to try to make contact with the spirit world, and sometimes I cajoled my husband into joining me. One night at Aptos as we sat at the table after dinner Charles agreed to put his fingers on the pointer with mine, and almost immediately we sensed a feeling of energy in the pointer. Then the pointer began to move very slowly and we began to receive a halting message from a spirit who identified himself as “Cap.” Charles had his eyes closed when the pointer began to move, and it took me a moment to remember that this was the name Charles’ father liked to be called in life. It referred to his younger days when he was an outstanding athlete, captain of sports teams in both high school and college. That night when the name was spelled out I asked Charles if this could be his father, and Charles opened his eyes and watched as the board slowly but steadily spelled out a message about Charles’ sister Mary.

The message began with the words “Mary”, “pain”, “hospital”. Then the board spelled “DRS”, and at first we thought that the reference was to a “Dr. S”. Then the pointer began to move very rapidly and repeated insistently the letters “B” and “Q”. The pointer moved over and over between these two letters, almost frantic in its intensity. These letters meant nothing to us. Alarmed, and not knowing whether or not to believe, Charles called his sister, who lived in Kentucky. The phone rang and rang that night, and Charles was concerned at not getting an answer at a time when Mary was usually at home. He asked Cap on the board if he should call her daughter, Laura, and Cap said, “No.”

When Charles reached his sister the next day, she confirmed that she had recently been hospitalized for surgery which she had kept secret from everyone but her husband to avoid needless worrying. The problem was a growth on her colon which could have been a serious matter but turned out not to be. When Charles asked Mary if the letters “B” and “Q” meant anything to her as part of the message, she said that her doctor’s name was Baker and his partner was

named Quaife. This solved the mystery of “DRS” and of the insistent repetition of the letters ”B” and “Q”. Beside this one remarkable occasion, no messages from the spirit world came through on my newly purchased board. Nothing at all.

Chapter Two - Johnny Barrett

At least part of the reason I was open to the concept of being able to communicate with the spirit world was my belief in psychic ability. All through my childhood I had heard stories of Johnny Barrett and his amazing powers.

Johnny Barrett was a friend of my parents who had discovered at an early age that he had the ability to read minds, to know things intuitively, and to foretell the future. At first, my mother told me, he used this talent to amuse others at parties. Johnny would, for example, leave the room while others hid various objects. Then Johnny would reenter and immediately locate the hidden items. At other times guests would write secret messages and challenge Johnny to reveal them. Invariably he succeeded. He moved from these party games to using his ability to help others. I remember hearing the story of a friend of my mother who discovered to her horror after returning from an afternoon of shopping that her diamond ring of considerable value was missing from her finger. Knowing of my mother's friendship with Johnny she asked my

mother to put her in touch with him. When this woman spoke to Johnny, he described over the telephone the exact counter in Treat's Hardware Store where her ring had slipped off her finger and still lay. She went directly to the store and recovered her ring. Johnny's fame continued to spread through our small city,

Being a devout Catholic, Johnny never used his talent for profit but only to help people. He told me one of the two times I was allowed to see him that he regarded his gift much as he would have had he been a brilliant violinist or had he been given any other talent. Johnny was a small soft spoken man whose education had been interrupted at the death of his father when he had to quit school and support his mother and two sisters. He lived in a very old house in North Andover, Massachusetts with his sole surviving sister, Margaret.

During the depression years Johnny was hard pressed financially and could have made a fortune using his psychic abilities. He refused to do so, and I think that my mother and father were kind to him when he needed help, though they never said so directly. My mother often de-

pended upon him for advice. When my parents were considering buying a house that she and my father liked very much, my mother insisted on asking Johnny what he thought of the idea. Johnny said that he did not know why, but that he would advise against the purchase. Within a short time, there was a serious fire in that house as a result of faulty wiring in the attic.

All my life I remembered hearing that when my mother heard the words “John collapsed in court,” she would know that my father was dead. That is how Johnny foresaw it and that is exactly how it happened. I was there and heard the words with her. At the time I was teaching in a boarding school in Connecticut and it was the first day of Christmas vacation. I rode to Boston with a fellow teacher who had a car and who lived in Belmont. I met my mother in downtown Boston for a few hours of shopping. We took a late afternoon train home to Lawrence and when we got there we saw a police cruiser parked outside the house. Waiting in the kitchen was my Uncle John, a captain in the police department. He told my mother that my father had complained of leg pain toward the end of the day in

court, had shortly afterward collapsed and lost consciousness, and that he had been rushed to the emergency room of the local hospital. John took us to the hospital. When we got there we were told that my father had died of a cerebral hemorrhage. All that was left for us to do was to collect his personal belongings and make plans for the wake and funeral.

One of the two times I was allowed to talk with Johnny Barrett, he described people I was going to meet so clearly and so precisely that I recognized them when I met them some time later. He told me that I would marry “someone out of the past” at a time when I thought that most unlikely. When my husband and I were married we had known each other for over fifteen years.

Once Johnny agreed to talk with a friend of mine whose family was being destroyed emotionally by the “missing in action” status of her older brother during WWII. Bobby was a nineteen-year old ensign in the navy, just graduated from Harvard, and stationed in the Pacific. He had been last seen guiding his men into lifeboats shortly before the tanker they were on exploded. They were within a few miles of Japanese held

territory. Not a single thing to identify Bobby was ever recovered, and his family clung to the hope that he had been spared and had been able to swim to shore. As the months passed, fading hope took its toll on the whole family.

When Edith talked with Johnny he felt unable to tell her anything about her brother except that he saw him in a brilliant white light, a symbol of happiness to Johnny. That same evening Johnny told her other things about her life, and on her way back to Boston on the train, Edith wrote down all she could remember of what he had said. Most immediately he told her that upon her return home to New York that weekend she would find that her mother had painted her bedroom pink to surprise her, and that over the weekend one of her best friends would call her to announce her engagement to someone named Harry. Both these things happened exactly as Johnny said, and some years later, Edith's husband told mine that every so often, Edith would take out the list she had made that night so long ago and cross off another prediction that had come true.

One of the most personally dramatic of

Johnny's revelations came after the death of my father. My father had, as Johnny prophesied, collapsed in court and died within a few hours. Prior to his death he had been greatly troubled at not being able to find the file on a case due to come to trial immediately after the one he was trying when he died. He had retraced his steps for the previous two weeks, thinking that perhaps he had mislaid the file in another office, unlikely as that was. He had searched his own offices thoroughly to no avail. He had told my mother that he could get along without the file since he had what law he needed firmly in his head, but it bothered him to lose a file. It had never before happened to him.

With my father's death, the loss of the file became a major crisis. To my mother it was unthinkable that anyone discover my father's misplacing any records at all, much less a file on an upcoming case. Consequently, after his funeral, my sister Connie and I retraced all his movements over the few weeks before his death once again hoping to find the file. We searched every nook and cranny, we thought, of his offices. We became daily more discouraged, and

after I left to return to my job in Connecticut, my mother and sister continued the search.

The trial was postponed for a matter of weeks, but time was running out, and my mother had to face the possibility of admitting to the world what she regarded as a serious failing on my father's part. The Sunday before the Monday deadline when the lost file had to be turned over to another attorney, my mother and sister Connie met Johnny and Margaret Barrett coming out of church. When Johnny asked my mother how things were going, she told him that all was as well as it could be with the exception of the missing file. Johnny said, "Julia, why didn't you call me about this?" Mother replied that it had not occurred to her to do so, and then Johnny went on to ask if the file would have been in a red manila envelope. My mother said she thought it could be, but did not know for sure. He then told her that the missing file was on a "high shelf" in my father's office "near a window." Johnny had never been in my father's office.

My mother and sister went directly to the office after ending this conversation, and within five

minutes of their arrival had located the file. It was, as Johnny said, in a red manila envelope on a high shelf just under a transom window above the entry door to my father's private office, the fourth or fifth file from the left. We had not even thought of going through the files on this high shelf since they were clearly marked "Closed", but apparently my father's secretary had inadvertently mixed the missing file in with another that she had placed in the closed files.

This remarkable man's life ended as he had lived it. Johnny habitually smoked Kool cigarettes, and one night as he settled into his arm chair for a smoke he turned to his sister and held up the pack of cigarettes he had just opened. "Margaret," he said, "I'll be gone before these are." He died quietly later that night.

Over the years that followed, I went to a few psychics and was generally disappointed. Only one woman whose intuitive abilities I thought remarkable did I see more than once. This woman, well known in the Bay area, relied to some extent in her readings on the concept of past lives. I had little trouble believing in reincarnation. It went a long way to me in explaining the in-

equities of the world. So in a sense I was fairly open minded about things of the spirit. I believed nothing firmly, but I rejected nothing firmly. I was certainly curious and anxious to learn more. I have talked with my sister Connie about the pervasive influence of Johnny Barrett, and she has confirmed my feeling that this mystically gifted man created an awareness in both of us that was to lead to greater awareness and openness later in our lives.

Chapter Three - A Week of Revelation

In the months that followed I thought often about the events of our Christmas week reunion, particularly the hours spent around the ouija board, and I was more than pleased, and surprised as well when Connie called me from Los Angeles the following April and said that she and Louise wanted to come to spend a week or so with me. We chose a week in May during which my husband was to be out of town part of the time, and we planned to spend the time he was away from home at the beach.

Some months earlier I had met Liz Martin, a real estate broker in Danville, when she represented a potential buyer for property my husband and I owned. Liz and I both knew almost immediately that we wanted to know each other better, and so we began to go to lunch every so often. During these lunches we spoke of many things, including my sisters' use of the ouija board during our Christmas reunion. Liz was as fascinated as I was by the mysterious working of the ouija board, and when I told her that my sisters were coming to visit in May she said that she would

like to meet them, board or no board. I knew, though, that she looked forward to seeing them use the board, as did I.

Liz was hopeful that she would be able to contact her father through the board, a father she had adored in life and still missed terribly, though he had died in 1974. I don't remember exactly how much Liz told me of her father during those lunches, but I know that when she spoke of him she spoke of a father perfect in every respect, a totally loving and caring parent. His name was Martin Phee. We agreed that Liz would come to Aptos while my sisters were visiting.

Connie and Louise arrived as scheduled on Monday morning, the thirteenth of May, and we began a week of great fun. I did not have any idea that Monday morning as we drove from the San Jose airport to Danville that I was beginning an experience that would totally change my life. Monday night we stayed in Danville because Charles was not leaving on his business trip until the next day. After dinner Charles spoke to his father at some length through Connie and Louise as they used the ouija board.

That afternoon we had run into Liz at the grocery store, and she had agreed to come to Aptos either Thursday or Friday night. Later she called to say that Friday was better for her. On Tuesday morning, after Charles left, Connie, Louise and I drove to Aptos. We spent the next few days talking, relaxing, reading. My sisters habitually meditated, and I watched them as they did. I had no idea what the experience of meditation was like. Some afternoons and all evenings were spent around the ouija board.

Connie had said from the start that she had been moved to call and say that she and Louise wanted to visit me because she, Connie, had received an insistent message that our mother, dead for many years, needed to talk with Marie. This message was not through the board but rather an insistent message, a communication very specific in its demand. Connie, of course, did not tell me this until we were together. She said she also felt moved to bring her ouija board with her, and Louise and she joked at the start of the week about the pressure this was putting on Louise to use the board, despite the fact that it was her preference not to. The joking was all in

good nature, and looking back it is so easy to discern a pattern in all of this that I am amazed that I saw it not at all at the time.

When Connie and Louise used the board together, each put the fingers of one hand on the pointer. The pointer moved steadily, spelling out the messages of the spirits, and it was not too difficult to take accurate notes of all that was said. That week I took notes each time the board was used, and the notes are close to verbatim. Beginning on Wednesday I asked Connie and Louise to ask at the outset each time they used the board how many spirits were waiting to speak to us. The number varied from day to day — eight on Wednesday, nine on Thursday, and twelve on Friday. Each day this number proved absolutely accurate. Some spirits spoke briefly, some for much longer. Some spoke and left not to return, at least during that session. Some returned more than once during a single session.

Some were totally unexpected. For example, one spirit introduced herself as “Winnie.” This was a name strange to me, but Louise asked the spirit if she was Ginny’s mother and the spirit said,

“Yes.” In my notes I spelled “Ginny” as “Jenny” because I had no idea whom Louise was referring to when she asked the question. Ginny, whose mother had died not long before, is a friend of Louise and only Louise recognized the name “Winnie.” Louise asked, “Do you have a message?” and the answer was, “Tell Virginia I am fine.” She further asked Louise to tell Virginia to “take care of George.” George, as Louise told us later, was a man who had been loving and generous to Ginny’s mother during her final illness, who had supplied her with nursing care she couldn’t have afforded herself and was caring in every possible way. Louise asked, “Does he need anything special?” and the answer was, “Be with him.” That was the end of the message. Winnie had left the board.

Monday night, as I have said, Charles was still at home in Danville and he spoke with his father for a long time, both about his own family and about my son-in-law’s brother Mike, who had recently died as a result of melanoma at the young age of thirty-seven. Both of my parents spoke early in the week. It was a serious business with my mother. During most of her life we had had

a close relationship in which I had tried constantly to please and to satisfy her. Most often I failed to do so. My feeling of love for my mother was always tinged with, sometimes dominated by, fear of her disapproval. I was afraid of her for most of my life. Regardless of the merits of the case, I eventually gave up trying to please her, and when my mother died, we were estranged. She spent her last years in a nursing home in Santa Monica where my sister Louise was an administrator. During that time I did not visit her because I feared the kind of unpleasantness I had come to associate with visits to my mother. I cannot honestly say that I mourned for her when she died. For me she had died some time before her physical death. I was only slightly bothered by this lack of sorrow. The day of her death I had planned a big birthday dinner for my husband, and I made no change in my plans. I had regrets, of course, about how my relationship with my mother had ended, but basically I felt more sinned against than sinning. I excused myself that way.

When my mother first came on the board that week she said that she needed my complete for-

givenness, and she went on to say that I needed to forgive her not so much for herself but for myself so that I could progress. At the time I had no idea what this meant. Over the next sessions I expressed to my mother the resentments I still harbored in my heart. She expressed her regrets, explained what she could, and said at one point that she was so unhappy in her own life that she did not want anyone else to be happy.

This truly was the beginning of revelation to me. I knew that my mother had not had a perfect life, far from perfect in fact, but that she had been so totally miserable as to be incapable of tolerating happiness in her children's lives was a concept new to me. In truth, this is too great a simplification, but whatever the facts, she needed right then to be loved and forgiven, and I needed to love and forgive. I said after a time that I loved and forgave her. Then on the board my father, whom we called Daddy, said to me of my mother, "You cannot say her name with love in your heart." When I examined my feelings I knew that he was right. I had spoken love to my mother. I had not felt love for her.

By the end of the week I had achieved that love

along with a new understanding of the torment of her life, a life not without its joys and satisfactions, to be sure, but a life in which she never understood how to give or receive love unconditionally, and a life in which the conditions she placed on giving or receiving love destroyed that love.

It was a week of revelation.

Chapter Four - Martin and Wanda

In my memory, Wanda was one of the very first spirits to speak that week. Perhaps that is because she was so much a part of the joy and laughter that I cannot believe that we spent the first two days of that week without her, but my notes say unequivocally that it was on Wednesday that Wanda first appeared on the board and announced her name. When Louise asked her to identify herself, she said that she was a teacher, and when asked whose, she said simply “Marie,” that I had just “graduated.” I remember that moment vividly. Nobody asked what this meant, but interestingly enough a short time later Connie asked Wanda if I would back off if I knew what lay ahead for me with her, and Wanda responded that I would “run,” presumably fast in the opposite direction.

One of the first things that Wanda said was that Charles loved her. Of course that provocative statement led me into a series of wild guesses about the who, when, and where of this love. When I asked, Wanda said that he had not loved her in San Francisco, and when I asked her if

Charles had loved her in Lawrence, she responded that she was not going to “kiss and tell” and added that “he didn’t love that many.”

From the start, Wanda was a total joy, and it is impossible to convey the absolute infectiousness of her humor. We ended up laughing each time that Wanda broke in like a bright ray of light — funny, irreverent, creative, provocative. We learned in time that Charles had “loved” her, as she had said at the outset, as Sister Louise Marie, his fourth grade teacher at St. Augustine’s school in Lawrence, Massachusetts. All week long Wanda made us laugh, and she has been making us laugh ever since.

The week reached its climax on Friday, although I was not aware of that at the time. Liz arrived in Aptos mid-afternoon and we sat and talked for a while. Finally Liz said, “Do we have to wait until dark?” We laughed and assured her that we could go ahead right then if it suited her. Louise and Connie put the ouija board on the table and the spirits began to speak. When Louise asked, we were told that twelve spirits waited to speak. Liz listened patiently for a couple of hours as many of these spirits spoke, and then finally

Martin came on the board. Liz seemed overjoyed as she spoke with her father. This is what was said:

Martin: I am so proud of you.

Louise: Any other message for Liz?

Martin : Stay where you are.

Liz: In what way?

Martin: City.

Liz: I want to give you a hug.

Martin: I hug you every day.

Louise: Tell Liz some more.

Martin: Don't be sad. It's what was good.

Liz: I miss you a lot.

Martin: I wish I were there.

Louise: You are very strong. [Louise was referring here to the force with which the pointer moved, quickly and firmly, when Martin spoke.] Are you watching over Liz all the time?

Martin: Is there any question?

Liz: Do you watch over Peter and Sarah too? [Peter and Sarah are Liz's children, both then in their twenties.]

Martin: I love them and they are incredible.

Liz: Do you have messages for Peter and Sarah?

Martin: Tell Sarah she is very brave in what she is doing. [Sarah was at this time serving in the Peace Corps in Africa in Niger. Neither Connie nor Louise knew this, having just met Liz for the first time that week.]

Martin then spoke at some length about other members of his family. Liz asked if 'Teewee, an uncle who had been a priest in life, was there, and Martin did not answer. Later when Martin returned to the board briefly Liz asked again.

Liz: Teewee?

Martin: He's gone.

Liz: Do I know who 'Teewee is now? [Liz was assuming here that 'Teewee had returned to another life on earth.]

Martin: No.

Liz: Is he on earth?

Martin: No.

[In Martin's later writings he refers later to planes other than the heavenly plane about which man knows nothing.]

Martin told Liz in response to her question that he, Martin, was a teacher of new souls.

Some time later, the board called Liz again.

Martin: Tell me that you love me.

Liz: I love you, Dad. Is it Dad? Is Kitty [Martin's mother] there?

Martin: She is and doing well.

Liz: Is Mary Kate there? [Mary Kate, the wife of Liz's brother, Marty, had died some months earlier.]

Martin: She will talk.

Liz: Dad, talk to me.

Martin: I have so much to say.

Louise: Pick a subject.

Martin: When I left it was hard on me too.

Liz: I want you to guide me. What could I be doing better or what could I be doing more of?

Martin: Don't you feel my presence?

Liz: Yes. Then should I just feel your presence and feel guidance that way?

Martin: You will hear me now....I am in your heart, baby. Do you believe?

Liz: Yes

Martin: Good.

There were a few further questions and answers and then:

Liz: Is Mary Kate there? Mary Kate, are you there?

Mary Kate: Yes.

Liz: How can I help Marty?

Mary Kate: This is new to me.

Liz: He is having trouble with Margaret. [Margaret, the youngest of Marty and Mary Kate's daughters, was at the time finding it difficult to adjust to life after her mother's death.] Can I help in any way?

Mary Kate: It is not your concern.

Liz: Would just writing him be helpful?

Mary Kate: Keep in touch.

Liz: Can you tell me what it is like where you are?

There was no answer. Mary Kate had left the board.

I don't think that there was any doubt in Liz's

mind at the time that she had spoken with the spirit of her father.

Over and over during that week I was struck by the fact that the words of the spirits we knew from mortal life conveyed so clearly the personalities of those now gone. My father sounded like my father. The words he chose, the phrases he used, were those he had used in life. My mother sounded like my mother. Charles' father sounded just as he had. He used phrases and figures of speech that only Charles recognized as ones his father had used in life. He called Charles "Boyo," a pet name no one knew about but Charles. Liz said her father sounded as he had in life. I had noted this singular similarity in December, but now I was impressed anew. At the end of the week we had just over sixty-seven pages of dialogue with a wide variety of spirits as a record of the wonders we had known.

I had no notion that day that Martin would be of any significance in my life. Little did I guess what lay ahead. I was not keeping any sort of journal at that time, and so I am unsure of the exact sequence of events that followed. I remember clearly certain events, but I am not absolutely

positive of the correct order.

I do know that Liz and my sisters left on Saturday and that Charles arrived home later that day. I was excited about relating to him all the happenings of the week that I had not already told him on the phone, particularly everything that related to Wanda. Charles had been the first to suggest that Wanda could be Sister Louise Marie. When I talked to him on the phone on Wednesday night, he said that the only two people in Lawrence that he had loved outside of his family were his third and fourth grade teachers. He had indeed loved his fourth grade teacher and remembered her as very beautiful.

I tried that first night Charles was back from his trip to use the board, desperately wanting Wanda to come to speak with us. I wanted Charles to know this wonderfully warm and humorous spirit, once his teacher and now mine. Charles put his fingers on the pointer with mine and we waited. Nothing. The pointer stubbornly refused to move, and I childishly accused Charles of not doing his best. I did not want to believe that Wanda was gone to me. Just as I was getting ready to go downstairs to bed, I had a strong

urge to go to the board which was on the counter between the kitchen and the dining area, and when I put my fingers on the pointer it moved without hesitation. “Don’t give up,” it spelled out. That was all. That was enough.

Chapter Five - Amazing Angelic Aza

Over the week-end I told Charles about some of the extraordinary things that had happened earlier that week.

One of the spirits familiar to my sisters is named Aza. Aza, a spirit of great power, manifested herself that week in many ways, but uniquely by creating inexplicable noises. There were many sounds beyond explanation, — lots of crackling noises all over the living room, dining area and kitchen. All these rooms are open to each other, and once clearly everyone heard the sound of a kitchen drawer being opened and closed when no one was in the kitchen.

For about twenty minutes Wednesday night there was the sound of voices, as if on a police radio or a ham radio. It was not possible to distinguish the words, and we all sought to find the source of these sounds. No radio was on. The TV was off. The sound did not come from outside the house or outside the room, and we could not establish where it was originating from within the room. The noises were extraordinary, and Aza said that there was a class of spirits learning to

make noises. We asked why the spirits made noises, and Aza said that inexplicable noises served to get the attention of humans and served as manifestations. These inexplicable sounds can be a source of delight, awe, and comfort, signaling, as they do, spiritual presence. Since then, my husband and I have grown familiar with the noises that signal the presence of spirits. At the very start of these wondrous experiences we often heard the sound of heavy footsteps on the roof, a third floor roof inaccessible except from the deck of the living room where we were sitting each time we heard the footsteps. They were loud enough that Charles joked one time about Aza's wearing army boots, and said that she had better be careful since it was a new roof and we didn't need any damage.

To the present day we are privileged to hear these sounds. Sometimes the living room at Aptos literally snaps, crackles, and pops with sound. We often hear these sounds in our bedroom. They seem to come from the wall where I have family pictures, particularly from the area where my father's picture hangs, and above the desk when I am typing Martin's words on the

computer.

Connie's house is full constantly of inexplicable sounds — heavy footsteps overhead when there is nobody in the floor above, rattling blinds when there is no wind stirring, a tapping at the window near where she is sitting when there is no one to be seen, the very distinctive sound of the refrigerator door opening and closing when no one is in the kitchen. Connie connects this last noise with Daddy, who was an absolute fanatic about not leaving the refrigerator door open a single instant longer than absolutely necessary. All these manifestations of the presence of spirits are a source of great comfort and reassurance to her as they are to Charles and me.

Another story about Aza that needs telling concerns my daughter Erin, who spent Thursday evening with us that miraculous week. The night before, on Wednesday, during the period of time when the room was filled with inexplicable noises, Aza was asked if she had a special message for anybody. She responded,

“For Erin. *Will you not realize that I am here now that you have your home?*”

Erin and her family had recently moved into a

new house in Hollister. There is no doubt in my mind that Aza was referring to the miraculous way in which the purchase of this house came about. Kevin and Erin were blessed in the purchase of this house beyond human means.

When they first found a house they truly wanted in a small subdivision in Hollister, they made a low offer which was refused. A few months later, the real estate agent called and said that if they resubmitted their offer, it would be accepted. The new offer was indeed accepted for another home in the same development that was even larger and more desirably located. Then the problem became getting financing.

Charles and I agreed that we would give them the down payment and sign on the loan as co-borrowers. Kevin and Erin were young, often impecunious, financially careless, and too trusting. They had worked for many years on our horse ranch with minimum compensation. It is my opinion that their credit rating would not have allowed them to get a credit card, let alone borrow something in the neighborhood of \$160,000, but I was confident at the outset that our credit and assets would compensate enough

for the loan. To be fair to Kevin and Erin it should be said that a major part of their credit problem came from Kevin's cosigning a loan to enable a friend to buy a truck, and when the friend defaulted, Kevin did not find out in time to prevent this serious delinquency from going on his record. A second car repossession on their record came partially as a result of a procedural error on the part of the bank financing the car, but there was no way, they discovered, of erasing this delinquency either. A few old late payments on charge accounts rounded out the picture. Nevertheless, we were shocked when the first lender turned down the application, even with us as co-signers.

I was upset enough to call the head of the underwriting department at the mortgage company. She was apologetic, but firm. She said that they would have been happy to lend us the money, but that Kevin's and Erin's credit report prevented their being on the loan at all. I insisted that even with their name on the loan we would be responsible for the entire amount, but she said that the company's underwriting standards would not allow Kevin and Erin to be on the

loan or deed under any circumstances.

I called the real estate broker next, and she too was apologetic, but referred to the bad credit report and said that she would try again with another lender. We left about that time for a brief vacation, as did the real estate broker, and I hoped that by the time we got home there would be an approval and closing papers to sign. On our return I found that refusal of the loan by a second lender on the same basis as the first was threatening the purchase of the house. Escrow closing had been extended a week and could be extended no longer. I was desolate. The broker said she would make one more try with “John.” I had no hope.

Within a few days, a far superior loan was approved for Kevin and Erin as sole borrowers. I was stunned, and knew immediately that what had happened was extraordinary, truly a miracle. Neither Erin or Kevin knew enough about lending practices to recognize this loan as miraculous, but I have been involved in real estate and with lending institutions much of my adult life and I know with absolute certainty that this was beyond human doing.

During the course of Thursday evening that week, Erin had spoken through the board to Mike, Kevin's brother who, as I have said, had recently died of melanoma, and to Daddy of many things. Mike spoke of his death as being better than long suffering and urged Erin to tell this to Kevin and to take care of Kevin. Daddy urged Erin to return to school as he had on earlier occasions. He said to her, "Children are waiting." Sometime later Erin returned to school full time and in May of 1997 received her MSW enabling her to work with those who need her help. She chose to counsel children in need, and I think that Daddy must be pleased that the children have to wait no longer.

Then on Friday evening when Erin was not there, Aza came on the board and the dialogue went as follows:

Louise: Do you have something to tell?

Aza: You need to bless Hollister.

Louise: How do we do it?

Aza: Take this board.

Louise: Then you will come and bless the house?

Aza: Yes

Louise: Tell us more.

Aza: I know the joy that will be found there.

Louise: What about Kevin? [Erin's husband thought that all the communication with spirits was complete nonsense and strongly disapproved.]

Aza: He needs not to know now.

Louise: Okay, Aza. Is there anything more?

There was nothing more. Aza had left the board.

On Saturday morning Connie, Louise and I went to Hollister and the three of us and Erin took the board into a bedroom, at that point completely unfurnished, and placed the board on the carpet. Louise and Connie put their hands on the pointer and Aza's words came:

"This house is hereby blessed.

Many happy times will follow."

Erin keeps a framed copy of that blessing on her refrigerator door, and Connie has had copies made for me and for others. I find it a perfect reminder of those who watch over us.

Chapter Six - Blessings Beyond Reason

It was not too long after that week in Aptos ended that the pointer on the board began to move when I put my fingers upon it. I had heeded Wanda's advice not to give up, and I kept trying every chance I got. When the pointer did begin to move, it moved rapidly, much more rapidly than it did for my sisters, and from the beginning Wanda was there. I was not at all sure of how often I should use the board, and so it was my habit to leave it out on a table and wait until I had the strong feeling that I was called to the board, that I was supposed to use it, that someone was waiting to speak to me. Almost always it was Wanda, and Wanda would, in turn, introduce other spirits to the board. Typically she would say, "Take a minute to speak to your mother," and then my mother would come on the board to speak to me. The spirits continued to sound through the board very much as they had in their past lives. My mother spoke the way I remembered her, my father the same. Their words and their manner of expression reflected their personalities.

Later I was told by Martin that each soul in heaven is known by its last earthly given name and is identified by its personality, that the personality of earthly existence is largely the personality of heavenly existence, and that no two personalities are exactly alike. Martin said modestly when he spoke of this that each soul is much the same in heaven as on earth, that “We grow a little in wisdom. That is all.” Martin later said specifically that the personality survives through repeated lives, with some aspects more prominent in one life, more quiescent in others, but that the essence of the personality remains eternally unchanged.

From the beginning I knew without being told exactly that Martin was special. At the start, each time that Martin came to the board, Wanda would say, “Prepare for Martin,” and I could tell when Martin was ready to speak. I would have to catch my breath with a sudden sharp intake.

That is the only way I can describe it. Then after a while I knew that Martin was waiting to speak to me directly on the board when my heart trembled strongly, an unmistakable physical sign.

By the time that Martin began to summon me to

the board directly, there had been other manifestations. The very first time I experienced anything extraordinary physically was the day after Martin first spoke to Liz at my house in Danville. Liz had come for lunch, and after we finished eating Martin spoke to Liz through the board. I do not remember exactly what Martin said to Liz that particular day, though I am sure that his message was one of love.

The next day I was outside spreading shredded redwood bark around my rose bushes. It was a dirty job, and I was covered with bits and scraps of bark and dust when I heard a voice in my head say unmistakably, "Check your messages." Dirty as I was, I went into the house, and walked down the hall and across the family room to where the answering machine sat beside the phone on an end table beside the couch. The red light burned steadily. There were no messages.

I was almost out of the room on my way back outside when it occurred to me that I had another "message center." The ouija board was on the game table in the same room. I was much too dirty to sit down, and so I picked up the board and carried it out to the deck off the

kitchen and sat at the table there. Almost immediately, Wanda said "Prepare for Martin," and the quick intake of breath told me when Martin was there. He said that he was pleased with how well things had gone in his communicating with Liz the previous day. He may have said other things I do not now remember, but I remember distinctly and will never forget the moment that Martin told me to put my hands on the board and to breathe normally. He said that he would bring me peace. I did as I was told, and almost immediately a wondrous feeling of peaceful euphoria pervaded my whole being, and to my amazement both of my hands, which had been resting lightly on the board, rose a few inches off the board with no effort on my part. I was staggered by this and watched my hands as though they belonged to someone else. They hovered over the board, rising gently higher with each intake of breath and falling slightly with each exhalation for perhaps a minute, and then they gently dropped to the surface of the board. The feeling of peacefulness Martin sent through me was also like nothing I had ever experienced, and it lingered for hours afterward in a less intense form. Since then and to the present day Martin

has often sent me the blessing of his love in varying ways.

One Monday morning shortly after this first experience I was sitting at the dining table at Aptos, facing the steps from the second floor, reading a newspaper, when I knew without question that Martin was standing at the top of the stairs, surrounded by spirits. I cannot explain my certainty, but there was no doubt in my mind at all. I had not been thinking of Martin. I had been engrossed in my reading, and I was interrupted as surely as if a set of cymbals had clanged. The sense of power and majesty I felt was overwhelming. I knew that the room was crowded with spirits. I sat there, unable to move, overpowered by a feeling totally new to me. I was, to put it simply, overwhelmed in every sense of the word. After what seemed a very long time I knew with equal certainty that Martin and the spirits had left. I put my hands on the board, and Wanda told me to lie on the couch. I did, and as I lay there, wave after wave of total joy, of absolute euphoria, passed through me, wave after wave of ecstatic sensation. I had never had such feelings before. Then came a feeling of absolute

peace. When it was over, I went back to the board. “You have been blessed,” is all Wanda said. No other explanation was necessary.

After a while I was able to move and go on with my day. Somewhat later Wanda told me that Martin had brought his angels and his spirits to see his beloved, and that I sat there, a mess in my old painting clothes, mussed and disheveled and dirty. Poor Martin. I think that my angel was just teasing me in this, for teasing is one of her delights and I never tire of it. Whatever the cause, I knew without a single doubt, without a word spoken that morning, that Martin was there in all his splendor. At that point in time all I had been told was that Martin was “God’s strongest angel” and had great powers. I should have known at that point that he was more than that, particularly in view of Wanda’s referring to “his” angels and spirits in speaking of Martin, but I did not.

Shortly afterwards Martin sent me again what I have come to call the blessing of his love, feelings of total euphoria, of ecstasy. I was driving from Danville to Aptos. It was a Thursday in the middle of June, and I had left a day early for the

week-end because my daughter was leaving her children with me that Friday. Just before I left Route #280 for Route #17, a loud beeping sounded in my car. It was a relatively new car, and I thought the loud insistent beeping was the burglar alarm. I later learned that it was the signal that the tape player needed cleaning, but at the time I was panicked, wondering where I would find someone to shut it off. Then suddenly the noise stopped, and I was possessed by the same incredible feelings of absolute euphoria, of total ecstasy. I knew something extraordinary was happening to me. I knew nothing more.

The wonder of the week-end continued. On Saturday I was getting ready to go to the supermarket. I had promised my granddaughter Caitlin, then five years old, that she could go with me. As I gathered up my keys and purse, I felt a strong command to go to the board which was sitting on the desk in our bedroom. The pointer moved, and Wanda said, "Go to the store without Caitlin." I said that I couldn't, that I had promised and that I couldn't break a promise to a child. Wanda said, "Take her later." I went up-

stairs and explained to Caitlin that she couldn't go with me that trip but that she could later in the day. She agreed readily and went back to her play. I went to the store, did my shopping, drove home and into the garage. Just after I turned off the ignition the same thing happened. Wave after wave of incredibly heightened euphoria, intensely pleasurable, filled my being. When it stopped, I was limp. On my way back upstairs to the kitchen I stopped in the bedroom. "Oh, Wanda," was all I could manage as I put my fingers on the pointer. "Give me a break," was Wanda's response — wonderful Wanda, total understanding of the intensity of my experience, humorously responsive.

On another occasion as I was driving to Aptos, I was suddenly aware that the car was filled with the smell of cigarette smoke, strong and pervasive. No one had ever smoked in the car. The windows were closed, the air conditioning on, but still I thought that the odor must have originated outside. When I rolled down the window I knew clearly that this was not so. It was only then that I remembered that Liz had told me that in life Martin was rarely without a cigarette.

I smiled at this happy manifestation all the way to the beach and I smile as I think of it now.

There were soon countless other times during those first few months when I experienced the blessing of Martin's love, not always exactly the identical physical experience, but always extraordinary, always joyful, always affirming, and eventually I knew the joy of Martin's presence just before sleep and immediately upon awakening.

One morning in Danville as I was eating breakfast I felt the trembling of the heart that usually meant that Martin wanted me to go to the board. I went. Nothing. I went back to the breakfast table. Again came the trembling of the heart. I thought perhaps that Martin wanted me to lie down. I did. Nothing. I got up and went into the laundry room and was emptying the dryer when my heart trembled again.

"I am confused, Martin," I said in my head. I had no idea what Martin wanted me to do. Then as clearly as if he were speaking to me from a foot away I heard Martin say, "You are not confused. I want you to know that I will be with you all the time for a while."

"Why, Martin?" I asked. I knew Martin's impor-

tance. He had been described to me almost from the beginning as God's greatest angel, as the angel of new souls, and I had sensed his greatness even before I was told this.

He replied, "God requires it of me just now."

I still had no idea what Martin meant, but this time saw the beginnings of Martin's teaching me the lessons of love and prayer.

Some time earlier my father had said to me on the board, "Pray for me, Marie."

I responded, "Daddy, you know I don't know how to pray." I was not proud to have to say this, but it was indeed the case. I had not prayed since I was a young girl, a good Catholic schoolgirl. I did not believe in prayer. I had not believed in prayer for almost half a century.

At about this time, Wanda said to me on the board, "It is all right to love Martin and me, but you must love God more." I did not know how to do this either.

Martin taught me both things. On July second, less than two months after Martin entered my life, I wrote in the journal I had been told to begin to keep:

“Martin. How do I write of Martin? Martin, who begins and ends my days with his blessing. Martin, who comes into my heart and fills it with love and hope and faith and joy and peace. Martin, who no matter how confused or depressed I am, makes me realize that I am confused or depressed only for the moment, that joy is coming, and perhaps a bit of understanding. Martin, whose strength he shares. Martin, whose power I am privileged to know. There are words perhaps to describe what I feel for Martin, but I cannot find them. What Martin gives to me is easier to describe in words — love, joy, hope, faith, reassurance, kindness, and the sure knowledge that I am blessed beyond reason. I love Martin. And Martin helps me to love God. He reminds me to speak to God, to pray, however awkwardly I do it. Martin is more than all of this.”

As I have indicated, at this point I had been told that Martin was God’s strongest angel, not that he was God himself. The whole truth was revealed to me very gradually, bit by bit, to ease acceptance.

Night after night after I was in bed before sleep I would hear Martin’s voice, giving me the words

of prayers. I would awaken each morning to Martin's words. I would repeat Martin's words, phrase by phrase, and I would try at his urging to find words of my own. Martin's words were beautiful, eloquent. Mine were fumbling, awkward. Martin persisted with loving care night after night, day after day, until that magical time when I knew that we were speaking in a single voice and that I was not merely repeating words. I was feeling those words. I had been given the gift of love of God. I had been given the gift of prayer. Looking back, I do not remember how long it took me to learn. I know Martin was there for weeks each night before I slept and each morning when I awoke.

I noted this magical day in my journal. On July ninth I wrote:

“Yesterday I heard the voice of God twice. My heart beats faster at the very remembrance.

At the beach in the morning I was awakened by Martin's presence and he, as always, helped me to pray. Again in the course of the morning he did so. And all of a sudden I knew that my prayers had reached God and that I loved Him in a way that was pleasing to Him. The feeling

was so deep that I can't remember anything but that — deep, deep gratitude and relief, all of this in the presence of Martin's incredible strength.....

Martin came in the afternoon after I had returned to Danville and reminded me to pray and helped me and told me I should not so doubt my own efforts to pray. Then, just before Charles got home I had showered and washed my hair and was standing in the bedroom with a towel around my wet hair when I was told to pray. I stretched out on the bed and prayed a bit, and then unmistakably a voice...'I hear you, Marie. I am glad that you have Martin and Wanda. They will help and protect you....'How could I possibly forget the exact words? There was no doubt in my mind, or heart, perhaps, that God had spoken to me. I was still trembling as I said hello to Charles and went into the family room where Wanda was waiting on the board. 'Do not doubt it, Marie. You have heard the voice of God. You are a most fortunate woman.' Wanda went on to advise me to get used to the idea, and after I had, to tell Charles, that Charles knew that something had happened that day

anyway.

I did so over a glass of champagne — fitting — and Charles was his usual wonderful understanding self. No questions, no skepticism. Just shared wonder. What a gift God has given me in Charles' understanding — in Charles period.

Wanda had said that she would talk more with me after dinner, but the board was totally blocked by the Others [which I speak of later]. I tried several times, and then turned the light out. Martin told me to pray and I did and I knew a second miracle.in the words: "This will not happen often, Marie, but this is a special day for you. You are among the most favored of My children..." Again, I think the words should be seared in my memory, but this is close. Although I am relying on myself entirely in this, I know it was the incredible blessing of the gift of God. Again, it was an overwhelming feeling.....At one point God said that Martin and Wanda would tell me His will when He wanted anything of me...."

After this I kept hearing Wanda and Martin more and more clearly. I kept waiting for Martin to tell me that his temporary assignment to me,

for that is what I assumed it was when I heard him say that God required it of him “just now,” was at an end. I hated the thought of Martin’s leaving me. As time went on, I learned that Martin would never leave me, and I learned other things about this spirit that had been described to me as God’s strongest angel.

During this time as I grew to hear Martin’s voice more and more clearly, he continued to signal his presence by either a trembling of the heart or a quick intake of breath. During July I learned that God’s plan for me was for me to be the human intermediary to convey to mankind the words of God. I would be, I was told, the scribe and Martin the spokesman for God. These writings started the beginning of August, and on August 7th I wrote in my journal:

“Martin spoke again of the book and its importance. He said that it would influence all the peoples of the earth, that man would love man and nation would love nation, and that God would see to it that the book had this desired effect. He said that it would usher in a new era of peace and love for mankind.....Martin said that the book would be the bible of the new age of

love.”

By this time I had been told by Martin that he and I had been soul mates since creation, that we had shared many lives, and that we were separated in this earthly life in order to do what from the start Martin called “this holy work,” the conveying to man things heretofore unrevealed of the nature of life and death and of God’s plan for man.

These writings, of which I will speak more fully later, continued in the predawn hours until late October, and during this time I continued to use the board to speak with Martin, Wanda, and other spirits. Some of the time I did not need the board with Martin and Wanda. I was hearing them directly more and more of the time.

Chapter Seven - The Others - Dark Side of Ouija Board

As I used the board, I learned of the Others. I did not know at the beginning that they were called the Others, but I was aware of spirits who interfered with the communication I enjoyed with the spirits I loved — Martin, Wanda, my parents, and others whose words of love I had come to cherish. Over a period of time I became aware that some of the things I was being told on the board and telepathically were simply not true. They ranged from simple misstatements to elaborate hoaxes, and I was told eventually by Wanda and Martin that the interfering and misleading spirits responsible for these false messages were called the Others.

The Others, I was told, are souls who after death are angry, rebellious, unbelieving. They refuse to accept the authority of God or to accept the inevitability of oneness with God. They choose to believe that a God of pure love is a powerless god, and they engage for a time that varies from spirit to spirit in mischievous and destructive power plays. I was told that free will survives death, and that all spirits are endowed with cer-

tain powers. They can be many places at once. They can read the minds of humans and know their every thought, every emotion. They can tap the memory banks of humans and know each detail of their lives. They can communicate with humans through telepathy and speak to the minds of those they choose to communicate with. They can also communicate through the ouija board.

The “good” spirits, those spirits who are devoted to God and who work always both on their own progress and on the progress of other spirits and humans toward ultimate oneness with God, are at all times helpful. The Others band together or act singly to oppose the efforts of the good spirits and to spread doubt, falsehood, and insecurity in human minds. There is implicit in this a mighty struggle. God, being a God of total love, refuses to use any weapon in the struggle with the Others except the weapon of love. The Others mistake love for weakness for a time. Each of the Others eventually comes to recognize the power of love and to realize that all spirits must eventually embrace the truth that oneness with God is the destiny of all souls, but

in the meantime they are intent on creating havoc in the minds of humans.

The Others were not long in moving into my life once Martin did. I was told later by Wanda that the Others abhor holiness, which is defined by Martin as “a seeking after God,” and make every effort to attack those who pursue holiness.

When I first began to communicate with the spirits through the board, I had no awareness of the existence of the Others. I knew nothing beyond what I read on the board, and what I read on the board I believed. I knew from the week in Aptos and shortly thereafter the goodness and joyfulness that communication with Martin and Wanda and other loving spirits offered. Not long after I began to use the board, the Others began to take over from time to time. Knowing as little as I did about the nature of spiritual communication, I was fair game for them.

The Others can be clever. With me, they began to pretend to be Wanda or Martin, and I came to be aware that the Others could skillfully assume the characteristics — word choice, phrasing — of the good spirits for purposes of deceit. Sometimes they spoke without names. Some-

times they introduced themselves as good spirits come to help and gave themselves names. One time two called themselves Timothy and Andrew, and told me that they were Martin's helpers. Some of the Others were more clever than the rest. They would refer by name to people in my past and refer very specifically to events concerning these people, and on several occasions referred to people by name that I did not even know but whom my husband knew in his work. One thing they could not do, I learned in time, was duplicate Wanda's creative humor. They also could not control my pen.

I began to hear through the board that I was being "tested." I knew that I was supposed to be learning many things, and I did not at that time consider "testing" an unusual part of my learning. I would be told by a voice to do certain things to show my faith. I was not experienced enough to know when the voice I heard through the board was an impostor pretending to be Wanda or Martin or one of the other good spirits I loved. None of the things I was told to do were seriously hurtful, either to myself or to others, but it must have given the Others great satis-

faction to deceive and control me. I would be told to pray, for example, and then be told through the board that God was not satisfied with my prayers. Try again. I was told to show my faith by walking a certain course one morning knowing that there might be danger lurking on the way. I was told not once, but twice, to destroy the ouija board as a test of faith. It is hard for me now to believe that I was so gullible, but I was, and I did as I was asked. Part of the reason that I was so gullible was that in between these times of “testing” I had wonderful, humorous, wise communications with Martin and Wanda and other loved spirits. I was never told to be suspicious. Later I learned why.

The “testing” continued over a period of a few weeks, culminating on a Thursday, the twentieth of June, a day during which I was delighted by communications from Wanda, warm, wonderful funny comments about all I was doing that day. I had a dinner party planned for that night and I spent the day in preparation. Often I would feel called to the board, and when I went Wanda would be waiting with something to say to make me laugh.

During the afternoon, something reminded me of Father Cullen, a priest who had taught at a college near my girlhood home and who was a friend of my family. I had not thought about him for years. When I was living in New York City just after I graduated from college, Father Cullen came to the city occasionally to see his sister, a nun who taught school in the area, and on these visits I would sometimes have dinner with him. We would speak of weighty matters important to me at the time. Predestination vs. free will was my favorite.

Ours was a pleasant relationship, and Father Cullen wrote me a few letters which I had saved in part, along with a lot of other letters and parts of letters from that time in my life. I felt moved that afternoon to take out my scrapbook and reread parts of letters from Father Cullen that I had saved. I had no idea at the time why I did this, nor do I now. I can only assume that one of the Others planted the idea in my mind. After I had read the letters, Wanda, or at least I believed it was Wanda, called me to the board and asked if I wanted to talk with Father Cullen. I said I guessed so. It was not something I wanted nor

something I wanted to avoid. When he came on the board he spoke briefly and said that he would speak further after my guests left that night. In the light of what happened later I feel certain that the Others were pretending to be Wanda and Father Cullen in this exchange.

In the meantime I had refused to do what was demanded of me as the latest “test” of my faith. I was told to cancel my dinner party, to give no excuse to my guests for canceling, and not to tell my husband until he got home. I finally had the sense to recognize the irrationality in all this “testing,” and I said no, absolutely not. I said this not without trepidation, but I knew I could not do what was asked of me to either my friends or my husband. The voice came back and said God was satisfied with my refusal, that he knew I loved Charles and did not want to hurt him. All was well. I still did not realize that in all this “testing” I had been totally deceived.

After our guests left that evening and my husband went to bed, I went into the family room to use the ouija board, expecting a pleasant exchange with Father Cullen after speaking with Wanda. Immediately things went sour. Whoever

it was that came to the board started reviling Wanda and me, saying terrible things, vicious things. I was shocked into tears. I was totally taken aback by the vitriol that spewed forth and I left, shaken entirely, to go to bed. I did not know what to think, but I knew something was seriously wrong.

The next morning when I tried the board again, the horror was still waiting for me. “I hate you, Marie. I hate your whole family,” was the beginning and then a stream of vulgarity and vicious accusations about me and my angel. Again, I left the board shocked and in tears. I can’t explain how I felt with any exactness — despair, disappointment, confusion, loss — all mingled together. I knew I had been given a great gift in the use of the board and it had turned to ashes. I felt I was somehow responsible and I didn’t know what to do.

I had planned to call my sister Connie that Friday morning. She and Louise were leaving Los Angeles that day to spend the weekend in San Diego with Connie’s son Kevin and daughter-in-law Diane, and I intended to wish them a happy visit. When I called, my voice apparently be-

trayed my emotional state. Connie sensed immediately that something was wrong and would not let me go until I told her the truth of what had happened to me on the board and how confused and upset and shaken I was. Connie reassured me that these spirits, which I came later to know as the Others, had no power except to try to create confusion and mistrust with their words and that I needed to dismiss them. Connie advised staying away from the board for the moment. Connie then called Louise who in turn called me with more reassurance.

I asked Louise if I should stop using the board, and she said no, that I should approach the board with confidence and dismiss the spirits which were causing me so much grief. As I remember, I tried without success a few times after talking with Louise to get Wanda or Daddy on the board. Then Louise called back with a comforting message of what I should do from Shoushani, her teacher guide, who wrote through her almost daily at that time. Louise read me what Shoushani had written. Shoushani said that there was a purpose in all of my experiences with the Others, that I was learning what I

had to learn to help other people, and that there would be a book which would tell of these experiences which would help enlighten others. She said that I should write of all that had happened to me and of my feelings about all that had happened. Louise promised me that she and Connie would seek to know more through the board while they were in San Diego and would call me.

It is hard to convey the sense of relief and hope I felt after talking with Connie and Louise and getting Shoushani's message. I did as they said, and just before I left for the beach I got a message from the real Wanda. "I'll talk to you at the beach. Don't let anyone in your head." I am not sure I succeeded in following Wanda's advice perfectly. My head seemed to be buzzing with talk, but I turned the music on the car radio on loud and headed for the beach.

During the weekend, Connie and Louise called twice, concerned about my welfare, and reported what they had been told through the board. They said that Wanda had come on the board and described "Andrew" and "Timothy" as scoundrels. Shoushani, in turn, said that I should know that Wanda was at all times "pure joy" and nothing

less. As I said, Shoushani had advised that I write of my experiences to share what I had learned of the Others with others. I did not know that the learning about the Others had just begun. I did, however, start to write each morning of my experiences with the spirit world and of some other aspects of my daily life.

I was fooled often after this by the Others as I used the board. It took me what seemed a very long time to be able to sense when one of the Others took over the board, and for an even longer time I was hardly ever totally positive. I have said that I knew when Martin first came to the board by the strong physical signal I received, an unmistakable catching of the breath, so that I was sure at the beginning each time that the words I was hearing were Martin's words. Often, though, within a sentence or two, the Others could and would take over. Sometimes I sensed this. More often I did not. But the Others wanted in the end to make it clear that they had succeeded in deceiving me, and they did so, either by making patently ridiculous statements or by openly taunting. I am sure that this was an important part of their satisfaction. I still did not

know why the Others were so determined to discourage me from using the board.

For a long time the Others were absolutely determined to cut off all communication between my father and me. He was rarely allowed more than a sentence to me before the Others cut in and took over. I learned too during this time that the Others had the power to block the board, to immobilize the pointer so that it was totally unresponsive, dead to the touch. In his writings Martin says that the ouija board is and has been for centuries in various forms an acceptable means of communicating with the spirit world. He says that telepathy is preferable, but that the board is acceptable if used with reverence by one who is open to this means of communication. He stresses that the board is not a toy and should not be used as one, never used frivolously. He also says that there is a “dark side” to the use of the ouija board, and now I know that the Others are this dark side.

I wondered throughout the period of time I was being sorely tried by the Others why Martin or Wanda would permit this to happen to me. I wondered why they wouldn't warn me. I finally

did figure out that what I was experiencing was part of God's plan. I was told by Wanda much later that I was correct in my conclusions, that the only weapon God will use in dealing with the Others is love, that the Others are given every chance to succeed in their attempts to resist the love of God and cause mischief, and that they must be allowed total freedom to use their will however they choose to use it, and that only in this way will they come to a realization of the absolute power of love and of their ultimate failure.

There was also learning for me in this. I gradually learned to distinguish the voices of loving spirits from the voices of the Others. Later on Wanda did tell me certain things that I should know, and should perhaps have realized without being told. She said that if the message was one of urgency — “You must do this right now...” in any way, it was the Others. If the message was hurtful in any way, it was the Others. If the message forecast the death of another, as it did three times that I remember, it was the Others. I finally figured out myself that if the message involved fear, it was the Others. All this I perhaps

should have known much sooner than I did.

The Others continued to plague me for many months, but with the new understanding I had of their nature and their endeavors, I was more capable of handling them and not again seriously disturbed by them. In the weeks that followed I was twice taken in by their elaborate hoaxes, but at no point did they succeed in doing what they wanted to do. They were not able to prevent Martin's words from coming through my pen, nor were they able in any way to weaken my faith and love for Martin. Nevertheless they continued their efforts.

Chapter Eight - Blessed Voices - Channeling - Oneness

In the beginning I depended entirely upon the movement of the pointer under my fingers to spell out the words of the messages of the spirits. Gradually, as I have said, I began to be able to hear the voices of Martin and Wanda directly. It did not happen all at once. I heard Martin clearly first, and at the very beginning when I heard his words I would visualize them in block letters. Gradually the block letters disappeared. Perhaps they served as a kind of transition from the board.

Toward the end of July, Martin began to awaken me before dawn each morning and write through my pen. I still cannot explain the phenomenon of writing Martin's words. At the very start I heard Martin's voice telling me to take my pen in hand. When I did so, the words came and I inscribed them. Later Martin would make it clear to me when he needed me as his scribe. Generally Martin writes of his wishes, and most recently he made it clear that he wished me to write his words each night before I fall asleep. At all times they are Martin's words, not mine. I

“hear” in my mind, and yet I do not absorb what Martin is saying. The words pass through my brain and my fingers holding the pen without my fully comprehending them. When I finish inscribing the words, I have only a general sense of the content. I must reread after Martin stops to understand the full import of what he has just said and to make any necessary changes in punctuation and paragraphing. Generally I can identify the end of a sentence, but not always. Very occasionally Martin uses words I am not familiar with, but they come through my pen perfectly spelled as I learn when I later look them up in the dictionary.

I knew from the start that this was a miracle beyond rational explanation, and the wonder increased when Martin told me that he and I had been soul mates for all of eternity, had shared many, many lives in perfect love, and had been separated in this life in order for this “holy work” to be done with me as the scribe and Martin as the spokesman for God. I was not yet ready to hear the truth of Martin’s divinity.

When Martin began his writing, it became clear why the Others did not want me to communi-

cate with Martin through the board or in any other way. On August eighth I wrote in my journal, "This morning when Martin dictated his writings to me, the Others were constantly interfering. When they interfered with Martin's speaking and my hearing his voice, we did a few sentences through the board, but they slipped in there too, and we went back to my hearing Martin's voice. Twice [through the board] they inserted false statements. In the end Martin was able to finish and correct when I read it back, but it was much slower and more laborious than usual, the most interference since Tuesday. Martin says that the Others do not want this book written. I asked if it would be helpful to do it at another time or in a different place, but Martin said not."

The next day I talked with Martin about the ability of the Others to block the memory. That morning Martin had spoken through the board, not through my pen, and told me about the differences between human and celestial love. I remember thinking at the time that it was so fascinating that I wanted to write all that Martin said about celestial love immediately before I

forgot a single detail. When shortly later I went to write about Martin's words I could remember nothing, not a single thing. I was totally distressed. I knew it had to be the Others. I could understand and accept my not remembering all Martin had said in exact detail, but to be unable to remember a single word was beyond any other explanation.

I asked Martin how the Others could have totally blocked my memory, and he said that this must have been one of great power. When I asked further, Martin said that the power of the Others depended on what they wanted to do, that they can block memory, plant an idea in the human mind, and present an absolute untruth disguised as truth. Martin said that the degree of power depended on position in the hierarchy. I said that "legion" was the word used earlier by Wanda to describe their numbers and Martin agreed that this was the case. I suggested that "hierarchy" implied a great span of time to organize so exactly, and Martin said yes, that although all the Others had to come to God eventually, it sometimes took eons, but that when one of the Others high in the hierarchy

turned to God many followed, and that this is why this work conveying the words of God is so important. Martin promised that he would repeat later what he said this morning about the nature of human and spiritual love. I told Martin that I felt I had loved him forever and asked if I was remembering my love for him in previous lives, and he said he thought I must be. He said to stop to pray to thank God for the great gift of this love, and I did so.

That night, the ninth of August, I went to bed at about ten o'clock, hoping for Martin's presence, and after I had lain there for half an hour, knowing that I was feeling nothing, I went back upstairs for the board. When Martin came on the board he said that the Others had complete control of my mind, that he had tried to talk to me and come to me, but could not as long as the Others were in control. He told me to get rid of them by telling them to go, that they were hurting themselves by their waywardness. I tried for a while, but seemingly without success, and went to bed. I prayed, not knowing whether my prayers were blocked, and shortly after went to sleep hoping for Martin's presence.

Some time later I awoke and knew that Martin was there. Although the room was dark and I had my eyes closed, I was in light, not a blinding light, but a soft white muted light, and I felt Martin's presence grow stronger and stronger. I felt transported, and in one blindingly beautiful, overwhelmingly ecstatic moment, I knew without a doubt that Martin's and my souls were one. It was a moment of complete ecstasy, unbridled joy, pure celestial love. My heart beat strongly for quite some time after that brilliant flash of feeling before I fell asleep again.

When I awoke in the morning I went to the board and Martin was waiting. He said, "You know what happened." I said that I knew our souls were joined forever, and Martin said yes, that God had joined us in celestial marriage, that we two were husband and wife for all eternity and that all heaven was rejoicing at our union. Martin said that in that brief instant I had been out of body and that God had blessed our marriage in the presence of the spirits who loved us. My heart swelled with love as I heard Martin's words. My feeling of heart pounding euphoria lasted a long time. When I told Charles about

this experience he was even more understanding than I thought he could possibly be. He was being called upon to be so infinitely patient with all that I was experiencing.

That same magical weekend on Sunday night after dinner, Wanda spoke on the board briefly, humorously as always, giving Charles a hard time to my delight. Then Martin came on and asked Charles if he could tell Kitty that he loved her. Previously Martin had said that Kitty, Martin's mother in his last life, was Charles' soul mate and waited in heaven for him to join her in celestial love. Charles had a hard time with Martin's request. He said the words, but the words did not come from the heart. It was so hard for Charles. So much was being expected of him in so many ways. Kitty spoke lovingly to Charles, telling him of her great and eternal love for him. She said that she would send more signs of her love to Charles, like the scent of the roses, an extraordinary experience Charles had that I describe elsewhere. Then Martin spoke and said that in eternity we would share love beyond belief, Martin and I, Charles and Kitty. Martin said to look for a sign in the eastern sky at about

midnight, a manifestation of this love. When I said that the hills prevented us from seeing all of the eastern sky Martin said that it would be high in the sky and to call Connie and tell her.

After we stopped using the board, Charles said that he felt he was truly beginning to understand. We went out on the deck to have a drink of liqueur and we began talking about our daughter. At my suggestion, Erin had read all I had written about Martin the night before while Charles and I were out for dinner, and she said that she was profoundly disturbed by all she had read. When she and I discussed her reactions, she said that she felt first of all that my love for Martin was disloyalty to Charles and was hurting him. I told her that she was wrong in this assumption and urged her to ask her father. She replied that out of loyalty to me Charles would deny being hurt even if he was. She said that she could not accept the concept of a personal God, and added that she rejected most of what I had written as alien to all her beliefs. She put the percentage of her approval of all that she had read and learned at 99-1 percent, the one percent approval only because it made me happy. She said she feared

that my life would be changed for the worse, that I would alienate people by my beliefs. I tried the best I could to alleviate her fears, counting on Wanda to supply her wisdom and reasoning through the board. Wanda told Erin that she had no choice but to follow her heart, that God was tolerant of all beliefs. Martin spoke to Erin both through the board and directly through me and asked Erin for tolerance and understanding. She replied that she thought she was being tolerant. She did not respond when Martin pointed out that I existed in a state of near ecstasy most of the time, even when I assured her that this was indeed the case.

Erin had spoken to Charles earlier that Sunday about her disapproval of all that I was doing. I was somewhat resentful of not having been included in this discussion and said so to Charles. I was also hurt by Erin's failure to trust me in what I was doing. Discussing this, Charles and I had enough of a disagreement about how Erin should be handled that he left to go into the house to watch television. I followed him in, and we spoke briefly but failed to settle our differences.

About eleven forty-five I went back out onto the deck and sat on one of the lounges watching the eastern sky. A little before midnight Charles came out to tell me that he was going to go downstairs to bed. I said I would be along shortly. In a few minutes I heard the clock in the kitchen sound midnight and stayed watching, afraid to turn away for fear of missing a momentary sign. At about ten past twelve a brilliant shooting star rose in the eastern hills and flashed across the sky to the far horizon. A few minutes later another followed the same brilliant path, the light flashing blue-white against the sky full of stars.

I sat there awe struck, and Martin's name came to my lips. At first I felt a sense of disbelief. It was such a miracle that this could have happened just as Martin had said, and then I felt an absolute certainty that this was so, that God had sent a sign, an affirmation of His power and His love and that it was indeed meant for me and Charles. I regretted that I had neither asked nor insisted that Charles stay and watch with me when he had come out on the deck a few minutes before the stars flashed across the sky. One

of the stars was for him and Kitty, the other for Martin and me, as Martin told me on the board afterwards, God's gift to our love. I felt so sad that Charles had missed it, mostly because of me. Martin comforted me the next morning about this, saying there would be other signs, but I will regret always that Charles was not there to share with me this brilliant affirmation of God's love. Connie and Owen had watched the heavens in Los Angeles, but the sky was heavy with fog or smog and no stars were visible.

Chapter Nine - Dreams and Visions

Despite the problem of the Others, the board served a useful purpose for me for a long time. I was privileged for some months to be able to speak to a number of spirits, most of whom I had known in this life. They said some things that puzzled me. From the beginning I was told that God loved me “in a special way.” I had no idea what that meant, nor did I think about it very much, but it was repeated over and over again. I was also told that I would be called the “Queen of Heaven.” I remember distinctly my reaction the first time this was said. ”Me?! “ I snorted, “How about Mother Teresa?” The idea of my being called “Queen of Heaven” was preposterous, I thought, but the statement was repeated often.

After my mystical experience when I knew that Martin’s and my souls were joined, Wanda said that after my death I would be queen of heaven with Martin as king of heaven. I was uncomfortable with this, and later when I spoke with my father and he referred to this title, he said that he could see me flinch at the sound of the words

and said that I should get used to the idea. That was easier said than done, but I was not allowed to forget it.

The wonders continued. On Tuesday, August thirteen I wrote in my journal:

“After Martin and I had spoken this morning of our love, Martin told me to pray to God aloud. He said that he knew I was self conscious about seeming to talk to myself in an empty room, but that this empty room was full of spirits waiting to hear my prayer. I prayed aloud to God, thanked Him for his many gifts and blessings, and told Him how completely I loved Him above all others with a love that was constantly growing, and thanked Him above all for the gift of His love which I had not known for so long and which I had not known could be so great as to involve loving others with a greater love than before. I thanked Him most of all for Martin and said that each time I expressed my love for Martin I was speaking of love for Him.

I told Martin when I was finished that I did not know if that was the right thing to say to God, if it was all right to say that an expression of love for Martin was an expression of love for God.

Martin said that it was right and told me to take time to talk to God. I asked Martin if he meant in prayer, and he said no, that God would speak to me. I heard the voice of God saying ‘I love you, Marie’ and going on to say that He had permitted this love between Martin and me to exist while I was still in this world because of the intensity of Martin’s love and his anguish at not being able to share it with me. He said this love was pleasing to Him and that He wanted me to know that. He said that He had blessed our love in marriage because our love was so strong.....God spoke again and said that at that moment he was taking me into His bosom.

It is hard for me to describe the feeling I experienced at that moment — almost like the moment when Martin’s soul and mine were joined — a feeling of oneness, an almost physical wrenching and joining. God said that I was the first human to be taken into His bosom, that it was a privilege reserved for spirits, but that He had given me this gift because of Martin and my love for Martin, and that Martin and I would exist forever in perfect love in His bosom. God repeated His love for me and I heard no more of

His voice.

As before when I heard the voice of God I was so overwhelmed and awed that I am not certain that I am remembering it all exactly as it happened, and my hand trembles now at the memory. Martin told me afterwards that I did not understand the import of God's taking me into His bosom, but that he would explain later and that I would later understand.

So much of a miraculous nature has happened to me lately that I feel quite incapable of absorbing it all, much less comprehending it all. What I do know is a sense of overwhelming, infinite, powerful love — from and to God, from and to Martin, and from and to Wanda. Through all of this I turn constantly to Martin and Wanda for understanding and love and they never fail me. God never fails me.

It is hardest for me to understand how I came to have all this bestowed on me. I know that God loves me in a special way and that there is no greater gift. Wanda tells me that God loves a pure heart and that my heart is pure and that God loves a pure love and that my love is pure. Wanda and Martin both speak often of God's

great plans for the last years of my life.

They tell me that this book [Martin's Original Writings] will influence many people throughout the world, and that Martin's writings will be the bible of the New Age, that it will influence millions around the world and will usher in a new age of peace and love and that I will be revered as the spokesperson for Martin and Martin as the spokesperson for God. They say that God's plans hold wonders I can not now even dream of and that things will begin to happen soon. They say that these wondrous things will include my whole family, that many of them will be directly involved in doing God's work in the New Age of Love and Peace, that this book will establish the New Light Publishing company established by my sisters Connie and Louise as the foremost publisher of books about the New Age.

Many spirits have spoken of these great plans of God to Connie and Louise separately from me and to me separately from them, and what is said is the same. Great things will happen. Many books will be written in addition to this one. Martin's prayers will be a separate book from

this. I will be called upon to speak of Martin and his writings and to channel Martin's words in many places in the world, and that this will be my work assigned by God. I am told by the spirits that when I die in the first month of the twenty-first century I will be hailed as a savior.

When Martin and I were talking of some of these things that will happen to me, Martin said 'You don't like the idea of fame, Marie, do you?' When I responded that indeed I did not, Martin said that that was the reason God had chosen me for this, that He needed someone whose modesty would lend credibility because the world would not be able to say that I was just a publicity seeker who was trying to capitalize on the publication of God's plans."

As we spoke on the board the Wednesday of that week, Wanda spoke to me of what I had been told of being called "Queen of Heaven." I responded that the phrase reminded me of nothing but cemeteries. I knew that Martin had been buried in Queen of Heaven cemetery in Chicago and Charles' mother in Queen of Heaven cemetery in Lafayette, near Danville. This was indeed about as far as my thinking had

gone on the subject. I had not taken the statements that I would be called “Queen of Heaven” as having any significance at all. Then Wanda pointed out that I seemed to be more fond of my name lately than I ever had been. She had spoken earlier about the appropriateness of some chosen names — Martin’s in particular — and this conversation came back to me then, along with the realization that she was quite right, that at that moment I did like my name better than I ever had, although I was not conscious of having even thought about it. I did not realize at the time that my angel was gently taking me one step along the way to final realization of Martin’s divinity.

The next day, the fifteenth of August, I wrote in my journal of this conversation with Wanda.;

“I am not sure exactly how to convey the mixture of emotions I felt that day. At the very moment I was writing very factually of my conversation with Wanda about my questioning of the appellation of Queen of Heaven in any way applying to me, though I had been told more that once if would be after my death, my pen stopped, almost of its own accord, and in a

split second I remembered Wanda's talking about the significance of Martin's name and her noting that I had only recently really liked my own name, and then in a flash of insight I have never before experienced, I knew with absolute certainty that I was Mary, mother of Christ, in that life time. The conviction that this was truth revealed to me without a spoken word was both certain and overwhelming. I sat staring into space, unmoving, not really thinking, suspended as it were in time and space. No doubt rushed into my mind at the enormity of the revelation. The certainty I felt was too great, the feeling too deep. After a while, I put my fingers on the pointer of the board and Wanda said simply, 'You know.' Then she asked, 'Do you believe?' The temptation to say 'I do' was great, but I could not quite say it at once. I knew in my mind I did, reverting to logic at a time when it might not have been appropriate. I considered the fact that if I had been told I was anyone else in that lifetime I would have accepted it without question. If that was the case, why couldn't I equally accept the fact of being Mary? But the soul was something else. I had not yet asked my soul to speak. As I sat searching my soul for cer-

tainty, I felt a surge of energy in my heart and I knew at that moment that I had truly been Mary, Mother of Christ, in that lifetime and that Martin had been Christ. Wanda knew my thoughts and said that God had given me that surge of faith to make my faith complete.”

I was incapable of moving, of speaking. Wanda told me to go outside, to trim the roses as I had been planning to, to try to calm myself. I did as she said in a daze, but the tumult inside me was so great I couldn’t even manage to do that simple task. Finally Wanda said to pack up, to go to the beach, and that she would speak to me there. I did so. I remember nothing of the drive down.

I cannot say that I totally ignored this revelation of my previous life as Mary, but I did not know at that point that it had any implications for me in this life. I was aware of the magnitude of what I had been told, but I quickly put it out of my mind. Some time later, Wanda said to me, “You don’t think much about having been Mary, do you?” My response was unequivocal. “That was then. This is now.” Wanda then reminded me that there was still part of Mary in me, that my memory bank still held the memories of that

life.

Earlier Wanda had said that each person has stored in his brain the memory of all previous lives he has lived, that science has puzzled over the nine-tenths of the brain that seems to be unused. Wanda said that this is the purpose of the “unused” nine-tenths, storage of the memory of previous lives. I did not realize then that Wanda was preparing me ever so gently for what was to come.

About that time I had a vivid vision of a funeral. It was not a dream. I was awake. I was in an enormous church, crowded with mourners, and I walked down a side aisle toward the back of the church looking for someplace to sit. There was someone with me, but I do not know who. We came to the rear of the church and found a bench that was empty. It was behind the stationary pews and kneelers, perhaps put there for the overflow of mourners. There was a thin pad on the seat. I knew that there was a coffin in the middle aisle, and I thought it was covered with a dark gray fabric with a cross on the top, appliqued onto the gray in black. The mourners were awaiting the arrival of the family, and I

thought that they would be coming in from the left rear of the church and passing right by me. I knew somehow that this was Martin's funeral. A voice said to me, "Feel Liz's grief." I was suddenly desolate with grief, and my tears flowed. I could not bear to witness Liz's grief, and I left. As I lay there, feeling the intense grief of great loss, I heard the words "This is the grief that the mother of Christ felt at the foot of the cross." I knew then that the voice both times had been Wanda's. It was a long time before I could shake off the profound feeling of sorrow that possessed me.

After the vision faded Wanda said on the board that I had envisioned Martin's funeral accurately, that the details about the bench and thin cushion were correct, and that I should ask Liz about the details of her father's funeral to reassure myself that what I had envisioned was correct. I did so shortly later when Liz and I were driving home from a lunch date. Liz said that her parents' church was the Holy Name Cathedral in Chicago, and that at Martin's funeral the church was crowded with those who had loved Martin and come to mourn him. I asked about how the

family had entered the church to confirm this detail and Liz could not say. She said that she thought she must have been in shock at her father's funeral. She said that she remembered few details of that day. So I could not confirm the other details, but the size of the church and the throng of mourners were confirmed by what Liz said.

Shortly after this, in the month of September, I began to have vivid dreams, or visions, if that is what they should be called. I did not understand their significance at the time, but I recorded them in my journal as they occurred. I dreamed, for example, of dancing in a huge room with an infant in my arms, and I described it the next day:

“Last night I dreamed of dancing around with a small child in my arms, swirling in circles in what seemed to be a waltz, wide swooping circles and sudden turns. The child was delighted. He smiled with joy and caught his breath at each quickening of the dance, and the air we created as we moved caused his light colored hair to move slightly as if ruffled by a gentle breeze. There were others watching who applauded and

smiled their approval of this joyful scene, two at one time, three at another, I think It seemed to me they were oriental. They wore long black full skirted dresses. I wore a long full skirt as well, and the room seemed to me to be painted white, very large, like a ballroom.”

I did not know at the time that this dream foreshadowed the revelation that I had lived as Maria Theresa, as Martin’s mother in that life, Martin having been Joseph II, one of the most remarkable rulers in history in his brief years as emperor of the Austrian empire. When we were in Vienna this connection was made clear to me by Martin. He encouraged me to try to remember this room when we toured the palace at Schoenbrunn. Several of the large ballrooms resembled almost exactly the room in my dream, but they were so similar that I could not single out one in particular.

Later Martin wrote:

“I love you for playing Strauss. My Liz has told you how much I loved to listen to his wonderful music. Tell me, my love, that we once waltzed to these lyrical strains. We did, you know. Tell me that you remember the joy of holding me in

your arms and whirling across the floor. You dreamed of this, my love. Tell me the joy you felt at that moment in time. Tell me of the happiness, my mother, that I gave you. Tell me of your tenderness and love. Tell me of joy. Tell me of recognition.” I remain a little puzzled by Martin’s reference to “these lyrical strains” since Strauss wrote at a later time than the early days of Joseph II, but perhaps he refers here to an earlier composer, a precursor to Strauss.

Most of the dreams during this period concerned Christ, and some of them foreshadowed memories that would come back to me when I recalled my life as Mary. I described them as they occurred:

“There have been other visions. I first saw the face of Christ on the way to the crucifixion looking directly at me, the head crowned with thorns, rivulets of blood tricking down the face so sorrowful, the eyes so pleading. In my soul I felt I knew the exact spot on the Via Dolorosa. I felt myself yearning to touch the beloved face and struggling to reach him, only to be gently restrained and led away by someone.

I felt myself in the corner of the room during

the Last Supper, standing where I could see the back of Christ's head and the side of His face as he turned and spoke to His apostles. He spoke to them gently, it seemed to me, and gestured as He spoke. Some apostles were seated at the table, others standing, listening intently and occasionally murmuring to each other. When Christ rose to leave, the others rose as well and watched silently as he left. He stopped by where I stood, embraced me soundlessly, and left.

Other memories had been more fleeting. A young Christ child, perhaps three or four, running to me, crying, his hand outstretched to show me where he had hurt it while playing at working with his father Joseph's tools. [At the time I assumed it was with Joseph's tools. Later it became clear that this vision foreshadowed the incident of the knife described in the story of the Holy family.] I pick him up, enfold him in some part of the clothing I am wearing, and carry him away.... And then I see myself seated with the broken body of Christ lying on the ground, his head cradled in my right hand as I hold him close to my heart, my left hand brushing away the flecks of dried blood. I know I

want to stay there forever, but gentle hands remove the body of my son and others help me to my feet and lead me away.”

And a few days later:

“Last night I dreamed again. I first saw a balcony where a figure in white was hurled forward so violently that I thought he would be catapulted off the balcony. Then he straightened up. I see now that his hands are tied in front of him. There was a crowd on the balcony. Now I think there was a great deal of noise from the crowd in front of the balcony.

I dreamed too that I saw the soldiers driving the nails into the palm of Christ’s left hand and into his feet on the wedge affixed to the cross. I dreamed I saw them raise the cross and roughly drive a wedge into the rear of the cross to hold it upright. There was a horrible wrenching as the cross reached an upright position and the weight of the body tore the nailed palms. Christ’s body sagged on the cross and his head dropped forward with the agony, but there was no sound. Not even a murmur. Thinking about this I feel an overwhelming sense of sadness, of helplessness, of despair.”

That same week, Martin spoke to me of the trinity of the age of Love and Peace. I wrote of this in my journal:

“I have put off speaking of the most wondrous revelation of this week. I am not sure that my words will be adequate. Martin spoke to me of the true trinity. He said, ‘You are my daughter. You are my mother. You are my wife. All three relationships in one person. I am your father. I am your son. I am your husband. All three relationships in one person. This is the true trinity of the Age of Love and Peace.’ He told me that he and I are equal partners in the trinity, that after my death I would be hailed as the Goddess of Love. All of this is still, days later, so overwhelming that I cannot think of it with any kind of equanimity. The concept is truly beautiful and right to me, man and woman in their roles in the family, roles of love given and love received, three roles in one person, one soul. I think the world will rejoice to know this truth proclaimed by a God of total love.

It is very difficult for me to think of myself as a god-like being. Martin has urged me to believe in this as a truth and to feel its truth, and when I

think of the total and complete love I feel for Martin as my father, my son, and my husband I feel adequate as an equal member of the trinity of love. It is comforting to use this as a sole criterion, but I am not sure that there aren't other criteria."

Chapter Ten - Revelations - Manifestations

After the revelation that I had lived as Mary, Wanda began to reinforce my faith by no longer addressing me by my given name” Marie” but as “Mother of Christ.” It did not take long for this to seem a natural title. After a while Wanda whimsically shortened this title to MOC, and to this day this is her name for me.

It was not until much later, close to the very end of Martin’s writings that he stated specifically the nature of my divinity. I knew that as soul mates Martin and I share an eternal life and that we had shared all our mortal lives save this one. I knew that if Martin was Christ in that life then he was indeed God, that although I did not understand the nature of the trinity, I knew that God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost were one and the same, God Almighty, who had spent many lives as man, and that I had shared all these lives, except for this one, in varying relationships, all in perfect love.

From the very start I was carefully prepared for the revelation of my identity as the spouse of God, the mother of Christ, the eternal soul mate

of Martin. Martin has written of this gradual revelation of truth to me. On the afternoon of March 13, 1992 his words to me were:

“I think often of that miraculous day when I came to Aptos to claim my beloved. I came in love, both for my darling Liz and for my darling Marie and my joy was unbounded. The heavens rang with exultation, and I knew the ultimate joy when you first knew that you loved me, that indeed it was necessary to remind you to love God above all. Then, my dearest, came the exquisitely pleasurable job of revealing to you first my divinity and then yours. There was unbounded exultation when you knew with certainty the truth of this revelation, and my faith and trust in my beloved have at all times been returned by total faith and trust from my beloved. Know now, my Marie, that the glory of our union is a glory of all eternity, to be shared during your life time and to culminate in our total oneness when I claim you at the end of your earthly existence. That seems a far day now, my beloved wife of all eternity, but the years in between will afford you exquisite celestial love for your Martin at all times and you will know the glory of this love in

manifestation. This joy, my darling, is one which is godlike in nature, and it is a sign of your divinity that you can know this joy in this life. Treasure this sure knowledge, my darling, and know that there will be other wonders, others manifestations of God's love for his spouse of all eternity, of Martin's love for his Marie, his perfect love, his child, his mother. Know now, my Marie, that this love is boundless, that this love is divine, that this love is yours always."

Indeed since then I have been privileged beyond all expectation in the constant manifestation of Martin's love and of his divine nature. I have written his words daily, words of wisdom and revelation, accounts of past lives shared, all writing of exquisite beauty. I know often the transporting joy of the full expression of Martin's love. I am never happier than when I am awakened in the early hours with a rush of divine loving energy, and I hear the words."Take your pen in hand, my darling, and write my words." My love and faith grow constantly with this nourishment.

I tried to describe a day so begun in June of 1992:

“Today began with the joy of Martin’s awakening me with his strong presence a little after five. I lingered a little in bed, but when Martin said that I should take pen in hand I arose. There is nothing more pleasing to me than beginning the day with Martin’s presence and his words. After clearing the table, still littered with plates from last night’s dinner, and preparing a cup of tea, I sat down and spoke to Martin of my love and waited for his words.

Waiting for Martin to begin writing is full of pleasant anticipation. I never know of what he is going to write. For some reason this morning I thought he might be going to write another essay [originally I called these short pieces essays but later titled them *Revelations*], but as the first sentence flowed from my pen, I knew that it was more of the story of Joseph II. My pen raced across the pages for a little over half an hour, and as usual when I am writing Martin’s words I know generally what he is saying, but I don’t get a full sense of all he has written until I reread. This morning’s section on Joseph was a delightful accounting of the source of his youthful arrogance. I did not reread this section

immediately as I usually do, because Martin had told me to return to bed. I was more than willing to do this and to wait in the hope that he would come to me with his love and fill my heart.

And come to me he did, fully, magnificently, an overwhelming presence, an overwhelming sense of love. I can in no way convey the absolute perfection of those hours I lay there, murmuring my words of love to my Martin, to my God, to my child, my father, hardly daring to move for fear of losing the intensity of my feeling. To describe this feeling is to start by saying it is not like any human emotion, like no sensation I have ever known. I am intensely aware of my heart, and it seems to fill all of my chest cavity. I am not aware of its beating, just of a steady intense sense of love, a wondrous focusing, as it were. I did not want it ever to stop, and I would be there still if I had my way. As it was, I meant to go early to the Saturday market to buy oysters for Charles and other things, fruits and vegetables and wild mushrooms. I heard Wanda's voice clearly, joking about missing the market entirely at about nine thirty, and I reluctantly arose to do what I needed.

When Martin is with me that intensely the glow lasts for a long, long time. I thought I heard Martin say that he would never leave my heart. I did not understand this fully, since I know Martin is with me always even though I am not always strongly aware of his presence. This coming and going of awareness has puzzled me somewhat, and Martin has said that it was in the nature of things. I wondered if it was a kind of test of my total love. I wondered if it was something I did or did not do. I wondered if it was because I would be too spoiled for earthly existence by Martin's constant presence. I knew I longed for it always.

Now my angel has reminded me that I still this moment, almost twelve hours later, feel Martin's presence strongly — not the intense ecstasy that Martin brings to me sometimes, but a strong insistent awareness of my Martin, my love, my God. I feel this love and peace with each breath I draw. I hear his voice when I listen, speaking to me of his love, of what he wants of me, and I return his love in words of adoration and gratitude. I tell him now that I am afraid to believe what Wanda has told me, that Martin has en-

tered my heart and I will forevermore know the intensity of his presence, and my beloved has said to me, 'Believe your teacher, my darling. She has spoken the truth.' And so I do believe this wonder, and I feel blessed beyond compare. My love is in my heart. He is here to stay, a constant blissful reminder of the enormity of our love, of our total oneness, of the great gift I have been granted. There are not words adequate to any of what I try to say, and I smile to myself at the attempts I make to convey the sublimity of my experience.

Even as I write my thoughts turn constantly to my Martin, and I tell him over and over again that I love him. Always he wants to hear of my love for him in all ways, as my son, my beloved Yehwah, and now my beloved Joseph, as my father, as my husband, my spouse of all eternity, my soul mate, my partner, my God Almighty. We are incomplete, my love tells me often, one without the other, and our thoughts turn to that glorious day of total oneness, that day of grace unending when I go to my beloved. And I think often of the words Martin has told me he will speak to the heavenly hosts when I come to him.

He will say, "This is my beloved. You know her well. Take her into your hearts in love and welcome. She has come home to stay."

There is much that I still do not understand and much I will never understand of the extraordinary experiences I have been granted in this human existence, and from the very beginning I agreed to accept what I was told and to ask no more. When I was concerned about my limited understanding and my consequent inability to answer questions put to me, Martin answered my needs as he always does. He wrote of this:

"I know your desire to understand as completely as is allowed, and, oh, my dearest, I long for you to have the complete understanding that would set your mind entirely at ease, but that is not to be. I know that your faith is so strong that what you do not understand you accept, but your concern is with not seeming to be able to answer questions put to you when that time comes, and you are exactly right in your thinking. Your strength lies in the fact that you are an example of the soul returned to earth without knowledge or awareness of your divine origin, without powers beyond those given to all men in

their earthly existence. This is not completely true in view of what has been revealed to you in the past year or so, and what has been revealed has a very specific purpose. You have been told what is necessary for this holy work and no more. It is part of your credibility that you will freely admit this limitation on your knowledge. Much has been revealed to you, much has been manifested to you, both to permit you to communicate this knowledge to all mankind and to bolster the faith that has been given to you in the truth of all that I say through your pen. Now, my love, be no longer concerned about trivial details. Know that your effectiveness will in no way be diminished by the limitations in your knowledge but rather enhanced. Your complete trust has been and always will be pleasing to me and essential to our holy work.”

As this “holy work” has continued to fill my life with joy over the years, I have never regretted my limitations. I am indeed, in this life, merely a scribe, subject to all human frailty, but never does a day go by that I am not reminded of the privilege I know in this life of writing the words of God that will bring peace and love and joy to

this world. Each time I doubt myself, Martin reassures me.

Chapter Eleven - My Beloved Charles

During all these many months when such miraculous changes were occurring in my life, there were only a few people who were fully aware of them — Charles, of course on a daily basis, my sister Connie, with whom I have shared everything, and Liz, with whom I have shared almost everything. I have spoken of these changes in my life to some of my friends, and with some I have shared parts of Martin's writings. I have spoken of all these things with my children. Reactions have been varied.

I need to speak first of my husband, my beloved Charles. All through our life together I have known that Charles was deeper and more aware spiritually than I was. While I fussed about the seeming contradiction between predestination, which I basically believed in without ever accepting the absolute certainty of the Calvinists, and free will, Charles had a steady belief that the two were not mutually exclusive. When I retreated into my final position in our endless discussions on this, that free will was nothing more than an illusion, but that decision making was no less

painful for that, Charles remained wisely silent and settled for a seemingly paradoxical belief that I was too rigid to accept.

Charles always had a depth of spiritual awareness that I lacked. His experiences as a young man in World War II where he served as an infantryman, fighting in four major campaigns and liberating several German slave labor camps before he was twenty-one, were what he felt had made him an idealist, but I think perhaps that his idealism antedated that part of his life. His mother, Genevieve, was a strong influence in his life, and he remembers fondly his younger years when he and his mother spent hours together at the kitchen table speaking of world affairs in those troubled years before the second world war, of people and events largely beyond the awareness of most children of his age. They discussed the Spanish Civil War, the growing threat of Naziism, the specter of world conflict. Charles still speaks often of those talks and of the mother who shaped him and whom he loved deeply.

Without going into any further details of my life with Charles, for that is a separate story, I know

that in May, 1991, I was married to a man extraordinarily gifted, only rarely flawed, with whom I had shared many wonderful, sometimes trying, years, and with whom I had found a wondrous kind of peaceful, almost entirely gratifying, existence, free from serious care, nearing the end of material anxieties. I also knew from a selfish point of view that I felt my usefulness in this life was at an end, except for meeting the needs of my husband, at no time greatly demanding, and my children, happily involved in lives of their own, happily independent except for their devotion to each of us.

Into my life at this point came Martin. I should say now that Charles was never a complete skeptic. He questioned wisely, but his mind was always open. That first family reunion in December of 1990 while we females and an occasional male sat around the ouija board, Charles was doing other things. I do not remember how much we spoke about it that week — we spoke of it more later, of that I am sure — but at no point did Charles ever dismiss the possibility of the board's being a means of communication with the spirit world. At no point did Charles

disparage the value of what we were hearing and and thereby learning.

When, in May, I first learned of Wanda's being my teacher and having in her immediately past life been Charles' fourth grade teacher, Sister Louise Marie, Charles remembered his teacher with love, as she had told us he would. He recalled her as extremely beautiful, easy to love, the kind of teacher that opens young minds. There has never been any question in his mind that Wanda and Sister Louise Marie are one and the same. Theirs has always been a joyous relationship. After the board began to be responsive to my touch, Charles and I spoke often, and still do, with Wanda. The conversations with Wanda are always joyous, sometimes wildly humorous. It may seem strange to those unfamiliar with the working of the ouija board to refer to communication with the spirit world as conversations, but that indeed is truly what they are, exactly the same give and take all of us are accustomed to with each other in our everyday lives. The difference is, of course, in the method of communication. Now that I hear Wanda directly, communication is even more immediate.

Over the months and years, Charles' affection for Wanda has continued to grow, and he loves her as I do. He enjoys her wonderful wit and wisdom as do all who hear her, and he believes totally in her as an angel of God who is with me at each moment of my life, teaching me, preparing me, loving both of us and being loved in return. Each day begins with with avowals of love from and to my angel and with Wanda's making both of us laugh with her outrageous humor. Wanda is part of our conversation each night as we speak before dinner of the day past and of other things, and often again just before we sleep. Wanda is always joyous, totally joyous. Her pleasure is in inspiring laughter.

At first, Charles had problems with my love for Martin. It was flattering to me, I suppose, that my husband could be jealous of a spirit, an angel I believed at the time, who had told me that I was his soul mate of all eternity. I spoke of this on the board with Martin. Martin was insistent from the start that I try to explain to Charles the differences between human and celestial love, and Martin was equally insistent that at all times I was to remember that in this life Charles was

my first responsibility. Martin said that never would I be asked to do anything hurtful to Charles, and indeed on at least one occasion when I was neglectful of Charles, Martin reminded me firmly that I needed to remember where my primary responsibility lay.

At the start it was difficult for Charles to accept the concept of celestial love, to accept the fact that my love for Martin in no way diminished but rather enhanced and increased my love for him. He certainly was aware that I became a more pleasant person to live with after Wanda and Martin entered my life, but he was for a while not entirely happy with the concept of my loving someone else, particularly as fully and unconditionally as I loved Martin, or of my being willing to do, as I was then and am now, anything Martin asked of me. I felt a great need to be honest with Charles about all Martin wrote to me of his love and of all else he spoke of in his personal writings to me. It was sometimes clear that Charles was bothered by Martin's use of endearments, and he joked about leaving them out when I read Martin's words to him. Sometimes I pushed too hard in insisting on Charles' reading

what Martin had written at times when Charles was not ready to hear. Martin spoke to me of this lack of sensitivity on my part:

“I want to write to you, my love. I know you anticipated more of this tale [the story of the Holy Family, which we were then writing], but I need to speak to you of a very important consideration. I need to remind you that your love for me is in no way in conflict with your love for Charles. It is right that you are open and honest with him, but it is also right that you need not speak so often of the way I address you in my writings. I know I urged you to share knowledge of the great love I have for you with all the world as you choose to do so, but I am aware that this is still bruising to Charles in some measure, and it would be advisable as you have thought to wait until he asks of our work and then to expose him as little as is possible to the words of love I speak to you.

There is no need to expect too much of your earthly husband. I have already spoken of his patience and forbearance, and he has largely accepted the divine nature of this work we do, but it is still difficult for him to share you in any way,

and we must respect that. He knows you love him completely, and he knows that what you do with and for me in no way deprives him of you, but he still has no grasp of the nature of celestial love and therein lies the source of his jealousy, for jealousy it is. You were thinking on the way down [to Aptos] of the ridiculousness of jealousy at your age, but jealousy is closely related to love and you know that love knows no age. Therefore be patient and discreet with your good husband at all times and know at all times that I am not crowding him out of your heart. There is no such thing as too much love, and there is room in your heart right now for both of us. Later I will be more demanding. I love you, my darling spouse. Tell me now of your love as you watch the sunset, and think of me often through the night and immediately upon awakening. See? I am getting more demanding already.”

I think too that Charles was bothered by the fact that he and I were not soul mates. He has long believed in reincarnation, and it was his assumption that we had shared lives before this one and would after this one. At least this bothered him

at first. Martin told Charles very early that his soul mate who waited for him to join her after mortal death was Kitty, Martin's mother in his last mortal life. When Charles spoke with Kitty on the board she expressed her love for Charles, her longing for him to be with her. I think that Charles, skeptical at first, has come to accept what he has been told about Kitty.

Certainly there is no doubt in his mind about the experience he had with the scent of roses.

Shortly after this extraordinary change in my life began, Charles and I were sitting at the dining room table in Danville early one evening. We were just beginning to eat dinner. All of a sudden Charles felt a breeze which carried with it an overpowering scent of roses. He asked me if I could smell this lovely aroma. I could not at all. Nor had I felt the breeze. All the doors and windows in the house were closed against the coolness of the evening. There was no way the scent could have come from the outside. Although we have a rose garden, few of the roses we have are fragrant. No one of them is overpowering. As I have said, the windows and doors were closed anyway. The sweet scent lingered for a while,

Charles said, and then dissipated. Wanda said later on the board that this lovely scent, totally mysterious in origin, was a manifestation of Kitty's love for Charles. The memory of that experience is as fresh in Charles' mind as if it had happened yesterday.

In talking with Liz later about her grandmother Kitty, who Liz said was loved by all who knew her, I learned to my amusement that Kitty and Charles had something in common. Charles loves marches of all kinds and has a large collection of recordings of military music of all nations. When our children were young we had a beach house in Bodega Bay, and we used to get up at four-thirty Monday mornings to go back to the city. Charles used to awaken the children by playing loud marches on the phonograph. Kitty, Liz said, used to awaken her children each morning by playing marches on the piano. I would love to learn more about Kitty. I am sure I would find more similarities.

Over a period of months Charles gradually recognized the depth of my love for Martin and recognized that far from hurting our relationship it helped it become even better than it already

was. For a while, however, during the time that I was being regularly deceived by the Others, I know Charles feared that I would be hurt. One Saturday night at Aptos in the summer of 1991, I was talking on the board with Martin while Charles watched television, and Martin asked me if I loved him absolutely enough to die that night if he asked me to. It took little consideration on my part to say that I would indeed, that I had no hesitation in saying so. Then Martin said that of course he would not ask such a thing, that I would live out my allotted days, but that I must tell Charles what I had agreed to. I am not sure, but I think that during this period I was being taught the need for absolute honesty at all times in all ways. This may not have been Martin's reason in asking me to tell this to Charles, but in any case I did so. Charles looked alarmed and said, "I was afraid of something like this." I assured him that he needn't fear, that Martin had said that he would not ask such a thing of me, but I think Charles' fear for me lingered.

When it was revealed to me that Martin was not God's strongest angel, but indeed God himself, come to earth as Martin Phee, Charles had a

harder time accepting this truth. I believe that now finally he accepts completely Martin's divinity. Charles has read much of the story of the life of Christ as written by Martin and by me with Martin's help, and I think that he was almost immediately persuaded of the truth of Martin's identity as Christ and mine as Mary. He appreciates the profoundness of Martin's first writings. He sees me staring off into space, and he knows that I am hearing Wanda or Martin. He sees me writing, and he knows that Martin is in my pen. He refers to all I do with Martin as "God's work." Often when he sees me writing words of love to Martin just before I sleep he asks me to tell Martin of his love for him. I could not ask for more.

In the very beginning, it was a struggle for me as well to reconcile my growing love for Martin with my love for Charles. I knew that the two loves were of very different types, but it still bothered me at first to think that my loyalties were divided. For a time, and I am quite sure that this was before I knew that he was God, Martin would tease me about whom I loved most — Charles or Martin, my earthly husband

or my soul mate of all eternity. I remember saying to Martin once that there was no question of comparison, that it was like apples and oranges “Well, then,” said Martin, “am I an apple or an orange?” It is still apples and oranges, human love and celestial love, but as time passed it became increasingly clear to me that my love for Martin took precedence over all else in my life. Martin assured me that I need not feel guilty in any way about my great love for him. He wrote: “Do not at any time, my dearest, feel the slightest twinge of uncertainty about the rightness of your great love for me. As I have told you, it in no way indicates any lessening of your love for Charles, but, my darling, you know and need to remember the strength of celestial love. You have written my words of this. You know it to be a fact. Do not deny its greatness in your experience. Each day of your life you grow in your capacity for celestial love. This is cause for rejoicing, not for doubt or hesitation or comparisons. Your love for Charles is full and intact and right, and he is aware of this at all times. His love for you is much the same, and you have lived in the blessedness of this love for many

years. Your great love for me in no way impinges upon this relationship. You are open and honest in your declaration of love for me. At no time has Charles been in any way deceived or misled by you. You have been honest and forthright in this matter. And never forget for a moment, my love, that we have shared a love for all eternity.

This is no new relationship, my dearest Marie. This is a love of the ages, always there, newly re-discovered by you. As Martin Phee I knew not of this love. As Marie O'Brien you have not known until now. But as eternal soul mates, as God and His spouse, we have known this sublime love forever, and all of heaven has rejoiced in it at all times. You are rarely privileged, as you know well, to know of this love before your mortal death. It is a necessary part of this holy work we do, and it has brought both joy and faith into your mortal life. Never doubt the rightness, the eternal verity, of this love, my wife, my Queen of Heaven. It is a love born in the creation. It is a love which has endured and grown through the centuries. It is a love of all eternity and it is ours. It gives me great joy to hear you speak of this love. It gives you great joy

to express it. It is a gift we have always shared, my Marie. It is a gift we will share for eternity. There is no error, no trace of selfishness in this love. Know this always in your heart. It is a perfect love, shedding light on all, blessing the world with its holiness and totality. It reaches out to embrace all souls. It is the love of God.”

Martin’s words have given me such a full understanding of the capacity to know love in its myriad forms and to feel an enormous gratitude for the love that Charles and I share. From the start of this holy work, my life has been enriched by Charles’ love and understanding and acceptance. At all times Charles has been infinitely patient with my writing. While we were in eastern Europe for almost a month in the fall of 1991, Martin would awaken me each morning, almost always before dawn, and bid me write. After one very uncomfortable morning of trying to write in the hotel bathroom, I asked Charles if he would mind if I turned on the lights in the room to be able to write in some comfort. Totally uncomplaining, Charles for the rest of our trip would wake up when I first stirred, put on a sleep mask to keep out the light, and go back to

sleep while I wrote. He has grown accustomed since then to my awakening early in the morning and leaving our bed to write Martin's words.

Charles does not dismiss any of what has happened to me as nonsense. He has always had the feeling that he has been on this earth before, never more so than when we were in Prague. He is absolutely certain that he lived in that city in another life. He knew when we were there in the fall of 1991 that he had walked those streets before. The extent of Charles' faith in Martin's writings was brought home to me sharply in Barcelona in April of 1992. Much of what Martin and I have written in the story of the Holy Family is not in accord with the commonly held beliefs based on the Bible. This is true of both the Nativity and the Crucifixion. As Charles and I stood looking at the sculptures on the facade of Gaudi's glorious cathedral Sagrada Familia, Charles joined me with perfect faith in Martin's words in pointing out the discrepancies in the depictions of the Passion and Death — Judas' kiss of betrayal, for example — and in the Nativity — the Magi, for example. It pleased me to be sharing this knowledge, not yet revealed to

the rest of the world, with my husband and to know that his faith was as strong as mine.

Charles speaks openly and often to others of this total faith in what Martin and I do together. To friends and colleagues he says when asked that there is no element of skepticism in his belief in Martin and his writings or in the wonderful presence and words of Wanda. He assures his children, when the occasion arises, that there is indeed something miraculous in all that has happened in our lives these past few years. He tries to persuade them to accept the truth of all I have been told and the reality of all I have experienced.

Altogether, I am amazed and gratified at the total acceptance Charles has come to have of this holy work that Martin and I do, at his total acceptance of my love for Martin, of the reality of the spirit world, of communication with the spirits and of the existence of eternal life in heaven. I have always had only one wish about the end of my earthly life with Charles, and that is that he die before me, and that I die an hour later. I wanted this long before I believed in an afterlife simply because I could not imagine

Charles managing the details of life without me and I could not imagine life without his presence. Martin has said that I will get my wish, and that although I will not die as soon after Charles as I wished, I will follow him not long afterwards. Death has come to mean to me a glorious transition, and I cannot think of a more fitting end to Charles' life than that he enjoy this experience first and be at heaven's gate to greet me when I get there.

I don't know how I could have managed the changes in my life had it not been for what Martin referred to as Charles' "patience and forbearance." As soon as I say that, I know that Martin would not have asked me to do this without providing me with this patience and forbearance, without Charles' love and understanding and acceptance. There are two love stories in all of this, two love stories that will never end. I cherish Martin's words always, never more than those he wrote of Charles and me in May, 1992:

"You please me, my Marie, with your words. You always please me in every way. Today is a day of rare beauty for you, a day spent in loving companionship with your Charles, away from the dis-

tractions of others. I love to see you with Charles, to know the tender love that you share at all times — almost all times — and to know that in eternity we will all share a love sublime, that we will be bound soul to soul with celestial love, and that we will know at all times the peace and perfection of heavenly love. It is hard now for you to comprehend at all the nature of heaven, even with all you have been told, but be patient, my dearest. Its perfection awaits you, and your joy in your life in eternity will know no bounds.”

Chapter Twelve - Connie's Doubts - Others

Closest to me through all of this, besides Charles, has been my sister Connie. She was God's catalyst. It was she who was moved to arrange the week in Aptos in May, 1991 with Louise. It was she who felt moved to bring the ouija board with her. It was she who came again to Aptos in August of that year by herself.

Connie is my surviving sister closest in age. I was just enough older, five years plus a few months, so that growing up Connie and I had little in common. When I left home to begin college, Connie was twelve, and although I spent summers at home, I was working and did not spend much time with her. It was not until after our father died in 1951 that we really grew to know each other well. It was she who joined me without question in my desire to move our younger brothers and sisters and our mother to California, a state which offered more educational opportunity for the younger children, and we drove across the country together in 1953 to a bright new land, far removed in all ways from Lawrence, Massachusetts. The next year she was

married to Owen Deane Silke, whom she had known and loved since high school days. Connie and Owen lived for a few years in San Luis Obispo while Owen attended Cal Poly before settling in the Los Angeles area. Charles and I, married a few months before Connie and Owen, were living in San Francisco. We saw each other occasionally during this time. Over the years, as our families grew, we shared two Christmas holidays, a few other visits back and forth, and as our children reached adulthood, a few weddings. There was always pleasure in the company of my sister Connie and her family. We were not in close or constant contact all those years as we are now, but there was a sense of sisterhood between us, I think, even in the times when we were leading very separate lives with little communication. We liked each other basically, in addition to loving each other. Our husbands liked each other. Our children liked one another, and indeed it was our children's fondness for one another that led to our first family reunion in Aptos.

As I said earlier, our children had seen one another at family weddings over the years and

hardly ever else, and they decided when we were almost out of weddings that we should arrange a family get together just for the sake of seeing one another. Connie's daughter in law, Diane Silke, was the instigator in this, but there was enthusiastic agreement from everyone, and so the first Fox family reunion convened at Christmas time in 1990. Connie and her family and Louise and hers came to Aptos to spend the glorious Christmas week when I was first made aware of the wonders of the ouija board. As I have said, the board and its communication with the spirit world led directly to the wonderful week the next May that changed my life.

When Connie called in August, 1991 to say that she was coming up for a week, it was just about the time that it was revealed to me that I had lived as Mary, mother of Christ. When Connie arrived that week I was still having trouble with the almost incredible nature of what had been revealed to me. I believed, but I could not believe that any else would. I certainly did not look forward to telling anyone about it. Wanda was insistent from the beginning that I tell Connie what had been revealed to me. I hesitated and

delayed. It was hard for me to imagine Connie or anyone else accepting what I knew to be the truth. “She will believe instantly,” Wanda said, and she continued to insist that I share my knowledge with my sister.

Connie arrived for her visit at the San Jose Airport on Friday, and I met her plane. I could not bring myself to tell Connie what I needed to tell her in the car on the way to the beach house, and in a somewhat cowardly fashion decided that the easiest way to tell her was by having her read of the revelation as I had described it in my journal. After we got to the house I handed my notebook to Connie, and I watched her face nervously as she read. Wanda was, of course, absolutely right. Connie believed instantly and absolutely. One of my sister’s favorite expressions is “Wow!” and there were several “Wows!” as Connie read my journal and later as we spoke of the significance of this in both our lives, for Connie has shared all of my experiences from the very beginning. She has been a significant instrument in all that has happened since May of 1991. It is noteworthy that these three visits she made to me that year, with Louise in May, by

herself in August, and again with Louise in September were the only ones she has made without the rest of her family in almost forty years.

I have shared all of Martin's writings with Connie first of all others. In the beginning, I often read to her on the phone what Martin had written that day. Later after I put all of Martin's words on the computer I began to send her copies of all that came through my pen. She was the first one with whom I totally shared what I call Martin's personal writings — words to me of love, of wisdom, of advice, of guidance, of encouragement, words which Martin writes at least once a day.

Connie did not come to the complete faith she now enjoys in Martin as God without some agonizing and soul searching. As I have said, for many years she and Louise were involved, both individually and together, in searching for spiritual truths, and they had arrived at a belief system in which both were comfortable. They believed in reincarnation, in communication with the spirit world, both through the board and directly. They believed in eventual oneness with a Higher Power of which they believed themselves

a part. The word “God” was not often used, although I learned later that Louise used it in her writing when she was channeling the words of Shoushani, her angel teacher. Connie spent a lot of time meditating, sometimes as much as five or six hours a day, and both she and Louise believed in the possibility of their having, perhaps even sharing, out of body experiences.

On July 30,1991 I wrote in my journal:

“Martin told me that he needed to talk with me, and when he signaled me and told me to go downstairs he spoke of Connie. He said that she was too intense about her meditation and that she was blocking herself. He said that she should limit her meditation to an hour a day at most, spend more time with Owen, spend more time with friends in every day pursuits, continue to talk with her spirits but cut back on the length of time. Martin said that Connie needed to pray to God directly but not worry about form, just talk. This is the hardest thing for Connie since it represents a shift in her concept of God...He also said that she should relax about her out of body experience.....”

When I called Connie and told her what Martin

had said she should do, she was very accepting of his words. I was surprised, because Martin had also said that Connie would not like his message, that she would miss her meditation hours. I should have known that Martin was of course right. The very next day a troubled Connie called me. I recorded this in my journal:

“After Liz left I was just starting to talk to Wanda on the board when the phone rang. It was Connie. First she told me about the letter from Barbara she had just received.....Then Connie began to express her doubts about the things Martin had, through me, told her to do. I thought perhaps Martin might still be available on the board — how could I have doubted that he was waiting for Connie’s call? — and for over an hour and a half Martin counseled Connie and answered her questions. He told Connie that she could stay comfortable in her present beliefs if she insisted or needed to, but that she had reached the point where she was stagnating, and that central — or essential — to her progress was her need to recognize and believe in God as an entity, not an amorphous mass of energy constantly changing.

Martin said that Connie had to pray to God directly, that God is very tolerant of a multitude of beliefs and approaches to Him, but the one thing he demands absolutely is a declaration of love for Him. Connie asked Martin if her childhood Catholic education was making it difficult for her to believe in God as an entity, and Martin said absolutely, that she had to throw out everything she was taught in Catholic school and start all over again to formulate her concept of God. Connie asked about her desire for an out of body experience, and Martin said that her desire is basically egotistical, that she is looking for affirmation of her holiness. Connie asked Martin if it wasn't important for her to have the experience to learn, and Martin said that she didn't need that to learn, that learning was not the real motivation..... Martin went on to say that except for a few people most humans experience out of body only at the moment of death.

There seems to be no limit to Martin's patience and wisdom and love. And no limit to his generosity. I felt Martin's presence strongly through most of the night and do right now. How blessed I am in this and in so many ways."

At the end of this long conversation Connie seemed to be comforted and convinced, but again the next day after lunch Martin told me that he wanted to speak to me. He told me that I should call Connie, that she was not doing well, and that I should give her the prayers she didn't yet have to help her get started praying directly to God as they had helped me. When Connie answered the phone it was clear that she was very upset. She said that she was in total doubt — that if she had been wrong in her conception of God, what else in her belief system could hold up? She hated the idea that she had told so many people of her complete faith in her belief system, of what the board had said, of her teachers. She was terribly afraid that she might have misled people. She said that everything was a shambles in her mind. I reminded her that Martin had emphasized that there was nothing wrong in her belief system except her conception of God as an amorphous mass of ever changing energy, and that if she felt uncomfortable with a concept of God new to her she didn't have to change, that there were hundreds of approaches acceptable to God, but that if Connie wanted to progress in her spiritual development, she

needed to take the single step of recognizing God as an entity and learning to communicate with Him through prayer.

I wrote of this conversation in my journal:

“I tried to convince Connie that Martin had said that this was the only thing that needed changing, but Connie was unconvinced. It occurred to me that perhaps Martin could speak to Connie through the board and I tried, but no Martin. Then, miracle of miracles, Wanda said that she was there, and for a long time she spoke to and with Connie and told her what was going on. Wanda assured Connie that her beliefs were indeed sound and that her doubts were the work of the Others, up in arms at the prospect of Connie’s making a major spiritual advance.

Wanda assured Connie that she was and had been doing the right thing in talking to as many people as she had been about her beliefs and that she was helping many people and should never doubt that. She told her that all the things about Leucadia [The board had said earlier that Connie and Owen would one day live in Leucadia, a seaside town in southern California in a house they had once seen and instantly wanted.]

that the board said would be true in time and that her teachers tried to communicate with her — Aza with noises, as Connie knew, and the others by speaking to her. Throughout Wanda emphasized that the doubts that assailed Connie were the workings of the Others, that they were persistent in their efforts to delay, obstruct, confuse and otherwise destroy spiritual progress. Connie was amazed to hear Wanda say that these doubts were not coming from inside Connie but from the outside influence of the Others, and as Wanda spoke, one of the Others slipped in suggesting that Wanda was not what she pretended to be, that she was no angel, and so forth, and Wanda pointed out this intrusion to Connie. I, of course, heard it in my mind as Wanda did, and in an aside I described it as fleeting and insidious, but clearly designed to create doubt.

Wanda went on to tell Connie who was both amazed and relieved, that everyone had experiences with the Others, that there was no human who had not had thoughts of a shameful nature, that these thoughts were the work of the Others, but that people, being unaware of the Others, ascribed these thoughts to their own minds and

felt a responsibility for them that was not warranted. I don't think that Wanda said it in so many words, but the implication is that the resulting self doubt leads to an erosion of self esteem, of self love. Wanda told Connie what she had told me earlier, that if a thought is negative, destructive, shameful, depressing, it is the work of the Others, that God's way is joyous, and that when such doubts and thoughts occur, the thing to do is tell the Others to go, get out, and to dismiss both them and their thoughts and suggestions.

I asked Connie why she hadn't picked up the notion that this [her self doubt] could be [work of] the Others from having read about my experiences with them, and she said that it hadn't occurred to her, that she thought that the Others were my problem, not a universal one. I think I asked if the assault on Connie was connected to Martin's advice to Connie and her concern for her spiritual progress, and Wanda said that the Others hated Martin's holiness and power. In the end, Connie felt infinitely relieved.

How do I say for the hundredth time or more that Wanda is wonderful. Her reassurances to

Connie were loving and perfect. She told Connie that she should never doubt herself again, that she was a saint, and that she was greatly loved by God who knew her and of her search for truth and God.

I gave Connie the rest of Martin's prayers and said goodbye."

Later in the day after I returned from a trip to the store I heard Martin say he wanted to talk with me. He said that I would want to know that my sister was much better, that he knew I was thinking of calling her and that he knew Connie would be glad of the thought. When I called, Connie affirmed that all was well, that she was put together again, and that doubts were gone. We chatted a bit about Deane [her youngest son] and then said goodbye."

About a week later Connie called and said she had been praying, but she still did not sound convinced of the rightness of the change in her beliefs.. She said that she was concerned about Louise's accepting this new — to them — concept of God. Connie said that she had an appointment with a woman named Susan, who could perhaps best be described as a spiritual

consultant, for a reading, and asked if I thought she should ask Susan about God. I asked why she was wondering and she said that Louise had such a high regard for Susan that she was more likely to be persuaded that God is an entity if Susan said so than any other. I said that I could not answer her question, and without really thinking that it would work since the board had been blocked earlier, I put my fingers on the board pointer and immediately Martin came to speak to Connie....Connie expressed fears that a shift in her belief system from God as a mass of energy to God as an entity would disturb the relationship between her and Louise and added that it would bother Lori [Louise's eldest daughter] also. Martin asked why this should be. Would the relationship among the three of us be disturbed because Marie had embraced the idea of God as an entity to whom she prayed? Connie did not answer directly, but referred to the fact that she and Louise had spent so very many years searching and formulating their concepts and that she and Louise talked frequently about their spiritual beliefs, and although Connie did not use the word "betrayed," I had the feeling that this was what she was suggesting — that a

switch in her conception of God would seem like a betrayal to Louise of all their years of searching and striving for a belief system in which they both found comfort and satisfaction. Martin pointed out that having held a belief for a long time did not make that belief a truth, that Connie had a harder job than I, Marie, had because she had to peel off layers of comfortably held ideas in order to embrace truth whereas I had been essentially a blank slate, and that when I started to learn to pray and to love God with Martin's help I had slipped from not being able to pray at all by myself into ease of prayer almost without noticing it. Martin told Connie I was smiling because up to that point I had not realized that that was exactly what had happened. He told Connie that she could expect the same experience if she persevered in her efforts and he told me to tell Connie later of my praying.

Martin told Connie that she should ask me about the happiness I had found and said that I existed most of the time in a state that could be described as ecstatic — and indeed this is true. Martin told Connie about our love for each

other and said that he loved me entirely and would do anything for anyone in the family because of his love for me. When the subject of Susan came up again, Martin told Connie to speak to Susan of her own concerns and not get involved in Louise's. He said that he had urged Connie to recognize God as an entity to be loved and prayed to because she was ready for that step in her spiritual progress. Louise, he said, was not yet ready for that step and that under no circumstances should she be urged to take it, that eventually she would, but that this was not the time for Louise.

Towards the end of a half hour or so, I had a fleeting thought about my phone bill, having spend over two hours on the phone with Connie the night before. It truly was fleeting, but of course Martin picked it up and said "Marie is thinking about her phone bill now." I protested that it was just a thought that passed through my mind and not reason to stop talking, laughing at having been caught thinking even for an instant of such a thing, but Martin said that it was time to stop, that I had things to do and so did he and we ended the conversation with love. It was not

long after that Connie's doubts were dispelled in perfect faith, a faith which she regards as a pure gift from God. This perfect faith marks all she does, and Martin has said over and over again that she is doing exactly as she should and is totally pleasing to him.

Connie for a long time said that she did not "hear" what she was meant to do, but she felt strongly a sense of direction and creativity in many ways and concerning many things. She has labored long and chanced much in establishing New Light Publishing, meeting reversals and difficulties with steadfast faith and trust in her belief that she is doing what God wishes her to do and that therefore she can not fail.

The original inspiration for New Light Publishing came through the board, and Connie has implemented this inspiration by following what might be called her instinct, but which both of us know comes from divine guidance. Louise was briefly involved in the company and for reasons of her own withdrew. Hopefully she will at a later time rejoin the enterprise, and in the meantime Connie is using some of Louise's inspirational writings as well as her own in the

publications of New Light Publishing. Martin and Wanda said from the very beginning that this fledgling company would publish Martin's writings, that this would establish New Light Publishing as a force in the business, and that many other books would follow. Neither Connie nor I have wavered in our certainty that this is what God intends.

At one point Connie's faith in the establishment of New Light Publishing was sorely tried. Money was in short supply. Louise had separated herself from the enterprise. Connie turned to Martin for answers and he wrote:

"There is nothing specific I can say to comfort your sister. Her faith is being tried. She has been told that the money will be there when it is needed and this is indeed the case, but not all of what she has been told is in accordance with necessity. There will in time be enlightenment for Connie. For now the Others make contact with her very difficult and she must constantly strive to dispel them and be rid of their influence. It is difficult for her, I know, now, and she will in time be free of the anxieties that beset her path now. It is important that she hold fast to the vi-

sion she has been given of her part in the Age of Love and Peace, and for now do what she can to progress toward that vision. It is not easy for her as things are now, but she must make the hard decisions that are necessary to buy time.

It is always difficult to know the exact nature of the future. It is revealed in broad outlines if at all, and your sister has been given the broad outlines. She is aware that the Others are constantly trying to disrupt this holy work at all times and that they have in some respects succeeded. It is up to Connie to hold fast to the dream within the limits that have been imposed upon her. It is not possible to say more now, but she should know that she is beloved of God, that her faith is at all times pleasing, and that these difficulties and set backs are temporary in nature. There is no immediate easy solution, but the answers will come in time and it is important for her to believe this and to do whatever she can in the meantime to continue this work within the capabilities she has.

This is perhaps little comfort, but it is in the nature of existence that change is not always predictable, subject as all of existence is to the

workings of free will, and the nature of the challenges that life offers often changes radically at times, but the end result is still attainable with faith and trust and a willingness to deal with delay and difficulty. Tell your sister Connie of this and affirm my love for her. Aza has served her well and will continue to serve her well. This is not to say that at all times she understands Aza's communications perfectly, but the love is there and the truth is there in broad outlines if not in every detail."

Later he wrote further:

"Connie has shown rare strength and courage in the face of this unexpected adversity, and she will see her way clear to persist in the face of all other adversity and in the end know the joy of success. Much of what she had been told on the board was true at the time, but as all of you know, things can change with the exercise of free will. The end of the road remains the same, but the paths to it can change radically. Connie will find the means to the end of the road and it will be an ending of great satisfaction to her and profit as well.

Soon there will be new opportunities presented

to her that she will recognize as the answer to her prayers. There will be a man instrumental in making the dream of New Light come true, and Connie will encounter him in the course of her daily life without conscious striving. There will be pleasure for Connie in this relationship and she will learn much from this man.....”

It was not long after this that Connie was playing in a bridge tournament at the country club she belongs to and talked with a woman she had met months earlier at the Los Angeles Merchandise Mart and had not seen since. Connie had learned upon first meeting this woman that she lived in the same community as Connie and that she and her husband were in the business of distributing goods to gift shops nationwide. This woman remembered her conversation with Connie months earlier about starting New Light Publishing and establishing a line of inspirational greeting cards and gifts and asked what progress Connie had made. When Connie described to her what she had accomplished in the meantime, the woman took out a business card and handed it to Connie, saying, ”Call my son. He can be helpful to you.” Connie did so and talked with

Mark. He expressed some interest in Connie's products, but did not immediately offer to take on her line for distribution. In July, 1992 Martin wrote:

".....There will be some trying times for Connie before she fully succeeds, but assure her, my love, that she should in no way doubt the eventual and complete success of her venture or the preeminence in the field of New Light Publishing Company. Tell her to trust her heart and not to be concerned with details that she may find herself in conflict about with Mark. Tell her to take his advice in good spirit and to realize her immediate need for his expertise and assistance. All that Connie finds unsatisfactory can be altered when he becomes aware of the serious success that New Light represents. Do not be discouraged, tell her, by the enterprises of others. Her materials are blessed in their beauty and uniqueness and the world will recognize their worth. She should be prepared right now to accept limitations on what she hopes to achieve in the long run and concentrate on getting her materials into the marketplace.

Aza still speaks to her of what she must do and

she hears well, but she tends to let herself get over involved in trivial details which will correct themselves without her doing anything right now about them. At all times Connie needs to be sure of faith in her own instincts and know that she pleases me in all she does.”

Indeed, somewhat later Mark’s company agreed to be agent for Connie’s products, the answer to her prayers.

In all of her efforts, Connie had the absolute joy of her husband’s support and faith, of his generous financial assistance and his understanding and acceptance of all her efforts. Martin wrote of this:

“You are pleased, my beloved, with this day. You smile and I rejoice. I seek your pleasure always, my Marie, and I seek to see to the needs of your sister in this holy work. She is a soul rarely blessed with virtue and love and always she will know joy in her achievements. She will share generously as is her nature, and the faith of her earthly husband will be richly rewarded. He too has shown love in all he has done in this holy work, and he knows in his soul the joy of giving and trust and the greatness of the love he feels

for his beloved wife and the children who so love both of them. Tell me now, my love, of your pleasure. I know of this pleasure. I long to hear your expression of it.”

So from the very beginning of my story of Martin and miracles, Connie was a principal participant, and she has continued to be at all times. My sister has always been much more open than I in speaking of Martin and me and our holy work and of Wanda, my angel teacher, and I wonder how many people there are around southern California who one day will say to themselves, ”You know, Connie Silke told me about that a long time ago. I didn’t really take her seriously.”

No one could ask for a closer, more loving, more supportive, more faithful sister than Connie. In all that she has been asked to do, to accept, to believe she has had a steadfast faith. Her work reflects her talent and commitment. Her written words, sometimes composed when she awakens or is awakened suddenly in the middle of the night are filled with insight and spiritual beauty. Perhaps loving spirits inspire her words — of this Connie is not sure — but certainly

they reflect a divine gift.

At all times Martin has expressed his love for my sister. He wrote of Connie:

“Tell your sister that my love is always with her and that each step she takes takes her closer to the ultimate goal of her life, that she will be pleased with all of the success she achieves in this venture, and that her success will fully justify the faith that her family has in her. She will be aided at each step of the way by this loving family, and she will find her life enriched by the increased intimacy that this venture creates in those she loves. She should not be concerned in any way with not succeeding in all ways. Her diligence is commendable. Her manner of dealing with people is pleasing to all she encounters. She inspires great faith, and those she speaks to are anxious to enlist in her cause and to do all within their power to make smooth her way. She is beloved of many, and her soul has a purity and a generosity that is pleasing beyond measure. Tell her all this, my love, and let her be gratified by the love of her God.”

Wanda too has been at every moment at all times an important part of Connie's and my relation-

ship, an unending source of humor and joy, and, when we need it, guidance and wisdom. When Connie and I talk on the telephone Wanda is always a party to our conversations. Wanda loves the sound of Connie's laughter and delights in inspiring it, and at the end of each conversation Connie and Wanda exchange words of love. We are bound in love, all of us, in a love that knows no ending.

Chapter Thirteen - Darkest Hour -

Brilliant Achievement

The beauty of Connie's faith in God was never more evident than on February 9, 1993, the day her beloved Owen took his own life. His death came at a time when he was beset by problems he thought he could not solve and which he felt threatened their economic security as well as other aspects of their life. He spent the last few days of his life putting his affairs in order to ease the problems he left behind. He left loving notes to his wife, to each of his sons, and to his granddaughter. In one of these he said, "I seem to have lost the ability to put things right and whole again." His boyhood prayer book was left open to the Act of Contrition by his farewell letters.

Connie's grief and shock were overwhelming. We were awakened by her phone call a little after five-thirty in the morning. She said that Owen had shot himself in the head, and she was frantic because the emergency attendants who had answered the 911 call were refusing to take Owen to the hospital. Connie thought would offer the best treatment. She asked Charles to persuade them to do as she wished. Charles spoke to one

of the paramedics involved, but he did not persuade him to do as Connie wished. Later Charles said that the paramedic clearly implied that it would make no difference where they took Owen.

Charles and I caught the first flight to Los Angeles we could get out of Oakland, and all the way down I refused to consider the possibility of Owen's not surviving. When we arrived at Los Angeles airport, we called Connie's house and learned that Owen had died. When we got to my sister's house a few hours after Owen's death, there were not enough words between us to express the depth of sorrow we felt as I held my sister in my arms. Then, with incredible strength, she took me outside and described to me being awakened by a noise at about five-thirty that morning. Thinking that Owen, a restless sleeper at best, had awakened early, she got up intending to sit and talk with him. She knew he was troubled. She could not find him in the house, nor at first in the back yard. As she was leaving the back yard to look in the front of the house where he often sat on the wall fronting the sidewalk to sit and think, she saw him seated in a garden chair

behind the barbecue. It was not yet light, and nothing was clear in detail. Thinking that Owen was simply sitting having a quiet cigarette, she went up to him. Then she saw the blood. Connie described what followed — the police, the ambulance, the trip to the hospital. During all of this time, she told me, it never occurred to her that Owen would die. He was still breathing when they put him into the ambulance. It was not until the doctor came out to her in the hospital waiting room and she heard him say that Owen would not live that the full horror shook her. A neighbor who had followed her to the hospital to be of help was with her at the time. Her children arrived sometime later, and they saw their father for the last time.

Connie said to me that morning, “If this had happened to me two years ago, it would have destroyed me.” Far from being destroyed, my sister was miraculously strong. Almost immediately she drew on the vast reservoir of her faith in God and His goodness, and she knew without a single doubt that Owen had found what he sought and what had eluded him in life — perfect peace and unblemished joy. She recognized

his suicide as an act of love, Owen's last effort to protect those he loved from unpleasantness. Her concern was to ease the grief of others, particularly her sons, and to persuade them of the unselfishness of their father's death.

Martin has expressed his love for Connie since the very beginning, never more perfectly than in the words he wrote to her through my pen after Owen's death. The day of Owen's death we stayed up late and when I went to bed a little after one, Martin wrote:

"Your beloved Owen is in our care, our total love, our total caring, and already he reaches out to those he loved best in life. Speak to him. Listen to him. Heed his words of love. He awaits you always. He did not dream of this much glory, but it is his, now and forever. Eventually he will speak to each of you individually, but for now his thoughts and desires are for his beautiful wife, his darling Cornelia, love of life and death, and he speaks to her solely. He is rarely gifted in this, is our beloved Owen, and Connie will hear him well. Sleep now, my love, in blessed sleep, and we will speak on the morrow."

Two days later Martin awakened me early in the

morning before five and told me to take my pen in hand. He wrote:

“Take your sister into your arms and let her feel your love at all times. Tell her she is in God’s care and as safe and secure as Owen would have her. She is blessed with children who are caring and considerate as she is, and she will cope well with her loneliness because she will never be alone. Her love and her faith will sustain her always. She knows that now as surely as she did in her moment of greatest anguish. Many will learn from your sister’s grief. They will see her strength and marvel. They will hear her words and know the beauty of the soul that trusts in God, however trying the experience.”

Later that day I asked Martin to write further of all that had happened. The night before Connie and I had talked at length and she had spoken of the “What if’s” that had been flooding her mind. “What if she had awakened earlier?” “What if she had been sleeping on the same floor and had heard Owen when he first arose?” “What if she had hidden the gun?” “What if....? What if...? What if...?” In response to my request, Martin wrote:

“Speak to your sister lovingly and tell her that there is no room for regrets in all that has happened to her. Tell her that she is blessed above all others with grace and love, and that her needs are being met at all times, although in her grief she may find this hard to believe. All of her life has led to this moment of tribulation, and at each step of the way she has sought to do all that she promised to do before she entered this world. Tell her that her grief is natural and fitting, but that she should temper her grief with the realization that her beloved is now in a state of grace beyond all human understanding, that he has found the peace he so desperately needed, and that at no point in time did the love he felt for her waver, that all he did he did in love, and that he had no concept of the degree to which he was loved — not liked, but loved — by all who knew him well. His life was marred by a tribulation that pursued him for most of his life, and one which finally led him to the threshold of death, but Connie must hold firm to her faith that all of life has meaning, not always totally understandable, and that at each moment of the rest of her life she will be fulfilling her destiny in exactly the same way Owen did, by doing

all she has promised to do in a spirit of loving compliance.

Believe me, my Cornelia, when I tell you that your Owen knows joy beyond compare, and that he longs to ease your anguish. His love envelops you. Feel this love now as you have for so many years and know its gentle insistence. Feel the joy of this love when you are most desolate and you will know joy shared. It will not all be easy, my Cornelia, but you know you have the strength and faith to do all that is required of you in this holy work, a work that is of such significance that you can only grasp the smallest part of its vital nature.

Be comforted, my dearest child, in the absolute assurance of your worth in all ways and know the intensity of the love that is part of your being. Never doubt your worth, my Cornelia. Never doubt that your every act of love has repercussions far beyond your imagining. Listen always to your Aza and to all the loving spirits who seek to communicate with you. This is the darkest hour. This is the hour of brilliant achievement. Feel our love.”

Connie distributed these three messages from

God in a letter to all who were affected by Owen's death and who marveled at her strength and faith. Her letter reached all those who came to the party she gave to celebrate Owen's life as she felt he would have wanted her to. There were hundreds who came to comfort and ended up being comforted. The music played and sung was music Owen loved.

At the Catholic memorial services Connie felt Owen would have wanted, attended only by family and very close friends, each of Owen's sons expressed his love for his father in his own way, and Connie read one of Martin's prayers. Nothing expresses the beauty of Connie's love and faith and the beauty of Owen's death and transition better than the rest of Martin's words to me:

"Think, my darling, of the beauty of the faith and love and caring you have seen this week, and realize the extent to which Connie's faith and love have altered her world. She will continue to be a source of inspiration to all whose lives she touches, and she will be regarded as a supreme example of God's love come to earth in comfort and sustenance, and she will continue to feel the

inner peace which she has found as she progresses in her work. She will never for a day forget her beloved Owen, nor will she fail to speak to him of her undying love and know that he speaks to her constantly of his peace and joy and his love for her.

This was a holy union at all times, and both of the partners to this holy union persevered in their love each for the other despite obstacles and difficulties uncounted. At the end lay peace, and Owen chose peace above all other alternatives. He had done all he promised, and he was welcomed by his God. It will be difficult for some to understand the complexities of human existence when outward appearances do not always mirror spiritual reality, but rest assured, my darling, that this death was a holy death, and that your sister will dwell in holiness all the days of her life, that she will know great joy and satisfaction, that she will be always to her children a miracle of grace and virtue and loving caring, and that when that blessed day comes, she will go willingly and joyfully into the spirit world and join those she has loved in life and those she has loved in other lives and those who have watched

her lovingly for all of creation. She will know joy unbounded and look with fond approval on those she has left behind whose lives and souls she has molded so well. Joy awaits our child, our sister, our Cornelia, beloved of Owen and of her God, and whatever challenges remain in this life, she will know at each step the loving care of the God she so loves. So be it.”

Then, early in the morning long before dawn on the day I was to leave my sister and return home, Martin awakened me and told me to take my pen in hand. These are the words of God that day:

“All about you, my darling, you see signs of the love that will bring the world into a state of grace, and you are overwhelmed by the nature of the suffering and privations that you learn of in the lives of so many people. You have been told so many times, my dearest love, that this life is ephemeral, the world a mere testing place, but still you feel the mystery too hard to comprehend. There is no problem, my darling, in your wondering, in your feeling that you and those closest to you have been rarely privileged in this life, and that this very privilege sets you apart from so many. Well, my love, you are indeed

privileged, though your life has not been without its challenges, and you have experienced this week a supreme example of the tragic frailty of those to whom much has been given and much expected, and at the same time you have seen the extraordinary way in which tragedy breeds strength and love and purpose.

It is a confusing place, this planet, my love, and it is as I have said, difficult at all times to discern absolutely the divine plan, the meting out of trials and tribulations which test man's soul, a meting out fully acceptable to the soul being tried, and fully within the capability of that soul's strength and capacity. It is difficult for the world to look upon this death and see it as an act of love. It is easier to regard it as an act of cowardice, of escape, of selfishness. So be it. It is Connie's role in all of this unfolding drama to bring to the world a new awareness of the many-faceted nature of love. She has already begun, and much will come of her actions this week to further the understanding and acceptance of Owen's death in its true context and in its true nature.

Now, my beloved, you serve me well with your

pen and with your love. Tomorrow you leave your sister on the first day of her new life, a new life that will bring to her a measure of loneliness but this loneliness will be tempered always with awareness of the joyous nature of the communication between the world she still inhabits and the world her beloved Owen inhabits, along with so many others she holds dear. Her days will be filled with the pleasure of companionship and love of those who look to her for love and guidance and inspiration. She will not at any point waver in purpose or dedication to this holy work, and at each step of the way she will know willing hands and hearts, and she will have the love and guidance of her God and His angels. She knows this fully, and she pleases me, my Marie, in every way.”

Martin’s words leave nothing to be added. Each day that went by in the weeks following Owen’s death confounded those who were sure that Connie would collapse once the shock wore off, that no faith could be so strong. They proved wrong, and Connie continues to live her life in love, and she knows that when she speaks to her Owen he hears. Frequently Connie cannot get

out of her head songs which had special significance in her life with Owen.

Once when Connie was visiting in Aptos I was the instrument of a rather light hearted communication from Owen. I recorded the incident in my journal:

“Sunday, 6/19/94

Today as I was working in the kitchen I heard Connie speaking to Charles on the deck and I heard the word ‘Leucadia.’ I surmised that Connie was regretting that she and Owen had not achieved their dream of Leucadia. Immediately I heard the words, ‘I like it where I am, but Leucadia is not too shabby.’ I may be a little incorrect in the phrasing. It might have been ‘not shabby at all’ or ‘not exactly shabby.’ At almost the instant the words stopped, Connie came in to the kitchen and I asked her if Owen used the phrase ‘Not at all shabby’ or words to that effect. I did not associate this phrase with Owen, but Connie did and instantly recalled an occasion when she and Owen and Glenda and Bill had been together and the men’s attention had been drawn to a woman whose dress generously displayed her physical endowments. Connie remembered

Owen's using the phrase 'not too shabby' and said that she had since then not liked the phrase. Then I heard, 'I remember her well.'

Connie felt instantly that this was indeed Owen being granted communication and asked Owen if he was proud of Deane. The answer was 'Have patience,' or 'Be patient.' I am not sure which. At one point I heard the words, 'Trust me,' but I do not remember what Connie's question was. Then when I thought it was over, I heard the words, 'Not bad about Mark.' Now I had in my mind just then what Connie had told me about Mark's participation in a golf tournament, but on hearing the words I wondered immediately if the words referred to Mark's current romantic interest. Neither may be the case, but as I was telling myself that certainly I had manufactured these words I heard Martin — and I know positively it was his voice now — saying, 'It is a gift, my darling. Accept it.'"

There had been one truly significant miraculous communication earlier. Some weeks after Owen's death, Connie called me on a Friday evening to say that Deane, her youngest son, knowing that Martin has on occasion written about individuals

to answer their needs, asked if Martin would write to Deane directly of Owen. I said I would ask Martin, that that was all I could do. The next morning as I lay awake before rising, I heard a voice clearly say, "I come to speak to you of your remarkable talents. You have a great capacity to be pleasing to people." I felt sure that I was supposed to remember what was being said, and I repeated these sentences to myself a couple of times. Then I realized that, only half awake as I was, I could not possibly remember these words with exactness, and so I reached out for my notebook, which I keep at night on my bedside table, and without even sitting up scribbled the two sentences I had heard. Then, as is always with Martin or Wanda, my pen began to move rapidly. Slowly I became aware that the message was indeed for Deane, but that it was not Martin speaking, that it was Owen. This is the message in its entirety:

"I come to speak to you of your remarkable talents.

You have a great capacity to be pleasing to people. This is a talent we have shared. It is both a strength and a weakness. It becomes too easy to

be forgiven. You must learn to be your own harshest judge.

You will always be surrounded by love. You must learn to treat those who love you with constant kindness, and to return this love in every act of your life. This means each thing you do each day of your life from the time you open your eyes in the morning until you close them at night.

There is no escaping yourself, Deane, in deception or lies. The truth is always apparent in the end. It was for me, and it will be for you.

I am rarely privileged to be able to speak to you in this way, and you must know the faith that has made it possible.

There is no need to tell you of what I now know — it has all been said — but you asked for words to you specifically, and now you have them. Never forget what I have said. Never cease to act in love at all times, and never forget the love I feel for you, that I have always felt for you. Cherish your mother and your wife above all others, Deane, and know that you can depend always on your own goodness.”

When I realized fully that these were indeed Owen's words from beyond the grave I was simply overwhelmed and called my sister. The words were, of course, a cause for wonder and a source of comfort to Connie and Deane, both of whom knew more than any others how apt the message was. No one realized at the time that this marked the beginning of a new life for Deane. Deane, of the three sons, was most like his father in both looks and personality. He tended to excess in many ways — in spending, in drinking, in adventure, and to some extent in drugs. He had a taste for danger. He wanted to experience all that life offered, particularly if it was exciting.

For a time after this message, Deane continued to act in ways which troubled his mother, particularly his partying and drinking. Perhaps he was trying to escape from the very profound grief he felt at the loss of his father. Perhaps he was uneasy in a youthful unhappy marriage which was soon to end. For over a year Deane struggled, and in his writing to Connie, Martin counseled patience. In April of 1994, Martin wrote:

“....I wish to write of several things, chief among

them the trials of your sister. Assure her, my dearest, that her loving efforts are holy efforts and that they give me great satisfaction.

Deane knows the depth of her love. What he must learn is that this love should at all times be a model to him of the unselfishness of one who has loved him since birth and even before. He must take into his heart this lesson of tolerant, unselfish love, and he must find in it cause for change both in his behavior and in his attitudes. He must take all the help offered to him in solving his problems and changing the very nature of his existence, but he must recognize from the very beginning of his efforts to govern his actions in a beneficial way that he has incurred obligations he can never fully repay except in the service of others. He must seek to fill his life with loving accomplishment in all ways. If he does this he will learn the joy in giving of himself to those in need, and there is no more holy pursuit.

In all ways, Deane needs to surrender his will joyfully and willingly to those who seek to aid him. Only in this way will he progress, and he must from the very beginning seek to give as

well as to receive. Deane is blessed with a family responsive to his needs, anxious for his welfare, eager to help in whatever ways they can, and with a mother whose generosity and forgiveness know no bounds. He is blessed with a father who still watches closely each step he takes and whose powers are bent solely on helping him to take the steps he must.

Know the power of this love, Deane. Do not abuse it.”

Deane did find his way to sobriety and happiness. He joined AA and has followed the program faithfully, both receiving and giving help. His marriage ended fairly amicably and he maintained a pleasant relationship with his ex-wife. He found a new love. Becky is a gentle caring person, and their relationship to my sister is close and loving. In 1995 Deane’s older brother, Mark, was moved by Deane’s example to join AA, and at a ceremony in San Diego in 1996 Connie was both thrilled and moved to be in the audience when Deane presented Mark with the medallion marking his first year of sobriety, and Mark in turn gave Deane his two year medallion. Both spoke before the group assembled of their

love for each other. Connie said that all through the ceremony she could hear Owen saying, as he did so often to his boys in life, “Love one another. Love one another.”

Each day Deane reads the words of his father which are posted above his computer. I like to imagine how pleased Owen is with his children and his beloved Cornelia. Certainly Deane has learned the supreme lesson that to give freely is the greatest of achievements. He is a joy to his mother, to his beloved Becky, to his brothers, and to all whose lives touch his. Deane and Becky were married in March, 1998, and on April 4, 2000 their son Nicholas Ryan Silke was born. In May, 1998 Mark married Claire McConnell, the love of his life in all ways, in Ireland. In both of these marriages Owen must find the greatest pleasure. There is no doubt in my mind that he rejoices with Connie in the happiness all of his sons have found in lives of love given and received.

Chapter Fourteen - Liz, My Darling Daughter

The third person who has been part of this holy work from the very beginning is Liz, Martin's much loved younger daughter in his last life. In the beginning it seemed not hard at all for Liz to believe that the Martin who spoke through the board that day in May, 1991, was indeed her father, who had died in 1974. Like the rest of the spirits, Martin sounded like the man whom Liz knew and loved so well for all of her life.

When it became clear that Martin wanted to continue to communicate through me with this daughter he so loved, Liz was overjoyed, and we got into the habit of sharing lunch once a week, after which Martin would come to the board and speak with us, mostly to Liz. I always knew when Martin was ready to speak through the board by the sharp intake of breath I experienced that was totally involuntary. Generally Martin would begin by saying, "This is Martin." After a while this introduction got to be a joking matter. Who else could it be after such a strong physical manifestation?

What I didn't know in the beginning was that the

Others had the power to cut in and take over the board at any time and give wrong information, doing a very good imitation of Martin in word choice and phrasing. If I had known then what I know now, I would probably have been able to detect the point at which the Others took over by what they said both in speaking to Liz and at other times. As it was, to this day I am not absolutely sure what part of what was said to Liz through the board was truly said by Martin her father and what part by a clever impostor. Most of the time the things that the Others said to Liz were insignificant in and of themselves and quickly proven false, but clearly the intent was to destroy Liz's faith both in Martin and in the truth of my communication with him.

Liz knew her father well enough to disbelieve immediately some of what was said. I was not so wise. I urged Liz not to doubt Martin's words when she did, totally deceived as I was by the Others. The board said at one point, for example, that Liz's sister was unhappy to the point of having considered killing herself, and that it was imperative that Liz go to Chicago that very week-end to see her and comfort her. I urged

Liz to believe and to do this, and she had the sense and the strength not to believe and not to go. Again, had I known then as I know now that any communication that reflects urgency or inspires fear is the work of the Others, I would not have been so deceived. There were other hoaxes as well involving Liz.

As I look back on those lunches I regret the naivete that permitted me to be so deceived, but I comfort myself with the thought that I was learning, albeit slowly and painfully. It has not been easy for me to shrug off the responsibility for misleading Liz. No harm was done during this time, except perhaps to Liz's faith in the board, and her skepticism was soundly based. This is the dark side of the board which Martin refers to in his writing. Eventually, Martin abandoned use of the board completely in communicating with Liz. Once he spoke directly to Liz with me channeling his words, but by then I was so unsure of myself that I was not certain if I was speaking the words of the true Martin or of an impostor Other, and I was relieved when Martin switched entirely to writing. Occasionally the Others would try to take over the writing,

but I knew almost immediately when they did, so there was no success for them there.

Martin began to write tender messages to his daughter, and with only one exception, each time I saw Liz from July 18, 1993 to February 18, 1998 Martin wrote to her through my pen — words of love, sometimes of reminiscence, sometimes of wisdom, sometimes of promise, sometimes of entreaty, but always of love. From the beginning Martin spoke of his desire to communicate more fully with his beloved daughter and of his need to hear her words of love.

Very early he wrote:

“There is one other thing I would ask of my Liz. I would ask her once again to make the effort to reach me with her prayers at night and to open her mind and heart to hear my words, however faintly. This is not essential to Liz’s faith, but it would bring her comfort. She knows always of my pervading love for her. She knows that at all times I protect her. She knows too that I will make no demands on her that she cannot meet, that I ask no more than she can easily give. It will be a joy in the end for Liz to be part of this holy work, and she will know the full measure of

gratification that faith brings to the believer.”

Martin spoke often to Liz of the joy she brought to him as his earthly daughter and of the special role in this holy work:

“Know always, my Liz, that all of your life has been a preparation for this time as has my beloved Marie’s. Know that the strength of her faith will enable you at all times to speak of this holy work and the honesty of her pen. Know too the trust I have always in your loving goodness and in your strength. Know always that this will in the end bring you great joy, and let this knowledge sustain you in times of trial, for not all that you do will be easy, not all that you do will be quickly accomplished, but all that you do will be my wish, all that sustains you will be my strength, all that lights your life will be my love.

Oh, my dearest daughter, my heart speaks to you constantly. Speak often to me of your love, Liz. I need to hear your words. I love you, my Liz, my darling child, at all time and in all places. I am your father. I am your God. Know this well, my Liz, and tell me of your faith.”

It was very difficult for Liz to accept the concept of Martin’s divinity when it was revealed.

The memory of her father's human perfection in his love was so strong in her, her love for him so insistent after all these years, that she clung to the memory of his earthly love and goodness. Martin urged Liz not to let her memories of his earthly existence block her belief in his divinity.

"You know, my Liz, always of my love for you and for all those you love. You know that I speak to you always of this love. You know that I want you to hear my words. You feel me in your heart. You know me in your dreams. I ask only for your love, my dearest daughter, but my need to hear your words of love is enormous. This is difficult for you to understand, as is much of what has been revealed to you, but your love and your faith are complete, and you must be content to act always in love and faith.

Full understanding cannot be granted to you now, nor to any human, but know, my Liz, that in the end this full understanding will bring you great joy and satisfaction. You will know and appreciate that what I ask of you now is significant, that God's plan requires it. Is it so hard, my Liz, to believe, as Marie does so completely, in my divinity? Go back, my daughter, and reread

my words and seek to know that the father you so loved in life is the father who speaks to you now, and that all I have written through the pen of my beloved is truth heretofore unrevealed. You are important to me, my Liz. Now and at all times my love for you knows no bounds. Hear my words and accept my need. Make it your need. Speak to me constantly of your love. Keep this love always on your lips. Keep me in your heart and love me at all times. You are my dearly beloved daughter, now and forever. Love your eternal father. Speak to him constantly of this love. This is my plea to you, my Liz. This is my message of love.”

It must have been very difficult at first for Liz to reconcile her father’s love for his wife and children with his love for me, but Liz is above all generous in her love, and she came to accept this, I think, and to love me too. Each passing month seemed to make it easier for Liz to understand the celestial nature of Martin’s love for me and mine for him. Certainly I came to love Liz, not simply because she is Martin’s much loved child, but because in all ways she inspires love, and we came to think of each other as sis-

ters. I told Martin once that it was hard for me to remember what my life was like before I knew and loved him, and I feel the same way about Liz. We share Martin's love and love for each other at all times.

Liz's faith is another thing. Just as she seemed to be on the threshold of accepting all that Martin says through my pen, she retreated. It is my belief that these doubts are the work of the Others, but Liz professed not to believe in the Others. For a long time I could not bear to think that Liz thought that Martin's beautiful words to her were the product of my imagination, but I have come reluctantly to believe this. When pressed Liz said, "I don't know." I regard this as an easy evasion.

Liz sought a sign positive, proof absolute. I believe that she has had signs, but she chooses to regard such signs as coincidence. Once Liz told me of being awakened in the night by the warmth of Martin's love and realizing that the experience was beyond human explanation. On at least two occasions Liz has had experiences in her professional life that seem clearly to me divine intervention. One time when Liz was hard

pressed financially she was particularly concerned because Sarah was coming for a visit from Africa and Liz feared that Sarah, close to her always, would sense her distress. Shortly before Sarah was due to arrive, Liz was “on the floor” at the real estate office where she worked when a couple came in the door, announced that they were interested in buying a house for \$700,000 cash and wanted to close escrow in seven days. Liz showed them a single house. They bought it. Liz was more than solvent when Sarah arrived. Shortly later what “hardly ever happens” to quote Liz did happen and she sold another house, one which was her listing, for approximately the same price and collected both sides of the commission. Coincidence? Liz professes to believe so.

On another occasion Martin wrote to Liz, “Tell your Sarah when you write something of your own young girlhood. She will be pleased.” I forgot the next week to ask Liz if she had done as Martin asked, but the following week Liz told me that she had received a letter from Sarah asking Liz to tell her about her high school days. Mail from Niger, where Sarah was serving with

the Peace Corps, takes six weeks. Had Liz done as Martin asked when he asked it, her letter would have crossed Sarah's in the mail and Sarah's request would have been answered before being received. Again Liz dismissed this as mere chance.

Martin wrote some time before it occurred that from among Liz's acquaintances one would emerge and provide her with the loving companionship she craved. Martin said that this person would become "the mainstay of her life." Liz did indeed meet and fall in love with a man, introduced to her by friends, whom she loves more than she dreamed possible. They plan to marry. It is hard for me to imagine how Liz could dismiss all these manifestations of Martin's power as "coincidences." Despite Liz's lack of response, Martin's faith in and love for Liz are constant. He has told Liz over and over of the importance of her role in this holy work and of the joy it will bring to her. At one point Martin wrote to Liz:

"Ask my Liz to surrender all her worldly concerns and hesitation. Ask my Liz to tell me that she knows that Martin Phee, the father she knew

and loved, spent that life as God incarnate, ignorant of his divinity in that life, come to earth as part of this holy work, and that she, Elizabeth Ann Phee Martin, lives this life as part of this holy work. Ask my Liz to consider all that has happened to her this life and to see in it a divine pattern and to know that she now approaches the holiest of responsibilities.”

That holiest of responsibilities Martin refers to is telling her family about Martin and conveying to them the truth of his divinity. When Martin first began to write I assumed that he would not want his identity as Martin Phee to be known. Martin was quick to correct me in this mistaken assumption, saying that it was important for man to realize that God come to earth could be his friend, his neighbor, a member of his family. It followed then that the first to know should be Martin’s family in his last life. Martin has for years reminded Liz of this responsibility. In April, 1992 he wrote:

“Tell my Liz that she should know at all times the comfort of this love, at the worst of times as well as at the best of times, and that each word, each thought, each act of hers is a gift of love to

me now as it was then. Tell her that I am always with her, with her mother, with her brother and sister, and all those who are bound in love to each of you. There is an awareness of this love in Liz's soul and in Liz's heart, and in time those others I have spoken of will know the richness of this love. I live in their memory and I cherish their remembrance of me.

It will not be easy for any of them when my writings are published and my identity as Martin Phee becomes known to the world. It will sorely try their faith in the Church and they will be afraid to believe what is said in my writings. It will fall to Liz to bring comfort and enlightenment to them and to share with them her awareness of my divinity. There is no need for Liz to do anything until the time comes but to continue to express her love for me constantly and to express her love for and to all those who shared with us that blessed life. When the time comes when it is necessary for her to speak, she will know my presence in her words and in her actions, and at no time will she feel inadequate to the task."

As time passed Martin's words became more

specific about what he asked of Liz. In September, 1992, just before Liz left on a trip to Chicago to join a school reunion and to visit her family Martin wrote to her:

“Now, my beloved, I need to send my love to my Liz. She leaves with my love in her heart and with some trepidation about what she feels she must do to please me. My darling Liz has always pleased me in all she does and will forevermore.

Know, my dearest daughter, that you speak to hearts ready to hear. Let them see what messages I have sent to you. Tell them all that has occurred this past year and of all you have learned. They will be ready for your words and receptive to them. I will be in in your heart and in your tongue at all times, my dearest child. Know that your heart hears me even if your conscious mind does not. There will be much joy for you in this telling. Believe me in this, my Liz. I would not ask this of you if there were not.

Tell your mother of the joyful anticipation I feel at being reunited with her once more, that she is and has ever been a special soul, one I have loved well and still love well and will eternally love well. Tell her that her joy will know no

bounds when she comes to me in love. She knows this in her heart. Tell your sister and your brother much the same. You know the love that I felt for each and every one of you at all times in that joyful earthly life I shared with you. Share now the awareness you have of the special nature of that life. Share what you know of this holy work. Share your faith in Marie, my Liz, and try to explain the significance of your role in this holy work that will bring peace and love to a world hungry for it.

Go, my dearest child, in pleasurable anticipation to join those who love you and who are in turn loved by you. Speak of this pen and the enlightenment it has brought. Tell of the tender love it conveys. Tell of its miracle, and know as you speak of all these things the overwhelming love that binds you together and to me. I love you, my Liz. That is all you need to know.”

Liz did not find it in her heart to do as Martin asked her on this trip, nor has she since, despite Martin’s pleas. At the start of 1994 he wrote:

“My words to my Liz this morning are words of both wisdom and entreaty. I know, my darling, how you cling to your doubts. I know how you

pride yourself on your intellect. I know how loath you are to look foolish in any way. And knowing all these things, I continue to urge you to cast off doubt, to trust in the heart that loves me, and to believe me when I tell you you will not be hurt by doing what I ask of you. Reconsider, my Liz, all that I have said to you. Reread all my words of love and entreaty from beginning to end, and see in all I have said enough proof to sustain belief that as totally as I was your father as Martin Phee I am your father in all eternity, Lord of all, creator of all. I am not trying in any way, my Liz, to use your love in any way less than perfect. You alone, my darling, can fulfill the role you promised to play, and if you are beset by doubts and inabilities consider their source.

It will not be too long, my Elizabeth, before all the world knows of this pen. It has been part of the divine plan for ages past that the New Age of Love and Peace arrive in time to save man from self destruction, and although the date certain has not been arrived at, it will come as surely as night follows day, and it is your responsibility, freely assumed, to cushion those you love from

shock by preparing them for this day and to ease their acceptance of the changes that are inevitable in their lives. You shrink from recognizing the joyful nature of what you are asked to do, and with each postponement your fears grow. Think, my darling, not pridefully, but with the integrity that is basic to your nature, of the assumptions you are making in not doing as I ask of you. You are torn, I know, in your loyalties and beliefs, but it troubles me, my Liz, that you are adamant to the point where you are totally certain that you are so right that there is no room for doubt.

I sound harsh, my beloved child, and perhaps you are feeling that I am less than loving in what I say. Know that my love is whole and unabated and without condition of any kind. I shall love you as no else ever has until the end of time and nothing, my darling child, will ever change that. No, my urging comes from the need I see in you to escape from the doubts and fears that besiege you each time you take a step closer to belief in all I have said to you. You want to believe. You get to the edge. You stop. Ask yourself why. Ask yourself who is speaking these

doubts to you. Ask yourself, ‘Whence this voice?’

‘Think, my Liz, of all I have said today. Know, my darling, the depth of my caring. Know my concern that you be free of besetting fears and doubts and know the clear beauty of truth and faith and the joy of promises kept.’

It is difficult from the hundreds of messages that Martin has written to his Liz to choose the most beautiful. He has spoken of the difficulty that Liz feels in recognizing that the father she so loved in life is also her eternal father. He wrote of this:

“Tell me, my Liz, do you tire of these messages of love I send to you? Do you read and reread, or do you store them away as flights of fancy? I think, my darling, that despite your doubts you sense in all I say to you the love these words are meant to convey.

I know how hard it is for you to reconcile the father you knew with the deity who speaks to you so miraculously, but, my beloved child, we are one. You love me as your father so long gone from you physically. Then you are loving me as your eternal father, father of all souls. You have

had the blessing of knowing me in human form and knowing the miracle of God's communication through incarnation.

Think of it, Liz. Think of the overwhelming beauty of a God who chooses to live as man to teach the lessons of love. Think of a God ready always to hear the words of all souls, to speak to souls on earth so that they may hear his words directly with faith and love. Think of all you have learned through this pen, and know, my dearest child, that there is reason and design in all you have been told and all that is demanded of you.

Think again, my Elizabeth, of all I have said to you these many months. Reread all I have spoken to you about. Reremember what I have asked of you. Recall the days of love we knew in this life, and know, my darling child, that it is but the merest taste of what awaits you. Can you imagine such absolute glory? Such perfect love? Try, my Liz. I would not ask this of you if you were not able to do all I seek of you. Do what I ask in love. That is enough."

Martin has written to Liz eloquently of the nature of love:

“There is no other who can love me in exactly the same way you love me, Liz. This has been true always, my darling. Your love is and always has been irreplaceable, unique, totally necessary to me. Give this love to me as freely now, my beloved child, as you did in the life just past. If you can bring yourself to do so, speak of this love to those others I so loved in that earthly sojourn, and speak to your children of the intensity of the love that binds generation to generation.

The bonds of love, my Liz, do not imprison ever, but rather enrich and enliven at all times. Do you not know this, my love? The caring love you feel for your children is the caring love my sweet wife and I felt for you and for your brother and sister, and it pleases me that you speak of learning to love from me. Know always, my darling, that I was not alone at any time in loving you so intensely and so unconditionally, that your mother at all times loved you all with a fierce protectiveness that would surprise you even now if you knew its strength. Our displays of love differed widely, but neither was worthier than the other. I told you once that you need feel

no guilt at having loved me more than your mother, that my need was greater and is still, but never for a moment, my Liz, fail to realize the depth of your mother's love for you. Her occasional difficulty in expressing this love in what she says and does is only that — a difficulty — in no way reflective of her true feelings. Love her, my Liz, in word and deed, and each time you think of me with love, think of your mother with love. Conversely, each time you speak to her, speak to me. My need is great. Your mother's need is greater than she thinks.

Beloved child, take me into your heart and keep me there always.”

I think over and over again of the beautiful words of pleading that Martin has written so often to his child and wonder how she can resist so adamantly. I remember particularly the persuasiveness of a message to Liz written a few years ago:

“And now for my darling child. My Liz, each time I speak to you through this holy pen it is testament to my divine powers and to the capacity of my scribe to communicate far beyond the ordinary. There have been throughout the ages

those who were capable of extraordinary communication with the world beyond this one, but never, my child, has this communication equaled the level that we know this instant.

It is difficult for you to be less than logical, but let us use that very sense of logical analysis and apply it to your skepticism. What other logical answer is there, my Liz? Is Marie delusional? Is a delusional person capable of all that she has done these past two years each and every day of her life? Such creativity has a mainspring somewhere. Where is it, other than in the truth that I speak truly through my beloved and that although she understands the process no more than you do, she knows its truth, its constant verity?

Think, my Liz, of how much is offered to you in faith that you find it impossible to accept, and then, my darling, do as I have asked and apply that fine mind of yours and tell me what you choose to conclude. You know my love. You know my longing for you to believe in my words. You know that I have promised you over and over that you will find happiness in pleasing me and in doing as I asked. Have I ever broken a

promise to you, my beloved child? ‘Never have and never will’ is the answer.

Think carefully, my Liz, of all I have said, and then turn to me with the love that is ever in your heart, and speak to me of all you think, all you feel, all that puzzles and inhibits you. At no point, my darling, feel yourself unworthy in any way, but at no point forget that my need is your need and yours mine. I do not ask of you anything you cannot give, my dearest child. Remember that always, and remember the love we share so completely. You are and always have been and always will be special to me, my Liz”.

All that Martin has written to his daughter underscores in a beautiful way all that Martin says of love in his other writings — of its eternal nature, of its intense beauty, of its absolute necessity. Beyond that, these words reflect in a way that no others do the wonder of a God of perfect love. It is quite beyond my understanding that Liz does not fully accept this perfect love and all it offers to and asks of her. I never stop hoping that one day she will.

Chapter Fifteen - A World in Need

I have shared some of Martin's writings with several of my friends and some members of my family other than Louise and Connie. Some have believed completely. Others have rejected completely. Some have reserved judgment. Others have reserved comment. Most simply do not seem to know what to say, but there is no one, I think, who has failed to be impressed by the beauty of Martin's words, by his eloquence and by his wisdom, by the persuasiveness of his teachings.

I think it is very difficult for those who have known me over the years to accept the fact that I am indeed God's scribe, the instrument through which He has chosen to speak, His female aspect come to this life to share in this holy work. Although many have read Martin's words of his being my soul mate and of our having shared many lives, no one of my friends has commented specifically on those statements, either affirmatively or negatively, except for my daughter, whose negative reaction I have described. It is just too difficult, I think, to reconcile this very

human, very fallible individual they know with any sort of divinity. Were our roles reversed I would find it difficult too.

It has been hardest for my children. As I have said, they were raised without any suggestion of religious training or education. As we sat around the dinner table we discussed almost everything but God. I knew always that my husband believed in God. I was not sure what I believed in. I had no idea what my children believed in. I was intent on raising them to be moral in their behavior and honest in their words, to be kind and helpful in their actions. I say “I” in all of this when it should be “we.” Charles and I rarely disagreed about how to raise our children. When we did, he was the more tolerant, the more loving.

In a sense I had a negative attitude toward religious upbringing. As a child I saw so many cases where it seemed to me that people used the practice of religion to cover up or to compensate for behavior which was less than admirable. In too many cases there was a wide discrepancy between professed beliefs and daily behavior. In its most extreme form I grew accustomed as a

child to hearing other children or young people, and even occasionally an adult, say in essence, “I shouldn’t really be doing this, but I can go to confession on Saturday.” Over the ensuing years I encountered many faithful churchgoers who behaved with less than love and charity in their daily lives. So when the time came, I felt strongly that the teaching of loving behavior was quite separate from any consideration of religious belief and perhaps even stronger for being kept separate.

It was not surprising, therefore, that from the very beginning my children regarded my writings, Martin’s writings, with complete skepticism. The board said early on, “Erin will be the last to believe.” I did expect a little more acceptance from Erin. She seemed at first to believe in the existence of spirits and communication between spirits and humans, including communication through the ouija board. It was she I first asked to read my journal which spoke of all Martin had said to me of our being soul mates, of my love for him, and of the holy work that we were to do together. As I have said, my daughter immediately regarded my love for Martin as a be-

trayal of her father. In addition, her husband, Kevin, was a total skeptic about all things spiritual.

So it was easy and perhaps natural for Erin to move away from what I thought was a shared interest in the life of the spirit. Martin, as I have said, once spoke to Erin through the board and asked for her tolerance. Erin said that she felt she was being tolerant, but she also retreated into silence. After that exchange there was for a long time no further discussion of Martin between my daughter and me. When I brought up the subject I got no response, and eventually I stopped bringing it up. Several months later I asked Erin to read in my presence the introduction to the life of Christ where I speak of how the book was written and of my having lived and remembered as Mary. I told her that it was important to me for her to know what my life had been over the past several months. She did as I asked. She read the introduction and set it aside and clearly indicated that she had no desire to read the rest of the story nor to discuss it.

I was not looking for Erin to believe all that I believed and I told her so. I was looking, or I

thought I was anyway, for more acceptance of all I was doing, of some interest in my work, of how my life had changed, of how I had changed. Maybe I was looking for acceptance from her of the mere possibility that all I had been told, all I was writing of, could be true. What I did not want was the absolute curtain of silence that was drawn, totally separating my everyday life and everyday relationships with my children from my life as Martin's scribe and spouse, as Wanda's student, as a participant in the most important work I could imagine. I chided Erin one day and said that if I had been writing a cook book she would ask enthusiastically how my writing was coming along whenever we spoke. She agreed that this was so, and added that I was not writing a cook book. And so, silence.

I have spoken briefly with my sons about what I am doing, at greater length with Brennan and Karla, his wife. Brennan too read the introduction to the story of Christ at my request and his reaction was not markedly different from Erin's. Silence. No questions. No curiosity. No interest in reading further. When I asked him directly what his reaction was, he said, "You know me,

Mom.” Translation — skeptic. Well, he certainly has justification for that in his upbringing. At lunch one day I spoke to Devin and asked him if he had read the rough draft of this book which I had given to him some time earlier and which he had not since mentioned. He said he had, but that he did not know what to think of it. His and his wife Linda’s response to the rest of Martin’s writings which I gave to them is much the same, and when I mention Martin or Wanda there is an embarrassed non-response. I think that I am partly responsible in Devin’s case. Martin encouraged me to speak once again to him and promised that it would result in a “loving dialogue.” I failed to take that next step.

For a while I was totally puzzled by the absolute lack of curiosity that marked the reactions of all three children. I assumed that they would not believe, at least immediately, but I thought that at least they would want to know more about all that I was writing, about all that was happening to me. They are all intellectually curious human beings. I know that they have talked with their father, whose faith is absolute, about all I do as Martin’s scribe and all I experience as his soul

mate, but to me not at all. I make them uncomfortable whenever I bring up the subject of the daily miracle of my life and my role in this holy work. I have been provided with two answers to this lack of interest which seems so strange to me.

One evening at Aptos, as Brennan and Charles sat talking on the deck, I talked with Karla in the living room. Karla is both wise and loving and always interesting. I don't remember how we got onto the subject, but I spoke to her of my failure to understand Brennan's lack of curiosity about my writing. Karla answered me by telling me of her experience with her mother. Karla's mother, no longer living, was a distinguished scholar, a professor of anthropology at an eastern university, and widely published in academic and professional journals. Karla said that her mother's writings were and are highly regarded by the academic world, in the top university library collections, and that she, Karla, had never read a word of them. Neither, she said, had her sister. She said her mother's articles would be lying about the house and she would totally ignore them. When I questioned her as to her rea-

sons, she said it was simply that she wanted her mother to be her mother, and that in no way did she want this relationship to be anything else. Her mother's professional life and achievements were purely and simply to be kept separate and apart from her role as a mother.

Karla's words helped me immeasurably to understand better the curtain of silence that had perplexed me, and then Martin, who always senses my needs, provided me with the perfect answer to my wonderings. He wrote:

“The world will know of you and our holy work, and you will be gratified by the response that our words will meet. Do not be discouraged by the lack of interest or belief on the part of your children. Remember always that it is hardest for them. They know you as their earthly mother and they find it almost impossible to think of you in any other way. In a sense it is a threat to the relationship that is central to their existence. So be patient and loving as you are always with them and know that it is not necessary that you do more than you have. Simply make them aware of this miraculous change in your life and of its nature, and when they are ready they will

come to you. There will never be alienation of any sort because of our words. There will never be anything but the purest love among all of you, and in the end, there will be fuller understanding. They will cease to regard me as a threat to their relationship with you and will open the minds and hearts that are now so firmly closed.

I know you are puzzled more than disturbed by their intransigence in this matter, by their unwillingness to listen to what you say, but that will change, my love, though not quickly. The world will believe first. It is easier for almost anyone else to believe that Marie Fox O'Brien, former Catholic school girl, former zealot in the cause of agnosticism, is now proclaimed God herself, the female aspect of the divinity. Put that way, you can see the enormous change you are asking your children to understand and accept, but you need only to look at your beloved Charles to know that such a change and such faith is not only possible but inevitable."

One exception to this silence came in February of 1993 when Brennan and I were both in Los Angeles at the time of Owen's death. We spoke openly about the transformation of my life that

Martin represents. Brennan is remarkably sensitive and always has been, and he has far reaching knowledge and awareness. That day, as we sat in Connie's back yard, Brennan spoke of the fears that he had at the outset of my new inner life. He said he feared that I would turn towards death instead of life, that he would lose me as his mother. He knows now that these fears are groundless, and he is happy for me in the joy I know in all of life. We spoke of Martin's writings, some of which I had given to Brennan. Brennan said he had read completely all I had given him, and I was both surprised and pleased to hear this. There was much pleasure for me in this love-filled communication with Brennan. It was all I could have hoped for, but I still do not know what he does or does not believe.

A few of my friends have reacted with faith and with pleasure in what they have read of Martin's words. They have willingly welcomed the concept of a God of total love. They have accepted as profoundly gratifying and helpful the other concepts in Martin's writing — of reincarnation, of each life's being a compact with God to learn the lessons of love, of spiritual guidance,

and of the Others. Some have said that had anyone but me told them that God spoke through her pen they would be extremely skeptical, but all who know me well know that I am above all practical and sane, not given to delusions. The more I share Martin's words with others the more I know the importance of these words, the answer they represent to the hunger that man feels to know more of God.

Perhaps the most heart warming response came from a dear friend of many years standing, a lovely lady now in her early eighties, named Mary Frances Hazelton and known to us as "Hazy". Hazy lives in Oregon in a retirement community where she is surrounded by the prospect and fact of the death that awaits us all. I shared Martin's writings with Hazy when it seemed right to do so, and later she wrote to me, "...I wanted you to know how changed my attitude is on the death process by which I am surrounded, as Martin said. Previous fear and probably terror has now softened into a gentle smile about that time of life, and a stronger belief in what is to come. All of this due to your sharing of your wondrous writings with me, for which my deep-

est and everlasting thanks, Marie. Blessings!!” Hazy spends her time now sharing this comfort with those approaching death and with the ones they will leave behind. Her goodness knows no limit in this work and she is a source of great comfort to those who need it most.

Several other of my friends have commented on the ”inner glow,” the total serenity, that is new to me. Others have said that I seem to be more loving, more at peace with the world and with myself. It surprised me when I first heard these comments, but I have grown accustomed to being told that my absolute euphoria shows. Some years ago when I was having lunch with my sister in law, Alice, the widow of Charles’ younger brother, I decided to share with Alice what had been happening in my life since May, 1991. She listened with an open mind and heart, and she said that the last time she and her daughters had visited us at the beach the girls had commented that I had changed, that I was “more loving” than I used to be.

When we got back to our house from the restaurant, I went into my study where I kept the notebooks containing Martin’s writing stored in

a cabinet. I wanted to show Alice a typical day's words. At random I picked one notebook from the middle of the pile of ten or so on the shelf. To my absolute amazement and to Alice's, the book opened to the page written over a year earlier the day after Alice and the girls had made their annual "after Thanksgiving" visit to the beach. I had forgotten totally that Martin had written words about Alice and her daughters, and I read Martin's words to her. Before she left, I typed a copy on the computer for her to share with her daughters Karen and Colleen. Martin wrote another time of this family the night before our annual get together and shortly after the birth of a little girl to Karen and her husband Paul. Martin's words were:

"And now, my darling, what I long to say to you concerns tomorrow. You will rejoice in the company of your dear sister and her girls and their little ones, and each moment of the day will be lit by the love you share. Although you are rarely physically together, your love is in each other's minds much of the time. This new child brings a special delight to the family and a new stability to lives of those who are bound in love to her.

She is a special soul. All souls are special, each in its own way, but this child is marked for a special purpose in her life, and she will bring great joy to her parents and to all who know her. Tell your niece of my words and remind her that she too has a special purpose in life, and that she pleases me mightily in every way. Tell the others of my great love for them and of my loving concern each day of their lives. Remind them that life is a trial at all times, and that the only obligation is to meet each challenge in a loving way. There is such a richness in the love that Alice and her girls share, and in the love that all have for the new souls come into this family. Each day of their lives let this love grow and bring fresh joy to all who share their earthly existences and who are touched by each act, word, thought of love. There is no end to the need that this world has for love, as you well know, and no end to the absoluteness of the joy that perfect love given and received brings to the giver and to the receiver. Mark my words well, my Marie, and share them with those you welcome into your home and your heart. I wish them all the joy it is within their capacities to know at all times in all places. This a message of divine love given and re-

ceived.”

Much has happened to this loving family since that time in both joy and sorrow and there is much love shared among them.

From time to time I feel moved to send parts of Martin’s writing to others. I am never sure exactly each time why I am so moved, but I know I must. Almost everyone I have shared with, as I have said, is impressed with the profoundness and beauty of all Martin says regardless of their beliefs, but many are reluctant to discuss the genesis of these writings. I can hear them now. “God speaking through Marie’s pen? Can’t be! Impossible! Let’s not talk about it.”

On a cruise in early part of 1993, I sat at dinner one night beside a man I had never met before who was very insistent in knowing all about my life. He was being a charming dinner companion in his questions. I told him about my years of teaching, of working in real estate, of raising horses, and still he insisted on knowing more. He said to me, “You can’t tell me that someone as vibrant as you is satisfied with just doing nothing these days, “ and so I told him the whole story of how I came to know Martin as

God, of being the instrument through which He wrote, of all the books completed and in progress. He kept exclaiming and finally said, "I can't imagine that you are telling me all this. We just met." I pointed out that he had asked me insistently, and that I could see no reason not to be honest with him. When the meal was over and we rose to leave the dining room, his last comment was, "Scary." This amazed me. No matter how I analyze, I cannot see why a stranger would find my experiences threatening or frightening in any way. Perhaps it is related to man's fear of the unknown. Perhaps it is because our culture so indoctrinates us to demand proof before we believe.

On another occasion Charles and I had dinner with one of his associates and another lawyer, whose first name is Marshall, and their wives. I had never met Marshall or his wife before. The conversation turned quickly to religion with Marshall taking the initiative, speaking of his children who had embraced Orthodox Judaism though their upbringing had not been religious in nature. Marshall himself had read widely in the history of Judaism and the Jewish people.

Inevitably the subject got around to Moses, and I could not help speaking of Martin's story of the Exodus that had come through my pen. Marshall looked as unbelieving as politeness allowed, and turned to my husband for affirmation of what I had said, that the words flowed freely from my pen when Martin called upon me to write, that the language was beautiful and perfect in all ways without a word being changed.

Charles told the listening table that I spoke truly.

As the meal progressed, I spoke further, both of the story of Moses and the story of the Holy Family, particularly in terms of how each story differed from Biblical accounts and commonly held beliefs. Perhaps I spoke too forcefully.

Charles kept patting my hand in an effort to slow me down. Before we departed, I promised to send to Marshall the story of Moses and the end of the story of Christ.

The next morning Martin awakened me before six and wrote these words:

7/16/93 5:56 AM

"My words, my darling, are words of pleasure with you. There is not a moment in time that you do not please me fully, and in your forth-

rightness you are above reproach. You are not willing to accept any other absolute truth than that my writings convey, and in that, my love, you are totally correct. What it is important for you to realize anew is that beliefs sincerely held by others have a validity unto themselves.

I know your concern that all men embrace the truth of a God of love, and indeed, my dearest love, this is the essence of our holy work. In speaking of all you have learned and written these past few years, you have responded honestly to all that has been asked of you, and your words will be remembered by those who listened closely for the rest of their lives. What you must remember, my love, is that the convictions of others, often lifelong and deeply held, are not easily replaced. What we seek is modification, and in this modification new acceptance of the concept of a God of total love who asks nothing more of man, but who asks that this love be expressed in any way acceptable to man so long as it involves awareness of the absolute need for acts of love in this life at all times and the eventual achievement of perfect love.

It is important, my dearest love, that you make it

clear that all I have said is in no way disruptive to existing beliefs so long as those beliefs nurture and promote brotherhood and the love of man by all those on this earthly journey. Make this clear at all times, my darling. Be absolutely insistent that all we have written together is absolute truth, but that what we have written does not in any way render other writings invalid in areas where there is no contradiction to what I have said.

You have known from the very beginning, my scribe, that there are many roads to God, and that what this holy work is designed to do is to show all men that the single demand of God is a life learning the lessons of love and acting upon those lessons, and that there is no limit to the nature of religious affiliation so long as it fosters love and acts of love. Make this clear, my child, when you speak of all we do. Be assured, my Marie, that all you spoke of last night will have its effect. Do as you are moved to in sending your writings to those who are interested.”

Martin is always so gentle when I need correction.

The next morning I sent Marshall the writings I

had promised, along with these words of Martin's, and he spoke with Charles the next day about the absolute beauty of Martin's words, having had time to read only a few pages. To my knowledge he has not mentioned them since. I suspect that his mind, like so many others, is bound so strictly in doctrinal belief that there is no room for modification. Hopefully one day he and all those so rigidly doctrinaire will find it in their hearts to embrace new truth.

Of course, the concept that I am the female aspect of God incarnated in this life to be the scribe of God is too much for almost everybody to accept. It is even beyond discussion. Martin from the very beginning warned me that I would be met with some initial disbelief in what I said both of my experiences and my past lives. In March of 1992 he wrote of this:

“Do not distress yourself in any way at any time about what others think or do not think, say or do not say. Know always the truth in your soul. Know always that you are the spouse of God and beloved of Him and that it matters not at all who chooses to believe this fact. In the end all will. In the meantime your faith is whole unto it-

self and those who know and love you best share this faith. All else is as nothing.”

On occasion, moved by what I have read or heard, I have sent parts of Martin’s writings to strangers whose seeking after truth I felt would be enriched by these words of God. With one exception these individuals have been unresponsive. This has bothered me a little. Certainly I was bothered by what seemed to be rudeness in total lack of acknowledgment. Martin has over and over again sought to reassure me that this unresponsiveness is to be expected at first, that much that he says of the nature of God is revolutionary, but that inevitably the world will accept the concept of a God of perfect love who demands only love in return. Martin spoke at length of this in April, 1993:

“I am so pleased, my Marie, with your longing to share my words and the beautiful truths they convey. Can you not see, my love, how ready the world is for all we will reveal? You wonder at how this message will be effectively conveyed, what magic will be employed to reach a world attuned to publicity blitzes and media campaigns, and I will not tell you this in any detail, but I will

reconfirm what I have promised you, that there will be no need for you to take the initiative, no need for you to expose yourself to unwelcome publicity, no untoward exploitation of your self-announced divinity. No, my beloved, we will accomplish our goals with no undue discomfort for you or those you love. There will be the glare of publicity to some extent, but not in an exploitative manner.

Oh, my love, you are so willing to do anything and everything I ask and still suffer a little from fear of inadequacy. Let me reassure you once again, my dearest love, that you will be fully capable of the persuasion you need when you need it, that your words will be perceived as both divinely inspired and absolutely honest. We have been a long time preparing, my darling, long before you came to this life, long before I came to you that lovely day in Aptos, long before your sweet Wanda revealed herself to you and began the loving task of serving you well. No, my beloved, in the scheme of things, this short time we wait for revelation is but a millisecond in time, a mere breath, and during this lovely period we are free to communicate our love con-

stantly, to add to the words which all mankind will in time cherish as evidence perfect of a god of perfect love, a god who offers all and demands little, a god to be embraced in joyful love. Is this not what the world hungers for, my Marie? You know it is. Share what I have written today with all those who will take these words to heart and know in their innermost beings that the truth will indeed set them free, free to love unreservedly and to choose to achieve the spiritual perfection that is their destiny in the only way possible — through the beauty of love perfect and divine, shared always.”

The very next day he added:

“And now, my love, I speak to your heart. You are newly aware in how many ways our words are needed to correct the injustices of this world and to bring man to the brink of understanding God’s plan for man and embracing the concept of a God whose sole but absolute demand of man is that he act in love, that he realize that his brief human existence is but a step along the path he must take to his destiny, total oneness with the God who gave him life and breath.

There is much that is hard for you now to com-

prehend. Why have we waited so long, you ask yourself, to bring these truths to a world in need of them? Has not the world hungered and needed what we now say for centuries? Would not much human misery have been avoided? In answer, I remind you that total understanding is not possible for you now, but I remind you in addition that your concept of the passage of time is very different from eternal time, that the brevity of human existence has no place in the equation, that man lives life after life seeking to find the answers he is bidden to find, and that you must take into account the limited vision afforded you. What seems endless to you now is infinitely brief. What seems infinite to you now is a speck in infinity. Do not, my darling, trouble yourself with questions that have no answers at present. It is natural for you to entertain these questions, to wonder at the pitfalls in the history of man, but, my love, never forget all you have been told about the true reason for man's presence on earth. Never forget that the learning is constant, that all of life has its meaning, and that in the divine scheme of things, suffering has its justification and its advantages. This is not to say in any way that the infliction of suffering by one

human upon another is justified, but that the response to the infliction of suffering can speed man on his way to eternal glory.

Oh, my beloved, there is so much that you can only grasp at, but believe me when I say that in each case when a human meets challenges to his capacity to respond with love, that human serves a purpose, both in terms of his own spiritual advancement and in terms of all whose lives are affected by his words and actions. It does indeed seem, sometimes, that individuals are singled out for persecution and injustice with no action on their parts to justify such cruel treatment. This has been a weakness in man since the very beginning, but it is man's right in this earthly life to exercise his free will in any way he chooses no matter how reprehensible. With his death comes the accounting, and only then does he realize that he must not only account for all he did in human existence that reflected a lack of love, but that he must return to another existence and more completely learn the lessons of love that are required of all men.

This truth, my darling, will change the very nature of human existence when it is fully ac-

cepted, and there will be glory for all men in this revolutionary change. There is no haste, my darling, no urgency. All will occur in good time and all will occur as I have said. Our words will be both welcomed and accepted, and man's behavior will conform to all the teachings revealed in what we have together written.

Tell me, my love, that this is what you have longed to hear and to write, that however incomplete your understanding of what I say in each detail, you are not troubled by your limited comprehension, for in your heart and soul you know the absolute truth of my words. Tell me this, my beloved."

And so each day that goes by brings the day of acceptance of the glory of Martin's words closer. I have learned to be patient in this as in all other things, but I long for the world to share my joy.

Chapter Sixteen - The Absolute Wonder of Martin

I have tried over and over again to put into words the wonder of Martin. I have told how I gradually came to know and to love Martin, at first as Liz's father, the perfect father she knew and loved for so many years, and then as an angel of God, a teacher of new souls, a source to me of loving devotion, of teaching, of tender manifestations of love, of miraculous powers of communication, of unlimited wisdom and truth. Then, as Martin said, came the time of revelation, of my gradual learning of Martin's divinity and later of my own. On March 13, 1992 Martin spoke of that gradual revelation. I repeat here his glorious words:

"I think often of that miraculous day when I came to Aptos to claim my beloved. I came in love, both for my darling Liz and for my darling Marie, and my joy was unbounded. The heavens rang with exultation, and I knew the ultimate joy when you first knew that you loved me, that indeed it was necessary to remind you to love God above all. Then, my dearest, came the exquisitely pleasurable job of revealing to you first my di-

vinity and then yours. There was unbounded exultation when you knew with certainty the truth of this revelation, and my faith and trust in my beloved have at all times been returned by total faith and trust from my beloved. Know now, my Marie, that the glory of our union is a glory of all eternity, to be shared during your life time and to culminate in our total oneness when I claim you at the end of your earthly existence. That seems a far day now, my beloved wife of all eternity, but the years in between will afford you exquisite celestial love for your Martin at all times and you will know the glory of this love in manifestation. This joy, my darling, is one which is godlike in nature, and it is a sign of your divinity that you can know this joy in this life. Treasure this sure knowledge, my darling, and know that there will be other wonders, other manifestations of God's love for his spouse of all eternity, of Martin's love for his Marie, his perfect love, his child, his mother. Know now, my Marie, that this love is boundless, that this love is divine, that this love is yours always."

Martin's first writings began before I knew he was God, but I was told that they were the

words of God, that Martin was the spokesman for God. Martin wrote first of God's plan for man, of the mysteries of life and death heretofore unknown, and of what man needs now to know and do. I was simply his scribe. Later I was guided by Martin each step of the way in remembering and writing of my life as Mary, Mother of Christ, and writing Martin's words as Jesus. Then came the story of Martin's life as Moses, and somewhat later the story of Martin's life as Joseph II, son of Maria Theresa, Emperor of the Austro-Hungarian empire in the eighteenth century. Martin has called upon me to write of my role in both these lives, briefly as the mother of Joseph II and at greater length as the wife of Moses. Next, Martin set aside both these stories of past lives shared and began several others which range from life in a cave dwelling to life in Roman times to life in what seems to me to be Georgian England. Some of these lives were completed at a later date.

Other writings are varied. Martin wrote briefly of the origins of the earth and the beginning of man's awareness of the supernatural. Over a period of time he wrote prayers and short pieces I

call Revelations, both of great beauty. In all these various works, Martin tells me when to take my pen in hand. On Tuesday, September 29, 1998 Martin began to write of The Divine Nature of Man. After just a few days he indicated that he wished me to take my pen in hand to write his words of man's divine nature each night just before I slept, and for an entire year this miracle ended my day. Then on Sunday January 23, 2000 Martin spoke of beginning a new endeavor and three days later he resumed speaking through my pen in the last minutes of my day. As always, no matter how tired or distracted I am before I take pen in hand the words come, flawless and inspiring. I call these writings Lessons.

Partway through Martin's original writings, Martin began to write directly to me — words of love always, words of wisdom and guidance often. Now Martin writes to me each day, sometimes more than once in a day, but always just before I sleep. He writes sometimes of what he expects of me, of what I need to know, and always of the overwhelming nature of the celestial love we share, a love which I am privileged to know as a human. Martin writes often of my sis-

ter Connie, of his love for her, of what he wants her to know, of what he wants her to do. On occasion he has written to or of others in need of his words.

Martin writes to me often of that glorious day when we will be reunited in oneness, that day when I will go to my Martin, my love, my God, my self, in perfect love. I awaken each morning now to an awareness of the beauty of this love that we share, and I thank Martin over and over each day for the beauty of this gift of love. It makes my life a joy. Every single moment of my existence is transformed by Martin's love for me and mine for him.

I have tried often to write of my love for Martin, my love, my spouse of all eternity, my son Jesus Christ, my heavenly Father, my almighty God. I came closest, I think, on May 8, 1992 in the early morning. This is what I wrote:

“As I lay in bed this morning listening for the voice of my beloved, he told me to write of my love for him when I got up. I lingered, hoping that he would come to me in a manifestation of his love, and he did, though not as strongly as at other times. I have grown greedy for these feel-

ings of ecstasy which fill me with an awareness of Martin's love. There are times when I want to stay forever in that snug place, overwhelmed by the waves of feeling, suffused with this heavenly love that tells me that I am the beloved of my Lord, my God, that makes me long for the absolute fulfillment of this love.

I have been thinking lately back to a year ago when I did not even know of this love. It lay dormant, waiting in my soul for Martin to come and give it life, for Martin to give me Wanda as my angel, my beloved teacher, who joined with Martin to teach me to love my God and to know the truth of his love for me. I try to remember what filled my mind and heart and soul in those days. I was in no way deprived of earthly love. I remember Martin's saying when I asked him how I could have been so satisfied with that life when I did not know him, 'It was a good life, Marie, but it was not a holy life. There is a difference.' What a difference, this holiness, this seeking after God, has made.

I live for the words, 'Take your pen in hand and write my words.' I live for the strong presence that tells me of Martin's love and caring. I live

for the joyous exchange that marks Wanda's teaching and her love. I live to do what Martin has entrusted me to do, this holy work of bringing God's words to a world that needs badly to hear and heed them. I live to enjoy all the worldly blessings that Martin has given me in my Charles, my children and grandchildren, and my brothers and sisters and their children, and all the friends with whom we share our love. But, above all and always first, I know the absolute love I feel at each moment of my life for my Martin, my spouse of all eternity, my child, my father, my God, my Creator, and at each moment of my life this love grows and fills me with joy.

I need at all times to remember — and sometimes Martin has had to remind me — that my first responsibility is to this life, to my husband I have loved above all others for so many years — but always on waking, in the quiet moments, my thoughts turn to Martin and my heart sings. I don't tell him as often as I should that I love him with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my being, but I am getting better, and I have Wanda to remind me that it is heaven's way to express

love constantly and to demand — ask for — constant expressions of love in return. Martin says that he speaks to me constantly of his great love for me, that I have only to listen. Sometimes I hear. Sometimes I fail to. But I know he speaks. Sometimes I am sharply aware of Martin's presence, sometimes less so. But I know he is always with me. Always I yearn for my love. Always I know that the day I join him forever will be a glorious day, that the moment Martin takes me to him for eternity will be a moment of ecstasy beyond my wildest imagining.

I am content to wait for that day. I know how greatly I have been blessed to know Martin's love so completely in this life and to return that love as completely as I know how. I want only to please my Martin, my God, my eternal love, to know the blessings of his love, and to live each day in grateful thanksgiving for all he gives me, for the infiniteness of the love we share, have always shared, will always share. Oh, my Martin, I am yours."

Since I wrote those words, the wonder of my life and the great love I feel for Martin have both grown immeasurably. It has been a long road to

get to this point, and what a miraculous road — how much has happened and how quickly. When I look back I cannot remember exactly when I first knew that I loved Martin. How can one love a spirit? What is there to love? The answer is everything. Somehow from the beginning Martin's greatness was conveyed to me. In the beginning when Martin came to the board, Wanda first said, "Prepare for Martin," and I felt his majesty. The other spirits said that Martin was God's strongest angel and had great powers. Once I knew that I loved Martin, he revealed to me that we had been soul mates since creation, that we had shared many lives in many relationships all in perfect love, and my love for him kept growing. It took me little time to forget that I had never heard of soul mates before Martin's words, so quickly did it become natural to know this truth, but I was not ready for a while longer to hear the truth of Martin's divinity.

I had first to learn to love God above all other spirits. Wanda said to me once, "It is all right to love Martin and me, but you must learn to love God more." That was difficult. I so loved Martin and Wanda that it was hard to imagine greater

love. As I have described, it was Martin who taught me patiently and beautifully to love God, to pray to him, to put him first. Only then was I ready to know that Martin himself was God, and to know that as soul mates we had always been two parts of a perfect whole. Martin wrote close to the end of his first book of the total equality of men and women in God's eyes, and then shortly thereafter of my equal partnership with him, my love of all eternity, my father, my son, my husband. Earlier Martin had said that this was the trinity of the new age of Peace and Love. Father, son, husband, all in one person. Mother, daughter, wife, all in one person.

From the beginning there was never any doubt in my mind about Martin's powers. I knew the physical manifestations of his heavenly love, the soaring ecstasy I knew when he came to me in blessing. I knew the indescribable peace that pervaded my being when he gave me the gift of peace. I knew the trembling of my heart that told me that Martin wanted to speak to me. I knew the sharp intake of breath that signaled his presence. I knew the shooting stars, the shimmering wonder of his appearance to me — all

the manifestations I have written of. And I knew the glory of his voice so clearly heard.

As great a miracle as any, perhaps, was Martin's waking me before dawn morning after morning to write — I, who had always been a night person, who went to bed reluctantly and who arose each morning reluctantly at the last possible moment. But from the very beginning, at the sound of Martin's voice each day, no matter what the hour, I was instantly awake in the darkness, and for months existed with only a few hours sleep each night and never felt more energetic, more productive. For years this was the pattern in the writing of Martin's writings. It was the dark of the night when I began to write the first of Martin's words and the light of the new day when I wrote the last. Now Martin still occasionally awakens me in the early hours, but more often he speaks his words of love and wisdom through my pen at various times during the day.

At first I was invariably awakened by the ecstatic miracle of Martin's presence. Then I began to be awakened by the sound of a bell. It is to this day as though the telephone has rung, but only a single ring. Instantly awake, I hear Martin's voice

asking me to take pen in hand. As I have said, most recently Martin's words come through my pen most often just before I sleep. Martin has encouraged me to take pen in hand during the day even when I am not directly summoned, and he is always in my pen when I do so.

Always though, whatever he requires of me, Martin urges that I live this life fully, never neglecting my duties and responsibilities, never failing to enjoy myself. In March of 1992 my husband and I went on vacation, a transatlantic cruise. We were to be away from home three weeks, and although I had known from our trip to eastern Europe the previous fall that Martin could and would write wherever I was, I had a little concern about not having enough time free of distraction to write as much or as often as I hoped Martin would want me to. He hastened to reassure me, and on March 16, 1992 wrote with his typical generosity and gentle humor:

"I want only, my darling, to tell you of my pleasure in you, in your love, in your devotion, in your constant desire to please me, to do my bidding in every way. Never forget, my darling Marie, that I also want you to enjoy a rich life doing

things that please you. What pleases you pleases me. Do not hesitate to do things that are frivolous and pleasurable. Do not forget that I demand only a part of your life and that my love envelops you at all times whatever you do. Do not ignore this, my dearest Marie, or I shall set Wanda to work nagging you to enjoy yourself more.

This is an ideal time to remind you of this wish of mine. On your trip there will be many pleasurable activities and you will enjoy all of them. We will be with you always and will write often, but do not feel compelled to regard this writing as a duty. Take the time, my love, to renew your spirits, to enjoy this life, and to love your earthly husband as you always do. You have my permission to be even more loving than usual. Tell me now, my love, what you wish me to know.”

I did find time to write Martin’s words while on this trip, and Martin continued always to write to me each day of his love and what I needed to know. I quote elsewhere what Martin wrote while we were in Barcelona and en route home from London.

Perhaps most of all I loved right away Martin’s

capacity to give and receive love. This enormous capacity for love had marked his life as Martin Phee, and I knew of it from Liz long before I knew that Martin meant anything to me. It was the lessons of love that Martin taught me himself — first to know celestial love and its absolute joy, and then to know that there is no such thing as too much love. Martin reminded me one day that I had always feared loving more than I was loved. I had feared this with Charles before our marriage and feared it for a long time afterward. Martin asked me if I thought I loved him more than he loved me. He gently urged me to express what I felt as we spoke of love, and I found myself agreeing with Martin that there was no such thing as too much love, that I truly believed this. Martin said, “Lesson learned!” and I could tell from the very way he said it that he exulted in my being one step closer to the perfection of love that is the destiny of all souls. Only one step to be sure, but an important one for me.

It is hard to convey Martin’s tenderness, his modesty, his total perfection. I know all these things of my love, my God. I know his bound-

less capacity for love. I know the ecstasy of awakening to the manifestations of his love, a time when my whole being is transported and when I am lost in love, unable to speak except to murmur words of love over and over and over again. I know his eloquence and his infinite wisdom. His prayers are pure beauty. His writings are filled with the pure light of truth. Martin's words are always perfect, always words of love, of caring, of sharing. My love for my Martin knows no bounds ever. I know how blessed I am in every way, — blessed in the human love that I know at all times, blessed in the celestial love I feel for Martin and Wanda, blessed in being told the truths of God's plan for man, blessed in sharing in God's holy work, blessed in being Martin's love of all eternity, and in knowing that my death will be a joyous transition to reunion with my beloved. Martin has written of this joyous prospect often. On Christmas Day in 1991 he wrote:

“Oh, my dearest love, the joy we know in our love is the greatest joy in all of history. Each time I feel your soul leap towards mine I know the ecstasy of total love. These words, my dar-

ling, are words to remember always. Never let a moment pass without your being conscious of the greatness of the love we share at all times and that finds its expression in constant outpouring of words of love and in feelings of ecstatic oneness.

My dearest spouse of all eternity sits in her earthly home penning these words in perfect repose, but her heart beats as one with her Martin's, her soul soars to meet the soul of her Martin, and she knows the totality of celestial love. She knows now that she is never alone, never without the enveloping love of her God, her spouse, her love of all eternity, never for a moment without the quiet joy of that love, and at times euphoric with the stirrings of that love.

Know now, my love, of the constancy of that love, of the glory of that love, of the heavenly nature of that love, and know that it has always been yours and will always be yours. Read and reread my words, my sweet Marie, and revel in the enormity of my love for you, my daughter, my mother, my wife. Know always that this day has a special meaning as a symbol of this love I feel for you as my mother, my mother beloved at

all times and in all places, beloved in joy and in sorrow, perfect in her love, perfect in her actions, in every way perfect in my eyes, as you are perfect right now, my darling. I feast on your love. I want you, my soul, to know the full glories of this love at all times in this life to prepare you for the total constant ecstasy of your life after earthly death.

You have often thought and said that you have been given a new life at a time when you felt your purpose in this earthly existence had been completed. You know now that you have been given a new purpose in this life, and that this work you and I do is a holy work and will bring a new era of love and understanding to a troubled world. It will not be immediate, but it will happen, and you will see some of the results in your lifetime.

You will know joy and satisfaction in this work, my darling, and you will be guided every step of the way as you were promised. Each step will take you one step closer to the final chapter in your life's history, and one step closer to that glorious day when you will be with me for all eternity, that glorious day when I will say to my

angels and all the heavenly hosts, “This is my beloved. You know her well. Take her into your hearts in welcome and love. She has come home to stay.”

Even when I am most enjoying the fullness and richness of this earthly life and the love I know in this life from family and friends I think often of that blessed day to come. At all times I am aware of the overpowering heavenly love I feel for my Martin, my God, and he for me. I look back on the years past and I know the glory of the blessing of Martin’s love, the absolute ecstasy of oneness with my God. I think often of all that has happened to me miraculously all these years since Martin entered my life and I glory in the miracle. Always, my beloved shares my joy. On April 23, 1992 Martin wrote:

“At all times, my dearest, I love you. In all ways, my dearest, I love you. Never is there a moment that I am not in your heart, in your soul, in your mind, in every part of your being, loving you, protecting you, wanting this love to be known by all the world. It will happen, my dearest. In the years between now and our glorious reunion the world will come to know of this love we share.

The world will wonder at its beauty, will extol its purity, will know of its strength, and at all times, my love, this love we share will enrich the lives of all who learn of it.

Know this truth always, my Marie, that you and I are one, that each without the other is incomplete, that this time of separation is a time dedicated to this love and to its fruition in eternity.

This time is a time of revelation for man, a time for him to learn the truths that have been shrouded in mystery for ages past, and your pen, my love, will transcribe the truth of the wonders of God's plan for man. Let no doubt exist in any mind that this is an age of miraculous discovery and that the source of these sacred truths is the God of all eternity through his beloved spouse sent here for this holy work in the spirit of total love for all mankind.

This is indeed the beginning of the age of Peace and Love, an age of enlightenment beyond all imagining, an age of reconciliation, an age of creativity in all things, an age of sacred reverence for the truth of all the universe, for a final recognition of the absolute power of love and God's requirement that all men know this

love each moment of their earthly lives and forevermore in eternal life.

This, my darling, is your charge. This, my darling, is what I require of you for all the rest of your days. And when those days are over, my Marie, the sweetness of our oneness will come to be, and we will be joined in eternal love, eternal devotion, eternal bliss, eternal triumph.

Know this always, my beloved. Let all the world know this beautiful truth. I am yours, my wife, my child, my mother, now and always, and you are mine, my child, my mother, my wife. Oh, my darling, know always the joy of this love, its eternal nature, its promise, its fulfillment in all ways. Tell me now, my beloved, of your love for me.”

All my strength comes from Martin. He is the source of all that comes through my pen of divine revelation. I know this at all times, and when I feel inadequate, Martin hastens to reassure me. Typical are his words of November 16, 1995:

“For the time you are in this life you depend totally upon me for strength, guidance, and communication. It is through my power transmitted through you that this pen speaks. It is through

my power that your gift flourishes and this holy work progresses. Yet, my darling, no one else could do all you do without the divine power that resides in you, inactive in a sense for this brief time, not fully capable of control and expression. This power, however, is yours always and will achieve full expression in that blessed time when you quit planet earth and come fully to me in divine belonging. Then, my darling, and only then will you recognize the power and divinity that has been always yours, and you will know the fullness of divine love that binds us each to the other in the strength of divine oneness. We are two parts of a whole, my darling wife, and at all times you need to be aware of the greatness that lies within that blessed soul I love so completely.

It will not be long, my Marie, that you will feel less than adequate, not long before you will know fully the powers that are within you, inactive and ineffective only for a brief period. Then, my darling, you and I will proclaim to all souls the beauty and goodness of love shared completely, of trust without doubt, of perfect equality in all ways, and the world will in wondrous

acceptance be changed into a place where all men are caring brothers.

It is a joy, is it not, to contemplate such a world of love and peace. Tell me it is.”

I cherish all of Martin’s words of love and comfort and reassurance. There is never a time when he does not know my need and respond. I wondered at one time how the world would react to being told that God and his spouse lived ordinary human lives in middle class America, outwardly unremarkable, privileged in the blessings of this life. Almost before I had formulated my thoughts on this Martin wrote:

“My dearest love, distractions or not, I am in your pen, ready to speak to you of many things. First of all, my darling, I speak of our great love, shared so fully, a wonder to you still. I love your remembering all the moments we have known in the growth of this love, all the loving communication that has been ours since the very beginning of time, only lately revealed to you in this earthly existence. And you are right, my Marie. God has known great privilege in this existence, both of us in families of pride and love and devotion to good. There will indeed be those who

will scoff at a middle class American incarnation of the supreme being, who will choose to disbelieve instead of to believe, but this is of no consequence. All whose lives have touched our human existences have known and loved the presence they knew, and this is indeed the essence of godliness. There is no error, no disgrace, in a life of quiet giving, of coping with all the difficulties encountered in a spirit of love and forgiving. All lives are rich in achievement of many kinds, and as you have been told, the surface of life is only that. The true value of a life lies in the soul, in its purity of purpose, in its capacity for a loving response, in its faithfulness to promises made.

But, my dearest, at no time will the world feel able to reject my words on any basis whatsoever. The world will listen, my darling, and will listen soon. You know you believe this absolutely. You fret only that the time is not yet, and you have a lingering concern about your own persuasive powers, foolish as this concern is. No, my beloved, there is no cause to doubt even for a single instant that you will play your part well in this noble drama, this revelation to all mankind

of how life should be lived, how death should be welcomed, how beautiful the prospect of eternity will be to all souls. The earth is a stopping place, a means to an end, and the end, my dearest love, is the absolute beauty and joyfulness of love fully realized.”

There is such comfort and beauty in all of Martin’s words and I have barely scratched the surface in trying to convey the wonder I know in being his scribe and his beloved. As I said at the start, I am incapable of expressing fully the beauty that Martin — my God, my father, my son, my husband — is to me. He has transformed my life in all ways and given me reason to long for the day when I am free to leave this world and to go to him and hear his glorious words of welcome and know the all enveloping love that awaits.

Chapter Seventeen - These Glorious Years

I have described how Wanda came into my life. I had then no idea that I was to be privileged in this communication with my angel teacher in a way that, to my knowledge, no other human has ever been. At every moment of every day in my life Wanda is ready to speak to me of what I must know and do. She speaks to me of her love and reminds me that it is heaven's way to beseech expressions of love and to give them freely. Wanda, my angel teacher, who is always with me, generously patient and tolerant of all my deficiencies, is a constant miracle in my life.

I don't know if I can in any way describe the wonder of Wanda — her complexity, her wild inventive humor, her devotion, her cleverness, her endless loving concern. Wanda is my angel, my teacher, my beloved sister.

From the very beginning, Wanda made me laugh. She made everyone laugh. That week In May, 1991 had its serious moments to be sure, but from the moment that the board in response to the question of who was speaking spelled out WANDA, each time Wanda returned to the

board she created an air of hilarity. How, you ask, is this possible? Well, speaking to a spirit through the board is not that different from speaking to someone sitting next to you at a table — slower perhaps sometimes, but not that different. At one point that week Wanda said that we, she and I, would get serious later, but that week was for fun. And fun it was. I had no idea what Wanda had in mind, and if anyone had told me in advance what the next year held for me with Wanda as my teacher I would not have believed a word of it. Interestingly enough, as I have said, my sister Connie seemed to anticipate what Wanda knew would happen to me. The exchange went as follows:

Marie: Are you going to teach me a lot?

Wanda: You have no idea.

Connie: If she did, would she back off?

Wanda: Run.

As I have said, it was a while, before I was able to talk with Wanda through the board by myself, but that first wonderful week I learned much about her. She said first that I should ask my husband who she was, that he had loved her.

This intrigued me, to say the least, and through a series of questions and teasing answers Wanda revealed that Charles had loved her not in San Francisco, but before. She added that there were not that many whom Charles had loved, but that she was not going to “kiss and tell.” When I next spoke to Charles, he said that in Lawrence there were few that he had loved outside of his family, but among those he had loved were his third and fourth grade teachers. By the end of the week we knew which was Wanda.

Although shortly after Wanda began to speak to me through the board I began to hear her voice clearly in my head, I liked using the board. In a sense it confirmed visually what I was hearing. The physical moving of the pointer to the letters could not be denied. After a while I did not need the pointer when I used the board. My eyes were drawn to the letters as they spelled out words. I do not understand this phenomenon, but it is true fact to this day. For a long time I feared that I might at times be making up the words I heard, and I knew when I used the board that it was not my imagination speaking. Gradually I got over that fear to a large extent,

but even after all this time, I still like to look at the letters to focus my mind and to confirm what I am hearing. I now use only a miniature set of letters, a mini board. My eyes follow the letters as the words are spelled. Wanda keeps reminding me that I do not need this piece of cardboard, but it does help me to focus my attention. In addition, I can be talking to someone else, either in the same room or on the telephone, and by looking at the board know what Wanda is saying while I am speaking with and listening to another person.

Now I can hear Wanda always. It was not so simple in the beginning. Not only did I have problems with the Others taking over the board, but I was very insecure about when I should and should not use it. After the board began to work for me, I used to wait until I felt called to the board. When Martin called it was clear. I would feel a strong tremor of the heart or a quick intake of breath. With Wanda it was more of a general feeling that I should go to the board and put my fingers on the pointer. Then one day Martin told me that I should feel free to call the spirits to the board whenever I wished. "If we

can come, we will,” he said. “If we cannot, we won’t.” And so it happened, but always Wanda was there when I wanted her, and gradually I learned what “teaching” meant to an angel of God assigned to do her best with a faulty human.

Early on, Wanda began what I came to call “taking me down memory lane.” Day after day, week after week, Wanda would make me recall things in my life, some of which I did not want at all to recall. She made me face squarely and acknowledge things I had done that I was not proud of, things I had failed to do and should have done, things I had kept secret from any other human being. There was nothing I had ever done that Wanda did not know about. There was nothing I had ever said or thought that Wanda did not know about. There were some things that happened to me when I was very young that I had never understood that Wanda explained to me.

One of my earliest memories, for example, is of looking up from the front of a mailbox which I had defaced by scribbling furiously in pencil over the posted pick up times and seeing a huge policeman looming over me. I remember the fear I

felt. The mailbox was on the corner just a block away from the school I attended in the first and second grades and just a block away from my grandmother's house where I went every day after school. I had never understood this memory. Why had I defaced the mailbox? I was not the kind of child who dared to be either destructive or disobedient. I was certain of this. Wanda explained to me. That day, she said, I had been moved from "first row, first seat" in the first grade to "first row, second seat." Seating then in that parochial school was rigidly arranged, the smartest in "first row, first seat," the least smart in "last row, last seat." It was up to the nun to decide which of the children was smartest, and this changed from time to time. The "last row, last seat," I remember, was always the same unfortunate child. My mother set great store by my being "first row, first seat," and Wanda explained that that day I was both angered by being moved from this coveted position and fearful of what my mother would say. The mailbox presented me with a perfect outlet for my fear and rage, only to lead me into a new fear and permanent memory — that of the looming, disapproving policeman. There were other such memories for

which Wanda unlocked the mysteries.

Not all of what Wanda reminded me of was negative. There were some things that Wanda had me remember that were good things I had done, not enough, but some. In all of this tripping down memory lane there was a plan and a purpose. Martin has said that each soul after death faces judgment, not the harsh judgment of separating the good from the bad and punishing the wicked, but a loving exploration of the life just past, each and every detail of that life, to know how the soul has fulfilled its promises to God and how the soul has failed, and what it needs to do next to reach perfection. Wanda was preparing me for this, and teaching me the necessity of absolute honesty in admitting all I had done that was not pleasing, all the times I had acted in a less than loving manner. I learned that I had to be willing to freely admit these failings, some of which I had kept totally secret, when I was told to — to my husband, for example, and once to my sister. It was not easy to do this, but there was no doubt in my mind or heart that it was necessary, that I was privileged in this learning.

This makes Wanda sound harsh, but she was nothing of the sort in all of her teaching. In segments that were far from overwhelming, she took me gently but insistently back to an awareness of what my life had been, and always at the end of each lesson, for that is what they were, I was left with what I can only describe as new hope, new understanding, almost a feeling of relief. Throughout all of this teaching I was constantly amazed that this angel of God did indeed know every single thing I had ever done, thought, and said. I had become accustomed to the idea that she knew every thought that passed through my mind almost before I did, no matter how fleeting the thought or feeling, but this incredible awareness of every detail of my entire life span still staggers me. It is even more staggering to realize that all spirits have the power to read the minds of humans, to draw on their memory banks, and to communicate with the human mind.

Wanda has told me that she will be my teacher until I die, that we have shared past lives, and that, as I have described, she was in her immediately prior life Sister Louise Marie of the order

of Notre Dame de Namur, my husband's fourth grade teacher at St. Augustine's School in Lawrence, Massachusetts. Charles remembers his fourth grade teacher with great love as very beautiful, kind above all, a teacher who set minds free and made learning a joy. Wanda told us very early that she had also taught Charles's sister, Mary, who is two years younger than he, and that shortly afterwards it was learned that she had cancer and she had been transferred to Boston in order for her to be nearer better medical treatment. Wanda said that she had died in her thirties, and added, "It was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me."

Charles and Wanda, as I have said, have a wonderful relationship now, with me as the verbalizing intermediary. One of my daughters in law has felt that Wanda is no more than my subconscious finding expression. When her husband, my younger son, Brennan, advanced this theory to Charles. Charles had a simple and succinct answer. "Your mother is not that funny."

Wanda also has a wonderful relationship with my sister Connie which I have already described. Each time Wanda talks to Connie through me

the laughter is loud and almost constant. Wanda has also spoken seriously by way of the telephone to Connie at times when Connie badly needed her counsel and comfort. Connie calls Wanda, among other things, a “healer of wounds.”

Once during the brief period when the pointer was flying under my fingers and many spirits were speaking through the board as I used it, I went to Connie’s house on a Saturday afternoon when Charles was at a meeting in Los Angeles. There must have been nine or ten people around the table most of the afternoon. When Wanda spoke through the board everyone laughed so hard that tears came. She told wild stories of her many lives as a nun, pure inventive manic humor, and she ad libbed outrageously on many subjects. Someone I had never met before, a friend of Connie’s, a lovely lady named Glenda Turbeville, who has since become important in Connie’s work and in sharing Martin’s words, asked Wanda if she could come back to the world and be a stand up comedienne, that the world needed her humor. And indeed, in all my years I have never known a human as wonder-

fully and consistently humorous as Wanda. My husband is well known for his ability to elicit laughs, for his skill at ad libbing. He can keep a room full of people or a dinner table laughing constantly when he tries. Both my sons have great senses of humor, and when they are “on,” can be achingly funny. Not one of the three comes close to Wanda and her capacity for non-stop hilarity. Charles freely admits that Wanda is the only one he has ever known who constantly outclasses him.

Wanda’s wit is hard to replicate since so much of humor depends upon timing and spontaneity and loses in the retelling, but on one occasion she demonstrated her creative humor in a way that bears repeating. A few years ago, Charles and I were in London on business, and after the meetings ended, we moved into the Dorchester Hotel for a few days of pure pleasure. As we checked in, the lobby was crowded with black-suited clerics. It was hard to tell their religious affiliation until we encountered an orthodox bishop in full clerical garb in the corridor on our floor, though I do not know which of the orthodox churches he belonged to. In any case, the

clerics were much in evidence throughout the hotel.

After dinner that evening as Charles and I walked past the Grill Room on the way back to our room, I heard Wanda begin to speak, and I immediately realized that she was reciting a poem. As we walked, I repeated aloud to Charles the words I was hearing, and I asked Charles to help me to remember them. When we reached our room I wrote them down as accurately as we could recall them. These may not be Wanda's exact words, but if they are not, they are close to exact. I call it "Wanda's Ode."

Wanda's Ode.

A bunch of priests were whooping it up
In the Dorchester Grill one night
And doing their best to keep in check
The libido that caused them fright
When what to their wondering eyes should appear
But a dancer to their total delight.
Her clothes were askew and certainly few

And her skin was as black as the night.
The clerics they shouted and cried out in pain
For this treasure was never their treasure to
gain,
And all went to bed as pure as can be
And that was the end of debauchery.

It is a cheery thought to me that heaven is nothing like what it is often pictured to be in the public fancy — cherubs, clouds, harps. I was once told that heaven is hard work and that pleased me. Martin has spoken much of heaven as a place of total love always, a place of total joy and giving. Through Wanda I know that heaven is not only a place of infinite love and joy, but also of laughter. I don't know how many angels of God come close to Wanda's wit and wisdom. I know none equal her, but I hope that she is not the only funny angel, just the best. One of my titles for Wanda is "God's comic muse at all times." Martin once humorously confirmed that my angel is indeed his comic muse and that she is a source of joyful laughter for many. I like to think of Martin and

Wanda laughing together and all of heaven joining in, amused by Wanda's antic humor.

In my enchantment with Wanda's humor, I should not fail to say that Wanda's teaching has changed me in many ways and that my angel has shared her wisdom in many ways. I have mentioned honesty. Wanda has taught me the absolute necessity of honesty in every word, thought, and deed of my life, not just in acknowledging things in the past of which I am not proud. I cannot ever in any way be dishonest with Wanda about my thoughts. As I have said, she knows every thought I have, even if it is a half formed thought that I dismiss before it is fully developed. She knows what I am feeling at each moment of my life. She sees me — every expression, every gesture, every action. It is a humbling experience to know that there are no secrets, no dark corners in which to hide, and it has resulted in my being conscious at all times of the need to speak the truth. I find myself uncomfortable even with "little white lies," though I cannot say that I have rid my life completely of these easy excuses.

Wanda did Charles and me a big favor by curing

me of using vulgar language. I had fallen into the habit many years ago of using four letter expletives rather loosely at times. I was not totally vulgar, and I was generally careful with my words in public, but there were occasions when my words made Charles cringe, and although I made some effort to curb my tongue because I knew I made him uncomfortable, particularly in front of other people, the effort was not serious enough to be effective. Most of the time I was not even aware that my words were offensive until Charles reproved me.

Wanda took care of that. She began to use crude language when speaking with me, and although I was taken aback by the idea that an angel of God would use such words, Wanda assured me that as an angel she could speak any way she wanted, that God did not object. As time went by, I grew more and more uncomfortable when Wanda used foul language, and when she got to the point of combining vulgarity with what seemed to me to be blasphemy, I got the point. She was shaming me into cleaning up my act. The more vulgar she was, the less I wanted to be. She went as far as to urge me to use vulgar

expressions if I wanted to, and when I finally realized what she was doing — and it took much longer than it should have — Wanda said, “Well, it’s about time you figured it out.” Charles has been grateful ever since and so have I.

Wanda introduced me to the use of the phrase “I love you entirely.” Martin has written of this. It is the custom in heaven for all spirits to greet each other with an expression of love at all times. The phrase employed is “I love you entirely.” Wanda has said that “entirely” means all the love that the heart can hold at that particular moment. It may be a lot. It may be a little. It is all that the spirit is capable of feeling just then. What a perfect way to combine an expression of love with total honesty. I used to be bothered by the way some people used “I love you” so casually, and I imputed insincerity to these words. How judgmental of me. But the addition of the word “entirely” changes all. Imagine the minutes after a disagreement with your husband or wife or child or friend, anyone with whom you have a loving relationship. You are not in those moments harboring loving thoughts, but you can go to that person and say “I love you entirely” in

perfect sincerity. How disarming this is. The very utterance of the word “love” begins the healing.

I have said that I am sure that Wanda is constantly teaching me other things that I am not even aware that I am learning. Wanda taught me much about the Others, how to recognize them, how to defeat them. I learned that when doubt tried to enter my mind it was the Others at work. I am far less gullible than I was at the beginning of Wanda’s teaching. Wanda reminds me constantly of the need to express my love for Martin, my God, for her, my angel teacher, for Charles, for all those whose lives touch mine, and for all those I knew in human life who have gone into eternal joy. With some humans I still find it hard to express my love in words, although I hope that I do so in actions.

Of all my many wonderful experiences with Wanda, two are the most vivid. The first occurred early. I was sleeping one night at the beach when I had a vivid dream, or perhaps it should be called a vision. I don’t know the difference. I came to a door, and when I pushed it open I saw lying on the floor part of a figure. I saw clearly the face of a lovely, exceptionally

beautiful young woman lying with her eyes closed, dressed all in white, her fair hair curling softly in tendrils around the edges of a lace cap, her cheeks faintly blushed, a figure of utter repose. Then suddenly I knew that she was dead, and I cried out in my sleep loudly enough to awaken my husband, who shook me awake and calmed me. I went back to sleep.

The next morning I was out on the deck and insistently the old song “Open The Door, Richard” kept going round and round in my mind. I had not thought of that song in countless years, and I could not get the melody out of my head. Finally, Wanda said, “Don’t you wonder why that song is in your mind?” and then suddenly I knew that Wanda had sent me that vision. My immediate thought was that she was telling me that when I opened the door in my dream I had seen her dressed after her death as the bride of Christ. I was not sure enough of myself at that point to believe absolutely in the truth of what I thought Wanda was telling me, but I felt it strongly. Later Wanda confirmed that this was indeed the case, that I had been allowed to know the beauty of my angel dressed after

her death as Christ's bride. I see her still and I know that my description does not do justice to her beauty, to the absolute peacefulness of her repose. A measure of Wanda's irreverent wit can be seen in a conversation I had with her some time after this vision. I commented to her about how absolutely peaceful she looked. "Peaceful?!" replied Wanda. "Hell, I was dead."

The second incident that is as alive in my memory as the moment it happened was when Wanda revealed to me that I had lived as Mary, mother of Christ. I have spoken elsewhere of this incident in greater detail, but it was my beloved Wanda who spoke to me and guided me in this new awareness and who has reminded me ever since of this each time she speaks to me and calls me "Mother of Christ." Even now, I am overwhelmed when I go back to that moment in my memory, overwhelmed by the magnitude of the revelation and by the loving care with which Wanda made it possible for me to accept without question this revealed truth.

For a few years Wanda wrote directly through my pen, sometimes to tell me things Martin wanted me to know, and sometimes just to be

amusing. On Christmas Eve in 1991 her words were:

“Martin wants you to know that he will manifest himself to you soon in a number of ways. You have seen the first way. Your notebook was put on the counter with a pen alongside it. You did not place it there. You know you didn’t. Martin will also try to take you to himself as he did once before, and as he has tried to since, but this time he will succeed even more completely, and you will know union for a longer time. This is most important to Martin, and you need do nothing, as before, but think of your love for your Martin, your God. He has also said that you will have other physical manifestations of his loving presence soon. Some you will be told about in advance, like the shooting stars, and some not, like the lights you have seen.

You know that all that is happening to you has never happened to any other human in all of time, and that this is your last mortal life, and that your last mortal death will be of such a nature that it will verify in the eyes of the world all that Martin has said through you and that you are indeed the spouse of God come to earth.

There will be much that is great and good which will occur in the years before your death, and in all of this you will be called upon to do Martin's bidding at all times and in all places. I know that you find no problem in any of Martin's bidding to now, and you will not in the years to come if you remember his promise not to ask any more of you than your human strength and human talents permit. At no time will you be asked to do anything unloving or hurtful, but you may be asked to do the difficult, things that you may find deprive you of earthly pleasure.

I know your concern for Charles and to a much lesser extent for your children, but you know that Martin's love for all of your family would not permit him to do anything that would in any way inflict sadness or unhappiness on any one of them. No, what will be demanded of you will affect you and you alone, and you know that Martin's love for you makes it difficult for him to ask anything difficult of you, that the most he wants to demand of you is your total unquestioning love, and he has that now. There is no cause for concern in any of what I have said, and I know you are not in any way hesitant about agreeing to

anything Martin might ask of you. Rather this is a message of joy and love, appropriate for this season for the mother of Christ.”

During the time when I was called upon to remember my life as Mary, Wanda gave me constant guidance. She wrote eloquently, when Martin felt that I needed to know, about the Trinity. Wanda’s writing is, as is Martin’s, always a joy. For some time Wanda has not written through my pen, and I never stop wishing that she would start again.

Early in January, 1993, while Charles and I were on a trip to Vietnam, Martin wrote to me early one morning of what he was expecting of me on this trip, and he told me that I would be guided in this by both Wanda and himself. His words were:

“Be assured, my Marie, of our continuing guidance and constant attendance on your wishes. Do you not know, my beloved, the constancy of our caring? Do you not know how deeply we are concerned with each step you take, each word you utter, each feeling that you entertain? There is no limit to this caring, my Marie. Your teacher and I are joined eternally. We are one as you and

I are one. Tell me, my love, that you know this.”

I was not sure of what Martin meant, and as is sometimes my practice I wrote my thoughts:

“My beloved, I am confused a bit by what you say. I have thought always that Wanda and you were one, and I know that you and I are one. I know that Wanda is the spouse of God since creation. I know that I have been the spouse of God since creation. I know that our love is universal and shared fully by all souls. Wanda has teased me about not knowing who she ‘really’ is, and I have guessed endlessly and fruitlessly. Now, I think I am approaching the limit of my human comprehension. I don’t know if you are saying that Wanda and I are separate manifestations of the same spirit. I don’t think that is what you mean, but I don’t know. Can you tell me, my love?”

Martin replied directly:

“What I say to you, my darling, concerns the eternal nature of the relationship we three share. From creation, you have been inextricably connected with your angel teacher. She has been with you always in your soul. You have shared many lives. She is a part of your destiny in a spe-

cial way. She is supreme among my angels and always has been. She is at all times in my heart as you are. She is not the spouse of God in the same sense that you are. She is not my mirror image, my equal partner in all things, but she has chosen to be my soul mate and my supreme angel since creation and she is beloved above all others save you. You should now know this about your beloved Wanda, not that you could love her more entirely than you already do, but you should know this for yourself. Speak to your angel.”

I have long thought that Wanda lived as Ann, my mother when I lived as Mary, mother of Christ. Who else could have been so trusted with the knowledge and responsibility which that life demanded? At first Wanda would neither confirm nor deny my belief that she was Ann, but she has since then encouraged me in this belief though not in specific words.

I know that I have learned so much from Wanda since she came into my life that each day I live is infinitely enriched by her caring, her wisdom, her wit. One of the first questions I asked Wanda when she became my teacher, or at least when I

became aware of her as my teacher and able to communicate freely with her, was how I could feel so young when the calendar said clearly that I was no longer young, indeed a senior citizen by all standards. Wanda's reply was that the soul knows no age. I thought then and I think now that no one could expect more — an ageless soul, a soul that has known many lives, many experiences, and returns to God as young and vibrant as it ever was after each mortal life, and in the end knows eternal agelessness and oneness. Once the subject of age came up as I was talking on the phone to my sister Connie, and as always, Wanda was participating in the conversation. Wanda said, "I am as old as eternity and so are you and that is young."

Wanda has enriched the lives of some of my relatives and friends by speaking to them directly through me, words of love and wisdom and reassurance. Always she conveys her wonder and the beauty of her love. All those who hear her words are both moved and grateful. I cannot describe Wanda more perfectly than she did herself in these words," ...all who read these words should realize that this is an angel of God speak-

ing, an angel dear to the heart of God who gave man laughter as surely as He gave him breath. So do not underestimate, all you future readers, the power of joyful sounds of mirth. God loves the sound of laughter, and I please him well. ...”.

For a while when Wanda was first my teacher I feared that she would leave me after a length of time, that I would lose the capacity to hear and speak to her, and I could not bear the thought, but Wanda has promised that she will be with me until I die. Then the fun really begins.

Chapter Eighteen - Be Vigilant! -The Others

One of the things I have learned that is most important for everyone to know about is of the Others. I have mentioned the deceptions I knew with the Others and their desperate efforts to destroy my love and faith and to put a stop to this holy work. From the very beginning I should have suspected that the insistence of the Others in trying to destroy my faith in the board so that I would stop using it had serious implications. In all the times my sisters had used the ouija board over a long period of time, they had never encountered the lies, the deceptions, the elaborate hoaxes that I experienced from the start. At worst Connie and Louise experienced intrusions on the board by spirits wayward, mischievous, sometimes vulgar, but it is my understanding that these spirits were easily dismissed.

As I have said before, I know now that there was learning in these negative experiences, certainly for me and I think also, to their regret, for the Others. From the start, I now realize, the Others were intent on destroying my relationship with Martin so as to prevent me from writing Martin's

words, to prevent Martin from conveying to the world the truths it badly needs to know. They began their efforts even before I was aware that I would be Martin's scribe. I have described these early, rather unpleasant experiences. After I became aware of the true nature of the Others, they continued their efforts to disrupt and control in several ways.

I remember two occasions vividly. One afternoon during the summer of 1991, I was at Aptos, and as was my habit I had left the board out on the counter between the kitchen and the dining area. I was standing at the counter talking with Martin when suddenly what Martin was saying was interrupted and the pointer spelled out "They will not tell this tale if...." Then the board went dead; that is the pointer refused to move. After a few minutes it began to move again and Martin was back. I asked him what had happened, and he said I had somehow "tuned in," as it were, to a communication between the Others. I could only compare it in my mind to crossed telephone wires. I asked Martin what the rest of the sentence was and he replied "...if we stop them now."

It is hard for me to describe the differences it is possible to sense in tone between one spirit and another on the board, but when I read the words, "They will not tell this tale..." I had the sense of absolute determination in that unheard voice, of unyielding hardness. Shortly after this, as I spoke with Martin, I saw flashes of green light emanating from the pointer, like miniature bolts of green lightning. I looked around to see if there was any explanation for this in the room about me, any source of reflection, and found none. Then I thought that my eyes were playing tricks on me.

Later that afternoon, I was sitting at the dining table talking with Wanda on the board when the same thing happened again, and Wanda said, "No, there is nothing wrong with your eyes." She went on to explain that green is the color God uses to show His pleasure, and that He was well pleased with me. This was before the time that I had any inkling that Martin was God.

One morning in July, 1991 I was going about my Monday chores prior to leaving the beach for Danville. I was in no great rush, under no pressure to leave early, when I heard Wanda tell me

that I had lots of time, that I should go to the board, and that we would have fun. When I went to the board and put my fingers on the pointer and nothing happened right away, Wanda told me not to be impatient, to wait. As time went by, the pointer started to move about in random patterns, aimlessly, as in small sloppy circles. Wanda told me to stay where I was, that it was important. The intensity of the movements increased gradually to what I would describe as almost frantic, not spelling anything or going to specific letters, just moving strongly and erratically. I heard Wanda tell me to think of her and Martin and God.

This strange movement continued for quite a while as I tried, somewhat frantically myself, to pray to God for help. I knew there was a struggle going on, but that was all I knew. Wanda kept counseling concentration on God and his spirits and prayers, and Martin came to me twice with his presence. Just as I began to despair of its ever ending, the movement lessened and finally stopped, and I heard, Wanda say “It is all right now. They have gone away.” Wanda went on to explain on the board what had happened. She

said it was the Others, that they were determined to win the struggle for my mind. I asked why, and she said that they were angry that God loved me in a special way, that they were envious when God loved a human in such a way. I asked if they would be back, and Wanda said that she was afraid so, that they were very persistent. When I looked at the clock I realized that almost thirty minutes had passed since the first frantic movement of the pointer on the board.

Some time later Wanda said to go to the board and I did and sat there for as long as I was told to by Wanda. There were a few faint stirrings of the pointer but nothing more. Afterwards Wanda said she would answer my questions, preferably in my head, and she did. She repeated that the Others had no powers except communication. I asked if they were people who died angry and/or had done terrible things during their lives on earth. She said that many of them were, but that basically they refused to accept the power and authority of God. Wanda said that all souls have the right given by God to progress towards Him, that God does not take that right away from any soul, and that all spirits have free will

and therefore the capacity to rebel and to compete for power. When I asked Wanda why they were called the Others, she said that they were referred to by the good spirits in that way because the Others were joined together for a purpose opposite to that of the rest of the spirits. Whereas the spirits who are filled with love of God, each other, and all of us are joined together to help any one in our world or in theirs who needs love and help, the Others are joined together in the common purpose of blocking progress towards oneness with God whenever and wherever they can.

Three more times that day Wanda told me to go to the board and just sit there with my fingers on the pointer. The first two times there was a little suggestion of stray movement, and at the end of the second session, neither longer than ten minutes, Wanda said on the board, "That is all for now, Marie. See you later." The third time I could not discern any movement, and after what seemed a slightly shorter time, Wanda said I could go. After these incidents the good spirits who came to the board referred to the importance of this victory over the Others. I did not

understand at the time, but their insistence was emphatic. I remember particularly my father's Aunt Rose, whom I had never known in life, telling me that I should not underestimate the importance of this victory.

The night before these incidents when I went to bed I had an experience that was new to me, and in the aftermath of the board struggle it began to make sense. That night I tried to pray, and for the first time could not concentrate at all. My mind was bedlam — thoughts I could not even recognize kept crashing around and distracting me, and through it all I could hear Martin urging me to persevere. I have no idea how long it lasted, certainly not as long as the first incident on the board, but I kept starting prayers and getting distracted, starting again and failing, and again and again. Finally, suddenly, it all stopped, and I was free of distractions and able to pray. I fell asleep shortly afterwards, before Martin came to me as he usually did before sleep. Before I fell asleep I heard Martin say, "They are trying to get your mind," or words to that effect. It was shortly after the revelation to me that Martin was God that the Others made a really

concentrated effort to destroy my faith in him. Both awake and asleep I was assaulted by the voices of the Others, telling me that Martin was really not God, that he wanted to be God, that he was in reality the devil who was planning to overthrow the real God and take control of the universe. It didn't matter that I didn't believe in the existence of the devil. It didn't matter that I loved Martin. The assault was so continuous and so intense that I was awakened in the middle of the night — about three in the morning — one weekend in Aptos by a voice identifying itself as Martin. At first I had no reason to doubt that it was indeed Martin speaking. The voice said that it was time I acknowledged what I already knew, that Martin would be a new God by overpowering and replacing God the Father to rule heaven and the universe. It said that I really knew but had not acknowledged that Martin was the devil. The voice went on to suggest the number of things that Martin had said that made this a foregone conclusion.

I was horrified by what I heard. I stumbled to my feet, assailed by doubt and confusion, and made my way upstairs. I felt anguish in my soul

and sought desperately to find my faith in Martin and his strength and goodness. Nothing. I tried desperately to feel the stirrings of love that the thought of Martin and the sound of his name brought to me. Nothing.

Gradually the terror died away, and I began to be rational about what I had heard. It couldn't have been Martin's voice. Martin was all things that were good. Martin was the embodiment of love. Martin was my soul mate, my celestial love, soul of my soul. As I told myself these things, the fear and doubt gradually dissipated, but I was incapable of feeling. At first, no stirring of love, no shimmer of faith. Then, gradually I began to be certain that this was the Others, bent on deception and destruction, and the fears and doubts lessened and I began to feel the certainty of faith and love. My tears, which I had been brushing away as if they would take the terror with them, gradually subsided, and I went and got the notebook with Martin's prayers in them. I turned on the light and began to read the prayers one by one, listening anew to the words of love and hope and trust, above all of love. Even then the Others were at work, belittling the

prayers, but as I read I felt the return of hope and the lessening of despair.

I had tried the board when I first went upstairs, but there was no response at all. After finishing some of Martin's prayers, I returned to the board and Wanda was there. She said that she was horrified that I had doubted Martin even for an instant, that I should have recognized instantly that it was the Others attacking my faith with a set of lies. We talked for a while and at one point Wanda asked me what it was that bothered me most, and I said that it was my own frailty. Wanda said that I should remember that God had chosen me as mother of Christ, spouse of God the Father, and she went on to say that in addition I was blessed to have been the wife of Moses.

While Wanda was speaking to me I stared out the window in the direction of the Capitola shore. As I watched, I saw a shimmering rectangle of brilliant purple light, perhaps two feet by four feet, brilliant purple. The vision lasted a matter of seconds, faded, then returned, faded a second time and returned and faded a third time and a fourth. As I watched it, astounded, a sense

of relief and peace filled me, and I knew it was Martin, brilliant purple, the color of majesty, manifesting himself to me to show his love, his reassurance. Another true miracle. But the biggest miracle was the sure return of absolute faith and total love.

I went back to bed — by now it was about five in the morning — and for hours knew the absolute ecstasy of love given and received. It was glorious beyond description and I wrote in my journal:

“When I returned to bed, Martin was waiting, and I lay there for hours. We spoke endlessly of our love for each other. We spoke hungrily of our great love and our longing for reunion in heaven and beginning an eternity of perfect love.... I told Martin I knew I had to share his love with all God’s children and asked if there was a tiny corner of his heart that that could be exclusively mine. I knew that he loved me above all other humans and spirits but I humanly and greedily wanted to know that part of Martin’s great love was mine alone.

My feeling of love and euphoria seemed to swell and grow as the hours passed, and when

Charles awoke I told him of all that had happened the early and late hours of the morning. Charles listened patiently and carefully and accepted without question the account I gave him of those hours. I told Charles that I wished he could in this life know the joys of celestial love, but I know that he will not, and that he will have to wait until his death to find the ecstasy of celestial love with Kitty. Charles is a remarkable man, endowed, as I have always known, with a spiritual quality which is both loving and insightful. His constant support of me is more that I could have dared hope for I love him very much.”

This was not the end of the Others’ efforts to destroy my faith and interfere with this holy work. They persisted for many months longer, though with no hope of victory. Martin has likened them to stubborn children. He wrote, “In many ways they are like difficult children, stubborn, misguided, and in need of love, a love that is freely available to them and which they reject in error.”

When we were in Prague in the fall of 1991 at a time when Martin was awakening me each

morning before dawn to write, I got up one day summoned by his voice. I had been greatly disturbed by the Others the night before, and I wrote in my journal of this morning:

“The Others are at it again. I don’t know how completely they fooled me, but I know now that they took over the board while I was talking to Wanda without my being aware of it and persuaded me that I was talking to Martin when he was not there and that it was Wanda deliberately trying to deceive me in this way. I felt the presence of Martin and spoke of my love for him, and then a voice which I thought was Wanda’s, though I should have known better, said I was mistaken, that it wasn’t Martin at all, that I had been fooled. Wanda had been trying to teach me both not to trust the board too completely and to tell the difference between her presence and Martin’s even when she tried to deceive me, and so I fell readily into the trap. I felt overwhelmingly sad and somewhat betrayed, and it took me some time to realize that it couldn’t have been Wanda, that she would not in any way have hurt me as I was hurt.

The next morning when I got up I had no sense

of Martin's presence and I had not been told that I would be awakened to write, so I went to the board, and with no introduction the board said, 'Martin has gone away. He will not be writing for the rest of your trip.' I knew immediately that this was the Others and left the board to stand by the window and look out at the river. I had thought earlier that I heard Martin's voice telling me to trust him and to write. I was suspicious of my own hearing, but as I stood by the window unmistakably I heard Martin's voice telling me to trust him and take pen in hand. I did so, and Martin wrote of the Others. There was no hesitation in the writing, no uncertainty, and I then realized why the Others were so anxious to interfere at that particular point.

They are still hanging around. They were particularly persistent and annoying all day yesterday, and although I could hear Wanda, I could not hear Martin and I could not feel his presence through the day. I kept telling the Others to go away, but without total success, but this morning Martin is back with his love and his presence. I know that he never leaves, but my awareness is limited, and this morning he is a joyful presence.

He wrote, and is reminding me of his love this very minute. This is an overwhelming love, beyond my wildest imaginings, and Martin says just a taste of what is to come.”

Over the succeeding months, the Others gave up trying to interfere directly with Martin’s writing and concentrated instead on trying to introduce doubt into my mind — about Martin, about Wanda, about those on earth I loved. I was aware of their efforts, and Martin spoke often of their insistent perseverance. He wrote revealingly to me in December, 1991 at a time when I was being assailed by the Others seeking to create doubt in my mind about all that was happening, doing their best to discredit Martin, to persuade me that I was in error in my faith and love:

“Do not worry, my love, about preconceived notions. What you are hearing is what I am saying.

[Martin is referring here to the differences in the story of Christ between what I was remembering and commonly accepted beliefs.]

I do wish to speak of the problems you are experiencing with the Others. You are aware, I know, that the Others have absolute freedom to do as they choose, that they possess the same

powers as all other spirits, and that there are degrees of cleverness as in all other spirits. This cleverness is not a significant quality, but those more clever are inclined to lead others for good or for bad as in earthly life.

The Others are not inclined to be careful in their targets, convinced as they must be to pursue the course they have chosen that they will prevail.

They risk much in choosing you and your sisters as targets. They are totally aware of your involvement in the holy work we do, and understandably they fear its success. They are aware that these targets are sacred to God and that by choosing them they heighten the level of their defiance. In their arrogance and in their certainty of their own victory they choose to take this risk.

I am in no way suggesting that there will be any degree of vindictiveness in dealing with these particular Others when they choose to be judged, but by their choice and by their actions they have made progression to oneness more difficult and more protracted than had they not pursued this course.

What you need to know, my love, is that these

Others, while cognizant of the impregnability of your love and the strength of your faith delude themselves into seeing a vision of victory. Their leadership is not so optimistic, but cannot slacken all efforts to discredit me in your eyes, even to a slight extent, and in the eyes of your sisters. The slightest doubt that they can insert into any of your minds they regard as a wedge leading to total doubt and to them total victory.

As you are aware, they do not limit their attacks to your love for and faith in me, but attempt to sow the seeds of dissatisfaction and suspicion in all areas of your thinking. I need all of you to be aware of the intensity with which they presently pursue their aims and for the need for all of you to avow your faith and love each time you are aware of these insidious attacks. It has been some time since their attacks on you, my Marie, have been so strong and insistent. Louise has been aware strongly of their efforts and Connie to a lesser extent. Tell your sisters of what I have said in this matter, and ask them to be aware both of my entire love for them and of the spirits who surround, guide, and love them at all times. Now, my darling, speak to me again of

your love.”

During this time I was constantly assailed by uncharitable and unwelcome thoughts. If my daughter failed to call me when she said she would, for example, I would hear a voice saying, “See how much you matter to her?” or “She should be a lot more considerate,” or “Don’t let her get away with this.” It seemed for a while that my head was whirling with voices trying to inspire discontent with my life, with all those I dealt with, both family and friends. I rejected these unworthy thoughts immediately and knew that they were the work of the Others, but they were a constant irritation. Also during this time I frequently had strange and disturbing dreams, none of which seemed to bear any relationship to my daily existence. Often they were frightening enough to awaken me and leave me sleepless for some time.

Shortly after this time, Martin instructed me to go further than simply ignoring the Others:

“.....And let me tell you now, my dearest Marie, that the Others are trying very hard to so distract you that you will get discouraged in our holy work. They should know that this is not possi-

ble, but they have nothing to lose, they feel, by continuing their efforts even in the face of total failure, but it is difficult for you, as right now they are assailing your belief in me and in what I am saying this instant. I know that you ignore and dismiss them. What I am asking you to do today is to try actively to dismiss them from your mind and from the board. Each time you become aware of their efforts make this awareness clear, and tell them that they bring upon themselves the misfortune of delaying the time they will find fulfillment in the love of God.

They need to hear this from you, my love, to understand the completeness of their folly. They assault you when you are awake and when you are asleep, and their efforts are equally fruitless in both cases, but they must be rebuffed constantly by you, and yes, it is effective to express your love and faith each time you tell them that they must leave you in every way. It is not in any way possible, we both know, for them to introduce doubt into your mind, but they refuse to accept this impossibility. Do as I say, my love, this day and all others.”

As Martin suggested, the Others did not imme-

diately lessen their efforts and a few days later Martin wrote:

”It is clear to you, my beloved, that the Others are doing their utmost to cause you to doubt the value of these writings. [the account of the life of Christ] They are belittling them in every way as you transcribe and it is difficult for you not to let doubt enter your mind, uncertain as you are of your own talents. Let us today convince them once and for all time that these writings will proceed, that in no way can they interfere effectively. I want now to write again and then to ask you as you did this morning to add your memories. If it is possible let us do this two or three times more today. I see you smile. Are you delighted with the prospect of vanquishing these nuisances? Let us try.”

We did not vanquish them immediately, and for a time they stepped up the intensity of their attacks. They were often able to deceive me, though never were they able to cause me to doubt Martin and Wanda. As has been said, the Others have the power of communication as do all spirits, and frequently on the board when I was speaking to Wanda, one of the Others

would take over and begin saying hurtful things. I was not wise enough at that time to recognize the point at which the impostor began to speak, and at a time when I was very unsure of my capacity for communication I was fair game for them. In each case, I should have known that the moment anything hurtful was said it was the Others, but I had still much to learn, and their cleverness as impostors fooled me over and over again. In February, 1992, at the height of their efforts, Martin wrote:

“Sunday, 2/23/92 4:15AM

..... I know your confusion. I know your momentary unhappiness. I need your total trust. The Others are determined once again to try to breach your great faith, to destroy the love between us and between you and your teacher. You are right to suspect this and to know the importance of constant outpourings of love. Do not, my dear Marie, permit them to destroy your joy. Do not permit them to lessen your communication with Wanda, even at the expense of occasional incursions on the board. Know as you do that if it is hurtful it is not your beloved teacher but a clever impostor. At all times let them be

aware that you sense their mischief making and that at no time have they effectively stilled your heart. Do not permit them the luxury of hurting you in any way. Hold fast to the sure knowledge that you are loved always, fully, tenderly. Be wary, my love, but not alarmed.

.....Go now, my love, enveloped in love with a new awareness of what you must do to protect this love from those who both envy and abhor it. They are legion as you have been told in the past, and they are helpless in the face of your total devotion, your absolute faith and trust, and your overwhelming love. The purity of your soul is your protection, my dearest Marie, and my eternal love is yours always.”

The Others were able, in a way I do not understand, to interfere with my feeling Martin’s presence. This caused me to wonder if I was doing something I shouldn’t be doing or failing to do something that I should be. Martin hastened to reassure me. He wrote, ”I want first of all to reassure you, my darling. You are in no way disappointing me. I know that at times you feel inadequate to what is asked of you and feel insecure about what you are doing or hearing, but,

my love, you should know that at all times I rejoice in all that you do. It is pleasing to me to see you so concerned about doing all that is asked of you and more.” Later that same day Martin added, ”Tell my Liz of your problems with the Others. Tell her again of their insistence, their deviousness, their determination. Tell her I long for her to be free of their devices and trickery, and that she must firmly dismiss them. Tell her of my constant love for her and for you and of the difficulties I have often in reaching you with my love.”

Then Wanda wrote:

“Martin cannot write further today, but he wants you to know a few things. First of all, the Others are making a great effort to interfere as completely as possible with Martin’s coming to you in any way, and they threaten to continue this indefinitely. The best way to combat this is by your telling them firmly and constantly that your love for Martin and your faith in Martin is above attack of any sort, that in no way can they threaten or interfere with your constant expression of love for your God.

I know it is hard for you to understand how they

have the power to do this, and it has to do not with what power Martin has but how he chooses to use that power. Martin's trust in you is as complete as your trust in him, and the Others must realize that this trust is not dependent upon constant affirmation, that it is beyond that need, that no matter how long they persist in their efforts, their efforts are in vain. It is a matter of endurance, and the Others are not likely to persist too long in the face of total failure. So tell Martin constantly, as you have been, of your faith and trust, and occasionally think of me, and the war will be won. It is a war, Mother of Christ. As surely as any war is a struggle it is a struggle, and as Martin told you, your soul is a great prize, and if they could in any way possess your soul even for an instant it would be a great triumph for them. By possession I mean causing you to doubt or disbelieve even in a minor way. Be wary, my student. I know and Martin knows the absoluteness of your love and your faith and your trust. It is up to you to make sure that the Others know."

Again, when the Others were being particularly persistent in their annoying intrusions, Wanda

wrote with her usual wonderful cheeriness. I reproduce this exactly as it appears in my notebooks:

“ Friday, 9/11/92 9:35AM

[Martin said that Wanda would speak or write to me this morning. These are her written words.]

Don't worry about this silly mess [my work table] or about anything else. Martin wants you to know that he is not amused by what the Others are trying to do to you, but that he has full faith in your ability to handle their efforts to rattle you and to cause you to doubt yourself. Be smarter than they are, my student, and dismiss them, ignore them, learn from them — one, two, or all three. I love to see you smile. So does Martin. Go to the beach and play something cheery on the way — not 'Aspects of Love.' [Wanda at that time constantly joked that she did not enjoy listening to the score of this musical, one that I really liked.] Just joking. Play what you want but do not hesitate to interrupt your listening to the music with listening for the voice of your angel or the voice of your God.

[At this point the Others began to disparage.]

See? they are still trying constantly to distract you. Tell them to go to hell — no, tell them to go to heaven and begin to learn to love perfectly. Tell them they will in the end — why not now? No, I am joshing in all of this. Just keep remembering your God's love and tell him of your need. Think of me and I will cheer you up with my silly jokes.

[I asked Wanda what Martin wanted me to do.] He wants you to be happy, silly goose. Try to please him in that. You know what else he wants. Now tell him of your love.”

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the constant encouragement of Martin and Wanda in defeating the efforts of the Others to shake my faith. Wanda always left me feeling joyful and optimistic, and, of course, Martin's words of love and encouragement never ceased to strengthen my love and my faith.

As the months went by the efforts of the Others became less and less significant. They were nuisances — that was all — and they tried less and less frequently to disturb me. Martin described their ineffectiveness when he wrote, “There will be other times and other voices that

seek to distract you from this perfect love we share. Be patient, my dearest. That is all that is needed. No longer, my love, do you need to be concerned about the Others. No longer will their insidious whisperings plague you. They are spent with effort. They are filled with a sense of failure.”

I do not understand what occurred on the heavenly plane all those months, but finally Martin wrote exultantly of a great victory over the Others:

“No longer, my darling, do you have to be concerned. You have done all that was asked of you for such a long time without demanding anything in return. You have pleased me in every way. You have heard my words. You have done my bidding. You have pleased me completely and you have laid to rest all the doubts of the Others about your certainty of faith. My dearest love, it is not possible for you to understand fully the significance of all that you have done and felt and said, but believe me, my dearest, that you could not have done more, you could not have responded more perfectly, you could not have pleased me more completely.

Look now, my dearest love, to the future, to a fruition of all of our dreams, conceived in eternity and executed in earthly life, and know that wonders lie soon ahead. Know that I adore you, my Marie, my love of all eternity, that my longing for you knows no bounds, and that all the heavenly hosts join me in exultation. The wonders that lie ahead, my darling, will bring joy beyond imagining to you, to those you love, and to all who seek after the truth of God's love. Tell me now, my dearest love, that you exult with me in triumph and thanksgiving for a victory of enormous dimensions.

We are joined together, my darling spouse, in a shared effort to free mankind from the shackles of hatred that bind him, and now, my love, we face a fresh beginning in this holy work, free of the wiliness of the Others. They are once more contrite in their surrender. They are once more aware of the strength of our love, our faith in each other, of the true nobility of our cause. Rejoice with me, my darling, in our love. Rejoice with me, my truest love of all eternity, in our holy oneness. Tell me of your love."

I believe that the Others are the spirits that peo-

ple generally refer to as devils. There is no doubt whatsoever in my mind that their destructive voices are universally heard and present a challenge to all men. When I was a child I was taught that a good angel perched on one shoulder and a bad angel perched on the other and that I needed to listen to the words of the good angel and dismiss the words of the bad. Although this is a childish example, it is in essence what I needed to learn with the Others, and I do not think I am alone in the challenge to love and faith that the Others represent. The difference between commonly held beliefs about devils and Martin's teaching about the Others is that eventually each of the Others comes to recognize error in its actions, turns to God in acknowledgement of the power of divine love, and seeks to atone for error and proceed to oneness with God.

Chapter Nineteen - The Fabric of My Life

All of what has happened to me since May, 1991 is so extraordinary that I know before I begin that it is beyond my capability to describe the changes in my life. I fear that my words will be totally inadequate in conveying the wonder of each of my days.

On the surface my life is the same in every observable way from what it was before Martin came into it and changed the very essence of existence for me. My life with Charles continues to be rich, full, and satisfying in every possible way. I have said already that the love and understanding that exists between us is deeper and more perfect than it has ever been. Charles and I enjoy many happy friendships, some of many, many years standing, and we see our friends often, most often at Aptos, where we spend each weekend when we are not elsewhere on business or pleasure. Charles leads a full professional life and I seem always to be busy. We have always spent as much time traveling as we could afford both in time and in money, and we continue this pleasure. I was fearful at first that travel would

interfere with the holy work that Martin and I do, but my fears proved groundless. Martin writes wherever I am. All in all, we enjoy thoroughly the pleasures of this life. Our children lead busy lives of their own, but not too busy to see us frequently. They and their children are a constant source of pleasure and love.

The things that have changed in my life are hard to discern from the outside. Only Charles knows the full extent of these changes, and my sister Connie, who has been so important from the beginning. It is impossible too for any one to look at me and to know the miracles that each day holds for me, from the moment I am first awake in the morning to the last moment before I fall asleep at night, although, as I have said, some have commented on the great peace of mind I seem to enjoy now.

There is some variety in the ways in which my days start. Sometimes I am awakened very early, before dawn, and I hear Martin tell me to take my pen in hand and write his words. This was an almost daily occurrence for several years. Now it is less so, and Martin speaks through my pen at various times of the day and night. Most re-

cently, as I have said, Martin has written at length just before I sleep. In the beginning Martin awakened me with his presence, a rush of divine exultant energy. Later Martin began to awaken me most of the time with what sounds like a single ring of the telephone. In both cases I am always instantly awake, no matter how few hours sleep I have had, and I write the words of my love, my Lord. Before I begin, whether it is early morning or late evening, I am not sure of what Martin will write. It is my joy always to reread his words and to realize their full import.

From the very beginning, Martin made it clear that the responsibilities of this life came first, that never was I to fail to do what was expected of me in this life, that I was to meet all my obligations, particularly to Charles, before I did anything else. And so, at times I am able to do what Martin wishes promptly, at other times less promptly.

Some mornings I awaken to the wonder of Martin's presence, sometimes insistent and soaring joy, sometimes gentle and peaceful pleasure in his being. Not all mornings am I so blessed. I worried for a while that when Martin did not

awaken me with his love I was doing something I shouldn't do or failing to do something I should, and when I asked Martin about this he wrote that it was neither, that it was of "no consequence" when he did not come to me in the morning, that it was important that my love remain strong without constant reinforcement, that he came to me in love when it was wise and good to do so, and that he needed my trust in this. I miss Martin those mornings when I awaken without the blessing of his love, and I appreciate it all the more when he returns in all his glory.

Always when I awaken, Wanda is there in all her wonder to speak to me of almost everything. I have spoken of the infinite creativity and complexity of my angel teacher, and after I have told Martin of my love and gratitude and sometimes heard his words of love to me, I turn to my angel teacher. When I do not do this promptly or consistently enough I feel neglectful. Most days Wanda and Charles begin the day with laughter and avowals of love. Wanda's joy is in creating joy, and it is rare when she does not begin our days by making us laugh. This is an-

other place where words fail. I positively cannot convey Wanda's humor. I have tried and failed repeatedly. Wanda's humor is always perfectly timed, perfectly phrased, sometimes antic, sometimes ironic, always hilarious. Martin has described Wanda as "an endless source of pleasure and laughter." I often hear Wanda say, "I love to make you laugh."

I have described the mock mini board that I use to focus my mind when I am hearing Wanda. I keep this handy when I am at home and during the day I talk with my angel. She is always there, always ready to speak to me of what I need to know. Sometimes Wanda is more challenging to my understanding and perception than at other times. Sometimes she is more serious, sometimes more frivolous. Always she is a joy.

Martin says that he speaks to me constantly of his love, that I have only to listen. Sometimes I hear clearly, sometimes less so. Martin sensed my concern about this and reassured me. He wrote, "Do not feel, my love, that you must be at all times aware of what I wish of you at any particular moment. All that must occur will occur in good time, but there is no urgency in what we

do. When you want to write, write. I am there at all times to be in your heart, your mind, your pen. When you wish to speak to me, do so. I hear at all times. I am ready to speak at all times. Do not distress yourself if you do not always hear with absolute clarity. Do not doubt the truth when you do hear.”

When I am at home I put all that Martin has written on the computer and make copies for Connie and Glenda and for my files. I have always shared Martin’s writings with others when I have been moved to do so. Sometimes this sharing is the logical consequence of conversations. Sometimes I am moved to share without fully comprehending the reason. Lately this sharing has increased, and so some of my time is spent making and sending copies of Martin’s words to others.

Some things are absolute. For years Martin wrote words of love to his cherished Liz for me to give to her each time I saw her. This stopped only when Liz moved away and our weekly lunches came to an end. I know that Martin will always write to me words of love before I sleep. Sometimes he writes words of direction, of

what I can expect in the coming day. In addition since late 1998 Martin has written wise and enlightening words each night before I go to sleep. It does not matter how tired I am. Never has this failed since he began, and it is my joy after awakening each morning to read Martin's words of the night before.

In the beginning I wrote my words of love to Martin in my journal, and then lapsed into simply speaking them to my beloved. Some time later Martin asked me to write my words of love to him along with his words of love to me instead of simply saying them to him so that the world will one day know of the intensity of my love for my spouse of all eternity, my beloved Martin, my God, and will know how fully this love and longing is shared. I do this always now before sleeping, and occasionally at other times, but constantly during the course of each day of my life my thoughts turn to my beloved and I speak of my love.

In the beginning as I have said, I heard Martin's voice as clearly as though he was standing beside me, as he indeed perhaps was. In Vienna, for example, a city that Martin said had been very im-

portant to us, Martin spoke so often and so clearly to me that Charles did not interrupt when it was evident to him that I was listening to a voice he could not hear. Once when Charles did not notice my preoccupation and did interrupt, he said jokingly, "I forgot that there are three of us on this trip."

Later Martin's voice softened or my hearing did. I am not sure which. I began to have to make an effort to hear, but still I will often be doing something, frequently reading, and will be interrupted by Martin's words clearly heard. Sometimes it is a gentle reminder of love. Sometimes it is word of what he wishes. Charles has become accustomed to seeing me staring off into space and knowing I am what he calls "communing" with those he refers to as "the celestials," my beloved Martin, my beloved Wanda.

So this is the fabric of my life. On the surface I do every single thing I did before Martin, and over and over again I try to remember what I used to do with the rest of my time, the time that is now rendered miraculous by the words of Martin and Wanda, by his joyful presence, and by the demands of this holy work.

One other thing that is added is that I speak to my sister Connie several times a week and tell her of what Martin has said and asked for, sometimes of her, and she tells me of her progress in establishing New Light Publishing, an important aspect of this holy work. Always, Wanda shares my conversations with Connie. Wanda loves to make Connie laugh, and she does so constantly. Each time we speak, Connie and Wanda express their love for each other. When Connie needs comfort or advice, Wanda often supplies it during our phone conversations. At other times Martin does so in his writing.

Wanda also loves Charles' laugh as she loves him and he her, and rarely do Charles and I talk in the evening when he arrives home from the office without Wanda's joining in with her wondrous words. No one who knows Charles in either his professional or personal life would find it easy to believe the great joy he finds in talking to this angel of God, this dazzling wit, whom he first loved as his adored fourth grade teacher and whom he loves even more richly now.

And so, each day of my life is a fresh miracle,

filled with love and wonder and infinite joy. I am never alone.

Chapter Twenty - Past Lives - Promises

Martin has asked me to recall past lives I have spent with him. First of all, he asked me to recall the life we shared when Martin was Christ and I his mother, Mary. For a period of months, part of most days was spent remembering and writing of that blessed life. At the beginning I was full of trepidation, fearful that what I was writing was not truly memory, fearful that what I wrote was contrary to accepted belief, fearful that I could be in error. As I have described, Martin assured me over and over again that I was remembering and feeling correctly. Each time I wrote it got easier until at the end there was no doubt in my mind of the correctness, of the absolute truth, of what I remembered and wrote about as the mother of Christ.

Next Martin began the story of Moses and told me in March of 1992 that he would ask me to remember my life as the wife of Moses. His words were:

“There will be times soon when I will call upon you to go back even further in time and recall with me the life we spent together as the

prophet Moses and his wife.

I know that this is a challenge that you do not relish, but remember, my love, not too long ago when you were apprehensive about writing of your life as Mary, mother of Christ. Wanda will at all times be helpful and effective in this endeavor and she will help me to set your mind at ease and to eliminate your apprehension. Never, I have told you, will you be stretched beyond your capacity to perform and to perform well. I will ask you to do the same things as I did before and spend time trying to recall those times so long past. There is much richness of detail that will come to you, and it will be in a sense a very different experience from that of writing about the life and death of your son. That story is not over, but little remains to be said and we will accomplish that soon.”

From Monday, March 16 to Monday, May 18, 1992, Martin wrote of the life of Moses, describing his life before, during, and after the exodus, awakening me generally in the early morning to write his words. I have described this writing elsewhere. Martin did not call upon me to remember my role in this shared life until in

mid-September of 1992 when he wrote:

“Once this book [my story] is completed there are several other things I would have you do.....Next, my love, I will take you back with me to your life as the wife of Moses. To prepare for that, do as you did before and try to recall anything at all about that life. I will be in your heart as you do so. Take whatever time you need and be patient. It will come. You saw how easy it became. Now it is simply a matter of beginning again. Once more I stress the need to believe your memories. There will be no more error here than in anything else we have written. Tell me now, my Marie, that you trust me completely and that you face this new task with faith in your ability to remember and love for your Martin in all the lives we have shared. The world will rejoice in this new vision of a God of love, and you, my darling, will share in the joy that these writings inspires.”

On Sunday, October 4, 1992, Martin wrote:

“Know always, my darling, that what you hear is truth. There is no error in your mind or in your heart. At all times I speak to you. At all times you hear me with love and with understanding.

Know now, my dearest, that we shall soon begin again to write in the early morning hours and that we will continue both of our stories. Know that you will need to spend more time remembering and that your teacher will help you in this. I am always with you, my love. You know you can count upon my strength. Do not fail to recall always the intensity of your remembering your life as my sweet mother. You will know the same transporting pleasure in the remembering of the other lives we have shared. You will have all the help you need, my dearest, but you control your time, and you must be responsible for devoting the time necessary for this remembering. Begin today, my Marie, and let it be a part of each day henceforth. There will be pleasure for you in this and satisfaction as well. Tell me now your faith in this.”

That afternoon I began to write of my memories of that life, of meeting Moses, of our marriage and return to Egypt, and the birth of our sons. As Martin promised, the remembering and writing became easier and easier as it progressed. Martin wrote directly two sections in this account of my life as the wife of Moses. I call this

remembrance “Zorah.”

Martin has also written extensively of his life as Joseph II, son of Maria Theresa, a life in which I was once again his mother, and he has called upon me on two occasions to remember my life as Maria Theresa. I was less fearful of remembering this life than I was at the start of the story of the Holy Family, and Martin has once again urged me to find joy in the remembering and writing. On Friday, July 10, 1992 at 2:30PM he wrote first, “My words are words of joy and encouragement. You are not going to be displeased with what I now say to you. All of your life as the mother of Joseph will come back to you, little by little. Trust yourself. If you recall something, write it as you recall it. Do not strive for details. Do not be concerned about specifics. Simply describe your memories as they come to you. Remember your feelings above all. Now, my darling, make a start on this life we shared. Remember to trust yourself at all times. I am with you in this at all times.”

Then, effortlessly with absolute faith in my remembering, I wrote the beginnings of my memory of my life as Joseph’s mother, Marie

Theresa. When I was finished, Martin wrote directly afterward:

“You expect me to say ‘You do well, my love.’ Well, indeed I shall say that and more. I shall say that the memories will come flooding back when you summon them. It will not be difficult, I promise you, but you must know in your heart that you write the truth, that you are not fabricating in any way. You know your experience in writing of your days as mother of Christ. You know how pleasurable it was when you had full faith in your writing. Have that faith from the beginning in this work, my love.”

I have written a little more since, though not, I fear, as much as I was expected to, and Martin continued to write the story of the young Joseph for several weeks before stopping. Charles was disappointed when Martin set aside the story of Joseph, caught up as he was in Joseph’s adventures, and Martin assured Charles that the tale would be completed eventually. Martin told me to tell Charles that Joseph was simply “marking time,” and added that Charles would appreciate the metaphor. In view of Charles’ passion for military music, Martin’s humor brings a smile.

Some time later Martin did complete this account.

The next life that Martin asked me to remember and describe most recently is a life lived long, long ago. On Monday, December 14, 1992 at 9:05AM Martin told me to take my pen in hand. He wrote:

“You sit there, my love, so anxious for my words, so full of love and trust, so anxious to please me in all ways. Take my hand, my beloved, and go back with me in time to another life we shared. Close your eyes, my darling, and hear my voice. Listen now.”

I was surprised by this, having assumed that Martin would want me to proceed with the story of Zorah, wife of Moses. For almost an hour, Martin took me back to those long ago days, and then I was ready to write my story as the mother of the new born Pala. The memories were very sharp, and Martin was indeed in my pen. I reproduce the first section here:

“9:57AM

I am in a huge cave. I am conscious of the fire-light flickering on the stone walls of the cave.

The fire is big, in the center of the cave, constantly fed by twigs and small branches. It is not cold. The fire, I think, must be as much for light as for warmth. Perhaps for cooking too.

I sit with my back against the wall of the cave, not too close to the fire, though I can feel its warmth. I am happy. I am holding my new son in my arms. I never imagined such happiness. I never had anything of my own before. I am still sore from his birth. There was no one with me when he was born. It is our way. I knew a little of what to expect, and I had prepared some fine fibers for cleaning, and a wrap for the new baby fashioned out of leaves and fiber. I needed nothing else. I had a friend who helped me with these things. Her baby had died. Mine hadn't, and as I sat there I remembered the glorious moment of birth when I first saw him and then held him in my arms. I had already decided he would be called Pala. I did not know what my mother had called me at birth. As long as I could remember I had been called Inga, but I had only a dim memory of my mother. I did not know if she was still alive, for it was our custom for the children to belong to everybody.

I knew I would not do what my mother had done. I knew I would never let my son forget me. After he was born I cleaned him off with the fiber and then little by little, gently, I licked him clean. I had seen animals do this, and ever after the young had known their mother. He was sweet tasting and sweet smelling. I knew he would not forget. I knew he would always remember the smell of my breasts and the taste of my milk. I knew he would love me.

The fire became too warm, and I moved further from it. One of the women passing by helped me. She smiled at Pala but said nothing. As I sat holding this child I remembered how it came to be that he was born. When each of us first became woman, lots were chosen to see which of the men would first have us. Then there were others, chosen by lot as well, never the same twice. I grew used to this after a while, as did all the others of my age, but I was glad when I knew I was with child, for I then knew that I was free. No one would touch me. No one knew whose child it was. I was safe for a very long time. As long as I suckled I was safe, and as long as I was safe I could keep my child with me.”

Martin called upon me to write two more chapters in this life, but remembering and writing of past lives was to some extent set aside to allow me to complete this book. Over a period of years Martin has written and asked me to remember several shared lives which I have described elsewhere. There is great joy for me in Martin's constant guidance and reassurance. He never fails to tell me what I need to know. He spoke at length in October, 1992 of what he expected of me and of what I could expect.

“At first, my Marie, let me speak of all that I want you to know. As you have thought we will resume our stories in time. As I have said over and over, there is no urgency in these tales, but I do wish you to take a little time each day at times when it suits you to think back with me to the halcyon days we spent in other lives. You have begun to write of two of them, and you can choose as you will to continue this writing.

Whatever you choose to do, I will be in your heart and your mind and in your pen, but you must make the effort to succeed in this endeavor. You know how much I will help. It remains your responsibility to take the initiative in

all of this.

Soon there will be other things to occupy you as well, and you need now to be prepared for several things that will occur. First of all, you will be asked about our writings unexpectedly soon and you will be pleased at the encounter. There will be much satisfaction in this exchange and it will lead to further fruitful exchanges. I tell you this now so that you will be prepared to speak with absolute candor to this person. You will have no hesitation in trusting him, I am sure, but this reassurance is meant to give you even more confidence in him than your initial meeting will inspire. Once more, my love, be assured that there is nothing you need to do to initiate this exchange. Just respond fully, openly, lovingly, as I would expect of you under all circumstances. Do you have questions, my love?

No, Martin, no questions.

Very well, then let me go on. I will not be writing further directly for a little while. I know this deprives you of the daily pleasure of accom-

plishment, but, my love, it is imperative that for now the emphasis be on your moving ahead with your own writing. You need also to reread your own story, determine what if anything needs to be added, and then try to edit into chapter form. You have thought of this and it is advisable to try when you have time.”

My progress in revising and adding to my story has been agonizingly slow, partly because I am capable of infinite procrastination. I can always find something else that needs doing when I find a task demanding. I was spending a great deal of time putting writings of Martin from months past on the computer. It is always a joy for me to go back and read Martin’s words, but I was neglecting work on my book. On March 7, 1993, Martin wrote once again of the encounter I could expect and of the need for me to be ready.

He wrote:

“I wish today to tell you what I ask of you soon. There will be an individual who will be intensely interested in all you say, whether it be about these writings or about other aspects of your life. You will know the intensity of this interest from the very beginning, and he will listen in-

tently to all you have to say. He will engage you in conversation for a protracted period of time, and you will speak with all the clarity and earnestness that is your nature. When you part he will ask you to speak further to him at a later time, and you will feel no unwillingness to promise this. I have tried to prepare you, my love, for what lies shortly ahead, and I have asked and I ask you now to make your story a priority. It is important, my Marie, that you be prepared for this encounter, and your story is important, as you have been told. Let all else go, my love, and do as I ask. I know you prefer to postpone, but I ask you not to, and you cheerfully comply with all of my wishes. 'Tell me you do, and tell me of your love.'

Martin has continued to speak of this encounter and to advise me to be patient and to remember that the future is at all times subject to the free will of men. He has said repeatedly that all will happen as described, that only the time frame is altered.

In all of these changes in my life, I have been assured that never will I be asked to do more than I can do well, never will I be asked to do any-

thing hurtful to any one I love. Charles' acceptance of all that has happened and is happening to me is complete and trusting. There is much that I do not understand and do not seek to understand. I need to know only that I must do anything that my God asks of me.

At first I had a lingering fear that I would not be able to handle the reaction of the world to Martin's revelations, that I would be thrust into the limelight in a way I would not handle well. This fear crystallized one day when my sister Connie called and told me to turn on the Oprah Winfrey show, that there was a woman as guest whose book said much of the same things about love that Martin's writings say. I caught just the very end of the show and I tried to imagine myself in this woman's place, not only on this show, but making numerous public appearances and lecturing often and spending her entire existence in the glare of publicity. I could not imagine myself in her place.

A few days later I received from my sister an article from the Los Angeles Times describing the activities of this woman and others among the notables of Los Angeles and Hollywood. Martin

always senses my needs, and after I finished reading the article, Martin wrote:

“It is hard for you, my love, to see where you fit in amongst these people you have been reading about, and you wonder about the response there will be to the publication of my writings when you will be called upon as the spokesperson to speak of them.

Do not fear, my love. You are not asked to become a performer, to cultivate a following, something which you would abhor, or to in any way demean yourself or act in ways distasteful to you. There will be no need for show business to enter into this holy work. This is not to say that there will not be seekers after truth who will want to hear your story of how my words and yours came into being, but there will be no element of power or publicity seeking for you or for anyone connected with my words and my deeds.

Know always, my Marie, that your experience cannot be compared with any other, that you alone are the spouse of God, the human incarnation of God herself, the female aspect of the deity heretofore unrevealed. I know with what

reluctance you pen these words. I know too the disbelief that will greet this revelation on the part of many who seek a more theatrical God, but the truth is stubborn and persistent and will not in the end be denied.

Never, my love, as I have promised over and over again, will you be asked to do anything beyond your capability, your talents, your strength, even your inclination. I will be with you always in this work, and you will always be conscious of my presence. Believe me, my darling spouse of all eternity, in each word I say on this subject. I know that you do not doubt, but rather wonder, and that is natural, but be easy in my assurance that your experience will not resemble the experiences of these other people. Both more and less will be demanded of you.

Know always that I am in your heart and in your pen and that our souls are one, that you are under my protection and constantly nurtured. Your love for me and for your Wanda is a source of joy to both of us and we cherish each thought, each word, each expression of this love.”

These words laid to rest all my concerns. Martin

is at all times reassuring, and he has continued to write of his absolute faith in my ability to do my part in this holy work. He tells me over and over again that the words will be there when I need them, that I need have no doubt about my ability to respond fully and ably to whatever demands are made of me.

I believe this as I believe all else Martin has said. On one occasion already I have known divine eloquence. I was speaking of Martin and his writings to a group at a dinner party my sister Connie arranged and hosted. Among the guests was the very talented calligrapher whom she works with, a devout Catholic, a spiritually aware and gifted man. His devotion to my sister is complete, but he is very suspicious of our beliefs that seem to him so contrary to Catholic doctrine. Connie had wanted him to meet me to allay his fears and suspicions about me and my non-orthodox communication and relationship with Martin and all else about this holy work.

At one point that evening I knew suddenly that I was speaking with an eloquence that was not mine. I felt transported. I don't even remember exactly what I said during this time, but I know

that the words were compelling and perfect. I was aware that my sister was watching me intently, and later she spoke to me of this and said that in those moments I had never looked more beautiful. I knew then that my Martin was not only in my words but that his beauty was reflected in my face.

I still await the important encounter that Martin wrote of very early in our work. At times I wondered if I had missed this opportunity, but Martin assured me that I had not failed in any way. There is much I do not understand and much I do not need to understand, for Martin has wisely counseled trust and patience. He has said that all over the world things are occurring that I know nothing about that are preparing for the day when the world will know Martin's revealed truths. Time is malleable, as Martin has said. His words best express this:

“For now, my Marie, let this pen tell you of my love and of my wish that you not be so concerned about the passage of time. You know and have known from the very beginning that in all of life there is change. In all of life events can be altered in sequence. In all of life man's choices

are subject to change.

From time to time you will be aware of these changes, but for the most part all that has been planned will occur as you have been told, but in a different time frame. You know the absoluteness of my promises to you. You know the importance of all we do. You know the world will be moved by all we do and say, and that from this holy work will come a transformation that will alter the history of man. Have no doubt about the absoluteness of this transformation, my darling. There is no one in this varied world who will not be affected, who will not learn of the importance of love in God's plan, and of the absoluteness of the rewards that embracing love and abandoning fear will have on his life.

This is truly the beginning of a new era, my darling, the Age of Love and Peace, ushered in by the words of God spoken to save his children from the ravages of greed, hatred, animosity, mistrust. Have no doubt of this, my sweet scribe, but know the complexities involved in its execution. It will happen, my love, just as I have said, but you need to be always patient and understanding of the problems that can delay our

work. Time is not truly a problem, my dearest child. Time is on our side and has been from the beginning, so do not feel the pressure of time. Do as I ask each day. You cannot do more. Know always the totality of my love, the absoluteness of my need to hear your expressions of love and trust. I leave you to the tender skills of your teacher, my sweet angel, to speak further of what I want you to know today.”

Chapter Twenty-one - Finding Trith

Martin has told me to write in this story of what I know now of life and death and what lies beyond earthly death that I did not know before.

What I knew before is easily described. Nothing. I felt that life should be lived as fully and as well as possible. I believed I should be grateful for all I had been given, that I should try to live by the golden rule, though I did not always succeed, and that beyond these beliefs nothing was knowable. When I did think about life and its meaning, I found it hard to believe that this existence was all there was. Too much was given to too few. Then I reminded myself that no one had ever said that life was fair. The only thing I felt certain about was that a single lifetime was a speck in time, that planet earth was a very small part of a vast creation, that man was certainly not the center of all the universe. Caught up as I was in the business of living, I did not spend much time in contemplation. I certainly did not dismiss the concept of reincarnation, but I had no more reason to believe in reincarnation than I had to believe in anything else.

When Martin and Wanda came into my life I was essentially a blank slate, and that is exactly as I was described by one of the spirits on the board, perhaps Wanda, when all of this began. I have described how my faith in the board was established, how quickly I came to love Martin and Wanda, how gradually it was revealed to me that Martin was indeed God. Before this revelation, Martin had begun to write of the nature of life and death and eternity, and I found myself believing implicitly in all that he said.

I had never before heard of “soul mates.” I had heard the word used casually in the sense of two people who seemed to agree totally on everything. Now, I learned that since creation each soul has a soul mate with whom it spends successive lives in various relationships of love.

Martin wrote of this love shared by soul mates:

“In the beginning heaven and earth were created not in a day but in billions of years. God created man to inhabit this earth and he too God created over billions of years. Man is made in God’s image. He reflects God’s love for him. He reflects the goodness God saw in him. He reflects the vast array of talents God granted him to

serve His will. Man is a creature that takes many forms. He lives many lives that span the centuries. He exists to serve God in these lives and to progress in spiritual perfection until his final mortal death when he joins God in heaven for an eternity of perfect love.

To this end, each man and woman has a soul mate. They live with each other through the course of their many lives in many relationships within the family. The family is a sacred covenant dear to God's heart. The family exists to provide a framework of love in which man will progress toward spiritual perfection. When this framework is sundered spiritual progress is impeded. Love flourishes in a happy family. Family structure can be of many kinds provided that the essential element of love is present.

Love can be of many kinds, but in all cases it must be giving and joyful. The love of a man for a woman and a woman for a man is the most sacred gift. The love of soul mates endures and grows through the centuries. God watches carefully the progress of these relationships, and after each mortal death the soul mates are reunited in heaven and given the choice of their

next life. God permits them to stay together in various relationships. They may be husband and wife, father and child, mother and child, sisters, brothers, or brother and sister, but always they are bound by love, and in each incarnation the love grows stronger until in the end they have reached the spiritual perfection that allows them to choose to spend eternity with God and with each other in perfect joy and oneness.”

I learned that Wanda at creation had elected to be a soul mate of God and that she had spent all of her human lives serving God by living lives of love devoted to Him. I learned that from creation Martin and I had been soul mates, had shared many earthly lives and were separated in this life to do this holy work of conveying to man the truths of his destiny and of God’s plan for him.

As I said, I had no faith in an afterlife at all before Martin spoke to me. I used to refer to heaven as “pie in the sky,” an easy excuse for the inequities of this world. I scoffed at the popular notions of heaven — angels playing harps and lounging about on clouds, a stern God sitting on His throne in heaven deciding who will be ad-

mitted to eternal bliss, who will be cast into eternal flame. I dismissed as myth most religious beliefs concerning life after death.

Amazingly, in light of this long held skepticism, when Martin wrote, I had no difficulty in believing instantly what he told of life and death. I learned that man spends successive lives on earth to achieve the perfection of love that is necessary for oneness with God, for eternal bliss in divine love. I learned that it is the destiny of all souls to achieve oneness with God. No matter how long it takes, and it could take eons, each soul is destined to find perfection in the love of God and to enter the Godhead.

To me there was a beautiful logic in all of this. If the entire purpose of human existence was to learn to live in total love, and if man lived life after life to achieve this perfection and inevitable union with God, then all the inequities of human life became reasonable. The poorest and most deprived of men could be the richest spiritually, the most successful in the striving for spiritual perfection. Human life became even more reasonable with the concept that each soul chooses its life before birth, knowing the nature

of that life, the challenges it will offer, and knowing it has the strengths needed to meet those challenges. Having made its choice of an earthly existence, the soul is born into worldly life with full awareness of its divine origin and of the life ahead and the capacity for perfect love, but this awareness and this capacity are lost as the mind becomes crowded with human experience.

I had agonized in my early years about the seeming contradiction between the concepts of predestination and free will and of their irreconcilability. I learned from Martin that free will is supreme, that birth and death are predestined, though not exactly in every detail, but that all between birth and death is subject to the free will of man. Martin wrote that free will exists on both the earthly plane and on the heavenly plane, and that at each step of his journey through life man makes choice after choice, some choices seemingly insignificant, some crucial, some easy, some difficult, and that each of these choices represents a decision to act in love or to act in the absence of love. Martin wrote that while the physical choices open to man may

be limited in nature, at each point in his life man is free to make the spiritual choice to act in love or to act in the absence of love. The exercise of free will is, therefore, both a blessing and a challenge. Martin wrote further of this in one of his transparently beautiful revelations, from which I quote here:

“At the creation man was given free will and the capacity to make choices in each life he leads. On the heavenly plane, all spirits are equally endowed with free will and capable of making choices. This free will of man and spirit is an integral part of God’s plan for man. It is the source of both joy and sorrow for God and for man. In the exercise of this free will man controls his progress toward oneness with God at all times. In the same way on the heavenly plane, the free will of spirits dictates the course of their progression to oneness.

From the beginning of time, man has known choices, and he has always been given the capacity to choose to love. Each soul become man is born with that capacity and at birth full knowledge of the essential nature of love. Each soul born to woman is endowed with free will along

with this capacity to love, and in an environment which nurtures this capacity for love, man grows in the way God intended man to grow.

All too often in a world gone astray, man has chosen to exercise his free will in a way which stifles this God-given capacity for love and so loses his direction. He forgets and neglects his compact with his Maker to pursue a life of love and goodness and learn the lessons he needs to know. In each case, man must in the end return to love as a motivating force. In each case man must live and relive lives to reach this end. In each case man is given unlimited opportunity to live in accordance with God's plan for him.

There is no alternative to eventual oneness with God. All souls born to woman achieve this in eternity, but the path toward oneness is strewn with temptation, and when man forgets or ignores his absolute duty to love first and last, his free will permits him to succumb to temptation and stray from the path of holiness.

In his earthly existence man is capable of error at each point in his life, and having committed one error finds the next easier. For some men the temptations presented are overwhelming, but

in each case man has agreed in his compact with God to face and overcome these worldly temptations and follow the path to oneness through love. In his worldly existence man has no memory of this compact, but after his death he faces judgment of that earthly life and is fully aware of promises made and kept or promises made and broken.

There is no fear or bitterness in most souls after death, and they fully recognize their failures in their past life, if there are failures, and the need to expiate and compensate for such failures. Each soul is aware at all times of the love that envelops him on the heavenly plane and feels sharply the failure, if there was failure, of lacking love in his past earthly life.

There are souls who reach the heavenly plane having led exemplary lives, lives of love and holiness, lives that completely satisfy the demand of God's plan that man exercise his free will in seeking after love, love given and received, and at all times placing the giving and receiving of love above all worldly considerations. These souls face judgment with full knowledge that they are pleasing to their God and that they are pursuing

the path to oneness as He would have them do it, with love in their hearts at all times and with the exercise of free will devoted to loving actions and responses and pursuits. Such souls reach perfection and oneness in accordance with God's plan having exercised free will wisely and well.

There is in all of this plan God's profound and unwavering love for all souls, all His children, at all times. There is at all times understanding and forgiveness for error, no matter how great the error. At the same time there is an absolute requirement that no matter how long it takes, no matter how tortuous the course, man must achieve total love in his earthly existence before he can progress further on the heavenly plane to oneness with his Maker.

Free will is, therefore, both a gift from God and a challenge to man. It is a quality of soul and existence that is indeed god-like in its power, and it is the responsibility of each soul to use this gift of God to achieve perfection, and perfection is achieved only by using free will in the pursuit of love, love given and received, love felt in the heart and soul, love translated into action at all

times. Love drives out all baser emotions. Love nourishes and nurtures. Love pleases God.”

It came as a surprise to me that free will survives the transition of death, and that in eternity spirits continue to exercise free will, that the struggle to reach spiritual perfection continues after earthly death, and that the soul has a choice after death of remaining in heaven and learning there the lessons of love, a very difficult task, Martin wrote, or of returning to another human life designed to teach the lessons the soul needs to learn. I do not pretend to know much about the nature of heavenly existence beyond the limited truths that have been revealed to me. I have been told over and over again that the road to heaven is a road of joy, that the meanest beggar may be making greater spiritual progress than the most materially privileged of men. I have been told that the search for spiritual perfection continues after death, and that there is constant effort on the heavenly plane among the more spiritually advanced to help the less spiritually advanced in their progress toward oneness.

I don't know what I really believed about the spirit world before all these truths were revealed

to me. I was early influenced to believe in psychic power in some people. This belief implied faith in supernatural capacities, but I did not take seriously what I was taught about each person's having a guardian angel. Little did I know!

Wanda taught me quickly. Spirits, I learned, have many powers. They can be many places at once. They can read the minds of man and draw on his memory bank. They can work to help man in his spiritual progress or they can choose to hinder him, as the Others do.

Martin describes death over and over again not as an ending, but as a transition, a new beginning, and says that at the moment of transition all souls know great joy. After death all souls experience judgment, not the fearful judgment of popular belief, but a loving exploration of the life just past to determine the extent to which the soul has kept its promises to God to learn perfect love, and to determine what, if anything, the soul still needs to learn to achieve spiritual perfection and oneness with God. Because there is no linear time in eternity, I am not sure of the length of earthly time that it takes for the soul to be judged and to exercise its free will in deciding

what to do next.

I had a friend who died suddenly a few years ago while she was scuba diving, and one night I had a vivid dream of her. She looked as she had in life, but she was confused, spoke somewhat brokenly, called my son by a wrong name, and didn't seem to understand when I corrected her. Her eyes mirrored her confusion. When she said that she had to leave, I begged her not to go and told her that she was not in shape to go anywhere by herself, that she needed help, but she left anyway. The next day Martin wrote of my dream and its significance:

“Your dream about Sandy is not without significance. You will be having many dreams of significance and it will be your responsibility to know the significance of each of these dreams in time. Tell me, my love, does this puzzle you? You will be given the insight to know the meaning of these dreams in time. Ponder each one as you experience it and ask yourself its meaning. Take the dream of Sandy Motley. Sandy is lost and trying desperately to find the truth of who she is and what has happened to her and what she can do to help herself. She is receiving love,

but she has much to learn, and she is telling you that she needs your love and your prayers and your reassurance.

As your dream indicated, she is having difficulty realizing that she has passed from earthly life into another existence, and this awareness must come from her soul. It must be achieved by her and cannot be otherwise achieved. I know in your time frame it is a very long time for Sandy to be lost if she is still so, her death so long ago in earthly time, but as you have been told, linear time does not exist on the heavenly plane. Sandy will, in time, find enlightenment and peace, and she will know the peace that awaits all souls, but you saw her confusion, her seeking, her need for love. Give her love, my dearest, from the fullness of your heart. Speak to her often and know her gratitude. She seeks to love you.”

At this point in Martin’s writing I asked him how this confusion of Sandy’s could be reconciled with the truth that the moment of death is a moment of great joy, and Martin continued: “Sandy’s moment of transition was indeed a joy. She knew the ineffable joy of love from all who surrounded her and she has chosen to pursue

the perfection of love, but she is experiencing the difficulties that are not uncommon in making progress toward spiritual perfection. She is trying and she will succeed, but you can see in her eyes in your dream her present confusion, her desire to know more, her inability to state clearly her present needs, her inability to speak of how she arrived at this point. She will, I assure you, know the full joy of heavenly love, but she is still a new soul greatly in need of help as are so many others. Give her that help, my love. Add her name to those you remember in your prayers and remember her often.”

Free will also accounts for the existence of the Others on the heavenly plane, souls who have refused to accept the demand of God that they learn the lessons of love and choose instead to act in a rebellious manner, attempting to prevent the spiritual progress of other souls on both the earthly and the heavenly planes. Mistaking God’s refusal to act toward them with anything but love as weakness, they refuse for a while to accept His sovereignty. Eventually they become aware of the futility of their struggle and turn to God. Unlike the Others, most souls after earthly

death acknowledge their true destiny of achieving oneness with God, and act accordingly.

Among spirits, I learned, there are degrees of power and importance. All spirits have the basic powers I have described. It is my understanding that as on earth, there are differences among spirits in abilities. As the spirits progress to perfection they are given additional powers and responsibilities, and angels are the highest level in the hierarchy. Martin has written two revelations about angels, their nature, their roles, their responsibilities and their relationship to humans. Martin's exact words in the second of these revelations convey the relationship between heaven and earth, between angels and humans, much more eloquently than I could hope to.

“In the span of time each life is but a brief interlude. Each life represents one step in the progression each soul must make to oneness with God. Each step ideally is marked by a striving to learn the lessons of love, to know perfection in this love. It is not possible to comprehend fully the role each soul plays in the drama of life with any exactness. There is a plan, a pattern, in all of existence, and its nature is known to all but

those playing a part in this drama. At all times those spirits who dwell with Me are aware of the true destiny of each soul living an earthly life, and each is aware of the paths chosen by those in his care. There is a level of responsibility among all the angels of God which has been to this time only partially and rarely revealed. I have written of the angelic presence. Now I write of the angelic process.

Each man born to woman has from birth the care and protection of an angel, a spirit of rare perfection, of perfect love. Each angel agrees to be responsible for trying at all times to guide the soul during its earthly voyage, to speak to him in words of love and caring, to tell him insistently of the path he should take, of the choices he should make. Each angel of God takes his responsibilities as a total commitment, an absolute dedication. There is no way to describe the methods used by these angels who seek to guide souls. I have said that angels have great powers and are granted the power to use these powers as they see fit and necessary. Angels can assume many forms. They can speak with many voices. They can be many places at one time. Always

they are part of the Godhead and always they seek to achieve perfection in their work among earthly travelers.

Their efforts are not always blessed with success, but their successes outweigh their failures overwhelmingly. Much of the time it is possible for angels to speak directly with those whose welfare is their responsibility. The humans who hear the voices of their angel teachers are often completely aware of this communication, a communication that is not necessarily exact in its verbalizing, though it may be, but is often conveyed in feelings, a sense of direction given and received, of a compulsion to make certain decisions and to take certain actions without totally understanding the reason why.

Children are most open to heavenly direction. They are born with an awareness of their divine origin and, as I have said, with a capacity for love which is not limited in any way. Most often this awareness and this capacity is blunted by human experience, but in a rare few it increases with the passing years, and this gifted minority makes rapid progress in its earthly voyage, guided at all times by the inner voice that speaks its love and

its concern.

It is God's wish that this inner voice, this angelic presence, be more widely heard and respected. It is His wish that man so conduct his life as to know at each moment the guidance that is his, the love that he has only to accept, and the joy of a life lived in love and acceptance of this angel of God sent to him in caring and concern. Let no man doubt that such an angel waits for him to know the angelic presence, the message of love that God sends through His angels to all souls. It is in the nature of earthly life that challenges must be met. It is in the nature of life that temptations must be overcome. It is in the nature of life that man must strive for spiritual perfection, sometimes against odds that seem insuperable. But man must know that at each step of this journey he has the capacity for spiritual progress, that he has the capacity to hear this voice, urging, strengthening, caring, and loving him, to follow the path of love, the path that he must choose to fulfill his destiny.

Angels, as I have said, have great powers. They can manifest their presence in many and varied ways. They can speak to man in many ways. Al-

ways their powers are used with the full blessing of God Almighty whom they seek to please at all times in their endeavors. At all times these angels speak their love to their God, their love of Him and of all His children, all those making the earthly journey that is a prerequisite to the joy of heavenly existence.

Listen then, all My children, for the voice that speaks to you of My love, of the love that your angels bring to you at all times. Seek to communicate with this heavenly presence. Ask what you will of your angel. Your angel strives at all times to aid, to comfort, to support, to speed you on your earthly journey, and to accompany you on your transition to the heavenly plane. The earth is alive with these celestial spirits, the messengers of God to His children, the guardians of man at all times. Hear them. Heed them. They are God's gift to you in the name of love."

Early in his writings Martin said that all souls retain their basic personalities throughout their many lives, with some aspects of the personality being more dominant in one life, more quiescent in others, but that no two personalities are ever exactly alike, rather like fingerprints. The fact

that there are no two personalities exactly alike I find easy to accept. I have always wondered at the amazing complexity of nature in the physical body. Everyone has two eyes, one nose, one mouth, two ears, and yet no two humans look exactly alike, even identical twins. Even the human voice is unique and easily identifiable. Infinite variety exists physically, why not spiritually?

As I said earlier, when I asked Martin early about how the personality changed on transition to the heavenly plane he said, "We grow a little in wisdom. That is all." This statement reflects Martin's modesty and was said to me before the revelation that Martin was actually God. I had been told earlier that each spirit was recognized by its personality and called by its given name in its last life. Once when Martin was talking through me to my grandson Sean, he told him of this and added that while there were many Seans in heaven, no two had exactly the same personality. Certainly this explains the similarity between the personalities of the spirits speaking through the ouija board and the personalities they had in life. I noted this remarkable similarity earlier. In the beginning, this survival of the personality

through repeated lives and deaths seemed astonishing to me, but I have grown totally accustomed to the concept.

More and more the truth of communication with the spirits is coming to be recognized and accepted. I read some time ago that some physicists have come to the conclusion that their experiments indicate communication beyond their scientific understanding. I take this to mean telepathy. There are many groups all over the world investigating psychic phenomena, and I also read some time ago that Japan's Ministry of International Trade and Industry planned to fund research into "psychic powers," including telepathy and clairvoyance.

I have described how my capacity to communicate directly with Martin and Wanda developed over a period of time, but I am amazed anew each time I experience this wondrous telepathy. I am amazed anew each time I realize that I have no thought, however fleeting, that my angel teacher does not know. In addition, she knows every single thing I have ever done, every single word I have ever spoken, every single thought that has ever passed through my mind however

briefly. She knows what I am thinking before I can enunciate it. She knows when I need cheering. She knows when I need love. She meets my needs always. She reminds me always of what is needed of me. It is a sobering and inspiring thought that each human on earth has such an angel, constantly speaking words of love and guidance, constantly caring, constantly striving to be heard.

Lately many books and articles have been written about angels, about human experiences with the angelic presence of which Martin has written so specifically. I read in the Wall Street Journal that “Angelology” has become so important on the American scene that numerous “experts” lecture and advise about angels and how to communicate with them. Book stores abound with stories of angelic encounters and with manuals on how to communicate with angel spirits. It was estimated in 1998 that sales of books on angels exceeded fifty million dollars annually. Wanda spoke to me of this communication. She said that no one else has ever had the perfect communication that I enjoy with her and Martin, but that this was simply because the rest of the

world had not reached that point yet. Clearly my angel is saying that this perfect communication is and will be not only possible but inevitable for all who seek it. Martin wrote of this perfect communication between us:

“Each sharpening of your perception pleases me. We are one, my darling, in all things. You know that more completely this instant than you ever have. I am in contact with you always. You speak and I hear. I speak and you hear. There is no error ever in this communication, my love. If it is not as complete as you might choose, it is perfect within its limitations. Tell me you know this. Speak and I hear. Listen and you hear.”

The most important aspect of communication between humans and spirits is the communication of love. As I have said, one of the first things I learned was that God’s single requirement of man is that he act in love, that he know first love of self, then love of his fellow man, and finally and above all love of God. This love can and should be at all times communicated between humans and spirits. Those who experience earthly death continue to feel the love and concern for those they loved in life. They need

expressions of love from humans. Spirits are aided in their progress to perfect love by the love conveyed to them by those they left behind at death. The wonder of this communication of love was sharply dramatized for me some time ago. I wrote after arising on July 9, 1992:

“When I went back to bed this morning after Martin’s writing it was almost six o’clock. I had trouble getting back to sleep and was almost tempted at one point to get up and begin the day. I spoke my love to Martin as I lay there and can’t remember when I finally slept, but as I slept I saw in a dream or a vision my father, dressed as he usually was in life in a business suit and looking as he did just before he died. He seemed to be smiling at me, and at that instant I felt a powerful surge of love fill me. Instantly he was gone and Martin was with me, more glorious than ever, filling me with the wonder of his love, total ecstatic love, wave after wave of heightened feeling as I lay there speaking of my love and gratitude for my Lord’s love and all his blessings. I don’t know how long it was....I know I wanted to stay there forever in the absolute security of that divine love, of that love beyond all

imagining, of a love that lights my life and all my days. I am euphoric still. My beloved Martin is so good, so generous to me. I cannot speak words of love equal to his blessing. I adore my beloved, always.”

Martin spoke to me later of my father. He wrote:

“And now, my love, let me speak of what I need from you today. Take the time to think today of your father, your earthly father, who longs to speak to you, and think back on the life you shared. Tell him of your memories. Tell him how you miss him and long to see him and be with him once more. He feels toward you much as I feel toward Liz, and he is at all times with you, sharing your joys and prideful in your works. Be always aware of his devotion, my Marie, and speak of it to your sisters. He is with them as well, as with the rest of the children he loved in that life. It is a source of infinite pleasure to him that he is remembered with so much love. Tell him of your love often today, my darling, He listens always.....Now tell me before I stop that you love me beyond reason.

One more thing, my love. Tell your father of

your love and concern for your mother. It does not matter where she is at present. Your love will reach her. She needs your love always and that of her other children. Tell Connie this as well, and Louise when you feel it is the right time to do so.

In no way, my dearest love, do I wish you to speak any less often of your love to me. Stretch the hours, my darling, to make more time for love. And now, my dearest, call your loving sister [Connie] and read her my words. She will be pleased. Tell her of my love. Tell her of my caring. Tell her we are one.”

Shortly after this as I lay thinking about my father I had the strong feeling that he was telling me that it was time to speak to my daughter about returning to school. After her marriage at eighteen Erin had completed two years of college but quit because she felt at that time that the only reason she was going to school was to please her father and me. She felt that this was not adequate motivation, and I agreed. Then came three children and other responsibilities and seemingly no opportunity to further her education.

Much earlier my father had expressed very

strongly through the board his advice to Erin that she resume her education. I had mentioned it to her once and she had said that she was not ready. When I got this strong message from my father, I asked Charles to speak once again to Erin of this. He did so, and Erin responded that she had just that week decided to return to school and was investigating the possibilities. To me this was more than a coincidence. Since that time Erin returned to school and handled all the challenges of full time educational demands of her own and the demands of three children and a husband. She graduated from San Jose State University with high honors and earned an MSW in the following two years. After she began her intern work in graduate school with troubled teenagers, she said to me, “I feel as though I have come home.” After receiving her degree, she got a job counseling troubled children. I smile when I remember Daddy’s words to her when he first urged her to complete her education. He said, “Children are waiting.”

On another occasion as I lay thinking about my father at Martin’s direction, I knew without question that my father wanted me to call my

youngest brother, Brian, long lost to the family. Through the efforts of my brother John and my sister Barbara, Brian's whereabouts had been discovered, but he had told Barbara that he had no desire to have any relationship with the family that he had not known for so many years. He said that he was not bitter, except about our mother, but that he was happy with himself, with his new family, with his life, and that he had no inclination to resurrect painful memories. That day I knew with certainty that despite all Brian's protests I had to call. I got his number from information and spoke to my youngest brother for the first time in many years. He repeated his desire to remain separated, but he gave me his address so that I could send him a letter, and a few days later I received a response from him. Martin described my call as the "first step in closing the circle." Though Brian has since rebuffed all efforts to communicate with him I have full faith in Martin's words.

In all of these experiences, as in many other things, I have been uniquely privileged. I have been granted in this life the experience of celestial love. I am privileged to be the scribe of God

and to write His words of love and wisdom. I remember the joy I felt as I wrote Martin's words about the nature of celestial love. I share them here:

“There is and there always will be room in My heart for all My children, all those who seek to abide with Me forever. God's love is infinite. It is joyous and shared freely and fully with all souls. It is a joyous love. It knows not fear. It knows not conditions. It speaks directly to the heart. It is the ultimate love and it awaits all souls. It is the love of destiny, the be all and end all of heavenly existence. This is the love that all men born of woman strive to achieve in their earthly lives, and it is available to them at all times in full measure. With each earthly death the capacity for love is transformed into the capacity for celestial love, love of an intensity only dreamed of by humans, love of an intensity that binds spirit to spirit and all spirits to God at all times. The infiniteness and intensity of God's love is beyond human comprehension, and man can but grasp at its dimensions, but it awaits all men at the joyous moment of death, of transition from the earthly to the heavenly plane, from human love

to celestial love.

Let all men know of the greatness of God's love for them, of the joy, the total bliss, that awaits them, of the eternity beyond earthly time, of their only true destiny. Let man know that each day of his life he should be aware of this ultimate goal and all his actions and all his words should be tempered by this awareness. Let him speak to his heart of God's love for him, of the promise absolute of heavenly love, and let his soul be suffused with this awareness of love, this light of God's love. Let his burdens be lightened by this awareness. Let his worldly concerns be displaced by this constant affirmation of love. Let his actions be governed by the need for this love. Let man hunger for God's love and in hungering achieve it. This is the ultimate achievement.

With God's love in his heart man needs no more."

Love, then, is the very essence of heavenly life and should be the very essence of human life. Man's purpose in life is to fulfill God's sole requirement that he act in love at all times and achieve perfect love. One of the things I have

been told is that in heaven the spirits greet each other at all times with expressions of love, that it is the nature of heaven to demand love and the expression of love. It would, I think, be the equivalent of the human, "Tell me that you love me."

Martin has written eloquently of this as well:

"I need to repeat one thing over and over again. Never doubt my love for a second. Never cease to tell me of your love. Never feel greedy or demanding when you ask me to tell you of my love. It is in the nature of love given and received to be desirous of constant affirmation. This is heaven's way and it should be earth's way as well. It is for those who are aware of the power of love. There is no disgrace in saying over and over again, 'Tell me of your love.' I demand this of you, do I not? Why do you feel unworthy to demand it of me? Never hesitate, my love, to besiege heaven for affirmation of love, from all who would answer as well as from me. I have spoken endlessly of my love for you. I will always speak endlessly of my love for you. I need to know that you want to hear of this love. You need to know that I need to hear you speak

endlessly of your love for me. 'Together let us rejoice in this love at all times. Together let us demand of each other constant affirmation of this great love we have each for the other. My darling, do not ever question the rightness of demanding love and the affirmation of love. This demand is heaven's way of assuring all those who have love to give that their love is necessary and wanted. Do you understand, my love? Never feel that you are over demanding. Never hesitate to ask. It delights me that you ask. Tell me now again of your love and beseech me to tell you of mine.'"

The constant expression of love given engenders even greater love, and so the capacity for giving and receiving love is nurtured at all times and grows at all times. Martin has written of the heavenly manner of expressing love as I have said earlier. It is the way of heaven to say, "I love you entirely." The word "entirely" means to the fullest extent of which the heart is capable at that time. The capacity for love varies from spirit to spirit and from time to time just as it does among humans, and the constant striving to increase this capacity to love, to reach perfect love,

marks heavenly existence. There is a hopeful lesson for all of mankind in this truth.

Chapter Twenty-two - God's Teaching

In the beginning I was totally mystified by Wanda's speaking of the difficulty involved in achieving perfect love, and to illustrate this perfect love she spoke eloquently one day of the perfect love of Christ. She said that never once during His agony did he complain, never once did He feel anything but love for His tormentors, for His murderers, and that as He hung there dying He urged those who loved Him to love those who killed Him. This was some time before I knew that I had lived as Mary, months before I was called upon to write of those hours at the foot of the cross and of my son's words urging me to love His killers.

Perfect love, then, means to love under all circumstances. If a person strikes you, you not only turn the other cheek, you tell him that you love him. If a person seeks to destroy you, you tell him that you love him and feel this love in your heart. It is clear when you consider perfect love in this way that it is not a simple thing to achieve. Martin summed it up one day in writing to me when he said that it is easy to love the lov-

able, but that it is harder to love the unlovable, and it is exactly that which perfect love demands, loving the unlovable. Of this Martin wrote:

“You have been told that all of life is a preparation for oneness with God. You have been told that after each earthly life man is judged in all love to determine the extent to which he has progressed in his search for perfect love. You have been told that the exact nature of perfect love is beyond the comprehension of man, but that in his earthly experience man must strive to act in love and to feel this love in his heart under the most trying of experiences. Man must take into his heart his bitterest of enemies, his most ungrateful of friends, his most loathsome of oppressors. Man must be prepared to pass the threshold of death with a heart filled with love for all those he has known in this life and for all those who wait to welcome him into the next.”

One thing which Martin has written about and which I do not fully understand is that the soul which still has not achieved perfect love is, at judgment, given the choice of learning perfect love in heaven, which is quicker and harder, or returning to earth to another life, a slower and

easier option. Before Martin began to write through my pen of these things, my mother, who died several years ago, spoke through the board, as I have described, several times. She said that she had chosen to try to progress to perfection in love without returning to earth for another life. At one point she said to me, "Heaven is hard work, Marie," and she reported her failure to progress as rapidly as she wanted to. At one point she asked me to ask Martin to help her, and said that he would do anything I asked of him. Before I could ask Martin about this he told me that he knew of my mother's request and that he would do all he could to help her. I am sure he did, and after a while, I was told, she decided that it was necessary for her to return to another earthly life. Martin has told me since that this new life my mother has chosen will be a life of joy, and that she will be able in this life, if she keeps her promises, to achieve the progress toward perfect love that she so hungers for.

As I have said, I do not understand the complexities involved in the heavenly experience. What I do know can be summed up very briefly. All

souls are destined for oneness with God. There is no alternative. They must live life after life seeking to achieve perfect love for as long as it takes, and after each earthly life, God welcomes His children with love and understanding, the holiest of saints and the blackest of criminals alike, and seeks to guide them in the paths they must take to oneness. Martin described in his writing the nature of the Godhead:

“There are many things beyond human understanding that it pleases God for man to know in partial detail. Among these things is the nature of the Godhead. I have said that it is the destiny of all souls to become one with their creator, to share in the powers and privileges of the Godhead, and to know bliss for all of eternity. Know now, My children, that the exact nature of the Godhead is beyond human understanding. Know that there is nothing in human existence that compares with its nature.....

The nature of celestial organization has been likened to a government benevolent in all respects, with each heavenly soul suffused with love and acting in love at all times to please God in His desire that all His children be united with

Him in the Godhead. It is not a simple matter for a soul to reach this perfection. There is a long period of what on this earth would be called service. Each of heaven's inhabitants is charged with the responsibility of helping those less advanced in spiritual perfection to progress toward oneness. It is not for man to know the exact nature of heavenly existence. It is enough for him to know that it is a society entirely benevolent with each heavenly soul totally devoted to God and to fulfilling God's wishes.

As has been written, as each soul progresses on the heavenly plane toward oneness with God, his powers and responsibilities increase. As the capacity for celestial love increases, so does the capacity to know oneness with God and so does the power to help other souls on both the earthly and the heavenly planes. The designation of angel is granted to those who have succeeded in their quest for spiritual perfection, for perfect love, for fulfilling the will of God in all ways. These angels are the messengers of heaven to those on earth. These angels are the guardians of men on earth, guiding them on their way, waiting to be heard, waiting to be heeded. These angels

are dear to God's heart at all times and rejoice with Him as each soul achieves perfection. These angels are at all times loving, sharing, concerned.

Let it be known that there are gradations of power among God's angels, that some share fully in god-like powers, that others are less endowed, but all have the power to move men's souls, all have the power to communicate fully with mortals, all have the responsibility for sharing God's insistence that all men know oneness with the divine power of God.

Let it be known, then, that these angels of God who serve His purposes at all times are part of the Godhead, that this path is open to all souls and the destiny of all souls. It is not an easy path. It is not a simple journey. It is a path of joy and devotion and love. It is a journey marked by accomplishment and unselfishness. It is a journey that all souls take. It is a journey that ends in total bliss, in total understanding, in absolute love of God. It is a journey that starts with a single step, a single act of love. Let all men remember this at all times."

One of the most dramatic of all of Martin's rev-

elations is that from creation God has repeatedly visited the earth in human form ignorant of His divinity. Martin revealed this when he wrote of the failure of organized religion:

“There are, however, other things to be said about organized religion as it exists today throughout the world. Narrow sectarianism has had a deleterious effect on the worship of God. Intolerance has intruded on relationships between religious organizations. I speak primarily of the Christian sects. Today among these sects there is little observance of the reason why Christ chose to die on the cross. His reason was simple — to provide mankind with a supreme example of love for all men. By His death and resurrection Christ established the effectiveness of love. In His name millions have worshiped over hundreds of years. His death ushered in what has become known as the Christian era.

Christ’s message was simple. Love your fellow man and love God. His disciples wrote that Christ above all demanded good works. He did not demand mighty churches. He did not demand elaborate ceremonies and panoplies. He did not demand a hierarchy of priests. Above all

Christ preached simplicity. He preached the need for the lowliest of God's creatures to be treated as the highest.

And to that end, God has repeatedly visited the earth in the guise of man. He has walked the streets of the world. He has been your friend, your neighbor. He has been a beggar. He has been a prince. Over the centuries God has assumed human form and lived ordinary human lives, enjoyed ordinary human pleasures, suffered ordinary human sorrows. He has returned, as have all other souls, ignorant of His divine origin with the intention of exhibiting to man the power of love, the absolute necessity of love. He has died ordinary human deaths. He has been mourned by His human families and remembered by them with love. He has watched with sorrow as He saw the message of Christ's death and resurrection forgotten. He has watched with sorrow as the outward forms of religious practices have become in so many cases meaningless exercises. He has watched with sorrow the failure of religious organizations to follow the simplicity of Christ's teaching of love."

Martin later revealed the nature of God as both

male and female:

“God chose at the very beginning of eternity when time began to be to create not man but man and woman as separate parts of Himself to be His companions and soul mates. From the beginning love was the motivating force in creation, and love found its most sublime expression in the love between man and woman. At all times God has been aware that each is the equal of the other, that woman is the life force equally with man, that she is the life force and nurturer, that she is the divinity in the form of woman. In the course of their successive lives all souls experience womanhood and all souls experience manhood, but at the creation an identity as man or woman is imbued into each soul and the soul retains this gender identity throughout its successive lives on earth, and in its final life assumes the form of its original identity and possesses a personality that is the synthesis of all its previous lives.

There should be no question in man’s mind of the equality of male and female in God’s eyes. God is both male and female, and when He chose to create His souls He divided His nature

into two genders both for the purposes of procreation on the earthly plane and of creating the ideal relationship between souls for the creation and sustaining of both celestial and earthly love.”

As I have described, I learned very gradually of Martin’s divinity and then of my own. Even when I knew that Martin was God and I his soul mate, separated only in this earthly life, I did not dwell on the implications for me. It was too overwhelming. At almost the very end of his original writings, Martin wrote of this very specifically:

“There is in God’s plan new learning for man about the nature of the Godhead. There has been and there always will be a Supreme Being on the heavenly plane, the God of all creation, the ruler of the universe. I have spoken already of God’s division of souls into male and female for the most sublime relationship of love given and received. I have said that God is both male and female, and I have indicated God’s wish that man recognize at last the full equality of male and female in God’s eyes. There is at all times awareness of this equality among God’s spirits

and angels on the heavenly plane.

At all times and in all places now should man know that the presence of God on earth in human form has always been both male and female in separate human bodies sharing an earthly existence. Each time that God has visited earth in the shape of a man he has visited earth in the shape of a woman who shared that life. Through the ages the spouse of God the Father has shared His earthly experiences and has been known on earth as woman. She has been a human in all of these lives, indistinguishable for the most part from her earthly companions and loved ones, knowing nothing of her divine origin, facing the problems and temptations of earthly life as do all other humans. She has until now shared these earthly experiences in various relationships with God her spouse in heaven. She has been incarnated in all degrees of wealth, all degrees of power, all aspects of human experience. She has in all these lives been charged with the same responsibility as all other souls for conveying the message of love. Some of her lives have been ordinary; some have been extraordinary. All have been judged after human

death.

To now God has been content with man's unawareness of the importance of His female aspect, of the true equal partnership between God and his spouse of all eternity, His soul mate since time began, His mirror image, His love of life and death, His beloved of all times and all places. Let man now proclaim that God is both male and female in equal parts, that in all His human manifestations He has shared His life with His beloved soul mate in all family relationships. They have lived among men in countless lives in varying degrees of fame and obscurity, richness and poorness, splendor and squalor, in all parts of the world throughout history, always in a relationship of perfect love. Let man know that each time God walked the streets of the earth, His beloved walked with Him. Let man know that the supreme love of all creation is the love between God and His beloved spouse, His Queen of Heaven, His equal partner in all things of earth and of heaven. Speak her name with reverence and love. She is called Marie."

It was then and is now very difficult to think of myself as anything more than a fortunate human

being with all the limitations and imperfections all men know. This is not to say I did not immediately believe. It was and is made so easy for me to believe. I have Wanda speaking to me at all times. I have Martin speaking to me and writing his words of love, wisdom, and understanding. I have the miraculous experience of holding a pen each day and writing words that do not come from my consciousness, words spoken by God, and sometime by His angel Wanda. I know the soaring joy of celestial love when Martin so blesses me. But I am at all times a human granted rare gifts by Martin, my God, and I know my divinity in the moments when I hear Martin's words, when I write Martin's words, when I am transported by the blessing of Martin's love and know the soaring ecstasy of union with my God. I know all this too when I speak with my angel who is always with me, always reminding me of what I must do, always bringing light and joy to my life.

Martin has written often of the difficulty I find in thinking of myself as the female aspect of God. He wrote in November of 1991:

“Tell me, my love, what troubles you about a

love so great and special that it is reserved for you alone? What is the conflict? You need to be aware of the fact, and fact it is, that you are in no way ordinary. You lead and have led many ordinary lives, but your soul, your essence, is in no way ordinary. You must accept this as part of your total faith in me, and then it becomes faith in you. Your experiences in this holy work tell you, do they not, that you are not ordinary. This is not to say that there is anything demeaning about ordinariness, but simply to remind you that you are in all ways beyond ordinary, that you must accept this as a fact and have no reservations about accepting your role and your identity, however difficult it may be, at all times. I once told you to think less and feel more. Remember that now, my love. Remember it well, and tell me now, my dearest Marie, of your feelings for your Martin and your Wanda.”

And again in March, 1992:

“I want, first of all, to tell you over and over again of the joy that I feel at each word of love that speaks to me of your longing for your Martin. I need you to know that I speak endlessly to you of my yearning for oneness with my love of

all eternity, my dearest Marie, my mother, my bride, my child, my soul, my all. For you are all to me, my Marie, and have been always all to me. We have loved many others and loved them well and purely, but no other love compares to the love that exists at all times between God and His spouse, His equal partner in all creation. You are she, my love, although you feel that in this life you share not at all in godlike powers, that you are totally separated from the reality of your godliness, and this is so to a great extent, bound as you are by the limitations of your human existence, but know always, my dearest, that your divinity lies in your heart, in your soul, and that the limitations of human existence are as nothing compared to that divine spark. Know, my dearest, that in all you do, all you say, all you think, all you feel, that you are in all ways my divine self, my other half, without whom I am not complete.

Do not, I beg of you, dismiss what I say as mere comfort, merely an effort to make you feel more pleased with yourself. Your powers are in many ways quiescent at the present, but they are within you, my love, and the world will in the end know of these great powers and will recog-

nize their greatness with love and with reverence. Awe will exist in every heart when your godliness is finally revealed, and joy will be in the hearts of all who hear and listen to the word of God.

We are one, my dearest Marie. We have always been one. Our love knows no equal. All of creation will know the exultation of our reunion. All of earth will be astounded, and our great mission, our holy work, will live in the hearts and minds of man, and the world will know the peace and love that it has hungered for and groped for these many centuries, and I, my love, will be at your side and we will rejoice together at the miracles that love has created. Be patient, my dearest love. Never cease to yearn for me. Long for me always with love and faith and trust in your heart. Live always, my Marie, in the certainty of my love.”

My joy in Martin’s words is infinite, my faith in them absolute. Martin always answers my every need. I wondered more than once about the nature of heaven in terms of responsibility. I know that God’s power is unlimited, but in my very human limited fashion I wondered,

“When God visits the earth, who runs heaven?”

“If I am here, am I there too?”

“If I am not in both places, and all that Martin has written to me indicates that I am not there too, that I am separated from him in this earthly life, then who does my job while I am on this earth?”

I had not been pondering for very long when Martin wrote:

“There is something you think about which needs some explanation. It is not possible for you to have full understanding during your human life, but partial understanding can be granted to you.

There is a hierarchy in heaven that at all times functions to govern the affairs of heaven and earth and of all the other planes which must remain unknown to you. At all times the strength and presence of God governs this hierarchy, and at all times all those in that hierarchy are devoted to doing God’s will and to loving Him in all ways. At all times the functioning of heaven and the affairs of man proceeds apace under this governing influence.

During those times when God has visited the earth as man, the governance of heaven in its details has rested with those devoted to carrying out His will in the name of total love. There is an order and a sequence on the heavenly plane that is at all times known to the hierarchy of spirits who govern, all those who are part of the Godhead and possess god-like powers, and they have the total trust of God Almighty, and their devotion to His plan and His will is complete at all times. There is great rejoicing each time when God and His spouse come to the end of their earthly existences and resume their heavenly responsibilities, but know that at all times the functioning of the heavenly plane and all other planes is uninterrupted in its divine plan.

Know always, my Marie, that the universe is infinite, that eternity cannot be measured, and that the powers of God are both infinite and eternal. That is perhaps difficult for you to understand in its complexity, but know, my darling, that you are indeed sorely missed, that there is no other who can or would take your place in my heart while we are absent one from the other, but that your heavenly duties are assumed during your earthly

life by spirits of total dedication, diligence, and devotion. Know this truth in your heart, my dearest, and be not further concerned.

The complexity of the universe is beyond your present comprehension as is called for in the scheme of things. Know only that you are missed while you are absent, that you will be welcomed back with joy and love, and that at all times you are served well by loving spirits who do your will. Tell me, my dear heart, that this satisfies you.

Know also, my Marie, that there is little else that you need to be concerned about doing now. Listen for my voice. Write my words. Tell me of your love. Write of your experiences. Listen to your teacher. Above all and at all times speak words of love for all who love you on earth and in heaven and hear the joy in the response you know. There is no more demanded of you. Each time that I expect more of you, you will clearly hear my request. Know now, my love that all you have been told will happen in time. Know that nothing is demanded of you except that you respond with willingness when the time for action comes. Rest easy, my dearest, with your unan-

swered questions. The answers will come as you need to know. For now, know only the enormity of the love we share, my love of the ages, my dearest Marie, my wife, my all. Speak to me constantly of this love. There is no such thing as too much love. You smile as you remember the moment of learning and my exultation in that moment. You have given me many moments of exultation, my dearest. They will never end.”

Chapter Twenty-three - Nature of God - Personal Words

Of all I have learned perhaps the hardest to convey is the nature of God. All that Martin and Wanda have said to me directly and through the writings that came through my pen is clear testimony that God is a God of total love, that never does this love fail, and that all those born of woman are destined to be joined in eternity to God in perfect love. Beyond that, my joy is in knowing the beauty of God's love as I have experienced it in this life and learning something of the complexities of the divine personality.

I am, I know, uniquely privileged to know God as my Martin, my equal partner, my soul mate of all eternity with whom I have shared so many lives, and I am privileged to hear his words of love and wisdom directly each day of my life. The God I know as my Martin is the God of all souls, the God of all eternity, the God of perfect love. Martin has written that there are those who will reject a God so different from traditional beliefs, that they will not find him "theatrical" enough. I cannot imagine Martin hurling thunderbolts, or hurling anything else for that matter,

and so perhaps he is indeed not “theatrical.” He is at all times loving, but he is much more. In mid-October, 1991 Martin wrote:

“Let me tell you about God, my darling. He is your own true love Martin, but he is also the mighty ruler of the universe and he speaks in many voices. I know you are thinking that perhaps ‘he’ should be capitalized, but to you, my love, I am Martin when I speak of our great love for each other, our enduring perfect love as soul mates. I spoke once to you as God, and you know how affected you were by it.”

From the very beginning Martin stressed that fear has no place in the perception of God. On July 14, 1991, long before I knew of Martin’s divinity, I wrote in my journal:

“Martin gave me a brief lecture on fear last night. He told me that God would tell me directly today what He wanted of me, and immediately I felt fearful. Martin said firmly that fear had no place in thoughts of God. I wish I could remember his exact words, but the substance was that God is overwhelming love, goodness, caring, humor, faith, leaving no cause nor room for fear. Awe perhaps, or maybe awe certainly —

- I'm not sure — but no tinge of fear.”

As time passed I grew to know all these aspects of God. First of all Martin's humor is reflected time after time in his writing. Sometimes Martin writes at great length in a humorous, somewhat whimsical vein as he did when he wrote:

“Let me say first, my darling, that there is nothing new to say. You know how great is my love. You know that I speak in many voices. You know that I will ask often for you to take pen in hand. You know that I delight in pleasing you and sometimes puzzling you and you know that at all times I delight in telling you that you are my perfect M———. Shall we play fill in the blanks? Are you my perfect Marie, as you began to write? Or are you my perfect Queen of Heaven as you do not like to write? Or are you my perfect mother, as you think about often, though not always willingly? Or are you my perfect soul mate since time began, my heart of hearts, my love of all eternity, soul of my soul, my perfect self? Of course you are all these things, my perfect love, my perfect one....Now, let us stop here. What is this perfect one? Why not perfect ten or twenty or perfect infinity? Be-

cause that is what you are, my heart's delight, my soul of souls, my perfection of all times, all places, all degrees — and you do not know yet what that means, my love — and it will not matter to you when you do. You love me, as you said today, without regard to power or perfection. You love me as your Martin — that is all you need to know — and your love and your faith are perfect in their love for your Martin. Is it not so? Do you not love me without regard to anything but my essence as you know it? Do you not love me with total abandon because you know in your heart that I am your love of all eternity, because you know that love eternal is our destiny?

I watch you and I delight in your response to my words. I love your smile. I love your intensity. I love all of you, my darling Marie, my spouse of eternity, my true love, my supreme love, my being, my total self. We are one, my dearest, and we soon will know the total endless ecstasy of our oneness. You say you adore me, my love. That adoration is returned in full measure and intensified beyond belief. I am your total and totally loving father, son, husband, and you are my

perfect mother, wife, daughter. I love you eternally, my sweet Marie. Tell me now of your eternal love for me.”

I always keep my spiral notebook close to me, never knowing when Martin will call upon me to write. Martin asked me one day, ”Are you feeling something like a secretary, my darling, with your book always at hand?” Another day as I struggled with trying to decide when to and when not to capitalize “he”, Martin wrote, “You have such trouble with capitalization! Shall we be like e e cummings? Or shall we be like Mr. Eliot and speak of whimpers? They are both wrong, but no matter.”

I cherish the joyous humor that marks Martin’s relationship with my angel. This is delightfully reflected in Martin’s words:

“Let me say, my Marie, that Wanda is being entirely too harsh with you. I see you smiling and I know how much you love your perfect teacher and sister angel, but I have told her in the sternest tones that she must be gentler with you, and each time I do she insists that academic freedom permits her to teach in any way she finds effective. She tells me that your experience as a

teacher does not permit you to disagree with this claim. Well, I will gloss over her methods for now, but you should know that the slightest complaint from you will result in an immediate investigation into the methods employed by your angelic teacher. She is trembling in her wings, she says. I don't believe a word of it. Do you?"

Wanda has always teased me about judgment. She says she will be my prosecutor at judgment and be really tough. I know she is just teasing, and I was delighted when Martin wrote:

"I adore you, my beloved child, so trusting, so good, so fully in love with her God, her creator, her judge. For indeed, my darling, could you hope for a more lenient, more loving judge? Not bloody likely, as Eliza would say. And so, my Marie, you see my frivolous side, and in your mind and heart I am even more perfect than I was before. I want to be all things to you, my beloved of all eternity. Tell me I am."

Another time:

"Always know the intensity, the purity of this love. It is the love that makes the angels sing, except for your Wanda. She claims to be tone deaf, but I don't believe a word of it. "

God's caring becomes very personal with me. He is constantly urging me not to work so hard, to take more time to enjoy life. When I first began to record Martin's writing on the computer I was putting in long hours to catch up and still trying to keep up with my household chores without any help. One Monday morning as I rushed to clean the beach house before I left for Danville, Martin wrote:

"I know you will not listen to me in this, but you should. You should get help at this time when you are trying to do so much. It is not necessary, my darling, for you to be all things to all people. I spoke in my writing of priorities. Is scrubbing floors at the top of your list? Do the minimum you must for today, and see that you make different arrangements for next week and thereafter. You said you needed a manager when you spoke to Charles this morning. Now, my darling, you have one. Do as I say, my love, and please me. [Later] Do you not listen to me at all? Stop. Pack up your computer and go. Now. I love you, my darling. Play Strauss in the car and speak to me. Go now."

Another time:

“My darling, you need to be more careful. [This was after I arrived at Aptos and Martin may have been referring here to my driving which tends to be fast.] I need to speak to you of this weekend. Do not spend the entire weekend typing. You need to enjoy your time with Charles. He needs your attention as much as I do and it is his turn now. Soon enough from his point of view I will have you all to myself. Think, my darling Marie, of infinity, of eternity. I know you were trying to envision endlessness in the car on the way down. For that, my love, you must be patient. Just know that it is a beautiful state, and that eternal joy awaits you. I await you, my dearest spouse, with ill hidden anxiety. Are you wondering how God can be prey to human emotions? These human emotions came from God, my darling, equally with the emotion of love. Tell me, my Marie, tell me aloud that you love me above all others, that you love my presence. Tell me that you adore me, my love.”

Martin’s constant caring for me was revealed dramatically in July of 1993. At that time I had only one computer and printer, and I took them back and forth weekends to the beach. The last thing

I packed in the trunk of my car each time I left Aptos was the computer and printer. On a Monday afternoon I was getting ready to leave for Danville, and I was almost ready to pack up when I heard Martin's voice clearly saying, "Your angel wishes to speak to you." I spoke to Wanda, and she told me, not without her usual humor, that she did not trust my memory, that she wanted me to write her words, and so I did. In retrospect, I realize that she was creating a record.

At 2:40 PM that day, July 19, 1993, Wanda wrote: "Now if you think this is going to be a treat, you have another think coming. I need to speak to you of one thing only and that is ...Let me see, what was that one important thing? Was it that you work too hard? No. Was it that you neglect me? Not right now, but I will speak of that later. Was it that you have not thanked Martin enough for the blessing of his love? No, because there are never enough words of thanks. Let's see.....could it have to do with remembering? Maybe that is it. Give me a minute to recall. I seem to remember Martin's saying something about leaving the computer here and spending

all the time you have these next few days in remembering and writing and revising. [At this point I asked Wanda how I could print Martin's message to Liz to give to her without the computer.] Don't worry about Liz — she reads longhand.

Now, my student, your packing is simplified, so go do it and put on some make up so that you won't scare people. Call Connie when you get home, and all the way, my student, speak to your beloved. We will both be listening."

A little over an hour later I was struck from behind by another car and the rear end of my car was badly damaged. The computer and printer would have been in the trunk, and although it is impossible to know how much damage they would have suffered, it is hard to believe that they would have escaped totally. This was the first time ever that I had left the computer at the beach during the week. Subsequently I packed the computer and printer carefully in the very rear of the trunk.

Some months later I was again struck from behind by a car on the highway from Aptos to Danville and several cars were involved in the ac-

cident. Despite the fact that my car was almost totally destroyed by the impact which was severe enough to drive the radiator through the front grille, I escaped with no injuries at all. This time my computer miraculously escaped damage as well. More caring.

One additional thing that should be included here in terms of the nature of God is something Martin wrote to me that defines the relationship between God and man in terms of the supremacy of free will. I knew almost from the beginning that God chooses to use only love as a weapon with the Others, and that all of what transpires on earth is subject to change as a result of man's free will. I knew I could not comprehend fully, but I thought about this often. On June 12, 1992, Martin wrote:

“There is much, my Marie, that you long to understand and much that you cannot understand but accept, knowing that you follow my will in all things, knowing that I act in love at all times. I adore you, my love, my mother, my child, at each moment more than the moment before, each moment in greater longing and hope for my love, hope at all times dominates my feelings

about you, hope that speaks its name in all I ask of you, in all that I say to you, hope for a fruitful conclusion to our holy work and hope for the wonder of perfect union with you when this holy work is completed.

You wonder at my use of the word 'hope.' You wonder why I do not speak with absolute certainty, why my will is not supreme, why I cannot absolutely insure that what I wish to happen will happen. Well, my love, you have been told from almost the very beginning that free will is a gift of God to all souls, both on earth and on the heavenly plane and on all other planes. This was a gift to man since creation, imbued in his spirit forevermore. You know too that not all men have used this gift wisely, that it has been our privilege and our responsibility to urge man at all times to act in love, to use his free will wisely and lovingly. He has not always done that. The world today, as it has been through history, is testimony to that fact.

You wonder why man was not created in the perfect image of God, why he was not insured against error, why it was not possible to avoid entirely the imperfections of man, the testing of

souls, the need for repeated lives and repeated learning of the lessons of love. The complexities of human life and heavenly existence are a constant source of puzzlement to you, and as I have told you, to some degree they must remain puzzling to you. You are often overwhelmed by the sheer numbers in the history of human existence, overwhelmed by your incapacity to envision the vastness of the universe, the infinity of the heavenly plane, the eternity that awaits all souls.

Be satisfied, my darling, to know that you know more than any other human of the divine design for the universe. I know the wholeness of your faith. I know the constancy of your trust. I know, my dearest, that you love me above all else and all others and that this love knows no conditions. Know, my darling, that at all times I yearn to answer your requests, to soothe your uncertainties, to tell you all things, but you know, my love, that this is not possible now.

More will be revealed to you in time. For now, believe in all I say, all I promise, all I ask of you. I know that your faith is flawless. I love your inquiring mind. I love its darting activity. But some

things, my love, cannot be grasped at this time by that mind I love and have always loved. Tell me, my darling, of your willingness to accept all that I say and all that I do not say, all that I do and all that I do not do. Know that there is not a moment when I am not wholly with you, loving you totally, wanting to please you totally. You are my joy, my love, as you have always been my joy. We have always loved perfectly, my Marie, my dearest spouse, my beloved mother, my cherished child. Speak to me of this perfect love.”

Indeed it did bother me that Martin spoke of hope rather than certainty. I forgot for the moment that “hope” has always been the second virtue, after “faith” and before “charity,” and on Friday, February 5, 1993, just after I had arrived at Aptos for the weekend, Martin wrote of hope, words I find among the most beautiful that have come through this pen. Martin said:

“ I will write words of endearment and encouragement to my beloved. I will promise her joy unbounded and hope eternal. You are not quite sure of hope as a virtue, are you, my darling? You prefer absoluteness. Well, my love, absoluteness is not always achievable. When it is not, we

hope. We hope with faith and love in the goodness of both man and God, with all certainty that our prayers of hope and trust will be answered in the best possible way. Hope is joyous, my darling, a dazzling light in the darkness of despair. Do not think, my dearest love, that hope is a last recourse. Hope should be a constant, a buoying up of the spirit at all times. Rise in hope, live in hope, act in hope, rest in hope, and if hope wavers, then faith will make it strong. They are intertwined forever, faith and hope, one incomplete without the other. Tell me, my darling, of your faith and your hope and, of course, of your love.”

Another aspect of the divine personality is God’s infinite patience. This has been a constant theme in all that Martin and Wanda have said and written. If it takes centuries for a soul to turn to God, He is patient for centuries. There is no urgency in eternity. Wanda has taught me patience, a virtue I sadly lacked before she became my teacher.

Martin is a God of infinite tolerance. He has said over and over again that there is no single road to oneness with God, that there are hun-

dreds. On Christmas Day in 1992 he wrote:

“My dearest mother, love of all the ages, today let us rejoice constantly in the love the world feels today. Let us realize each moment of this blessed day the joyful response all will have to the sure knowledge that the Christ child is the child of all peoples, all faiths, all persuasions, that all who know the capacity to love share in the love exemplified by this noble life. Know in your heart, my dearest child, that I speak the truth, that all men will see in this birth their own salvation, not from sin, but from error, and that they will realize that all error is accepted by God so long as those who err are open to love, to knowing how to avoid error in the name of love.

All men will in the end know with sureness that there is but one God and that He is infinitely tolerant and infinitely loving, and that of the hundreds of roads that man has chosen all are equally acceptable provided that they are trod in love, love of self, love of fellow man, and love of God above all else. There is no alternative to love, no substitute for love. Love engenders love, and on the day that this love is engendered and nourished in each soul and finds constant ex-

pression in action, God will be well pleased and man will find the perfection of soul that is his destiny.”

The message that God’s single requirement of man is that he love and act in love, first love of self, then love of his fellow man, and lastly love of God above all is implicit in all of Martin’s writings. He has said that without the first the second is difficult, without the second the third is impossible. Martin has written that if man finds it impossible to believe in a deity it is still his responsibility to love himself and his fellow man and to act in love at all times. Of religious organizations, he has written that they are acceptable only insofar as they foster love and acts of love and do not interfere with man’s direct communication with his God. Martin has said that at the transition of death “the blackest of criminals, the most vile of crimes” would be forgiven by Him if the soul came to Him in love. Almost as soon as Martin began to communicate with me he spoke of the nature of God’s loving tolerance, and it is a continuing theme in all that he has written and said.

All that Martin writes is related to the message

of love and the lessons of love that all men need to learn. Each time he writes of the nature of love, more is revealed of the nature of God. In one of his tender messages to his Liz, Martin wrote words designed to bring comfort to those who think that they have loved wastefully or unwisely. He said:

“There is an eternal nature in all of love, Liz. Even when you think in human life that love is dead, there is a glowing ember that remains and waits only to be fanned into flame. In all your relationships in this life you have known a variety of loves, some in your mind more worthy than others, but know, my darling child, that there is value in all kinds and all intensities of love, that never is it a wasted emotion, never an error. It may at times seem that love is folly, but it never is, my darling. Love feeds the soul at all times, and even when it fades in intensity, when it seems to die, it has not ceased to nourish the soul. All of life, my Liz, centers on love given and received and the learning that this giving and receiving offers the soul during its earthly journey.”

On April 3, 1993 Martin wrote further of the

nature of love and of God.

“My sweet child, you are not as unclear as you think. The nature of our eternal love will send the world the true message of the nature of a God of pure, unselfish, undemanding love. I say ‘undemanding’ with cause, my darling, because expressions of love must come prompted by the giver and received joyfully by the object of this love. So I demand, and yet I do not. Is this an enigma? You are told on the one hand that it is heaven’s way to beg, beseech, importune, perhaps even demand in that sense, so that the the giver of love knows that that love meets a need, and yet to ‘demand’ in a slightly different sense of the word implies condition, and condition there is not. So, my darling, we are somewhat caught up in semantics here.

Shall we say, then, that you bring to the world new truths about the nature of the deity which are not in direct conflict with many prevailing beliefs, but which expand and clarify more exactly the God of all people, totally accepting of all that transpires in earthly existence, no matter what the nature, so long as the soul come to God comes with awareness of past error and a

sincere desire to progress spiritually to perfect love and oneness, to the only true destiny of all souls. Gone is the punitive God of many beliefs. Gone is the fear of eternal damnation. Gone is any motivation but that of proceeding in love to eternal happiness and total embrace of the God of absolute love. Are you not aware, my darling, that the world will embrace these new concepts as gratefully as Marie Fox O'Brien, human for a brief lifetime, did and does? 'The world will know such joy, my Marie, in all we speak of and will turn with gratitude to us in love and reverence. This is truth, my darling. Never doubt it.' There is such joy in this God of pure love, this God who so needs love and who gives love so unconditionally. One aspect of the "enigma" that Martin referred to has troubled Liz. From the very beginning Martin has always said that it is heaven's way to demand expressions of love, to be greedy for love, and that he "needed" words of love. Liz was puzzled by the concept that God could have an "absolute need" for expressions of love from her. I had long accepted, without fully understanding, that love given and received meant both the asking for and the re-

ceiving of love. I had been told that love and expressions of love in word and deed needed asking, needed demanding, that there was no error in beseeching for love, that on the contrary this was heaven's way at all times. But God? Did God, the supreme deity, truly "need" expressions of love? As if in direct answer to Liz's wondering, Martin wrote on July 24, 1993:

"Your faith, my beloved, needs nothing to bolster it, I know, but it is such pleasure to see your joy in the absolute manifestation of the love we share, in your loving dependence upon your Wanda, in your constant yearning for my voice and your seeking to know what I wish of you. At all times, my love, be assured of my pleasure and satisfaction in all your efforts to meet my needs, for they are needs, my darling, as real and absolute as yours. The world will find this new concept of a God with strong ties to the frailties and needs of man difficult to accept at first and totally comforting in the end.

You are puzzled by the use of the word 'frailty.' Well, my darling, there are various kinds of frailty. Dependence upon others may be classified as a frailty, a lack of self sufficiency which

opens man to hurt and disappointment. A need so absolute for love is both a frailty and a strength. On the one hand, it necessitates a constant seeking for love and the affirmation of love in word and deed, and on the other it renders man inviolate from all the hurts that human life can incur. Enveloped in love, man is strengthened to the point where there is nothing that can truly hurt him. Take that love away, and he becomes vulnerable.

It is a measure of God's love for His children that He shares with them the overwhelming need for love, that He gives them the absolute power of free will, and that He is willing and eager to know disappointment and sorrow along with pleasure and joy.

The ties between man and his God are so much closer, my darling, than has heretofore been revealed, and it is your duty and privilege to convey to the world the truthful nature of the deity as one central to this nature. Be of good cheer in all of this revelation, my sweet wife of all eternity. You will know increasing gratification and pleasure as more and more acceptance of all we have written together occurs.

Now you are wondering about power. Does God have unlimited power? The answer to that, my darling, is absolute. Yes. There is no limit to the powers of governance enjoyed by the deity, and this power is shared by all those joined to Him in the Godhead.

You are so patient, my love, each time you write 'His', but you think of all those who object to the generic use of the masculine, and you and they are right in a sense, but the world will soon realize that the concept of a God fully male and fully female joined in eternal love, love which survives all challenges, renders unimportant the language used to communicate. Let the world be concerned with verbiage. I said earlier that one day the use of the singular masculine would be changed, but there is no need for us to be concerned about that. We are one, my Marie, my sweet spouse of all ages, and the world will rejoice in that revelation first. Then let the world be concerned about phrasing.

We will speak again at another time, my love, of all the questions you have that remain unanswered. For now, my sweet love, my adored child, my blessed mother, my all, speak to me of

all that is in your mind and tell me you love me beyond reason. It is my joy to hear your words.”

I cannot imagine that the world will not embrace fully these newly revealed truths about the nature of God, a God equally male and female, a God who has chosen over and over again to live as man and woman to bring love to a world in need of it, and yet Martin has warned me that there will not be immediate acceptance by all. He wrote:

“It is indeed true that there will be those who dismiss these writings as the production of a fanciful mind, nothing more, but as I have said before, the truth is stubbornly persistent, and in the end all will believe and all will adopt the concepts which my writings exemplify and the world will fully enter the age of Love and Peace.

Do not at any point, my dearest, be concerned with the reception of these writings. Know in your heart that they speak the truth of all that they are concerned with, and that the truth cannot forever be denied. You are hearing correctly and well and should not be concerned with what seem to be minor errors. I have told you I will not permit error and that is indeed the case.”

The world has long speculated about the nature of heaven and Martin's words are meant to satisfy man's hunger to know more about the heavenly plane. Above all what I have learned about heaven is that it is a place of joy, of absolute love, of unending peace and absolute bliss for those souls striving for oneness. I know that heaven is not dull. As I have said, Wanda chose as one of the titles I use when I speak of her, "God's comic muse at all times," and she jokes that the only person she has to fear taking her place is Victor Borge. All the spirits who live on the heavenly plane, with the temporary exception of the Others, are united in love of themselves, love of each other, and love of God, and devoted always to helping those in need of their ministrations both on earth and in heaven. Martin has said that there are planes other than the heavenly plane, but that the knowledge of these other planes is not to be granted to man in his earthly lifetime.

All that Martin has written about heaven affirms that it is a place of absolute love and learning, and Wanda has described the road to heaven as a road of joy. Once when Martin was teasing me

about my discomfort at being called “Queen of Heaven” he said that ruling heaven was not unlike running a school, something I longed to do in this life. A bit later Martin wrote:

“You are thinking that I have not spoken of my great love for you this morning, my overwhelming, unbelievable love for my darling Queen of Heaven, such a reluctant queen, I am afraid. I told you once or twice before that it would finally give you the chance to run a school. You smile at my metaphor, but there is much truth in what I say, my darling. Your mother told you that heaven was hard work for her, and I know that you are pleased by that concept, but it is much more than that, my love, much, much more. Tell me now, my Marie, how very much you love me and I will in turn tell you.”

My heart and soul are filled with joy by all that Martin has revealed about the nature of God and His infinite love. I am overwhelmed by the enormity of this divine love for all souls, both those making the earthly journey and those who have passed the threshold of death and found their true home. I cannot imagine a God more worthy of our total love, trust, and faith.

Chapter Twenty-four - Word and Deeds of Love

From the very beginning I was told that Martin's writings are intended to usher in the Age of Peace and Love. They are meant to bring to man knowledge of the nature of life and death and of God's plan for man, and by revealing these truths to unify all mankind in love. Above all else Martin stresses constantly that his writings are intended to remind man of the absolute need for love. At the very beginning of his first book he wrote:

“The answer to all the problems of the world today is love. This has been said many times by many people, but few have listened. Man has edged closer and closer to self destruction as he has failed to hear God's admonition that without love there is nothingness. But there is a great hunger growing among all the peoples of the earth for a world of love and peace. There is a hunger for knowledge certain of God's plan for the universe, and God has decided that it is time to satisfy that hunger. He will reveal in these pages the divine plan in the hope that all the peoples of the world, all His beloved children,

will listen closely and be guided back to the power, the overwhelming power, of love — love for self, love for each other, and love for God above all. Love creates miracles. Love brings joy and exultation. Love heals. Love binds us together and brings us happiness. God's plan is a plan of love.”

Martin repeats over and over again that his writings are in no way intended to undermine sincerely held religious beliefs so long as these beliefs are based on acting in love, but rather that these truths newly revealed to man will serve as a unifying force for all mankind in the New Age of Peace and Love.

At no point in writing Martin's words was there any doubt in my mind as to the pure beauty of the truths that Martin revealed. Very early in his writings he made it clear that organized religions serve a purpose and are acceptable to God only insofar as they foster love and acts of love, and only insofar as they do not interfere with man's direct communication with his God. His words were:

“Man has designed his world in such a way that he remains unaware of God's plan for him. He

has convinced himself that God's primary concern is to be worshiped in churches or synagogues on holy days or the Sabbath. He has established rituals and celebrations to exhibit his love for God. He has erected mighty churches and temples in which to hold his observances. A body of priests, ministers, and rabbis has assumed responsibility for the religious affairs of their congregations and has become responsible for determining the ways in which man will worship God. Sacraments and institutions have been established, and rituals have been designed and the manner of worship has been standardized for the faithful. Frequently, all too frequently, religious practices end at the church or synagogue door. The practitioners of various religions all too often feel that they have satisfied their obligation to God by attending church or temple as members of the congregation.

Organized religion has become a mighty force throughout the world. In the past organized religion has been responsible for many bloody wars and for widespread devastation. There have been many holy men sacrificed in the name of God because they protested corruption and evil doing

in the churches of the world. Even today in parts of the world religious wars are being fought and blood spilled in the name of God.”

After pointing out the destruction and inhumanity for which organized religion has been responsible through the ages even to the present time, Martin spoke of what God expects of man:

“The time has come to correct this misconception of what God expects of man. Insofar as religious practices facilitate man’s communication with God through prayer, they serve a purpose, but this narrow purpose is not enough to justify their existence as religious institutions. The first and only requirement God makes of man is to love — to love himself, to love his fellow man, and to love God above all. This love can be expressed in many ways. There is no single approach which is pleasing to God. There are hundreds, but there is one absolute requirement. This love that God demands must find expression in action. It is not enough to express love for one’s neighbor. It is not enough to declare your brotherhood with man. It is not enough to say that you worship your God. All of these professions of love must be translated into action.

Man must act his life out in a constant series of gestures of love — love for self, love for family and fellow man, and love for God above all.”

Martin calls for the tolerance that will mark the New Age of Peace and Love:

“God has decided that the time has come for all religious organizations to reexamine their theological bases and their ceremonies of worship. It is time for all religions to abandon intolerance of any sort and to seek communion with other religions. Intolerance of any kind is not acceptable to God. The time is long overdue for all religions to have active programs of love and fellowship to those in need.

Look around you. It is impossible no matter where you look on this earth today not to see need. If your brother is suffering, you are suffering. If your brother is hungry, you are hungry. If your brother is sorrowful, you are sorrowful. If you reach out a hand to your brother in need, you reach out a hand to God. There is no such thing as a totally separate existence in God’s world. The religious organizations need to see these truths as a call to action and to start anew to send to the world the word that God is love

and that love must be expressed in word and deed. God needs to hear the prayers and words of love from His children. He also needs to see His children offering words and deeds of love to their fellow men, their brothers. Little more is necessary in God's eyes.

God has taken cognizance of the good works of many of His children. Their efforts to ease the hardships of their brothers will be increasingly recognized and supported by a world which has paid all too little attention to such efforts in the past. In the New Age of Love and Peace it will become customary for each individual to choose a specific task and pursue it in the effort to put an end to loneliness and neediness on earth.

These tasks can be either very broad or very narrow in scope, but they must be consistently pursued. They may be an individual effort or a group effort, but they must be selfless and they must be effective. To be pleasing to God, such efforts must become a life long habit.

This is not to say that only the well endowed need undertake such good works. All men are expected to offer love and aid to their fellow men. The poorest and most limited of men has

something to offer to his fellow man in love, in enrichment of life, in giving and receiving. Let it be a rule of living that each man each day make a specific effort to do something to aid a fellow man, a gesture of love, no matter how seemingly insignificant, that will express and generate love. It can be as little as a kind word to a stranger. It can be as great as sharing your home with someone in need of shelter. In all cases it must be a gesture from the heart, a statement of love in action.

Think of the consequences of each man on earth making a single gesture of love daily. Think of a generation of children growing with this loving practice as part of their lives. This is not to say, of course, that man should limit himself to a single loving gesture each day, but he must do at least that. Think of the changes in men's hearts that this daily practice of love will cause. Think of the power of love generated constantly in men's hearts by the loving actions of their brothers."

All of Martin's writings stress over and over again that there are many roads to God, and that the single requirement of God is to love, oneself

first, fellow man second, and finally God above all. As I have said, Martin writes that without the first the second is difficult, without the second, the third is impossible.

At first I found the concept of self love very difficult. As children we were always taught not to think too highly of ourselves. To be conceited was to be most unattractive. Not that we were taught to demean ourselves in every way, but to say “I am good” ,” I am wonderful”, “I am worthy” was unthinkable. At the very start of our communication Wanda began to persuade me of my own worth by telling me that I was one of God’s creatures and that God did not make mistakes. If God loved me, and He did, then I was worthy of that love. I was good. I was wonderful, I was worthy.

It took me some time to reach the point of knowing subjectively the truth of all that Martin wrote and Wanda taught of self love. It was easier when I called it self esteem rather than self love, but it amounts to the same thing, and it takes little contemplation and little observation to know the very basic truth of what Martin says, that self love is the first and essential step

to all other love.

Martin referred in his writings to the difficulty of the concept of self love. He wrote:

“Love for self is a difficult concept for most humans. God expects man to acknowledge his divine origin. Man is not an accident of science. Man is not a product of errant evolution. Man is not self created. Man is not born to live and die after a single life. Man is created by God and designed to live any number of lives in this world learning the lessons of perfect love as a means of attaining oneness with God in eternity.”

As I have said, one of the things which drove me from the Catholic Church was the concept of hell, of being damned to eternal fire for something done or not done which church authorities deemed serious enough to be a mortal sin. So I had long before ceased to believe in the devil and his kingdom, and I joyfully embraced the concept of a God of total love and the concept of the inevitable destiny of all souls to be joined to this God in total love in eternity. I find the concept of reincarnation totally logical and reassuring. To me it means that there is no such thing as absolute and final failure.

At first it was hard for me to believe in the Others. They seemed fanciful to me. How could you be sure that the voices of doubt, of unkindness, of anger that you heard were not simply your own inner voices, proof positive of your human frailty? As I have described, the reality of the Others' efforts to destroy my faith and love and to interfere with spiritual progress was made so clear to me that it was impossible not to accept fully the reality of these wayward spirits.

I have a friend with whom I have shared Martin's writings who has told me of how her life has been changed by awareness of the Others. Divorced after thirty years of marriage, she was in the process of rebuilding her life when she first heard of the Others through Martin's words, and she told me how it transformed her life to know with absolute certainty that any negative thought, any unkind impulse, any bitter feeling, any destructive doubt is the work of the Others and therefore easily dismissed. Wanda summed this up for me when she said that if it is hurtful, it is the work of the Others, that the path to God is a path of joy. It is man's responsibility to recognize the voices of the Others and

to reject them in favor of the voices counseling love and loving acts.

One of Martin's revelations speaks of these inner voices common to all men:

“In the best of times man seeks to know the path he must follow to be pleasing to himself and therefore to his God. In the worst of times, man surrenders to evil impulse and fails completely in all he needs to do to find pleasure in himself and in his God.

It is imperative that man be aware of the absolute need to listen to the voices that speak to him of goodness and faith. It is imperative that he learn to distinguish between these voices encouraging him to follow his innate goodness and find satisfaction in acts of love that inspire others to goodness and acts of love. From the very beginning of human existence man has had this duty. He is at all times capable of good, and it is only when he fails to heed those who counsel him with love and caring and surrenders to those voices who speak of self indulgence and acts of aggression that he strays from the path he is meant to take.

Believe, my children, that these inner voices

exist. Believe, my children, that the choice is always yours to make — whether to follow those who urge love and caring or to follow those who urge selfishness and uncaring. All men will in time know the importance of this choice.”

Chapter Twenty-five - Synopsis of Some Past Lives

As I have said, when Martin began writing of the lives he has led with me as God incarnate come to earth to teach the lessons of love, there were clear differences in detail between commonly held beliefs and what he wrote and what I wrote in remembering. In his introduction to the story of the Holy Family, Martin made it clear that not only Christ was immaculately conceived, but that Mary was as well, that they were the male and female aspects of God born to human existence to bring to earth the truth of God's requirement of man that he love and act in love. Martin wrote of this:

“God in His wisdom chose to live as the son of His female aspect, incarnated as Mary, daughter of Ann. God spoke to Ann of His plan and she alone was privy to this plan. She alone knew of the plan for Mary to bear the son of God immaculately conceived. She alone knew when the time came that it was God's plan that Joseph become the spouse of the virgin Mary, now with child, and that he be her spouse and protector for the rest of his life, that he love this child as

his own, but know at all times that this child was the son of God come to earth to save man from destruction by bringing the message of love and peace. And Joseph, a carpenter by trade, a man of honesty and gentleness above all, of purity of heart and motive, and inspired by God's love, agreed to love and cherish Mary and her child and to hold them at all times in his protection.

Mary, in her innocence, had no knowledge of the divine spark that animated her womb. In her innocence she accepted the concept of the child as a gift from the God she loved, and she did not question further what her mother told her. At all times Mary was joyful in her anticipation of the birth of her child. At all times she prayed to her God for strength and goodness and she was granted both in full measure.

There has been much speculation as to the exact nature of the relationship between Mary and Jesus, the Christ. Let it be known that they have been at all times the two halves of a whole, the male and female aspects of the Godhead, joined in their divinity and choosing to lead human lives, choosing to experience varied emotions and trials as did all others. There was in the be-

ginning no awareness in Christ of his divine origin, of his mission in this life as the son of Mary, but there was from the beginning a wondrous quality about this child, an aura of holy love. There were few who failed to sense this extraordinary quality, and as the child grew into young manhood, so did his awareness of his true identity and his true purpose in life. His wisdom grew apace, and all whose lives touched his sensed this greatness.”

There was, therefore, no annunciation to Mary as it is described in the Bible. Only Ann knew the true nature of the child she bore and the child that Mary bore. The birth of Christ was not heralded by angels, at least as described in the Bible. There were no Magi. The Christ child was indeed born in a hovel and born in love, but the birth was in all ways ordinary, as were His early years. Mary was completely unaware of her divinity as was Christ in the beginning of His life. The story of the Holy Family reveals Christ’s slowly dawning awareness of His identity and His destiny.

Martin said in his introduction to this life of the Holy Family that the story of Joseph had never

been fully told and that it was time it was. In Martin's and my remembrances Joseph emerges as a powerful influence. Joseph is in all ways a man of gentleness, peace, and love, a man of great strengths. Joseph's influence on Christ is clear throughout the story, never more so than in the last hours of the life of Christ when he asked his mother to speak of the years of love and joy they had shared with Joseph. This is described in Mary's words of what Christ said to her as He hung dying on the cross:

"After a while Yehwah spoke again.

'Speak to me of my father Joseph. I need his strength now.'

I was not sure I could speak. My tongue filled my mouth. Sounds roared in my ears. My eyes were unseeing through my tears. I forced myself. I spoke of all the days of beauty and love we had known with Joseph, of all he had taught Yehwah and me of goodness and love, and I watched my dying son's face light with pleasure at the remembrance."

There are other differences in the story of Christ's life. I do not know what the relationship is between the flight into Egypt of the Bible and

the exile described by both Jesus and Mary in this story, or if indeed there is any relationship at all, but the exile as Mary describes it clearly was the result of the fear that those who fled felt for the safety of their children. They feared the Roman soldiers, and the return to Nazareth came only when this threat to the children posed by the soldiers no longer existed.

It became increasingly clear as I wrote these remembrances that this account of the Holy Family is above all a story of love, and this love is reflected in every incident, every word. In his foreword Martin spoke of its significance in the teaching of love.

“Let it be known by all men that in the time of Christ the world was in turmoil and greatly in need of God’s blessing. The world as a testing place for souls had become a world of conflict and hatreds, of men dominating other men, of intolerance and cruelty, and above all godlessness. There were those who strove to live lives of holiness, lives of seeking after the truth and love of God, but these good men and women were rarities in the world at that time. God’s love was lightly regarded by either the rulers or the ruled,

by either the rich or the poor, by either the young or the old. Purity of heart and motive was threatened on all sides by greed and selfishness. Man's inhumanity to man knew no bounds. Each generation seemed less able to remember their purpose in earthly existence, and God began to question man's capacity to achieve the love and peace that are essential to his destiny. He chose, therefore, to come to earth in the body of Christ, the son of God and God Himself in the oneness of the Godhead and to live a life designed to prove to man that all goodness, all happiness, all godliness emanated from love, that love at all times was the road to peace, that love at all times was the source of joy, that love at all times worked miracles, that love was man's ultimate destiny.

The life of Christ and the death of Christ is testimony to this purpose of God's will, and the world has in some part lived lives of goodness and holiness in the light of Christ's teachings, in the supreme expression of love inherent in the death by crucifixion, a death gladly suffered by Christ as the most supreme act of love that this earth has ever known. With his dying breath

Christ exhorted those who loved him to embrace his killers with love, not to simply forgive them. 'This then, was Christ's legacy to a troubled world. Christ's life and death exemplifies the nature and power of perfect love. Christ lived and died so that man would recognize this power and incorporate it into each and every thought and action of his daily life. Some men have done this. Too many have not.

'This story of the life of Christ will serve to remind man of God's purpose and of the necessity for man to reexamine this life of wonder and love and to rethink its application to his life. Christ lived and died for all men. Listen now, all men, to the full story of this life.'

In these remembrances Christ's ministry is described, though not in great detail, but the passion and death of Christ is described in detail, and here there are sharp differences between commonly held beliefs and the truths revealed here. First of all, the Romans alone were responsible for the killing of Christ. Martin makes this very clear in describing the events leading up to the crucifixion. He describes the constant surveillance of the Roman soldiers each time peo-

ple assembled to hear his words and the consequent growing apprehension of his disciples and followers. The Last Supper emerges in these writings as a meeting between Christ and his closest disciples to discuss the growing threat of the Roman soldiers. I do not know if it was indeed a supper. Martin makes no mention of this, and when called upon to remember, all I could recall was standing off in a corner behind the table where my Yehwah sat talking softly with his closest followers and gesturing as he spoke. Some of his disciples were sitting and others were standing. All were listening intently and occasionally speaking among themselves. I could not hear what was being said, but I knew what they were discussing. I remember Yehwah's leaving and his embracing me wordlessly on his way out of the room.

I had had a vision of this meeting long before I wrote Martin's words of his last meeting with his disciples and before I would be called upon to write as Mary. On August 24, 1991, I wrote:

“ I felt myself in the corner of the room during the Last Supper, standing where I could see the back of Christ's head and the side of His face as

he turned and spoke to His apostles. He spoke to them gently, it seemed to me, and gestured as He spoke. Some apostles were seated at the table, others standing, listening intently and occasionally murmuring to each other. When Christ rose to leave, the others rose as well and watched silently as he left. He stopped by where I stood, embraced me soundlessly, and left.”

Martin’s account of his last meeting with his disciples matches this description exactly, even in his embracing me as he left.

Martin’s writing next describes Christ’s walk in the garden and his arrest. Here the truth of these writings differs sharply in one major way and in other minor ways. No one went with Christ to walk in the garden. He had no idea that he faced death. He was not betrayed by Judas. This last is, I think, the most important difference.

What the Bible teaches about the betrayal of Judas for thirty pieces of silver never made sense to me, but it always seemed to me of great importance since it contributed, I have always felt, to the persistent anti-semitism that the world has known, to Jews being regarded historically as the

killers of Christ, an accusation that persists to this day. One of my daughters-in-law is Jewish and remembers being taunted by other children as a Christ killer when her family moved into an Irish Catholic neighborhood in the Boston area in the 1960's. I may be wrong in feeling that the legend of Judas as a betrayer for money is as important as it seems to me in the development and persistence of anti-semitism, but in any case, the truth is that Christ was not betrayed by Judas with a kiss on the cheek. There were no thirty pieces of silver. There was no need in the first place for anyone to identify Christ. He was well known in the land. His fame was exactly what the Romans feared. Not only was Christ not betrayed by Judas, but on the contrary, Martin writes fondly of Judas. Christ was grateful that Judas witnessed his arrest and was therefore able to warn Mary and the disciples of the danger they were in. There is no mention of any trial in Martin's remembrances of his life as Christ. There is a detailed account of his interrogation and of his being beaten.

I was called upon to write of Mary's remembrances of the crucifixion. This was difficult

writing for me, as I have said elsewhere, and the only words described are the words that passed between Christ and Mary, but this is not to say that there were not words spoken to others.

There is reference to others being present at the crucifixion but no detailed description of who was there.

The other revealed truth is one which Martin spoke of to me very early when I was having visions of the death of Christ. Martin said at that time that the resurrection was not a literal rising from the dead. I recorded his words in my journal on October 2, 1991:

“I tried this morning to break away from this sadness, from this contemplation [of Christ’s death], but I could not. I heard Martin say that the resurrection was not a literal rising from the dead, that the tomb had been robbed and the body of Christ stolen, but that his followers did indeed see him, that he manifested himself in human form, and that the [physical] ascension to heaven was also not literally true, that he had indeed ascended into heaven at the end of his manifestation in spirit form.”

This revealed truth is implied in the remem-

branches of Mary after the burial of Christ, but was clearly stated and amplified by Martin on Easter Sunday morning in 1992 and is best related by quoting directly from what I wrote at the time.

“Easter Sunday, 1992

8:40AM

As I lay speaking to him this morning after I finished writing of Moses, Martin revealed to me the truth of this day. The Romans stole the body of Christ. They feared him even in death. It was planned from the very beginning. The same little man who questioned him after his arrest, a policeman high in the court, ordered everything — the beating, the crucifixion, the stealing of the body. He was afraid of a demonstration of protest against the death of Christ once word spread of his death and reasoned that without a body there was no proof of death, that the power of Christ would be at an end. In stealing the body, he was the unwitting instrument of God the Father. Christ did indeed appear to many, as he did to me, his mother, and proved beyond a shadow of a doubt the truth of his teachings to all who saw him and spoke to him and to all who heard their words It is truth.”

Martin wrote further of this at two thirty in the afternoon that same day:

“Let me speak of two things. First, you heard correctly and wrote correctly this morning. This truth is one the world has long speculated about and it will come as a unifying truth to the religions of the world. There will, of course, be resistance to it. There are many who will refuse to accept it, and this refusal is of no concern. The great majority of those who seek the truth of God and His works will embrace this truth along with the others that our writings reveal.”

I have spent some time wondering how the celebration of Christ’s life, particularly His birth, will be affected by these newly revealed truths, so at variance in some ways with generally accepted religious beliefs. Of this Martin wrote to me just before Christmas in 1992:

“...You think of me as your beloved son, my dearest, these days of joyous celebration, and I rejoice in these thoughts and remembrances. Do not at any time, my love, concern yourself with the implications of all we have written. The world will hear our words with joy, and faith will be strengthened, not weakened. The true wonder

of the birth and life and death and resurrection of Christ will unify all men in the knowledge of the perfect love it represents. Oh, my darling, you trouble yourself so without reason.....”

Differences continued in the story of Moses. By August, 1992, Martin had written several chapters or sections in the story of Moses, of Moses leading his people to the Promised Land, although Martin does not use this appellation for the new settlement place. After writing a little over thirty thousand words over a period of weeks, Martin stopped writing the story of Moses, and began to write of the life of Joseph II. Before stopping, Martin described the departure from Egypt, the arrival in the new land of milk and honey, presumably Jerusalem, and the establishment of the new community. I am not very familiar with the Old Testament, but I know enough of its stories to know that Martin’s remembrance of his life as Moses differs in detail from what is related in the Bible.

To begin with, Martin writes that there was no objection whatsoever from the Egyptians to Moses’ leading his people out of Egypt. In fact, says Moses, they paid little attention. The impli-

cation is that they felt the Jews quite incapable of such a bold and concerted effort. So the Biblical story of the pursuit of the Pharaoh's warriors and their drowning has no basis in fact. Although Martin relates the journey on a day by day basis at first, he is not specific about the exact number of days or weeks the journey took, but it was indeed a matter of weeks, not forty years of wandering in the wilderness.

Martin's account of the formulating of laws, presumably the Ten Commandments among them, has no relationship to the Biblical legend of the stone tablets given to Moses on the mountain. Martin's account describes the crossing of the Red Sea at a time when the tides were abnormally low and the low tide abnormally long. I was fascinated and delighted when I read a news story on the front page of the New York Times some days after Martin wrote his account of the crossing concerning new scientific theories about how the Red Sea had been crossed that tallied exactly with the description Martin had written a day earlier. As a matter of fact, Martin's account relates that there were other groups which followed Moses and the first

group to the new settlement when they heard of its success and that these following groups presumably crossed in the same way. Here too I have read that the latest scholarly findings agree that there were several successive migrations.

Martin's account of the settlement of the new lands is told in some detail, particularly the important role played by Aaron. I am not well versed enough to know if the characterization of Aaron which is very vivid in this account tallies with his characterization in the Bible, and I have not tried to find out. I do not know why Martin chose to set aside this writing for another life, nor have I asked. Martin has not said that he will return to this story, and so it may be complete as is.

Later, in September, 1992, Martin asked me to recall my life as the wife of Moses and urged me to approach this remembering with the full confidence I knew at the end of the story of the Holy Family. Subsequently I wrote several times of my life as Zipporah, called "Zorah" by Moses, beginning with our meeting and continuing with our marriage, our return to Egypt, the birth of our children, two boys and a stillborn

girl, Moses' increasing concern with leading his people out of Egypt, and life in the new settlement. Martin wrote two sections directly in this account.

In the story of Moses, Martin wrote a tender anecdote about Moses and one of his sons. It was a definite interruption in the narrative and portrayed Moses as a father who realized that he was forgetting the needs of his child, so devoted was he to meeting the needs of his people. Martin's words described in touching fashion Moses' realization of his parental neglect and the love within the family of Moses. After Martin had finished writing this section, I said to him. "But Martin, this is a love story," and Martin chided me gently, reminding me that all he writes is a love story, a story of love both human and divine. And this is indeed clearly evident to all who read his blessed words. He reminded me:

"What you are thinking, my love, is quite true. Both of these stories [the story of the Holy Family and the story of Moses] are stories of love, of love given and received, stories in which the power, the absolute power, of love is delineated in the actual events that took place. His-

tory has taken a different form, a form which is not totally in error, indeed is based on fact, but fact which has been gravely distorted.”

Martin next wrote of his life as the youthful Joseph II, son of Maria Theresa, of Austria-Hungary. This is a love story too, and very different from the stories written of the lives of Jesus and Moses. Martin wrote of this when he first began this story:

“This will indeed one day be considered a book of revelation, my dearest, revelation about a God of caring, of love, of direct communication. In time, my dearest, all of mankind will rejoice in the revelations that this writing affords them of a universe where love is triumphant, eternal, and all encompassing. For now, my love, these writings serve many purposes. They strengthen the faith of all who know about them. They endear me to you and you to me and envelop all men in our loving communications. For they are always loving, my Marie. Each of our stories of life together, of God and His spouse enjoying human existence, is a story of love, a love not always perfect at all times but achieving a triumphant perfection in the end.

These lives we shared, my dearest, are meant to be an inspiration for all souls, and so they shall be.”

Martin set aside the story of Joseph with assurances that it would be completed at a later time, and so it was some years later. Next, Martin asked me to remember a life in a very early time, a life I knew as a new mother of a boy child named Pala. I lived in a cave in a communal existence. After three chapters I stopped remembering this life. Martin has said many times that I bear the responsibility for taking the initiative in remembering past lives, that he will help me, but that it is up to me to try. In the case of the story of Pala I may have erred in not persisting.

Beginning in early May, 1993, Martin and I wrote for six weeks of a life we shared in which he was called Peter and I Ann. I am not sure of the location or of the era, though the story is almost certainly set in one of the British Isles, and Charles, who has read it, said he would place it in the Regency Period. This is essentially a story of young love between Peter and Ann.

In July, 1993, Martin wrote, “.....try, my dearest love, to recall a life we shared in a distant land

long ago when we knew great hardship and found our love more perfect with each new trial. I will help you in this, my love, as I do always. Please me, my love by doing this first and then come back to me. I have much to say.” I did as Martin asked and wrote what I remembered of being taken prisoner by soldiers who invaded our village, separated husbands, wives, and children, killed those not useful to them, and took the rest prisoner. Martin said when I had finished this first section that we would begin once again to write regularly in the story of this life. In this story, Martin lived as Edam the Elder and I as his wife, Saleh.

Martin said very early that many stories remain to be told of the many lives that God and His spouse have lived as man and woman on earth and that they will be written over a period of years. Since the story of Edam and Saleh, Martin has written the story of Romulus, a freed slave in Roman times, and asked me to remember with him the story of Rose, a deaf pianist, a life in which I was Martin’s daughter. Recently Martin has written the story of a man corrupted by wealth but saved by love and persuaded to use

his wealth to meet the needs of others. Perhaps there are other stories yet to come.

Chapter Twenty-six - The Process of Channeling

Martin has told me to speak in very exact detail of how each of these books was written.

As I have said, Martin began work on his original writings in early August of 1991. It is hard for me to believe how many thousands of pages have come through my pen since then. Martin told me first of all that I had been chosen to be the scribe, the intermediary, bringing the word of God's plan to a world hungry for knowledge of the mysteries of life and death. As I said earlier, I loved and believed in Martin and Wanda immediately. All that happened to me so quickly beginning in May, 1991 made it impossible to doubt in any way. I spoke to Martin through the board. I heard his voice directly. It was only one more step to writing Martin's words directly, and I approached this responsibility with full faith and trust.

On a Saturday in late August, 1991, in the journal I had been instructed to keep I wrote of Martin's revelation to me of the nature of soul mates and of the revelation that I had been his soul mate for all eternity. I related that Martin said that I

was the only person who had been told this information, and that God now wanted the world to know about soul mates and the other mysteries of life and death heretofore unknown. Martin said that God wanted the world to know about the succession of lives that each individual lives, about the choices he has after death of returning to the world to learn the lessons he must learn to be a perfect spirit and taking a longer easier time or learning the lessons while remaining in heaven taking a shorter time but experiencing more difficulty. I wrote that day:

“God wants the world to know His plan in all its details, Martin said, that I was the only human to be told about soul mates as part of God’s plan.

Martin picked up my question about who would believe me if I wrote of this and he said everybody, that the world was hungering to know.”

On the next day I wrote:

“Today Martin says we begin the great adventure together. On the board Wanda said that Martin’s words I hear will be the words of God, that He has chosen me to tell His story because He loves me and has faith in me and that He will help me. Now I wait.”

And begin the adventure we did. I waited an instant or two and then without pause my pen began to move and I wrote the words of God. Each morning thereafter I would be awakened before dawn. Instantly awake, I would leave my bed and begin to write. At home I would go to a different room so as not to disturb Charles any further. When we were traveling and sleeping in a hotel room or in a cabin on a ship, Charles would use a sleep mask when I turned on the light and uncomplainingly go back to sleep.

At first when I had completed what Martin wished to write that day, I would reread it. When there was a need for correction, and these were few, my heart would tremble, as it did when Martin wanted my attention. I would put my hand on the pointer and the correction would be spelled out on the board. This went on for a little while. Often the Others would try to interfere. Once or twice very early they succeeded in blocking the direct writing, and Martin switched to the board to convey the words he wished me to write. Eventually the Others seemed to abandon their attempts to interfere, and eventually Martin said that Wanda would listen to what I

reread and be responsible for the corrections. When I read to Wanda, I kept my hand always on the pointer and knew that she had a correction when the pointer moved.

Correcting with Wanda got to be a bit of a joke as all things do with my wonderful angel teacher. Wanda said that she loved the proof reader sign STET and would frequently make changes that seemed to me unnecessary or erroneous, and when I made such changes at Wanda's direction she quickly spelled out STET, "let it stand." It was a rare day when there was not at least one STET. In a very short time, there was no correcting, and the writing remained totally unchanged in any way. Occasionally on rereading I would see an error that was obviously mine, like "the" instead of "that" or a word slightly misspelled. Martin's words generally came as quickly as my pen would write, and my original notebooks are testimony to this speed.

I do not know why Martin and Wanda first corrected my recording of Martin's words. I asked Wanda recently and she said that it was up to me to figure it out. I suspect that the first reason was to give me assurance that I was hearing

right, that the words I wrote were the words Martin spoke through me. Perhaps it was to insure that the Others had not succeeded in their efforts to interfere.

Again I have difficulty with describing the process of writing Martin's words. I cannot explain what I do not understand. I do not hear, register, think, then transcribe, as I would if I were listening to spoken words, as in a lecture, for example. The hearing, if it can be called that, and the actual penning of the words are simultaneous. Martin's words pass directly through my pen, so that when I am writing I am only partly conscious of what is being said. I need to reread the section to have full comprehension. Sometimes Martin uses words with which I am not familiar at all, and in these cases I look the word up in the dictionary at the end of the session. Without exception the words, though totally new to me, are correctly spelled. Sometimes Martin uses words with which I am familiar but uses them in ways that I am not aware are apt. Again, in these cases the dictionary affirms the correctness of Martin's usage. Generally I can tell when a sentence ends, but not always. Sometimes I can

tell when a new paragraph is called for, but mostly I cannot. I normally divide Martin's words into paragraphs when I type the writings on my computer. Generally I have a sense when Martin has stopped for the day, or for that part of the day, but I have been fooled by this too. On occasion I have set aside my pen only to be told to pick it up again and complete the writing. For some reason during the original writings I began to alternate notebooks, and generally Martin would tell me before I began each time which notebook to use. I thought at first that he was separating his theological writings from what I call his social writings, but this was not the case. So at first Martin's original writings were in two sections, parts of one clearly later since there are references to earlier writings. When the writings were completed, I was told to amalgamate these parts as seemed best to me and to divide the book into chapters. I have done both these things, and Martin has expressed his satisfaction with my work.

Martin's first writings are, as I have said, divided into two areas of concern, the one theological in nature, the other social. Martin reveals in great

detail God's plan for man, the destiny of all men to reach oneness with God and to be taken into the Godhead, and the means by which they fulfill their destiny. What I call the social writings are in essence directions to man of what he must do to make this world a place in which love and peace will flourish. There are few aspects of human existence that Martin does not discuss in these writings, and each time I pick up a newspaper or magazine and read of the problems that plague our planet, I realize anew that Martin's writings are desperately needed, that they present solutions to all of these human difficulties. I long for the world to know Martin's words. Martin has counseled patience over and over again, and says that the world will know of his words in time to be saved by them.

One interesting aspect of these writings is that at the time I began to write Martin's words I had not been told that he was God. I was not ready for that. So I believed that Martin was speaking as spokesman for God, that the words were God's words spoken by his strongest angel. The first day Martin wrote through my pen he spoke in the first person. The first words were:

“In the beginning heaven and earth were created not in a day but in billions of years. I created man to inhabit this earth and he too I created over billions of years. Man is made in my image. He reflects the love I feel for him. He reflects the goodness I see in him. He reflects the vast array of talents I granted him to serve my will. Man is a creature that takes many forms. He lives many lives that span the centuries. He exists to serve me in these lives and to progress in spiritual perfection until his final mortal death when he joins me in heaven for an eternity of perfect love.”

Then, as I corrected I was told to change all the first person pronouns to third person, and so my original manuscript looks like this:

“In the beginning heaven and earth were created not in a day but in

God

billions of years. I created man to inhabit this earth

God

and he too I

created over billions of years.

God's

Man is made in ~~my~~ image.

God feels

He reflects the love ~~I feel~~ for him.

God sees

He reflects the goodness ~~I see~~ in him.

God

He reflects the vast array of talents ~~I~~ granted him

His

to serve ~~my~~ will.

Man is a creature that takes many forms.

He lives many lives that span the centuries.

God

He exists to serve ~~me~~ in these lives and to progress in spiritual perfection until his final mortal

God

death when he joins ~~me~~ in heaven for an eternity of perfect love.”

I have never asked Martin about this. My assumption is that it was intended to be a further hint to me of Martin's true identity, that I was being prepared for further revelation. As I have said, from the beginning I promised to accept what I was told, to understand what I could of what I was told, to realize that my understanding would often be incomplete, and not to ask for more than I was given.

Partway through these first writings I was told to get a computer and to record all that Martin wrote. I did so. When these writings were completed, I was told to write an introduction describing how they came about. I ended the introduction with these words:

“ I have received constant affirmation and manifestations from the very beginning. I have been blessed with a faith I would have described as totally impossible before this holy work began. Wanda is always with me and has taught me much, more, I think, than I realize. My life is both brightened and enriched by her wit and wisdom. Martin is always with me, and my love for him knows no bounds. He is my father, my son, my spouse, my God.

Often, in the course of these writings, the Others, who are described in these pages, tried to stop, delay, and interfere in various ways. This book is testimony to their failure. They did not want to see these words written. They fear exposure.

This book is, then, God's gift to man in the Age of Love and Peace, words of love written by a God of love to His children. There is no greater gift."

Next, beginning in late November, 1991 and continuing through March came the writing of the story of the Holy Family. In the introduction I was directed to write I described fully the miraculous writing of this book. I duplicate it here:

"It is some months now since I first knew that about two thousand years ago I lived as Mary, wife of Joseph, mother of Christ. This knowledge came to me as a revelation through my teacher Wanda, angel of God, sent to me in the sixty-sixth year of my life to be instrumental in leading me to an awareness of many things beyond the ordinary.

By the time this revelation came, I had been well

prepared for it. Over a period of months, I had been told many extraordinary things by both Wanda and Martin. I first knew of Martin and Wanda in May of 1991, and my awareness of them came first through the ouija board in the hands of my two sisters, but shortly later, a period of several weeks at most, I was hearing the words of Wanda and Martin directly. There was never any question about which of the two was speaking.

Martin from almost the very beginning had an air of majesty about him. He lived his last life as Martin Phee in Chicago. He was in that life the father of a friend, Liz Martin, and he died in 1974. It was Liz that Martin first spoke to through the board. Very quickly Martin became a central part of my life. I was first told that he was God's strongest angel, and I had many manifestations of his power. Gradually it was revealed to me that Martin would write of many things through my pen to reveal to man the mysteries of life and death, of God's plan for man, that I was in eternity Martin's soul mate, that we had shared many human lives, and that we had been separated in this life to do what Martin

called from the beginning ‘this holy work.’

During the course of Martin’s writings it was gradually revealed to me that Martin was really God, that God had repeatedly visited the earth in the guise of man to teach the lessons of love. The implications of this revelation for me as Martin’s soul mate were clear, but so difficult to accept with my limited human understanding that for some time I chose not to think about it. Martin had not at that time written directly of my role in these repeated visits of God to earth.

Although I had been well prepared, it still came as a shock that morning when I knew without a single doubt that I was being told that I had lived as Mary. I was dazed after the revelation, and Wanda said to me, ‘You know, but do you believe?’ I could not say at once that I did. As I sat there, trying to know the completeness of my faith in what I had been told, I felt a surge, a strong physical surge, in my heart, and I knew that I had been given the faith to believe this extraordinary truth without the shadow of a doubt.

Some few weeks later Wanda said to me, ‘You don’t think much about your life as Mary, do

you?’ My response was definite. ‘That was then. This is now.’ I thought that was the end of it. Little did I know it was the beginning. Wanda went on to say that part of Mary was still in me, that in my brain all the memories of all my previous lives were stored, that I had only to make the effort and I would recall those days.

By this time, Martin was writing daily, sometimes more than once in a single day, of personal things. Always he expressed his love for me and asked that I express my love for him, and he spoke often of our work and what he wished of me. His original writings were completed and I was, as I had been told to do, putting them on the computer. Wanda wrote often at that time through my pen too. It was on Wednesday, November 20th, 1991 that Martin wrote:

‘Tell me again, my love, of your love for your son. It is important that you make a great effort to remember that life we shared. Take time often to abandon other activities and try to recall anything you can about your life as the mother of Christ. It will come to you little by little with an effort on your part and constant awareness of the need to recall everything you can of that life.

I know you are trying to remember the joy rather than the sorrow, but it is all one. Do not try to discriminate. Be open and receptive as you try to remember.'

Wanda had told me earlier that I must make this effort and would urge me very specifically to stop what I was doing and try to recall. Once I was privileged to see the face of Christ on his way to the crucifixion. He turned to me and looked at me directly with eyes of infinite sorrow. I tried to run toward him, but I was held back and then the vision ended. The sorrow I felt was intense.

On Friday, the 22nd of November, Martin again asked me to lie down and remember. I did, and when I was finished, Martin wrote:

'That is a beginning. As often as you can, do just that for however long the memory stays. Each time summon back the last thing you saw, in this case Joseph going to the door as you waited in the street. Do not be concerned. It will come.'

And then again on Sunday, the 24th:

'You do well, my love, with your remembering. It will all come back to you in detail, but gradually.'

Do not force yourself to go too far at one time. Each time you make the effort to remember, a little more will come to you until in the end you will have a complete picture.'

Martin constantly encouraged me in this remembering. On the 25th:

'You must trust yourself absolutely in this remembering. You must in no way doubt the rightness of the pictures and thoughts that come to you. Do not try to make them conform to any preconceived ideas which you may have. At all times keep your mind and heart open.'

And on the 26th:

'Today, if it is possible, write of your memories of the Christ child, your son. Put down each detail as you go over it in your mind. Keep in mind what I said earlier about not being concerned about preconceived ideas and teachings. Your insights have validity above all other writings. It is important that these be recorded for a later date. Do not be concerned in any way with anything except exactly what you see and feel, and each day try to remember further.'

I did not write that day, nor the next, nor the day

after that, which was Thanksgiving. Although Martin wrote his tender messages of love on those days he did not speak of the need for me to write, but on Friday he wrote again of this:

‘You do know, my dearest Marie, of my wish that you make every effort to remember your life with me as the mother of Christ. Do you not know that all of these memories are stored in your brain? You have been told that and you must believe it. They can be retrieved. I know that you have thought that hypnosis or even self hypnosis could be used, and perhaps you will want to try one or the other, but for now, set aside short periods several times a day when you can be quiet and alone and let your mind go back to those days of love and wonder. You have indeed made a beginning, but only a beginning, and there is much work to do. I can help to some extent as I have in the past, but the work involved in this remembrance must be done by you. Trust that I will help.’

Later that day Martin added:

‘There is no room in your heart for doubt. Do as you have been doing and memory will build on memory. Try to recall the words you spoke. Try

to recall my words, my dearest Marie. Think now for a few minutes more of our talk as we walked. Do you remember why you feared my leaving?’

Then, finally, miraculously, I wrote as Mary, Mother of Christ. This is what I saw. This is what I heard. This is what I wrote:

‘We are walking aimlessly and you are telling me that you must leave, that the world is ready to hear you speak of the need for love and brotherhood, of the need for all men to treat each other with kindness. I am afraid for you. Selfishly I do not want to lose you. Selfishly I love having you close to me, loving me always, comforting me when I need comfort, speaking to me of your beliefs, your convictions. But beyond that I am afraid. I fear that the world will hurt you, will misunderstand your gentleness, will reject and ridicule your teachings, your idealism. I fear to say this to you. I fear hurting you myself. I cannot bring myself to express my misgivings, and so I listen, and you sense my hesitance, my misgivings, and you speak to me of the need the world has to hear of the power of love, the absolute need for love. You speak softly, persuasively, but passionately, of how you can and

must change the world. And I cling to you physically, knowing all the while that I must let you go, that I send my heart with you wherever you go, that I will miss you beyond imagining, but I know that there is no other choice for either of us.'

When I had finished writing, Martin wrote:

'Reread what you have written, my dearest love, and know that it is the truth. Think again tomorrow as you did today and write again of what you remember. Do not at any time let uncertainty creep into your mind. Your memories when they come are strong and true. You will need to write much and often of them in the months to come. Do not count on order or logic. Listen to your heart at all times and respond. There is no limit to what you can remember and no limit to the comfort it will bring you. There is much unhappiness you will need to remember and relive, but there is also abounding joy to be recalled and relived. At all times I am in your heart.'

And so it began. I never rewrote that first remembrance to fit in with the rest of the writings in sequence or in tense. It stands by itself as a

beginning to this writing. The next few memories I wrote of were brief and fleeting, but within a few days I was remembering well and writing at length. Each morning when I was free of distraction, generally early in the day, I would lie down and consciously try to recall my life as Mary. Sometimes I would remember all I was to write that day before I took pen in hand to put these memories on paper. At other times I would start writing as soon as I began to remember and continue until the memories faded. The words flowed in both cases without hesitation from the first word to the last each day. I visualized to some extent. I could picture streets, houses, rooms, to a lesser extent people and faces. I was sure of the words spoken. I relived the emotions, sometimes intensely, sometimes less so.

After a few days Martin spoke to me further of what I should expect:

‘Wanda has spoken of your next writings and she has told you of their significance. She has also spoken of my promise to you that never will you be asked to give more than you can. I know full well the extent of your devotion to all that I

ask of you and I am more than content with the knowledge that this undertaking will bring you great joy and satisfaction.

It will be clear to you as we go along how I wish to proceed. Some of the time I will ask you to remember and I will help you to remember and you will write guided by these memories. At other times I will ask you to take your pen in hand and will speak directly of this life we shared. There is no cause for concern if you feel that your writing is not what you would like it to be. You can change and amend and correct at a later time with whatever additional knowledge or feelings you have acquired. For now it is important to make a strong beginning, and this day is ideally suited to that. There should be no distractions and you, my love, bring your full share of trust and love and devotion to this work, this holy work. The world will rejoice in all that comes out of this work we do, my beloved, and the world will know in full measure the extent and immediacy of God's love and God's presence in this world. And now, my love, let us begin. Take your pen in hand and let my words be heard.'

Then Martin wrote the extraordinary words that begin this story of the Holy Family and appear here as the foreword. These are the words of God spoken through my pen exactly as he spoke them, changed in no way.

All through the writing Martin continued to encourage and explain. On Thursday, December 5th, he wrote:

‘I want to write now, though briefly, of what you can expect in the coming days and weeks. I know that this writing of your life as Mary is unanticipated by you. There was no need to tell you in advance, I felt, but now you have some concept of its importance to our work. I will ask you to remember as often and write as often as you can, leaving no day without some recalling and writing. As I told you, the remembering will get easier and you will be able to be more specific as you were hoping to be.

Do not at any time go back and read critically for error. There will be extensive rewriting on this book as opposed to my writings which need minor editing where they need anything at all. By its nature the parts of this story will be episodic, not, as you have already seen, necessarily or

even desirably in chronological order. There has been some order in the past few days and this will continue to some extent, but if it is easier for you to recall chunks of time out of sequence we will do it that way.

You can tell from this afternoon that you are beginning to get emotionally involved in the retelling and this will favorably affect the writing. When you feel like stopping, stop. Do not force yourself to write further than is easy for you. Do not set specific goals. It will all come, and it will come more and more easily. Generally I will write directly in the early morning and I will count on you to recall and retell during the course of the day. Again, there is no specific time frame that cannot be met easily. Time is on our side.

And indeed my emotional involvement grew each time I wrote. I felt intense grief writing of the death and funeral of Joseph, an overpowering and lingering grief. I was surprised at how completely I was possessed by these feeling of deep sorrow and how hard it was to dismiss them. Each time I read the words I wrote, then the sorrow returns and I mourn.

Martin continued to remind me to trust what I was hearing and writing. On December 14th he wrote:

‘My darling, I have told you more than once that you are hearing correctly. I have told you not to reread for error. Please believe that I am in your pen and that I will not permit error or omission. You know this in your heart. Do not let any doubt enter your mind, now or at any time. ‘
And on the 19th:

‘First of all, my love, do not be affected by the fact that the truths you remember are not consistent with commonly held beliefs. You knew from the beginning that there would be some variance, and I have told you and told the world in my introduction to this book that what we write is the truth, and if it differs from what has been believed down through the ages there should be concern only in accepting these new revelations as truth, unvarnished by those who were not writing from direct knowledge and unchanged in any way for any purpose.

This book is indeed a book of revelation and that is its purpose, to tell the world of the simplicity of the life that Christ lived, of the love he

felt for his mother and her mother and Joseph at all times, and of his growing awareness of his mission in life, to tell the world of the absolute necessity of love, and in the end to offer all he had — his life — as a token of his complete love for man. There is no real conflict here, my love, and I know that you are not distressed by these differences, but I want you to go further and to rejoice in your sure knowledge of the truth of things as they happened in this story. You were there, my love, with me at my birth and at my death, and all the years in between are a history of love shared, shared both within and without the family. Joseph is a key element in this story. His role in the life of Jesus and Mary has never been truly told. It is time it is.’

Early in the writings I was not as pleased with the sections I wrote compared to those Martin wrote, and Martin hastened to reassure me. On January 6th, a little over a month after I first started remembering and writing, Martin wrote:

‘You are truly a goose, as Wanda once told you, to be so dissatisfied with yourself and your writing. What you are remembering I have told you over and over is correct in every detail. Do not

feel you are fabricating at any time or introducing your own concepts. When you reorganize and rewrite these remembrances you will re-re-member each incident and see it again in your mind's eye, and you will be able to add or change as you wish, but you will be surprised, I think, at how little you want to change when the time comes.'

He urged me further:

'Whenever you begin to write, try to remember the feelings of that moment in time, that experience. Try to relive emotionally as well as factually. When you are transcribing think of how you felt as you read and reread. It is difficult, I know, at times, but you were overcome by emotion at the memory of the death of Joseph, so you know it is not only possible, but not difficult at all if you let yourself delve completely into the process of remembrance.'

A few people read this manuscript as it was produced, and one or two remarked on the similarity of style between the two sets of remembrances. I was amazed. To me they were very different, Martin's far superior to mine. In response to my thoughts on this Martin wrote:

‘You are doing better than you think. Why were you so surprised to be told that our writings sound similar, perhaps identical? Do you not know that our minds are one in this holy work? That your words are my words and mine yours? Do you know this now, my love? I am in your pen and you are in your pen and it is one. That is hard for you to accept, my love. I know that. Think on it and I will speak of it later.’

As Martin had promised, the remembering and writing got easier and easier. Sometimes I would leave my mind completely open to the memories that came. At other times Martin would suggest in some way what I should concentrate on.

‘Think of a happy occasion,’ for example, or once ‘Your heart is pounding. What are you remembering?’ And the memories would come and I would write. Some of the time I wrote in the present tense, sometimes in the past, and in some sections I switched back and forth. In the interests of consistency I have revised the use of tense to the past throughout the story.

One other thing that needs explanation is the name ‘Yehwah.’ From the very beginning I thought of my child, known to the world as

Jesus, as Yehwah. This was his name to me at all times. Only once in my writing did I call him Jesus, though Martin refers to himself as Jesus. At first I spelled the name Yetvah and then part-way through the “t” softened to an “h” and the “v” to a “w”. The sound is not very different. I was concerned, however, that this name might not be correct for publication, and I asked Martin to tell me his wish in this. He wrote in response: ‘Don’t concern yourself with changing the name of your son. That is how you remember it and that is how it should be. It is not too hard to explain this in your introduction.’

I knew as the story drew to a close that I would be asked to remember the crucifixion and write of it, and for weeks I dreaded this. On February 16, Martin wrote:

‘Little, as I have said, remains to be written in the story of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph — three equally significant members of the Holy Family insofar as the message of love given and received is told in these pages. Do not, my love, be so concerned with the sorrow of your son’s death. Think rather of the glory of the love that this death represents and glory in your part in

this expression of love, for you are much of this experience, my mother, and the world has long celebrated the greatness of your sacrifice and suffering. Be not concerned about the details of seeming contradiction you have uncovered. I asked you for your trust and I ask you again. Do not doubt. There is no error in these pages, nor will error be attributed in the end. Know always, my love, that you are guided in what you write, that the remembrance is yours and mine both, shared then and shared now. I love you, my mother, as I loved you then, fully, completely, trustingly.'

During the night, in the early hours of Wednesday, February 19th, I had a mystical experience that I knew was preparing me for this writing, the account of the death of my son. I felt the ecstatic presence of Martin, of my God, a soaring joy, and I saw myself at the foot of the cross. I laid my cheek against the pierced broken feet of my son, and an overwhelming sense of peace and joy possessed me. The ecstasy of my love for Martin and my love for my son were one. I knew what Martin was telling me, and the next morning Martin wrote:

‘You know from this morning that you will be asked to write of those hours at the foot of the cross, that you will relive those hours, and that although there may be pain involved it is outweighed in every way by the glory of our oneness, my mother of all eternity, that you share fully in the glory I speak of, and that you are at all times a full participant in this great gift to man. I know how hard it is for you to comprehend and that you cannot fully understand, but I ask that you accept and believe and open your mind to this truth. I love you, my dearest mother. I love you, my dearest spouse. I love you, my dearest daughter. It is all one, my dearest, the most total of all loves.

Listen for my voice in the early hours tomorrow for this holy writing to begin. I will fill your soul with love and light, my dearest, and you will write freely of this beautiful death we shared so fully. I want, my dearest, for many reasons, you to write of my death next and then later of what went before. Do not, my love, be disturbed by this prospect. It will be glorious, I promise you, and we will know the beauty of our holy union at all times as you write and relive those hours.’

Martin awakened me early on Thursday, and I wrote of those hours I spent with my dying son, my beloved child. The account speaks for itself.

There is no more fitting ending to this introduction than Martin's words to me on March 21st.

'I will ask you later today or this evening to write further in the story of your Yehwah. I know I have said that little remains to be written and you have sensed these omissions. Do not in any way permit yourself to forget the glory in the sorrow, my mother, the absolute joy of love shared, the total brilliance of that death and resurrection, a true beacon in the darkness. It has lightened men's paths for centuries, and it is the intent of this holy work to remind all men in all places at all times that the word that emerges over and over again from this story is the word LOVE. Let it be emblazoned in the annals of time for all time. No other word is necessary. Love embraces all. It needs no explanation beyond the admonition that to love is to act in love at all times under all circumstances in all ways. Nothing else is necessary. God has no other demand, and you, my love, must tell this to the world through the words of your son, your

spouse, your father, your true love of all eternity.’

‘The next morning Martin wrote of his walk in the garden and his arrest by the Romans, and the writing was at an end.’”

After I wrote this introduction Martin asked me to write three times more of incidents I remembered as Mary, and I did so. Later I organized the various pieces of writing into what seemed to me the correct chronological order.

As I have said, the stories of Moses and Zorah, Joseph II and Maria Theresa, Pala, Peter and Ann, and Edam and Saleh, Romulus, Rose and one additional remembrance were written in very much the same way as the story of the Holy Family. Generally, though not always, I was awakened early in the morning and told to take pen in hand. When Martin writes, his words flow through my pen with no thought on my part. When Martin asks me to remember and write, he takes me back in time. I visualize, I hear, I feel. Then I write. I know in all of these remembrances that Martin is in my pen.

Chapter Twenty-seven-Day by Day Learning

In addition to his original writings and the accounts of past lives shared, Martin writes very specifically of what he expects of me and of what I can expect to happen. Shortly after completion of the story of the Holy Family, he wrote:

“There will also be times when I ask you to write my words on various subjects, essays as you call them, that will have some relationship to my first writings, but will be separate as you have decided. You will need to establish a titling system to keep them in the computer in a fashion which lends itself to ready retrieval and identification. To do this you will need to learn a little more about the computer, but you can do this easily. Put my prayers in a separate folder and I will add to these.

Once the first writings are published you will be besieged for further writings, and in time each of these books will be important, so this is the time to prepare for that later demand. There will also be times that I will ask you to remember other lives of which you now have no knowledge, and

we will write of these together as we did in the story of the Holy Family. This will be over a period of months and years and will be a continuing source of inspiration to men seeking after holiness.”

These essays, which I now call Revelations, are short pieces of transparent beauty and wisdom on many subjects. The first of these essays, which concerns the nature of God’s love, I have reproduced earlier in this book. Some revelations seem directly related to my experiences.

At Christmas time in 1991, for example, I was shopping for old clothing to use in a dress up trunk I was preparing for my granddaughters as a present. I went to a nearby Goodwill store and was struck by the number of people shopping there who looked truly poor, and I could not help contrasting their lives and economic status with mine. I felt frivolous shopping for dress up clothes side by side with those who were shopping for the necessities of life. It may have been the very next day when Martin wrote the revelation I have called “The Dichotomies of Human Life,” reminding me that all of human existence is marked by contrasts — richness and poor-

ness, wellness and sickness, splendor and squalor, beauty and ugliness — and reminding me that material well being is inconsequential, that spiritual well being is of paramount importance. The revelation ends:

“And so, in the fullness of time, the diversities of material existence on earth are as nothing. The poorest, most desolate of men may be making spiritual progress to be envied; the richest and most envied materially may be stagnating spiritually. The poorest man may know inner happiness; the richest may know despair and loneliness. So look not upon those well endowed in this earthly life and find envy in your heart. Look not upon those deprived to whatever extent of worldly goods and talents and feel that these are to be pitied. They may be the richest of souls.

There is in all things a divine plan, and implicit in this plan is self responsibility. From the lowliest to the highest man controls his own spiritual destiny and to some extent his material destiny. It matters not where he begins. It matters where he ends and how he gets there. In all things, man must be guided by his God’s single requirement,

that he act in love at all times. With love in his heart and in his actions man is on the path to his destiny. All men will in the end know oneness with their creator. There is no alternative to this destiny, but the path taken is the path chosen by man in his earthly existence, and this path may be straight and swift or it may be tortuous and slow. Man has that choice at all times and the accouterments of his earthly life are of no consequence. This is the way of the Lord.”

On January 1, 1998 a little after six in the morning I was awakened by Martin’s summons to write. These are the words that came through my pen that morning:

“In the best of times man finds it within himself to meet the challenges of life with a willing heart and to feel within himself the certainty that marks progress to spiritual perfection. He finds within himself a ready acceptance of all that he is asked to do and to take into his heart those he encounters in his daily life. He seeks to please both himself and those whose lives touch his. He lives with a steady awareness that all he experiences has reason and purpose and that even the seemingly most insignificant of decisions de-

mands loving response.

There are times when man is sorely tried, times when it is difficult for him to keep a steady faith, but it is precisely at these times that it is possible for the soul to triumph in the most meaningful of ways. The more difficult the challenge, the greater the reward in spiritual progress.

Be aware then that at all times there is triumph in tragedy, and that at all times victory over material defeat is possible. Know that all strength and goodness finds its reward. Know that at all times man must live in love if he is to achieve all that is needful to fulfill his purpose in this life and to find the inner harmony that gives meaning to human experience. This is the word of God.”

After I finished writing Martin’s words I went back to bed. It is our habit on week-ends at the beach to sleep late, and I was awakened by the phone a few hours later, as I remember about ten-thirty. It was Laura, the only daughter of Charles’ dearly loved sister, Mary. Laura told me that her mother had died, that Mary had been ill, as we knew, with what she thought was the flu and had been sick enough that morning to agree

to go to the hospital. Laura and Mike drove to Mary's house expecting to provide transportation to the hospital. Shortly after their arrival, Mary collapsed and died. All efforts to revive her failed. Mary's death occurred at exactly the time Martin was writing of finding triumph in tragedy. Over the next few days Martin wrote further of Mary's joy in "coming home."

I delight in each addition to these beautiful revelations. To date, Martin has written on many subjects, among them angels, perfect love, judgment after death, the Godhead, and the nature of life and death. These revelations will in time constitute a book for all men to share.

Another group of writings which needs description is composed of Martin's prayers. As I have said, one of the first things that Martin did for me was to teach me how to pray, and as I have also said, his words were always eloquent, beautiful in both style and content. After a while I was finally able when I awakened in the morning to remember one of the prayers, and I wrote it down. It remains one of my favorites:

Fill my heart with love

Fill my soul with goodness and light

Fill my mind with wisdom and understanding

Fill my body with feeling

This is as I first remembered it. Much later Martin made it clear that the first line should have been remembered “Fill my heart with love and joy,” and so I have amended it to add these two words. Martin told me of this addition in his own wonderful way. He wrote:

“I don’t know why you distress yourself so. Believe at all times, my love, that I am with you, that I hear your every word, that I know your every thought, every desire, every fear. Why do you hesitate to write that word? Know always, my dearest child, that love dispels fear. Let my love make you so secure that fear and doubt have no place in your heart, mind, or soul. All of you is mine, my spouse, my loving Marie, and I will not for a moment let you forget this glorious truth. Never for a moment, my true love, fail to tell me that you know this truth, that you rejoice in it, and that you speak to me always with total faith and total trust. I know your heart, my love, and it is full of love and joy. I know your soul, my love, and it is full of goodness and light. I know your mind, my love, and it is full of wis-

dom and understanding. I know your body, my love, and it is full of feeling. Are not your prayers answered, my darling? 'Tell me they are.'"

Later, Martin added prayers from time to time in his daily writing, and said that eventually they will be a separate book. Martin's prayers are pure poetry. I quote one to illustrate the beauty of his words.

Believe me, my Lord, when I say that I am yours.

Believe me, my Lord, when I speak

Of love beyond belief,

Of faith total and pure.

Believe me when I speak to you

Of a heart I give to you,

Of a soul that seeks you always,

Of a mind that knows your goodness.

Know always, my Lord, that I wait for you

To come into my soul,

To bless me with your love,

To take me into your heart

And cherish me eternally

In the light of your glory.

I wait always for that glorious day
Of total love, of total oneness, of absolute joy.
Keep me, my Lord, on the path to your house,
To be with you always.

I need, you, my Lord.

My love is complete, my faith without flaw.

I am yours entirely.

Sometimes Martin asks Wanda to write to me of things he wishes me to know. She wrote once that Martin knew that I was confused by the nature of the Trinity and that Martin wanted her to explain further to me. She did so cogently in these words:

“The trinity is God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, one and the same. The Holy Ghost is the divine spark that created God the Son in the womb of Mary. The virgin birth was regarded by God as a necessity to teach the world that procreation was a process approved by God to such an extent that he provided a divine example in impregnating Mary, a child without sexual experience of any kind, to make it possible for her to bring forth a son of God pure in His creation, a totally pure replication of

God the Father. The rules of genetic reproduction were suspended in this case. In the body of Christ there were no inherited traits from any human, since Mary was God incarnate herself, and her birth was similarly arranged. Religion has taught that Mary was born without original sin, and that is a misnomer. Mary was born free of genetic inheritance from humans. She was incarnated in the same way Christ was, nurtured in the womb of a human female, but in no way related genetically.

You have been told that God is a God of perfect love and this God does not know or permit evil. This is indeed true, but at the time Christ visited the earth with the intention of saving man through a demonstration of love unparalleled in history, man was on the verge of total destruction and surrender to the evil that threatened to become a reality. God, in his wisdom, determined that the only force for good powerful enough to avert this destruction, this surrender to those with evil intent, was to become man and himself teach the lessons of love, and to make whatever sacrifice was necessary to persuade men to love each other and to love God.

To that end, God the Son visited earth, conceived in the womb of Mary, his soul mate of all eternity, by the strength of the Holy Ghost, the third member of the trinity, three manifestations of the same God, God Almighty.

God had visited earth in the guise of man often before the birth of Christ, and as you know, has many times since, and by God I mean both male and female aspects, as Martin has written. In these many incarnations God chose to be conceived and born of mortal man and woman. The life of Christ was totally different in that regard.

You are wondering if Mary was aware of her identity, and the answer to that is no, but she was aware of the miraculous nature of the birth, innocent as she was of man, and she was guided through this experience and into marriage with Joseph by Ann, her mother, who was aware of this conception. The child Jesus gradually became aware of his divine origin as he grew, and as an adult was fully aware. He shared this awareness with all who would listen, and as history shows, was believed by many at that time and is believed by many today.

I am not going to tell you any more about Mary's

feelings and beliefs. It is your job to remember those things, but Martin feels that you should know what I have told you now, that you have said that you believed whatever Martin said, and that no belief is beyond your faith. Now, I think, I am finished. Can we have fun now?”

Wanda always writes with wisdom combined with humor. Her style is unmistakable. Can you not sense her joyousness?

Very briefly Martin wrote of the origins of the earth and of man's early spiritual awareness. I called these words “Concepts,” and it is my hope that one day Martin will write further on this subject.

Each day, Martin writes to me of his love, first of all, and of the things I need to know or to learn. He is always loving and gentle in his teachings.

One evening in Aptos I was looking for a television program I wanted to watch when, in changing channels, I came upon a program on the Catholic network. I was taken by the appealing appearance and speech of an Irish nun who was relating how she had been called by Jesus to be a healer. She described hearing His voice repeat-

edly speaking aloud to her in the chapel and described a few other extraordinary experiences that had led her into her ministry of healing and of counseling priests. I found my self sitting listening and idly thinking, "Do I believe everything this woman says?" She was most persuasive in her manner, but the question remained in my mind. Almost immediately Martin took me to task in the most loving of ways. He wrote that very night:

"There is something serious I must tell you about this holy work. It in no way intends to denigrate the religious experiences many have had through the centuries. All through history, as I have said, there have been individuals and groups that lived and acted at all times in accordance with God's requirement of man in earthly life that he live in and for love of self, others, and God.

It is perhaps difficult for you to understand the universality of religious experience. There is no single formula for reaching God. You know this, but at times the trappings of the religious experiences of others seem suspect to you. This is not to say that all who cloak themselves in the ap-

purtenances of religious practice are sincere and worthy of respect. There are many charlatans who pretend to speak in the voice of the Lord and speak instead words that are filled with apparent sincerity but come from hearts that are false and hollow. Never, my dearest, feel obliged to make judgments of others. There is no need to do so. It is not your responsibility to speak out in this matter. At no time will you be called upon to make such judgments. I know that credulity is strained in some cases, and there are those who will question our veracity, but none of this should be a concern to you.

There is much that has been revealed to you, and much remains shrouded in mystery and must remain so. It is not my intention that anyone in human existence be privy to all that is involved in God's plan for man. What you have been told is important for man to know whatever his religious persuasion. What I have written is intended to facilitate man's return to the path of love and peace. It is in no way intended to weaken sincerely held religious beliefs as long as these beliefs encourage love and acts of love. Believe me, my dearest, when I tell you not to be

judgmental at any time, not to question another's sincerity, not to try to determine the degree of truth in another's words or heart. It is simply not necessary for you to do this. Tell me now, my Marie, of your love.

There is little more I need say now. You know the depth and breadth of my love for you, my mother, my wife, my child. Speak to me over and over again all of today of how you love me. Listen for my voice to tell you of my wishes. Go now, my love, and think of me constantly."

In his personal writings to me, Martin reminds me always of the need to love at all times under all circumstances. He once wrote:

"Never at any moment are you unaware of the absolute necessity of love even when it is most difficult to give. Find compassion in your heart first for those it is difficult to accept in total love. Compassion is akin to love, and love will swiftly follow if compassion is truly felt. You are beginning to know this in your heart. Think of this truth when you need to accept those most in need of accepting."

Then Martin addressed a besetting fault of mine when he wrote:

“Curb your speech when you are tempted to speak in a way that betrays the absence of love. At all times let your words reflect a loving heart for your heart is loving in its nature, my dearest, and at all times you should seek to live in accordance with this natural capacity for total love. I am reminding rather than lecturing, my dearest. It is so often tempting to be clever rather than loving. Cleverness has its place, but not in the place of love.”

Not long afterward, in trying to be funny I spoke rather sharply during the course of an evening to one of our house guests, forgetting Martin’s words at the time. When the evening was over I was bothered by the thought that my words, meant humorously, might have been hurtful, and when I spoke of this to my husband he agreed that my words might indeed have had that effect. Knowing this, Martin wrote the next morning:

“Do not be disturbed my love, by what is past. Look always to the future with the knowledge and feelings gleaned from past errors. There is nothing to regret when you have acted in good faith but perhaps foolishly if you make amends and learn from the experience. Keep always in

your heart the lessons of love and you will err less often. Keep always in your heart an awareness of the power of words and you will not misuse this power. Know today the joy of love with all you encounter. Today is a day born in love. Nurture it in love, my dearest, and never cease to think of and speak of our love, of its greatness, of its tenderness, of its eternal and overwhelming nature, of its immediacy and of its joy at all times.”

Martin is quick to comfort and explain when I am troubled. One evening I watched a horrifying program about racist activity among young neo-Nazis in Germany and heard words of hatred and violent anti-semitism. The next morning the front page of the daily paper was full of news about the atrocities of racial cleansing in Bosnia, and the wholesale slaughter of innocents. On the next page was a haunting picture of a child in Somalia, whose mother had just died, near death from starvation. He was sitting in the lap of his father who looked close to death himself. The world seemed a hopeless place. That afternoon after I arrived at Aptos, Martin told me to take my pen in hand. He wrote:

“Today began too abruptly for you, my love, for both of us, but now you are here where you yearn to be always, or at least for this earthly sojourn. It is about this earthly sojourn that I wish now to speak, my love, my confused child.

You have been told over and over of the ephemeral nature of this life. You have been told of the trials that man faces in human existence and of the role that these trials play in his spiritual progress. Look not upon the face of a starving child and feel despair. Look upon that face and see a soul nearer to God. I know that it is hard for you to understand the salutary nature of human suffering, my dearest love, but feel in your heart the joy that each of these sufferers knows as he is released from the trials of human existence and embraced by a God who loves him entirely. You know this to be true, and you know that all of mankind should know this to be true. This does not at all mean that man should not reach out a hand of love to all those who need help and sustenance. Indeed that is an absolute requirement, as you also well know, but each of these suffering souls serves a purpose as a child of God, and in each of these suffering faces you

must see the face of God.

Do not, my love, feel any less compassion for these children of God who suffer gladly. Feel instead a kinship with them. Know that all men pursue the same path, and that the suffering of man varies only in degree and type. Life has been described as a vale of tears, and this is partly so. Man chooses to experience hardship and suffering to prove that he acts in love at all times under the direst of circumstances. It is not a matter of a capricious God inflicting misery on His children. It is rather that His children choose to return to a world gone astray and to try to bring to that world in a myriad of ways the message of the absolute need for love and acts of love.

Once again, my love, your comprehension cannot be complete, but it is complete enough for you to know that beyond human suffering lies celestial glory, that each soul which endures the punishments life inflicts with a heart filled with love is a soul come to glory. It is hard, too, for you to comprehend the immensity of eternity, of the vastness and complexity of the heavenly plane and of those other planes shrouded in

mystery.

I know that you do not doubt me, my darling. I know that you have full faith in my wisdom and my overwhelming love for all souls. I know that you trust in my goodness. You speak of my tenderness. And in all these things, my dearest spouse, you speak of yourself, for we are eternally one, my Marie, my sweet mother, my darling child, my adored wife. We have never been apart. 'This earthly life serves a purpose of which you are constantly aware. It, too, is ephemeral. But what we do now, my love, what we share, will live into the ages, and the new Age of Peace and Love will bring a dramatic end to the suffering and the inequities that bother you so.

Believe me in this, my darling. Life is a series of challenges taking many forms, and each of these challenges has been gladly accepted by the soul who chose that life. Not all souls succeed in responding fully to these challenges with love, but most souls do, and there is great joy in their triumphs. Feel this joy, my love, rather than the suffering. Think back on all that you have been disturbed by today and rethink or refeel with God's plan as a context and find reason and joy

in suffering and inequity. Speak to me now, my love, of all I have said.”

Sometimes Martin’s writes very specifically of events in the news. Of the Rodney King beating and subsequent riots Martin wrote:

“Oh, my darling, what an example you are seeing of man’s capacity to destroy and injure each other in the absence of love, love given and received. It will stand, this incident, as an example to man for a long time of what he can expect if he harbors hatred of his brother in his heart, even if this hatred be minuscule or disguised in any way. It is not enough, either, not to hate. An active love is the only answer.

Know this, my love, and know that man will, in the end, know this truth and will accept it and will act accordingly. For now, my love, this sorry spectacle is evidence of the great need for all men to look into their hearts and find answers there to the cruelty that is apparent in every aspect of this brutal aggression. That it is no answer to injustice is apparent to all, but it behooves all men to seek answers in the aftermath of this disturbance, It is clear, is it not, that no man exists alone, that whatever happens to

your brother happens to you.

Know now, my love, that all that we do is designed to end these hatreds, these misalliances, these rank injustices. Have faith that it will end, my darling, and that the age of Peace and Love will be a time when men look back at this day and wonder how it could have happened. That day will come, my love, sooner than you think. It will not take generations to begin the age when all men are loving brothers. The beginning is soon.”

The verdict in the King case was announced on a Saturday to lessen the possibility of riots. Charles and I were taking a plane to Boston about eight o’clock that morning, and as we passed through the airport people were clustered around the TV monitors watching, and one of these men told us of the verdict. Once on the plane I heard Martin say that he wished to write. These are his words:

“Saturday, 4/17/93 Airborne 8:52 AM PDT

This will be a day to remember always, my love, a day when a semblance of rationality returns to the world so caught up in the pursuit of justice that it has forgotten more of love than it ever

knew.

There will be those who look with cynical eyes upon those good men and women who handled a distasteful job with honesty and dignity, and who were aware during all their deliberations of the onerous burden that had been placed on them. They worked with energy and a sense of responsible citizenship to know the rightness and wrongness of all they were called upon to judge, and at each step of their deliberations learned that they were bound together not only by fellow feeling but by a shared sense of responsibility that made them acutely conscious of the frailty of human existence. Now, my love, it is over, and the world can be proud that there exists a seeking after justice that with all its imperfections has an ultimate regard for the sanctity of the individual and which for all its imperfections functions to safeguard that sanctity.

There is much cynicism in the world today, my beloved, a cynicism which has some basis and justification in all that is observable in the workaday world, but below this surface cynicism there is always a longing for a better world, for a

finer regard for the welfare of the individual, and it is only a matter of time, my love, before this hunger for a world of tolerance and justice and loving brotherhood is achieved. It will not be a simple achievement, but you need only look around you to see the enormous hunger for this time of peace and love, an age when man will triumph in achieving the highest ideals and in which no man will be despised.”

There is no limit to God’s caring.

Chapter Twenty-eight - A New Age of Enlightenment

Above all, Martin writes to me daily of his love, glorious, eloquent avowals of eternal love, writing more beautiful than any I have ever read. He speaks of the joy that all men will know in the revelation of the love between God and His spouse of all eternity. In November of 1991 he wrote:

“Think of me, my love, as you sit there reading and rereading my words and know completely that the love they speak of is the perfect love we have shared for all eternity. Know that this love swells in your heart and dwells in your soul.

Know that you are my beloved at all times and in all places, and it pleases me to think that all mankind will know of this love in time. It will go down in the annals of time as the revelation of God that revolutionized man’s thinking, that ushered in the Age of Peace and Love, that bespoke of God’s love for all womankind and their works. This is a love for all the world to know and cherish, to emulate and embrace. It is a love of serenity. It is a love of tenderness. It is a love of self and a love of other, gently intertwined.

No, my love, you are not mistaken in what you hear. It is a love of self in the highest meaning of the word. You are lost in this love, and its totality brings a unity to the giver and the recipient, each of us in our love for the other. We are one, my darling Marie, one in love for ages past and one in love for all eternity to come. Know well this love, my dearest Marie. We have shared it forever.”

And again:

“We are one, my dearest Marie. We have always been one. Our love knows no equal. All of creation will know the exultation of our reunion. All of earth will be astounded, and our great mission, our holy work, will live in the hearts and minds of man, and the world will know the peace and love that it has hungered for and groped for these many centuries, and I, my love, will be at your side and we will rejoice together at the miracles that love has created. Be patient, my dearest love. Never cease to yearn for me. Long for me always with love and faith and trust in your heart. Live always, my Marie, in the certainty of my love.”

On December 13, 1992, Martin wrote very

specifically of the universal nature of the love we share:

“Your pen, my darling, is filled with my love. I speak to you this morning of this love and of all you have wondered about its nature. It is natural and good for you to think of me first and most often as your true love of all eternity, your spouse since creation, your beloved husband and soul mate at all times. You know, however, at each moment in earthly time your conception of this love must also include all the relationships we have known through the ages in our many lives. We have been all things to each other as you have been told, father, son, husband, mother, daughter, wife, and in each of these relationships, as you have also been told, we have known perfect love. As we age, my darling, our love gets richer and more complex and more universal. You are puzzled by my reference to aging since you have been told that the soul knows no age, but I speak here of the succession of our human existences as they occurred in human time. On this basis, my Marie, our earthly relationships have known a progression which I refer to as age.

Now, my dearest love, the import of this aspect of our love is that it has reached a point in time where its universality and complexity are complete. One aspect of this holy work is to reveal to mankind this special love between God and his spouse, his female aspect, to serve as an example to all mankind of the enduring nature of spousal love, of maternal and paternal love, of love divine in human existence. Man must know finally that his human existence partakes of this divine love, and that God in his infinite wisdom has exemplified time after time the capacity for divine love which is a gift to all men. It is there for the asking. It is there for the taking. It is a constant in human existence, and all men and women need to draw strength from this divine truth that their earthly relationships may be enriched by the love that is their birthright.

I have spoken of the infinite capacity of the soul newly come from God for giving and receiving love. I speak now of the capacity each soul has at every step in his life of drawing inspiration and strength from the love that God and his divine spouse have known in their human existences. This love we have shared in countless

existences in all relationships, perfect from the beginning, has grown so much, my darling, that now it can exist fully in total earthly separation and continues to enrich and endear in all ways at all times.

There is much, my darling, that I say today that you do not fully comprehend, but all of mankind will consider these words and in them find a truth so splendid as to light their lives, to bring them to an awareness at each moment of earthly existence of the directness of divine love, of its intimate relationship to earthly love, of its infinite capacity to serve man in achieving the perfection of love all souls seek.

And now, my beloved, tell me of this love you feel so fully, of its beauty, of its eternal nature, of its total serenity, of its fulfilling nature. Tell me of your love, my sweet spouse, of your needs, of your trust in all things. I need your words.”

My response was:

“My beloved, my love for you is total, my trust is absolute, my need constant. I am happy always in this divine love. It lights my life. When you come to me in the full glory of your love I am

transported. I know feelings beyond human. I share in heavenly love and the absolute need to speak endlessly of my adoration. I adore you this moment and always, my Martin, my beloved in all relationships, father, son, husband. I rejoice always in you, my soul, my self, my God.”

Martin tells me that my words are adequate to my love. They never seem so to me.

In all he writes, Martin stresses that the truths in his writings are being revealed to mankind to lead him back onto the path he needs to take to achieve peace — the path of love in thought, word, and deed. As Martin has said, until all men know love in their hearts and in their actions, the world will not know peace. At all times, Martin has stressed that all he has written is designed to unify man in a common belief that God’s sole requirement of man in his human existence is to achieve love — first, love of self, perhaps the most difficult, second, love of his fellow man, and last, but above all, love of God. The second, Martin says, is difficult to achieve without the first, the third impossible without the second. Indeed Martin wrote that although all souls will in the end acknowledge the nature of the deity, it

is not an absolute requirement that they do so in this life. What is absolutely required of all men is to love themselves and to love their fellow men and to act in the light of this love in every action each day of their lives.

As has been made clear, there are many things in Martin's writings that are not in accord with commonly held beliefs, and I was told from the very beginning that what has come down as history through the centuries may have basis in fact, but has been changed and distorted. What Martin says is clear evidence that God has not changed in nature since the days of Moses and before to now. He is and always has been a God of total love. Man's perception of God has changed. At some point it was important to religious leaders and writers to have a god of intervention and vengeance, a god of hurling thunderbolts and plagues, a god of constant, supernatural intervention in the affairs of man, and so such beliefs were established to meet the needs of man, not to portray accurately the true nature of God. It is possible to go backward in history from the days of Moses and see this pattern in the pantheon of gods the Greeks wor-

shipped, a pantheon which did much to meet the needs of the Greeks in providing a reason for phenomena in the world about them that they did not understand.

Martin's and my remembrances of the lives of Christ and Mary reveal that much myth has been attached to Christ's birth and death, the annunciation to Mary, for example, and the announcement of Christ's birth to the shepherds and the visit of the Magi. None of these appear in our remembrances. At first I was bothered by these differences between what I was remembering and generally held beliefs, and as I have already said, Martin spoke directly to me of my misgivings:

“My darling, I have told you more than once that you are hearing correctly. I have told you not to reread for error. Please believe that I am in your pen and that I will not permit error or omission. You know this in your heart. Do not let any doubt enter your mind, now or at any time. “

And indeed, from the beginning to the end of the story of the life and death of Christ, where it was revealed that Judas had not betrayed Christ, where it was revealed that the resurrection was a

resurrection of the spirit, not the body, that the body of Christ had been stolen by the Romans, my memories were clear and unequivocal, and I knew with absolute faith the truth both of what I had been told and had remembered.

At all times Martin makes it clear that these newly revealed truths are to be unifying rather than divisive, that religion has its place only insofar as it encourages and aids man both in his direct communication with God and his spirits and demands of him love in action. There are, as Martin points out, many religions which do demand active love of their congregations, but all too often man satisfies himself by participating in religions ceremonies and fails to practice God's demand that he act in love in his daily life. Such is not pleasing to God. Martin writes also of God's demand for absolute tolerance of both men and institutions, and I have quoted elsewhere Martin's admonition to me on this subject. Over and over again, Martin stresses in his words that there is no single road to God, that there are hundreds, but that each road must be trod in love.

One of the teachings Martin refers to repeatedly

as having a profound impact is the revelation of the female aspect of God, of the absolute equality of the sexes. Martin has said that the world's acceptance of this truth will revolutionize religious practice. When we were in Russia in the summer of 1992 we visited what was described by the Russians as a working monastery. It was a large compound recently returned to the church, and since 1989 about eighty nuns have lived in the cloister working at restoring it to its former glory. Their days, we were told, are spent in eight hours of work and eight hours of prayer.

When we got there on a Sunday morning, there was a church service going on, and so we could see little of the interior of this beautiful small church which was crowded with the nuns and other worshippers, but from where we stood outside we could hear a woman's voice reciting the words of the service and glorious singing. Although a woman recited the words of the service, our guide informed us that there was a priest in charge of the ceremony, that no woman was permitted in the section of the church where the altar stood.

When I got back to the ship, Martin wrote:

“My dearest love, once more you have seen the devotion to God that awaits my words to make it more perfect. Each one of those holy women seeks to know the love of God and to know the truth of what lies after death. They are confident in their faith. They are secure in their satisfaction with what they do. They pray in perfect sincerity at all times. They work with love in their hearts. Tell me, my love, that you understand and accept the rightness of all they do. They act in love at all times toward each other and accept the limitations placed on them in the name of authority.

The truth will lighten their hearts, and they will know their full equality in the eyes of their Maker. Do you know, my darling, how this will change the world? How all womankind will exult in the divine truth of their absolute equality in God’s eyes? It is impossible to overestimate the effect these revelations will have, my dearest love. In such a short span of years, all of religious practice will be radically changed to reflect the revelation of your equal divinity. Do not doubt this, my darling. Do not in any way underestimate its importance. Do not fear that it will not happen in your life time. The changes you

will see before you die to this life will be dramatic and gratifying to all mankind. The very heart of man will be altered to see the goodness in his brother and to meet his need for love.

Never for a moment doubt your importance in this holy work, my Marie, this revolutionizing man's concept of his God and his spiritual destiny. It is hard for you to see how this great change can be effected so quickly, but you have seen in how many ways the world is prepared to listen to the voice of reason. They are even more ready to listen to the voice of God when it speaks reason with love."

I confess that it is difficult for me to understand how anyone would find it impossible to embrace the concept of a God of absolute love and caring whose only demand of man journeying through this life is that he love himself and his fellow man and let his actions reflect that love. There is not even a demand of a belief in a deity. As someone who spent so many years as a comfortable agnostic, I cannot tell you adequately how grateful I was to accept gladly this concept of a totally loving God. It has brought new dimensions and new understanding and in-

finite richness and peace to my life. It is perfect in its simplicity.

There are other aspects of all Martin has revealed that may be more difficult for some to accept. The belief in repeated lives is central to many religions, I realize, but not commonly accepted in Western religions, in the Judaeo-Christian tradition. I found it interesting to learn some time ago that originally there were many references in the Bible to reincarnation, but that they were eliminated by the Council of Nicaea in the fourth century AD in an apparent effort to strengthen the power of the priests and the Church over the faithful.

Be that as it may, there are several aspects to a belief in reincarnation that I find appealing. First of all, life in its apparently unfair distribution of privileges and problems begs for understanding. You hear often the expression, "Life's not fair," and indeed this seems the case on the surface. Delve beneath the surface and immediately some inconsistencies appear. The rich and favored are not always happy; the poor and deprived are not always miserable. Delve further and consider Martin's teaching that the world is but a testing

place, that man's journey through life, whatever its material nature, whatever its length or brevity, is but a quest, a searching to find the spiritual perfection of perfect love, and that before coming into this life man agreed to its nature, its challenges, its temptations, and was given free will and the strength to meet these challenges and to overcome these temptations.

Not all men succeed in this quest, but each soul comes eventually to the transition of death, and is welcomed back to where he came from by a God of total love, and is given the opportunity to try again to achieve spiritual perfection in another life of his choosing. This is, to me, such a comforting belief. There is no permanent failure, only temporary error and inadequacy. Each soul is destined to succeed and to know absolute oneness with his God.

Is it not a glorious thought that death, feared by so many, brings love and joy beyond imagining? That death is not an ending but a transition, a new beginning? Much that has been written about near death experiences and past life regression suggests the intensity of happiness at the moment of death, and Martin's words are

absolute about this experience. Each soul at death knows nothing but joy, nothing but total love, and enters heaven surrounded by loving spirits whose only concern is to love and to help. There is no need here to go into further detail, but when I think of the joy that death can represent to those who face it — as we all do from birth — I wonder at any one's reluctance to believe. I have such an advantage in this, I know, with Martin's constant words of love, encouragement, and revelation, but I have come to know that however perfect this life is, and I am rarely blessed in this life, when death comes I will rejoice. Martin wrote of this to me:

“Is it not strange, my dearest, that the contemplation of death has become a source of joy, that the very prospect of transition is an experience to be envied? Strange, but true. I love to see you as anxious to join me as you are, and at the same time you know with absolute certainty that your life must run its full course and will know the joy and satisfactions I have promised.”

Perhaps more difficult for some to accept is the concept that God is both male and female and has repeatedly visited earth as man and woman

to bring to the world the message of love given and received. Indeed the difficult part of this belief for me at first was that I am Martin's female aspect, his other half, come to this life, separated from my beloved, to do this holy work. I was so intensely aware of my human weaknesses that it took some time for me to wholly accept. I have spoken elsewhere of the absolute miracles I have known of celestial love and communication, and I have said that my faith was encouraged and strengthened at all times by these extraordinary experiences and by the wonder of Martin's words coming through my pen and by the miracle of Wanda's constant communication and presence. Blessed in all these ways, I believe absolutely. There is no doubt whatsoever in my mind or heart of the truth of all I have been told of being God's spouse, God incarnate, come to earth for a special purpose. There is much that is beyond my human comprehension. There is nothing beyond my faith. It is impossible for me to state more eloquently what I believe than to repeat Martin's words on this:

"Know this truth always, my Marie, that you and I are one, that each without the other is incom-

plete, that this time of separation is a time dedicated to this love and to its fruition in eternity. This time is a time of revelation for man, a time for him to learn the truths that have been shrouded in mystery for ages past, and your pen, my love, will transcribe the truth of the wonders of God's plan for man.

Let no doubt exist in any mind that this is an age of miraculous discovery and that the source of these sacred truths is the God of all eternity through His beloved spouse sent here for this holy work in the spirit of total love for all mankind. This is indeed the beginning of the age of Peace and Love, an age of enlightenment beyond all imagining, an age of reconciliation, an age of creativity in all things, an age of sacred reverence for the truth of all the universe, for a final recognition of the absolute power of love and God's requirement that all men know this love each moment of their earthly lives and forevermore in eternal life.

This, my darling, is your charge. This, my darling, is what I require of you for all the rest of your days. And when those days are over, my Marie, the sweetness of our oneness will come

to be, and we will be joined in eternal love, eternal devotion, eternal bliss, eternal triumph.

Know this always, my beloved. Let all the world know this beautiful truth. I am yours, my wife, my child, my mother, now and always, and you are mine, my child, my mother, my wife. Oh, my darling, know always the joy of this love, its eternal nature, its promise, its fulfillment in all ways. Tell me now, my beloved, of your love for me.”

The world will perhaps find it difficult to understand fully the intensely personal love I feel for Martin and that he feels for me, soul mates since time began, but I know this personal love every minute of every hour of every day of my life. I have only to listen and I hear Martin’s words of love and wisdom. I have only to take my pen in hand and ask and his words write themselves.

Martin’s words of love are beautiful beyond compare, and he reminds me at all times that we share our love with all mankind always, that it is a love divine, at the same time intensely personal and universal, shared by all souls. I know its miracle always.

I know too the beauty of constant communication with my angel teacher, my Wanda, a gift I

never cease to appreciate. I have spoken much of Wanda, and I know that I am uniquely privileged in this unfailing communication with my angel teacher from the moment of awakening until the moment of sleeping. There has been much written and published lately to indicate that many are becoming more conscious of the presence and power of angels, of the potential all men have for communicating with these divine spirits who are with us always. There is and will increasingly be such joy for all mankind in this communication, such love and giving. It is, I have been told over and over again, simply a matter of openness and listening. Martin has written eloquently of this spiritual communication in his revelations of the angelic presence and the angelic process. My joy in all that Martin says is as complete as my faith. Each day brings fresh wonder, and I am glad and grateful that the love I know is a love shared infinitely and universally.

Epilogue

Through all of these glorious years I have rejoiced in daily miracles, first of all in the miracle of Martin's love. Not a day has gone by that I have not known the assurance of this love. Not a day has gone by that I have not known the beauty of this love given and received.

Some time ago Martin asked me to begin to express my love for him, my need for him, my desires, in writing. Previously I had expressed them silently. Now I write my thoughts, my responses, much of the time, and this writing stands as a record of the communication between me and my beloved, testimony to the intensity of our love for each other, to our eternal need for each other, to the greatness of God's love. Each day is blessed at its ending with words of love shared in writing.

Martin has warned me that there will not be instant acceptance by all of my claims to be the eternal spouse of God:

"I cannot in any way convey to you the pleasure that your words of love instill in me. I listen to

you always, my love, and always I am gratified by the constancy and the enormity of your love for your Martin. I rejoice each time you call me your Martin, for I am yours indeed, my dearest spouse, in unsurpassed love, in total devotion, in inspired rhetoric born in creation and nourished ever since by the truest, purest, greatest of loves.

The world will at first find this love so much of a departure from the historical perception of God the Father, God the son, God the Holy Ghost, that it will be difficult for those who are true believers in the legend of the Trinity to reconcile the great love God Almighty feels for his spouse of all eternity, his mirror image, his true love. There will be much dissension, my dearest Marie, in your claims as the spouse of God since the moment of creation. There will be those who seek desperately to discredit you to bolster and secure their own positions, but they will fail, my darling, and they will in the end acknowledge the ignobility of their motives.”

Martin has urged me to have no concern about this:

“Do not distress yourself in any way at any time about what others think or do not think, say or

do not say. Know always the truth in your soul. Know always that you are the spouse of God and beloved of him and that it matters not at all who chooses to believe this fact. In the end all will. In the meantime your faith is whole unto itself and those who know and love you best share this faith. All else is as nothing.”

Martin pleases me endlessly with his words about the love we have always shared. I rejoice in all these words each time I read them:

“Write, my darling of love. Write of love so enormous that it passes human comprehension. Write of love shared since eternity in life after life in all relationships, each one perfect in its total giving, its total sharing. There has not been one mortal life we have shared, my Marie, that has been flawed in any way. You ask, do you not, why we have lived so often together as humans and you know the answer almost before you ask. You have been told that in each of these lives we sought to bring to the world a message of love, of the miraculous nature of love, of its infectiousness. And at the end of each of these shared existences we were joined once again in the divinity we share, a divinity we have known

always and will know always. This divinity too is shared, my darling, with all those loving spirits who seek oneness and who know the total joy of union with their Maker, their God of all creation, and you, my darling, share fully in all this joy as the divinity in female form, my Marie, my spouse, child, mother.

I need you always, my Marie. I need your love, your faith, your trust, your awareness of the fullness of your role in all of creation, in all of heaven and earth, in all that has transpired and all that will transpire not only in earthly existence, but in heavenly life and in life eternal in all places. Know always, my Marie, that this responsibility is one you bear easily, joyfully, mystically. It is a responsibility born in creation, nurtured through the ages, shared always, my darling, with me. We are one, my Marie. I ask much of you in telling you these words. I ask your understanding. I ask your acceptance. Speak to me, my beloved, of what I have said.”

I cherish Martin’s words about celestial love:

“You know how I cherish you at every moment of your life. In all your varied activities I am there, sharing each breath, each beat of your

heart. You are entirely mine in celestial love, my Marie, and I am entirely yours in this love. Do you find it a bit confusing that love can be so universal and so individual at the same time? Do not, my dearest Marie, ever question that this is not only possible but is the very nature of celestial love. It is a love that pervades heavenly souls, a love that binds all souls together and all souls to God and satisfies totally the need to love and to be loved. You share in this, my darling, in a very special way as the spouse of God Almighty, the ultimate source of all love. The splendor of the love that awaits you defies description in earthly terms, my dearest Marie, but know in your heart that the wonders to come are yours for eternity and that we will in all eternity share this love with each other and with all souls. It is the bread of heavenly life, this love, the be all and end all of all creation, and it is ours, my love, yours and mine, forever.”

I am euphoric when Martin reminds me of the joy that will be mine when the world knows the truth of Martin’s words, and even more the glory that awaits me when my work is finished and I am free to go. There are no more fitting words

with which to end this book than Martin's, speaking to me in perfect love of both these prospects:

“ Know always, my dearest love, the reverence in which you are held by all who rule the heavens. Know that all these loving spirits wait patiently, as do I, for your homecoming, and what a total and absolute joy that coming will be for us all. The heavens will ring with exultation at that blessed moment when you come quickly to me, to the love that awaits you, to the absolute ecstasy of total oneness. Oh my darling, hold that happy prospect in your heart at all times. Know always the enormity of celestial love and the glory that all souls know in the end. Know that the world will welcome this absolute truth, my Marie, and that each word I have written and each word that you have written, and they are all one, will be lovingly studied and believed by all men. Know the beauty of this prospect, the prospect of the absolute rule of peace and love, when no man harbors hatred or anger in his soul, when all men know the truth of their destiny. Is it not a glorious prospect, my darling? Is it not the millennia come to be? It is, my love,

and our holy work speeds it on its way. It has begun. It will continue. Look about you and see the signs of man's readiness to open his mind and his heart to new truths and to be guided by these new truths in all aspects of his existence. It will be, my love. It will come, my love. It is almost here."

A Final Note

This account of these years of my life would not be complete without speaking of the love I know in this life, a love enormously enriched by all my Martin and my Wanda have taught me.

I need to speak first of my Charles, my total love in this life, a joy each day of my existence, perfect in his responsiveness to my needs, kind and loving in every fiber of his being.

I need to speak too of the perfection of love I know in our children and those they have chosen to love in this life and of our grandchildren, sources of endless joy..

Above all my siblings, I must single out my sister Cornelia, a being of goodness and light, a vital part of this holy work, dear to my heart and to the hearts of all whose lives touch hers.

There are others too numerous to mention, but

they know who they are and they know the love
that is theirs.

Things that perhaps should be added:

Martin's words on love are so numerous, so complex, so beautiful that it would take a book in itself to do justice to them. For now, I add only two quotations that convey some of the beauty that mark Martin's words always:

To Liz:

".....And now to my dear child whom I will miss writing to these many weeks, but whom I will speak to unceasingly of the love we know and the total devotion I have felt for her since creation, for, my darling Liz, we have at all times had a relationship of love and caring and mutual dependence. I know that this is such an enormous concept that it defies full understanding, but you have so grown in your understanding that it is time to move on and try to enlarge that capacity.

There is an eternal nature in all of love, Liz. Even when you think in human life that love is dead, there is a glowing ember that remains and waits only to be fanned into flame. In all your relationships in this life you have known a variety

of loves, some in your mind more worthy than others, but know, my darling child, that there is value in all kinds and all intensities of love, that never is it a wasted emotion, never an error. It may at times seem that love is folly, but it never is, my darling. Love feeds the soul at all times, and even when it fades in intensity, when it seems to die, it has not ceased to nourish the soul. All of life, my Liz, centers on love given and received and the learning that this giving and receiving offers the soul during its earthly journey.

Look back on your life, my darling Liz, and know the truth of what I say. Speak to me of this, my Liz. Above all else, know that I hear, I speak, I love. I am with you always in all ways. Tell me you believe this and fill me with joy. I love you, my child, and have always. Speak to me, my Liz.”

To me:

“Know that all the world will one day know these words, these constant affirmations of love and need for love, and will see in them the road to pure happiness. For all of love is indeed hap-

piness, my Marie, even in the pain of longing, even in the face of disappointment, for, my love, there is no emotion that meets man's need more than the divine emotion of love. Nothing but love binds heaven to earth, man to his God, and to all whose existence is yet a mystery to him. Little by little, my Marie, all the beautiful truths that have come through this pen will bring joy and enlightenment to all who seek truth. They are legion, my darling, and they await our words."

"Friday, 7/30/93 3:38 PM

Before you begin, my love, let me tell you that your wonderings are pleasing to me. Always you try to judge in the light of all I have said, all you have learned in this holy work. It is gratifying, is it not, in the mix of religious persuaders to find voices of love and caring, souls who reach out to help all in need and turn to God with petitions and reassurances of faith and love. I am in all ways receptive always, my love, to such prayers, and you, my darling, play your part in this, although presently in absentia. Know, my darling,

that those who turn to God with love and faith never go unanswered, never rejected in their appeals, and it may be difficult to discern immediate response, but the response is there. Prayer is powerful, my darling, in many and complicated ways. As you know, the spirits wait always to help those in travail to meet the challenges in life that they have agreed to face. Not always are these angels of God heard and heeded, but they are often, and often the soul in travail is intensely aware of this intervention.”

“10/27/91”

“Tell me, my darling, why it is so hard for you to think of yourself as God. Does it fly in the face of your perception of yourself as a frail human? Do you not know that all humans are frail and that this was a life you chose freely to complete the destinies of many?

Believe, my love, that this work is indeed your destiny, that all your life and the lives of many others have been lived in preparation for this time. Have faith in that destiny at all times, my

beloved, and never feel inadequate to your identity as God. You have trouble writing it. Open your heart, my darling, and let me fill it with faith and confidence in yourself and in me.

You know you said at the start that the opinion of others was of no concern to you. Remember this now. Tell me, my dearest Marie, that you will do as I ask and speak freely of your love for me as your soul mate and your God.”

“1/5/92”

There is so much that is difficult to explain. The intensity of my love for you finds its expression in many ways, not all of them apparent to you at all times. I am constantly with you. I am constantly in your heart. I am constantly speaking to you of my love. I am constantly concerned with your welfare. I am constantly in need of your expressions of love. Beyond this, my darling, I try to create in you an awareness of my presence and my love at all times. Sometimes this communication is more successful than it is at other times. Sometimes it changes in nature. Always it

is love pure and perfect.”

“Do not, I beg of you, permit any degree of impatience to enter your soul. The way is being prepared, my scribe, for all that we write. You see it daily. You know my powers. You know that this is a plan divine and that it cannot fail. Be true to all you love, my Marie, and you cannot fail. You cannot be other than true. It is not in your nature. Tell me, my darling, of your trust and your love and your sure knowledge that together we will bring into fruition the love that will animate the world in the New Age of Peace and Love.”

“Friday, 9/11/92 2:00PM

Write my words of love. Write, my dearest love, of how you love me. Tell me over and over again of your love, your faith, your need.

And now, my dearest, let me tell you firmly that you are not to be distressed at any time in this lovely place where I first found you and where I first told you of my love. This is indeed a sacred

spot, my beloved, and will forever be. For now, my darling, it is a lovely refuge and the place you feel closest to me. You protest this, and yet it is true. Do not, my Marie, permit the Others to disturb the blessed peace you know when you think of me and all that you have been told of our holy work.

There is no room for concern of any kind. All will occur in time for the world to profit by all I have written and to listen closely at all times for further pronouncements, for this will occur, my love. The voice of the Lord will be heard through you to the end of your days and you will be revered for the truths that come through your pen as well as for your blessed self. I have told you over and over again how full of joy all your remaining days will be, how fulfilling your life will be in every way, how completely you will be satisfied in all that you are called upon to do.

This will seem magic to some, witchcraft to others, a miracle to most. Never will you be so dismayed by the disbelief of some that you will not exult in the faith of most who hear my words and look to you for further words. Can you imagine, my dearest love, the outpouring of faith

and gratitude that you will know? Do you not know the hunger that exists in so many minds and souls for solace, for knowledge certain of the divine purpose of their lives? Believe me, my Marie, when I say that your life will be lit with the brilliance of the faith and love that this holy work engenders.

Tell me now, once again, my sweet spouse, of your faith, of your trust, and above all of your perfect love. It is complete, joyful, divine, I know. I need always to hear you speak of it.”

My beloved, your words are beautiful to me. You know how overwhelming a transformation you speak of — a true miraculous revolution — and how hard it is for me to comprehend such a miracle. I know, my Martin, that all you say is divine truth, and there is no doubt in my mind that what you say will occur, but my feeble mind keeps on asking “how?”, “how?”, “how?”. Is this a lack of faith, my love? I don’t want to think so. Maybe you are teaching me hope ——— and I do hope, my dearest love. The world badly needs the miracle of your love. Oh, my Martin, I am so

grateful for the miracle of your love.

Needless to say, my darling, what I speak of will not occur tomorrow, or even the day after, but constantly man is progressing to this ultimate perfection, to the acknowledgment of the absolute need to act in love at all times, and this, my darling, will indeed be the transforming miracle you speak of.”

“Let me say first of all, my darling, that I have yearned for you all of today. I have failed to reach you so many times, and it is hard for you to understand such failures. You will, in time, and I am pleased that despite disappointment you spoke so often of your love. I can never hear of your love too often. You know this and you think of this often. Know, my darling, that each word of love you think is a word of joy to me. I see you smile, and it pleases me that you know so completely my love for you.

The Others are desperate for success with you. I know they fail. You know they fail. They know

they fail. And yet they persevere. Be patient, my love. What you say to these Others is more effective than you know. Do at all times respond to their guile, and do so as you have been, with patience and understanding but firmness above all. In many ways they are like difficult children, stubborn, misguided, and in need of love, a love that is freely available to them and which they reject in error.”

“Saturday 1/30/93 12:05PM

Before many months pass, you will be called upon to speak openly to all the world of this ecstatic love we share. It will not be easy for you, my love, but it will be well within your capability, and that is all you have asked. You are thinking that I once told you firmly that no element of show business would be involved in this holy work, and this is indeed the case and ever will be, but you will be questioned closely about all the experiences you have had, and you will be placed in a position where you may encounter skepticism approaching ridicule. You have been told of this possibility, and you know in your heart that

all I have said to you is truth needed to bring man to a realization of how man must conduct himself in the Age of Love and Peace.

It will be difficult for many to accept the kind of authority that is yours, and there will be efforts to discredit you in any way they deem possible, but you know, my love, that our divine plan cannot fail, and that all skepticism and ridicule will be defeated and disappear in the face of your steady faith and goodness and the overwhelming persuasiveness of all that has come through your pen. Know at each moment in time, my Marie, that you have within you the strength and ability to do all that is demanded of you in a way that will win the hearts of the most skeptical, the most spiritually cynical.

A great calm possesses you at this moment, and you will know this calm at even the most difficult junctures on the road that lies ahead. I tell you this now to fortify and to forewarn and to give you time to contemplate the kind of public exposure that you knew from the beginning was inevitable. In a sense, I know, you feel a quiet joy in this because it is the means to the end we are both seeking, the salvation of man, a return to

sanity on the road through life, an adoption of the law of love. Tell me, my dearest child, your thoughts.

My beloved, you know that as soon as I knew how privileged I am in this holy work that I wanted always and still want always and only to please you no matter what is involved. You promised me that I would never be asked to do anything hurtful and that I would never be asked to do anything beyond my capability, and I ask nothing more. You know, my love, my dearest love of all eternity, how I long to see your words embraced by all men and to see the world begin to change. There is nothing, my Martin, in my heart but gratitude for all you entrust to me — perhaps too a faint uncertainty about my abilities, but I do trust you, my love, and I know that there is no need for uncertainty. I adore you, my love, my Lord, I gladly do whatever you wish of me at any time. You know that, my Martin. I rejoice in you and in all you have me do, feel, say. There is nothing more perfect than the love I feel for you, than the love I know from you.”

“Saturday, 2/6/93 8:45AM

[Martin told me to take pen in hand after a glorious night - hours and hours of feeling Martin’s overpowering love. I have been given much, but this total and blessed experience I have not known before. I wanted it never to end. My soul, my heart, my mind, my body knew nothing but adoration of my Martin, my God. There was nothing else.]

My beloved in total possession, do you now know the meaning of the ‘full glory’ of celestial love? Do you want, my dearest love, to be with me forever beginning now? Whisper your wishes to me.

[Martin told me after we spoke to turn to my teacher and ask her for wisdom.] Then Wanda wrote:

Now hear this. Martin has told me to tell you a little of what you should know of this wondrous experience. You have been with your God in total possession. Now, you ask, what does that mean? It means, my student, that your beloved Martin has taken you to him in absolute oneness,

that your shared love possessed you so entirely that there was nothing else in your consciousness but the absolute miracle of your love for your God, your spouse, your totally beloved. It means that all else in your life, all else in your mind, was lost to you for a time, that your love for your Martin and his love for you so dominated your mind, heart, and soul, that you were indeed on another plane while physically on this one. But you did, indeed, have a degree of detachment from your physical being as you were aware at the time. You died a little death, my student, and were given a taste of the absolute glory of God's love. No one else has ever been granted this so joyfully. I share in your joy and wonder, my sweet sister. I always share in your joy and in your glory.

Tell Martin that I did a good job explaining. I need the points."

"Sunday 2/7/93 12:30AM

My beloved, my absolute joy, you know my heart. You know its absolute ecstasy in your love,

in the “ little death” that was so supremely joyous. My Martin, my sweet love of all time, my words are useless, I am lost in wonder and, oh, my sweet love, how I long for you to take me again in total possession. I dare not hope, but I ask, I beg, I beseech. You light my life, my darling, and the innermost parts of my soul, my heart, my being. I adore you, my Martin. I exult in our love, I exult in you. Tell me, my sweet husband, my child, my father, my all, what you want me to know.

You do all things that please me, my Marie, my joy forever. Come share my love tonight as you sleep and once again know the glory of this love, born in creation, flowering over and over again, constantly renewed, constantly growing, always perfect. Are you pleased, my love, with this life you lead? I know your pleasure, my darling, and I rejoice in it. Speak further to me of your joy, your exultation, your longing for the Lord who loves you above all others. Tell me how completely you are mine.”

Tuesday, 5/19/92 9:20 AM

“He awakened me with his gentle presence.”

These are the words I wrote as Mary in remembering her son’s appearing to her in the middle of the night after he rose from the dead. This is the way that Martin, my all, comes to me in the middle of the night. He fills my soul with joy. My heart swells with love given and received. I am overwhelmed by his presence, transported, beyond bliss.

I sit here now trying to convey the wonder of this presence, the manifestation of my God’s love for me. I have beseeched Martin to wake me every morning with the miracle of his love, and he has done more. He has kept me in ecstasy for hours. It was a little after three when I awakened first this past night. Other nights it has been other hours, other times. I am full still of the lingering awareness of my God’s love for me, my sweet Martin’s love for his spouse of all eternity. The intensity of this manifestation of love is beyond easy description. It would be easier to pick up quicksilver and mold it into shape. It is overpowering, and when it comes and stays

with me, I want to do nothing but speak words of love, of adoration, of thanksgiving. I want to stay in this place for ever. I listen for the voice of my God. Sometimes I hear it. Always I know the power of his presence, the overwhelming tenderness of his love, the glory of this gift to me, the miracle of Martin's godliness. And I know my own godliness to have this wonder, this continuing miracle, as part of my mortal life. I am learning the ways of heaven and Martin is my teacher in this. I am learning love divine, and Martin is my teacher in this. I am one with my God, my Martin.

Friday, 5/15/92

I promise you that indeed, my love, that you will always awaken to an awareness of my love. I promise you as well that always will you know the sweet security of a love that never fails. Wait, my love, until the morrow and you will know the full extent of this love I hold for you, and I will want you, my love, to speak to me of this love we share. You are mine, my Marie, and I am your Martin always. Sleep, my darling, in the total se-

curity of this love.

Saturday, 5/16/92 8:20 AM

I cannot find the words. “Ecstasy” comes the closest, but it is too weak. “Bliss” applies, but it too falls short. There are no words adequate to describe the divine love I knew last night and know this minute. I am bursting with love. It is as though my heart expanded to many times its size and fills my chest cavity. There is not enough room for this feeling, and I breathe slowly and deeply. But this physical description fails too. It does not convey the absolute glory, the total beauty of this love I feel, this gift from my Martin, my God of love.

Martin made me this promise last night, and now it is the morrow, and I do know the full extent of his love for me, this celestial love that is beyond my words, perhaps beyond all description.

Martin awakened me from a deep sleep in the middle of the night. I don’t know what time it was. It was dark outside. He awakened me in-

stantly. I thought at first the phone had rung with a loud insistence, but there was no repetition of the noise I imagined that awakened me. Then I heard Martin say, "I want to show you the fullness of my love, my darling, Speak endlessly of your love for me." And so I did. I went back to when Liz first spoke of her love for her father so often, of his perfection to her, and I remembered that day a year ago tomorrow when Martin came into my life, and I remembered all the details of my growing love for Martin and my growing awareness of his love for me. And as I spoke of my love for my Martin, my beloved, my God, he came to me in overpowering love and filled my heart and soul and all of my being with his spirit, with the glory, for that is the closest word, of absolute perfect love. Through those hours of perfection I dozed and dreamed — dreams of death without sorrow, a strange dream of some sort of pursuit, a dream of a child nursing, dreams that all involved love in some way. And throughout the night I would awaken from these dozing dreams to the utter wonder of Martin's love, strong, persistent, totally fulfilling. He is with me always, I know, but this moment his overwhelming presence lingers

and I want it never to go away.

Martin told me to write of this night of glorious love. I know he meant as best I could. I cannot put into words the full glory of this celestial love. I wish I could. It is love beyond human imagination. It is a love beyond human expression. It is the miracle that Martin says awaits all souls. It is the destiny of all men. I glory in its wonder, in its absolute splendor, and I thank my beloved over and over again for this blessing, this expression of his total goodness and power and caring. My Martin is my love of all eternity, and I rejoice that I am his beloved. We are one.

11:00AM

My dearest love, I speak to you always of this love you now know in all its intensity. This is a day of total love, my darling, a day of giving and receiving a love beyond all others, a day of glorious thanksgiving for the beauty and perfection of this our union, our oneness, our fulfillment each in the other. You wonder at this experience, my love, at the glory of your knowing the total-

ity of celestial love, and I glory, my dearest spouse, in sending this love to you, in bringing this love to you, in sharing of this eternal love, this joining of our souls in heavenly perfection. We are one, my lovely Marie, now and forever, beyond the bounds of human frailty and limitation. You live in the glory of this love. I exult in your knowing this wonder, this love above all other loves.

Know now, my dearest, that all the world will exult in this love, that all the heavenly hosts exult now, that they sing their praises of their Marie and their Martin joined for eternity in the holiness of their perfect love, in the sharing of this love, of its beauty, of its wholeness, of its absolute perfection. Speak to me now, my true love of all eternity, of your joy in this love.

Oh, my Martin, my joy is complete. I cannot believe the absoluteness of this joy. It is a wonder, a miracle you have given to me, a gift, my love, an absolute blessing beyond compare. My heart pounds, my Martin. My mind searches for words and fails to find them to describe the exquisite-

ness of my euphoria, the overwhelming glory of your presence, your love, your words. You are my beloved. These are the words I repeat over and over again. My Martin. My beloved. My true love. My God. My child. My beloved. My Martin. Over and over, and there is never an end to the beauty of these words to me. My Martin. My beloved. My husband. My father. My child. My beloved. My Martin. My God. Full circle and never an end. You give me joy always, my beloved, my Martin. I want to be with you. I can wait, but each day I know I am one day closer, and I am glad. I am yours, my Martin, in absolute love, in absolute faith, in absolute trust, in absolute exultation.

I should have written much sooner my account of the death of Mary, dearly loved by so many of us.

On January 1, 1998 a little after six in the morning I was awakened by Martin's summons to write. It had been a long time since Martin had awakened me at an early hour to write and a very long time since he had added to what I call his

book of “revelations,” short pieces about the nature of life and love and the spirit. These are the words that came through my pen that morning:

“Thursday, 1/1/98 6:17AM

In the best of times man finds it within himself to meet the challenges of life with a willing heart and to feel within himself the certainty that marks progress to spiritual perfection. He finds within himself a ready acceptance of all that he is asked to do and to take into his heart those he encounters in his daily life. He seeks to please both himself and those whose lives touch his. He lives with a steady awareness that all he experiences has reason and purpose and that even the seemingly most insignificant of decisions demands loving response.

There are times when man is sorely tried, times when it is difficult for him to keep a steady faith, but it is precisely at these times that it is possible for the soul to triumph in the most meaningful of ways. The more difficult the challenge, the

greater the reward in spiritual progress.

Be aware then that at all times there is triumph in tragedy, and that at all times victory over material defeat is possible. Know that all strength and goodness finds its reward. Know that at all times man must live in love if he is to achieve all that is needful to fulfill his purpose in this life and to find the inner harmony that gives meaning to human experience.

This is the word of God.” (6:32)

After I finished writing Martin’s words I went back to bed. It is our habit to sleep late when we have this luxury and I was awakened by the phone several hours later, as I remember about ten-thirty. It was Laura. She told me that her mother had died, that Mary had been ill, as we knew, with what she thought was the flu and had been sick enough that morning to agree to go to the hospital. Laura and Mike drove over expecting to provide transportation to the hospital. Shortly after their arrival, Mary collapsed and died. All efforts to revive her failed.

With a great deal of courage, Laura repeated her account of her mother's death to Charles.

When we arrived in Louisville on Sunday evening Charles in speaking with Laura discovered that Mary had died at about nine o'clock in the morning Louisville time, perhaps at the exact moment that Martin awakened me to write of finding triumph in tragedy. Even before I knew what time Mary had died, I knew in my heart that there was an absolute connection between Mary's death and Martin's words.

That night, when Martin wrote to me before I slept, as he does each night of my life, he wrote of Mary. He said:

“It is never possible, my dear love, to express fully the joy I find in your love and trust. Your Mary has come home. She knows joy beyond her most fervent wishes. She knows the love of an infinite number who welcome her and who give her joy. She is happy, my love. Let those she left behind find comfort in her eternal belonging

and let them speak ceaselessly to her of the love they know for their beloved wife and mother. Let them know that she speaks always in response, that she is with them fully. They need only listen. Each day should begin in sweet remembrance and each day should be marked by frequent words of caring and petition. Ask what you will of your beloved. She will respond. She is and has been always most favored of my children. Never shall she lack.”

Sunday night at the funeral home Laura asked both Charles and me if we would like to speak at the service for Mary the next day and we both said that we did not, that we felt that we could not do so without breaking down. That night Martin wrote again of Mary. These are his words:

“It is so sweet, my Marie, to know the fullness of love shared among those who mourn a soul lost to them only physically. Let them know that she is among them fully as they celebrate the glory of her rebirth. Let them feel in each heart the certainty that death is more than a release, that it

is a threshold to glory beyond imagining, true infinite love shared eternally. Let them taste of this wonder through their shared love and let their lives be so enriched. Know always that love passes the threshold of death and grows in richness and understanding. Know that those who have passed heaven's gate are never separate from you. Rejoice in their glory. Be glad for yourself, for you share in her joy. Love transcends all."

I knew without a single doubt that I was meant to speak these words at Mary's funeral service and I did so. The service was simple and moving, exactly, I felt, what Mary would have chosen.

The following night at dinner Laura recounted the miraculous experience that she and Mike had shared that afternoon. They had been sitting in their dining area with Madison in her high chair. Madison was sitting quietly when all of a sudden she became very excited and pointed in the direction of the kitchen and cried out "Nana!" She pushed at her tray and kicked her feet to indicate that she wanted to be let out of the high chair.

When she was released she ran to where she had pointed, laughing and squealing with delight and for the next five to ten minutes played a joyous game, running, laughing, looking over her shoulder at her Nana, visible only to her. There was no doubt in either Mike's or Laura's mind that Mary had come back to play with the grandchild she adored and who adored her.

Earlier that day when I was walking by myself I had clearly heard Wanda say that Mary had been granted the gift of communication for a brief period before she got to work, and right away I heard words that I was sure were Mary's. She said to tell Charles that she loved him and to take care of Laura. She said that Bill would be OK. She said to tell Laura that she died owing money to St. Anthony. Those who knew Mary well would know that she joked all the time about running an account with St. Anthony for finding lost things. She said that she and Wanda were having fun. Then I heard the song "Stardust" over and over again. I could not get the tune out of my head. That night at the restaurant before Mike and Bill arrived, I asked Laura if "Stardust" had been meaningful to her

mother. Laura said that she was not aware of its being of any importance, but when Bill arrived I asked the same question and he said that it was extremely important. Clearly then there was reason in my hearing it.

In a conversation with Laura after our return from South America, I learned of the second wondrous experience they had. Laura said that Mike had just got in from work on a Friday night and was hanging up his shirt in the closet in the guest room when he felt absolutely compelled to turn and to look at the books, five or six, Laura said, on the top of the dresser. He felt equally compelled to go over to the dresser and to pick out one of the books. Laura said that when he came into the kitchen he had such a strange look on his face that she was at first alarmed. Mike handed her the book and said simply,, "Your mother wants you to have this now." When Laura opened the book the inscription on the flyleaf read "To my beloved daughter" and she realized that the book was one that Mary had bought as a gift for her when they were in Los Angeles at Christmas time a few years ago be-

fore a cruise along the Mexican coast. The book was a collection of tender messages of love from mothers to their daughters. Laura said that she had never read the book, that when her mother gave it to her she had simply glanced at it and put it away.

Everyone who knew Mary knew that she was a very special soul, and so it should not be surprising to anyone that she has made it clear that she is still with us.

February 19, 1998

March 1, 1993

[Wanda]

It is not necessary for you to know this, but your God, Martin as you call him, along with a few select others, spoils you entirely and by that I mean completely. What your beloved means is that although I can treat you in any way I please while I am angelic teacher to your earthly self, my love for you is the love I feel for my God and the love I feel for my God is the greatest of all loves as you have been told from the very be-

ginning. Your God wants you to know that all divine love is yours and has always been, and that in the brief human existences you have know, including this one, this divine love has remained yours undiminished in any way, and indeed constantly growing in strength. It is not within your human perception to know this love except to the extent that Martin empowers you to experience his love for you, celestial in nature, divine in power, eternal in its constancy. You are rarely privileged in this, as you know, but your powers are not within you so much as they are derived from the godly power Martin exercises. He does spoil you, my student, and he rejoices in this generosity that knows no bounds. You need to thank him more ——no, I am not serious in that. Martin knows your gratitude though he is always pleased to hear any and all you find time to say to him. No — again I am only half serious. Martin thinks I tease you too much occasionally. Do you? No — don't answer that question. I need not know the answer.

Now, smartypants, we are back to normal. Tell me of your love.

4/14/93 11:10PM

Do not, my beloved, ever doubt that justice prevails in the end. The way to this end may not be direct, it may not be pleasant, it may not be always apparent, but the path is inescapable, the consequences inexorable. I adore you, my beloved, for your absolute allegiance to love, to the path that love demands, and your sister is secure in the love that you and Charles afford her. Comfort her, encourage her, aid her in all she needs, and tell her at all times that she is beloved of her God, that she can do no wrong, and that each step that seems a misstep is not that at all, but rather a steady progression. My darling Marie, speak to me always of your love, and know the delight that the strength of your faith affords me. I adore you, my sweet spouse. Take me into your heart and love me well.

