

Jesus
is the
Sun

By Kerry Wells

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Chapter 1: Light and Darkness

What follows is a series of experiences that I had over the course of a few years while using an over-the-counter legal substance which (above a certain dosage) can cause dissociation. I decided not to name it when writing about my experiences because of the side effects it can cause; even though I researched it thoroughly beforehand, some of them I didn't find out about until I already had them. I did know that the drug caused panic attacks in some users, which to an inexperienced person feels like a heart attack; the literature I read suggested that quite a few people using this medication end up in the emergency room just from the accelerated heartbeat they experience on it. Worse, I eventually developed a blurry spot in the center of my vision in both eyes, something that is the result of damage caused by the pupil-dilating effects of using the medicine and by my not taking appropriate caution to keep my eyes covered while I was under the influence of it.

I was several years into periodic usage of this substance when I was told during a routine physical that my liver and spleen were enlarged. I also became allergic to it to the point where I had a histamine reaction after taking it, which caused me to have to use an antihistamine before using it to keep my hands from swelling up and having my body itch all over. All of this together encouraged me to cease using it; during my last usage on the day of the solar eclipse in the summer of 2017, Jesus Christ, with whom I interacted repeatedly and consistently during this period, directly requested I never use it again.

I had begun using this drug periodically for anxiety after going through the ringer with prescribed psychiatric medications for depression and anxiety, with the side effects from those drugs ranging from annoying to bizarre to downright terrifying. When I initially wrote this book, which was originally titled "Messages from the Sun God, Jesus Christ", this chapter was dedicated to a laundry list of those prescribed drugs and the side effects they caused me to have, but I now feel it is better dedicated to making corrections to the first version of this book. After having stopped my use of the medicine completely, and therefore being clean of all substances, I had a 'descent into hell' starting in January of 2018, which was like a waking dream consisting of CEV's, or closed eye visualizations.

This experience broadened my knowledge about the nature of the hell realms, which I had written about in the first incarnation of this book, and I found I had been wrong about the nature of the consciousness we refer to as 'satan' or 'the devil'. I found out that the spiritual remnant of the moon, the remains of a destroyed former planet, is not the totality of that consciousness, as I had stated in the first version of this writing, but that the hells consist of many, many dark astronomical consciousnesses. I can't identify any of them conclusively besides that of the spiritual remnant of the moon, but it is clear that they have been imprisoned in hell by God for one reason or another, and that they seek to do harm to humanity and other living beings in any way that they can.

I am remorseful that I put the first book out with this mistake, but my knowledge at the time was limited to my trips into hell in the body of Christ, where I was completely safe and used by him as an example to other souls that forgiveness is possible, based on his having forgiven my deplorable actions from a past life. After my later experiences, in which I was not protected in the same way, I began to understand more about that arena and how threatening it is to humanity.

It is utter darkness and completely devoid of love, and therefore threatening to any soul that ends up there. The lower one descends, the darker it gets, and probably the less likely one will be able to exit. I learned that some souls fall into the hell realms from heaven because of lack of self-forgiveness for actions they committed during their lives. I don't understand all I saw and don't know if all souls get a chance to exit, or if only some do. I had a certainty when I wrote the first version of this book between August and October of 2017 that I lack now, and I have since revised this work, being much more careful about what I state conclusively.

I also feel like I was intellectualizing to a great extent in the first version about all the mythology that I had read about, and I cut a lot of that content out. As I have continued on my spiritual journey it has become increasingly clear to me that humanity is in a dire mess in terms of Christ's ability to continue to love and support us with so much darkness and worship of darkness on Earth right now. It has been shown to me in brief visions that both God and Christ are in a lot of pain right now in terms of the direction humanity is traveling, away from belief in their divinity and towards atheism and secularism. Jesus in particular is in great pain about the worship of darkness that causes the dark spiritual entities to gain greater power over Earth. I found Jesus and the Sun, our star, to be one and the same in my experiences, though I do not know conclusively if the Sun is the totality of Christ or part of his body somehow. My experience on the eclipse of the summer of 2017 was so overwhelmingly negative that it became clear to me that solar eclipses are extremely devastating to the Christ consciousness, and that glorification or celebration of eclipses of any kind should be avoided at all costs.

It is clear to me now that the light coming from our star is Holy Light, that not only lights our planet but drapes us in the Holy Love of Christ day in and day out. It is a sort of spiritual protection by which Jesus Christ protects planet Earth and all her inhabitants. The Sun has a heliosphere which protects the entire solar system from harmful radiation from outer space, and this is yet another way his love and light protects humanity. It seems that light and love are the same in the spirit world; perhaps it is the high vibration of light, which is numbered at 400 trillion vibrations per second, that equates with love in the spirit world. I don't know much about the mathematical nature of these qualities, only that Christ's Holy Light is protective of Earth, and in return for this protection, Christ wants and needs to be loved in return. It seems this love from humanity is becoming insufficient, at least from what I have been shown, due to humanity being distracted by materialism, and also due to humanity turning back to worship of dark entities in disguise (such as trendy occult religions which revere dark spiritual consciousnesses, though the practitioners may be completely unaware of the nature of what they are worshipping).

It is imperative that human beings regain our reverence of the Christ consciousness, at least part of which is the Sun and the light coming from the Sun. We need to turn ourselves away from darkness and toward the Light of Christ again in every way that we can. One thing the Father God has expressed to me is that "time is short"; I don't know how long that is in God's years, but it was made clear to me that dark spiritual forces are doing everything they can to overrun the positive, loving nature of Christ, whose body contains the Sun and the Light emanating from it.

Most of the time we take the daytime and sunlight for granted, and things like moon phases and eclipses may seem somehow exotic and interesting to us. However, the moon has no light and can only reflect, and astronomic bodies that have no light have nowhere near the loving nature of our star, apparently; though some are benevolent, many are not. It is a mistake to worship any planet or planetary satellite, from what I have learned. I mention the planet Venus in this book; I

have thought it might be Venus that is the recurring female voice that I heard both while on the legal substance and after I quit using it, but she is not to be worshipped. The female voice acted as a helper to God and Christ in the time I was using the substance, but I am not even sure this is the voice of Venus or some other heavenly female consciousness.

I only know that Christ and God are in charge of things, loving humanity and seeking to guide us during our soul's journey on this planet, hopefully back to the heavenly realms to be with them after we pass from this life. They are the guides that humanity should seek to follow, and we need to turn away from all others, and from the reverence of the moon and observation of events like solar and lunar eclipses, which cut off the light of Christ and therefore endanger all life on Earth as negative spiritual consciousnesses swarm in to fill the void left by the absence of Christ's Holy Light. God made it clear to me again and again that this is a very dangerous time for humanity, and that we need to be careful to love and appreciate Jesus Christ and his Holy Light, and testify to others of our experiences with him so that humanity does not fall into a void of spiritual darkness and cause Christ to withdraw his protection from Earth.

Chapter 2: Jesus is the consciousness of the Sun

The very first time I interacted with the Christ as the Sun while using the over-the-counter medicine, I was sitting on the couch in the usual state of mild euphoria that it allowed me to feel. Suddenly I heard a voice say "Jesus", and then a picture of Christ from the Renaissance period flashed before me. I noticed I was beginning to feel warmer, and then I saw a large yellow disk moving into my internal vision, the space in my mind that some cultures refer to as the third eye. The disc seemed somewhat blurry and pixelated, and I could tell by the movement of it that it was an extremely large object, moving in a very slow and massive way. I heard myself say, "this is the sun", with shock. I continued to become warmer and warmer, rising to the temperature of perfect warmth, like the beach on the most beautiful and bright summer day, or the perfect comfort of an electric blanket in winter.

Soon the yellow disk was taking up the entire field of my inner vision with its glowing saffron warmth. It surrounded me, and I seemed to become engulfed in it, as if I became part of it and it part of me. Its life force began moving all around my body, up and down, as if searching for something. I began to get very scared, and I heard a female voice say, 'just relax and let it happen'. It seemed to stop on my right side where I'd had my gallbladder surgery years before, a place that sometimes still hurt occasionally. It lingered there for a long time, moving back and forth over my side. When it seemed to have finished what it was doing, the glowing yellow orb vanished from my mind's eye. I remember sitting there shocked and speechless with the inevitable conclusion. "Jesus is the sun?", I thought to myself incredulously; this seemed to be the message of the female voice that had comforted me while the massive yellow disk was examining me or scanning my body. I didn't know quite how to describe what had just happened to me.

Around that time, I had been reading some books by atheist writers about the parallels between the Jesus deity and the Sun Gods of many ancient societies, but the conclusion they had reached was vastly different from what I had just experienced; they concluded that the dearth of evidence for the actual Christ of the Gospels was proof that no one like this ever existed. What I had just experienced was, in fact, the complete opposite, and shook me profoundly. I was aware that many people vastly underestimate the length of time our species has been on the earth with our current brain capacity, and because of this I had always been reluctant to accept the theory that the belief in Gods was something that a primitive ape-man devised out of a lack of intelligence, a concept that we as humans had simply grown out of. I felt rattled to the core as I sat there still basking in the perfect feeling of warmth and peace that I had just experienced, a peace I had never known in my life, which would only grow with each new encounter. This feeling was so wonderful that it immediately made sense to me why Christians referred to their God as the 'Prince of Peace'; I began to suspect this Sun God had been known this way long before the advent of Christianity as a state religion of Rome in the 4th century.

After several days, I noticed that the pain in my right side was not bothering me as much as it had in the past. I went to the bathroom mirror and tried to find my surgery scars and realized that they seemed to be much fainter than I remembered. I marveled at how this bright yellow disk knew about my surgery and the pain that my side was causing me (I had been much too active after the surgery was over, against the post-surgery instructions, and this was probably the cause

of my lingering problems). This enveloping warmth and peace that had surrounded me really seemed to care about me, and to know about what was going on in my life, and furthermore, genuinely wanted to ease my pain. It was one of the most profound, life-changing moments I have ever experienced.

Chapter 3: The Sun and My Soul

In the weeks and months that followed my first experience with the Sun God I slowly began to understand that everything in my life had changed. I didn't know yet that my encounters with him would only grow more and more profound. The emotional and psychological underpinnings of my whole belief system began to shift after this revelation. Once I felt myself surrounded by the body of Christ, which the Sun is somehow a part of, it seemed like my natural home, or the natural home of my soul. I realized in the initial experience that Jesus had joined my soul to his starlight, and I began to wonder if my soul is even made of the same material as the Sun itself. I wondered now if Jesus Christ was the human incarnation of the Sun God of many cultures throughout history; I knew that many versions of a Sun God had been worshipped in ancient cultures such as Greece, Rome, Egypt, Babylonia, Persia, and so on. I had heard tales of Ra, Aten, Helios, Mithras, Krishna, Sol Invictus and many other names for the Sun God my entire life. The scholars and researchers that I had been reading all pointed to both the dearth of evidence of the existence of the mortal Jesus and the plethora of historical names of the Sun God as proof that both Christ and the Sun God were simply myths. What I had experienced on my own pointed to a completely different conclusion, which was that this deity existed and had incarnated on Earth as Jesus Christ 2000 years ago to bring salvation through spiritual purification to human beings.

I didn't know how to describe the feeling of Christ surrounding me and being joined to my soul; at the time I found it both over-awing and terrifying. In retrospect, I felt like I had no reason to fear, but the first few times while it was happening I felt like he could easily destroy me, though it was clear he had no intention of doing so. When he engulfed me with his massive body and joined us together by surrounding me in his light, I felt warmer and more secure than I had ever felt in my life, perhaps similar to how it had felt to be in the body of my mother living together as one being. Every time I had this experience it was the same blissful feeling; like the perfect July day at the beach when everything is impossibly sunny, when your body is young and there is nothing wrong in the world, and you are surrounded by sand and salt air and the smell of coconut and endless possibilities for the future. This, it seems, is the unbreakable optimism of the Sun God, our star. This, it seems, is his outlook on existence, how he wants us to live: in the present, in today, always aware of the beautiful sunlight and his interaction with our home planet, our mother Earth. The hope for our lives, he seems to insist, is in the present day, with its potential and sunshine and beauty; even the rains that nourish the Earth make our hearts long for sunlight, or starlight, like the absence of a lover grows fondness in our hearts.

The feelings of profound love and warmth that I was given each time I encountered the Sun God, Jesus Christ, startled me. Nowhere in the religion of my birth was I permitted such positive feelings about God, and his overwhelming love of humanity as we are. At the same time, I can't even fully express the complete relief and wonder I began to feel at finally knowing the truth about the actual identity of Jesus. All of my happy memories as a child contain the presence of sunlight, from the sun kissing the blades of grass on the lawn as we played outside on fair weather days, to its flickering between the limbs of tree branches as we hiked in the woods behind our house in Virginia. It has always seemed to me that everything good in the world is wrapped in the presence of sunshine; like the days we spent out on the lake with my father in his father's old boat, the light dancing on the crests of the waves.

I now know that Jesus expresses his love for us as sunshine; though it has not been proven by any research, I began to wonder if perhaps his starlight and the emotion humans refer to as 'love' are one and the same. What I didn't understand for a long time is how much his existence depends on providing this warmth and happiness to us, and how much he needs us to reciprocate back to him the love we receive from him in the form of light and warmth. The rest of my experiences with the Sun God, Jesus Christ, which I document in this book, served to further educate me about the true nature of his relationship with human beings and how much he loves us and needs us to love him back, and to live lives that reflect the endless optimism, selfless compassion, and love that he exudes.

The truth is that he is the most purely compassionate, innocent, and profoundly loving being I have ever encountered in my life; his consciousness is so much like that of a child that I have found myself many times questioning in a jaded way whether or not he could be 'for real'. I still wonder sometimes if it is actually possible for a being this powerful to be so full of goodwill and so absent of bad motives. It is something very alien to me in my human experience; I turned away from the religion of my youth because of its seeming disregard for human females and children. Human monotheism sometimes seems to me to have replaced worship of God the Father and Jesus Christ with worship of the male in general. Nowhere in my experience with Jesus, or the Father God, have I experienced any directive or instruction that one form of human is held as superior to the other in their eyes; in fact, it is quite the opposite from their point of view. From their perspective, all of us, male and female both, are mortals, not Gods, and we humans of either gender need to work together instead of against each other in attempting to be like God and Christ, an area which we have much work to do.

For a very long time I felt as if nothing this pure could exist in the world except in the minds of children, who would be corrupted given time. I now watch the Sun shine through my window and think of the love I have experienced my entire life coming from that beautiful star, pondering that he loves the entire Earth this way; that each and every being is touched by his love and divinity, and each has a purpose and a mission to fulfill on this planet. When I think of the pain and isolation I have felt throughout my life, my loneliness and inability to attract many friends or have but a few lasting relationships, I take so much comfort in remembering that the interaction of the Earth and sunlight always gave me so much peace every time I ventured outside with my animals and basked in the starlight, even in the cold of winter bundled up in layers of winter clothing. Sol, otherwise known as Jesus Christ, was shining on me, loving me; the Earth I stood upon was loving me back as well.

Every vestige of life that I adored in the natural world was imbued with his love; I was literally being 'loved back' by everything I laid my eyes upon, though I could not conceive it at the time. Something touched me, something spoke to my heart those times I that I got out into the sunshine, no matter how sad I felt at the moment. I didn't experience the inside of the home to be a particularly happy place, but outside, to me, always felt blissful and peaceful and full of abandon and freedom, which I now understand was the perfect love of Jesus Christ shining his beautiful light onto me and onto every child of God on Earth. Finally, so many things I could never make sense of fell into place: Jesus was a human incarnation of the ancient Sun God who had been revered in just about every human culture. He incarnated on Earth 2000 years ago to teach human beings how have our souls purified by him through repentance and asking forgiveness of our transgressions, something he and his father must have thought was a message that needed to be delivered personally.

While my experiences with Jesus that followed were consistent to the letter, I soon began to occasionally experience a polar opposite consciousness as well when using the medicine. It was clear to me that this entity was somehow part of the 'devil' or 'satan' consciousness that I had been taught about my entire life. I always saw this entity dressed in rags, and the setting he was in was always incredibly dark; everything surrounding him was shown as varying shades of gray, at brightest. In my visions over the course of the few years in which I used the medication, the entity appeared like this every single time God allowed him to appear in my mind's eye; it was very clear that the Father God and Christ were in complete control of when he was allowed to appear and that they far out-matched him in power. I began to get a picture of the nature of his origin slowly, over time, and it became clear this entity represented the moon, which is something God and Christ allowed me to absorb slowly, because part of the evil we refer to as the 'devil' or 'Satan' being the consciousness of a destroyed planet was something that seemed so far out of the blue that I wouldn't have been able to absorb it initially. It slowly became clear to me, though, that this dark spirit was the remnant of the moon's spiritual consciousness, a former planet that was destroyed in a collision with another planet, most likely Venus or Earth, billions of years ago, an event referred to in science as the 'giant-impact hypothesis'.

Traditionally the moon has been associated with the female, and I had even revered the moon in my late teens and early twenties in paganism. However, I now understand that in the spiritual realm, the feminine principle is embodied beautifully by the planet Venus, who has an incredibly loving and compassionate nature; this planet, though, should not be worshipped as it is not a deity like Christ and God. I did not have many interactions with her and what there were very brief; she seemed to act as a helper to God and Christ and sometimes as a softener of hard lessons. It is clear that planetary bodies are not 'Gods' in the same sense that stars such as our Sun are, they do not have the same composition and internal temperature and have no light; light seems to be equivalent to love in the spiritual world, and some planets are even malevolent and dangerous, as opposed to the nature of Jesus Christ, who is wholly pure, divine, and benevolent.

I had absorbed the mythologizing of the moon as a female deity because of its reputation of having an effect on menstruation, but in my experiences on the medicine I never experienced anything but the shrouded male skeletal form to be representative of our satellite; because of the conflict between age old mythology and my visions on the medicine it was hard at first to accept that so much mythology concerning the moon was misguided. But it became increasingly clear to me that the spiritual remnant of the moon trapped in the hell realms is in fact a much smaller and much less powerful opposite of our star in every way; his only hope is to seek atonement and redemption in the eyes of God instead of taking his revenge on humanity because he cannot forgive the forces that brought about his destruction. That is a very consistent lesson that I learned in this period of my life; that transformation by God happens in the present only, so to dwell in the past and hold onto old wounds really is a form of spiritual death.

It was hard to let the myth of the deified female moon die, but my experiences have been so consistent from the beginning, of the skeletal form dressed in rags, whom both God and Christ made clear was the consciousness of our satellite, that I eventually had to accept that the mythologizing of moon as feminine was just projection and speculation based on the miscalculation that women menstruate every thirty days; in truth, we ovulate from different sides every month so our true cycle is closer to a sixty-day cycle.

It was while I was watching a documentary on Venus on that I was shown confirmation of the consciousness of the dark planet/the moon's true origin; the host of the show mentioned that there had once been a planet orbiting the Sun between Earth and Venus, but that this body had been destroyed by a massive collision billions of years ago, and what remained was drawn into Earth's orbit as a satellite. At that precise moment, in my mind's eye, I was given a vision of the skeletal dark spirit, against a background of black, raging about in his usual unpleasant demeanor, ranting and raving and waving his arms around. As I was not under the influence of the legal substance when this happened, I concluded that this was God's doing; it seemed God wanted me to know with certainty where this part of the dark consciousness in our solar system came from and what had caused him to become so twisted and evil. I now understand that the spiritual remnant of the destroyed former planet is only one of many bad actors trapped in the hell realms, but God and Christ seemed to focus on this one in particular to drive home the point of his true nature.

Chapter 4: The Giant Head of Jesus

After my father passed away in the summer of 2012, my mother and I were still living in a house that was about to be sold to build a bypass through our county; she stayed in the main house and I lived in a little cabin behind it. My mother was getting ready to retire but she was working out her last year or two before doing so, so I was alone during the day and working a janitorial shift at night. I tried not to be in her presence when I was using the medicine, but I happened to be in the main house when she got home one day after I had taken it. I got up to go into the kitchen to talk to her and to my surprise I was met with the huge, golden, shiny head of Jesus surrounding her on every side.

My mother was walking around the kitchen chatting absentmindedly, emptying her lunch box and getting her empty lunch containers washed to be ready for the next day. She had no idea that as she was doing this, she was surrounded in the golden light of the head of Christ, which was so big that it was filling up about half of the kitchen. When she turned to the left, he turned to the left. When she turned to the right, so did he; with every movement she made, he was surrounding her like a Godly halo, and while this was going on, he smiled at me peacefully. He had a look of both contentment and knowing on his face, as if to show me both his compassion and also his understanding that he knew I was completely shocked to see how powerful his visage was. For, as this was happening, I literally could barely remain upright. Something about seeing this was so powerful that it took all my strength to lock my knees hard enough to keep from falling. I can understand why the Bible verse says that ‘every knee will bow’ when in the King’s presence. It was simply because of the over-awing power of his presence, though I don’t know exactly what the quality of his power is; maybe just pure holiness itself.

He had a kindly smile on his face the entire time, full of compassion and maybe a touch of amusement because I am sure he knew full well that I was having trouble standing. Soon, my mother left the room, and so did the vision of Christ surrounding her. Suddenly, I saw a young male standing there and he said, ‘hey look, it’s Jesus, he’s mad because you don’t believe in him’. And then another golden face appeared in front of me, but it suddenly morphed into the visage of a very unattractive man with unappealing features. I remembered the verse from the Bible about how even the devil can disguise himself as a bright shiny thing, and it was clear to me that this is what had happened after the powerful visage of Jesus left the room; clearly God and Christ wanted me to understand this. This visual with the sneering countenance had zero love or warmth about it, and I knew Christ wanted me to understand the difference between the feeling of his overwhelming serenity and love and that of an imposter.

I admit that even after this experience I was still not convinced of the veracity of the existence of Jesus, or, I should say, his earthly incarnation. It wasn’t until my last experience with the medicine in which I was shown that the crucifixion of Christ actually did happen, that I was convinced that this Sun God had once incarnated on Earth. In that moment, I simply chalked up this experience to my mother being committed to her faith and therefore Divinity appearing to her in the form in which she believed. I didn’t consider at the time that it was not her that saw the

head of Christ, but me. It was one more example of how even though time after time he appeared to me in this form, I just couldn't yet accept the earthly incarnation aspect of his story.

Chapter 5: Bubbles of Sunlight

Once during the time I was using the over-the-counter medicine periodically, I asked a friend for whom I had some romantic feelings to pray for a family member of mine. This person didn't approve of my use of the legal drug and the religious implications of my experiences, and simply responded by calling me a 'heathen'. I was shocked by this reaction; I had been so used to giving and receiving prayer requests in my childhood religion that it had never occurred to me that anyone but an atheist would refuse one.

But Jesus had another outlook on my request for prayer. The next time I used the medicine, he appeared at my bedroom door, dressed in his robe and sandals from his Christ incarnation. He opened the door and began pushing enormous bubbles of sunshine into my room, each one seemingly brighter than the next. One by one, he pushed beautiful, yellow, slippery-skinned balls of light into my bedroom, just like the enormous soap bubbles I had seen people make at the beach by waving huge wands of caught soapy liquid through the air. One after the other, my room filled with these flexible, floating balls of brilliant yellow light dancing on the air, each one further brightening my little bedroom and subsequently lifting my mood by a few degrees. It seemed that as the light of Christ became stronger, it turned more from a yellow color to bright white, and my entire room glowed with the most calming, beautiful white light, so bright that I had to look away from the direct source. I lay on my bed and basked in the perfect warmth and calm of this beautiful, bright comfort, certain in my heart that Jesus himself was letting me know what he thought about the word "heathen"; to him, there was no such concept, there was only my love for him and his love for me, no matter what form it took.

The next day when I awakened to sunlight streaming in through my window, I was certain beyond a shadow of a doubt what this sunlight meant, and where it came from. I was overawed with each experience like this that revealed to me that the Sun I had loved and taken comfort from my entire life was one and the same as Jesus Christ; and that he wanted me to know without a doubt that the source of this beautiful starlight was the same as the Son of God. It was becoming increasingly clear to me just how he loved being able to light the entire world, to warm humanity, to calm the human soul by giving us the same warmth and comfort that we had received as children at our mother's breast. It is his pleasure and his pride to light the Earth this way, to shine brightly on all humanity, to grow every living thing on Earth; indeed, to make life possible on Earth so our souls can come here and attempt our spiritual growth and improve our likeness to God.

While I had been devastated at my friend's reaction to my request for prayer, this experience that Christ gave me completely wiped away the pain of that event. His actions demonstrated just how much he loves me, as he does the whole world; a love he shows by shining for the whole world day after day after day. His light, it seems, is the same as his love for all of us across the entire Earth; it is as if these two substances, light and love, are equal qualities; he radiates both and they seem to be the exact same thing, really. It was clear from his actions that he just wanted me to be happy, and that he didn't believe I was a 'heathen' because I didn't follow a specific religious culture. It also seemed to drive home to me that he wanted me to know that I had *his* love despite

wanting desperately to be romantically involved with this other person. Both the Father God and Christ himself were making it very clear to me how profoundly that I was loved.

For the brief time that I was convinced it would work out with my crush, it was obvious that God and Jesus both seemed to approve very much of love itself, and they tried their best to help me with my conduct in this situation. I sensed they approved because they are lovers of love; I wonder sometimes if they are in fact made of love. While I am still uncertain if the Sun is the totality of Christ, or part of his body like his soul, after the eclipse in the summer of 2017 it became clear that the light of this star and Christ are the same; it is not just the body of this star, but all of the light originating there, that are holy and need to be revered and respected.

The same is true of God the father, (who it seems is also a being of light), and like ancient father Gods of different pantheons, also has the characteristic of being able to throw lightning, something that I experienced over and over again in the few years in which I used this medicine. My mother went out of town several times a year, and during this time it never failed that our television and cable would go out for several hours or sometimes even a day or two due to a lightning strike, leaving me with no way to distract myself from a troubling situation in my life that God and Christ were helping me to deal with a little bit at a time (something which is beyond the scope of this book). Once when I was typing into my computer the names of two female ancestors, a streak of light shot across my computer screen the moment I typed their names. That computer never worked again, and when I took it to be serviced, the part of the computer that was destroyed was the only part in the computer that named a family relationship which applied to both names I had just typed, and to a family member I was having problems with. The technician told me that that 'board' in my computer was destroyed, which was clearly the Father God's intention; he was trying to tell me that this person in my family was 'broken' somehow, and I needed to forgive them and accept this aspect of my life as it is. I realized it was God that had thrown electricity through my computer that day, to show me that I needed to stop judging this family member. It was yet another experience of God's closeness to me and his complete knowledge about my entire life experience that left me speechless.

I realized through this experience that incarnation on Earth is like a test of our human hearts, where we are asked to sacrifice repeatedly for the people we love; although I had never had children, I had come to realize over the years that parenting is one of the most loving and self-sacrificing acts of the entire human experience. It seems an incredibly optimistic act given the state of the world, and it still amazes me that so many people commit their lives to the care and upbringing of other humans for decades at a time. It was made clear to me over and over that the purpose of life on Earth is to feel things as deeply as humanly possible so that we may truly experience the deepest love that is possible, perhaps as a way of only beginning to understand the love of God for us.

Chapter 6: Pulse

During the summer of 2016 I attempted once more to come out of my shell. I had been in major depression since I'd moved back home with my parents; fallout from a botched bankruptcy filing had damaged my credit for much longer than it should have, making it impossible for me to even think of owning my own home. I seemed to be watching the life I had planned for myself bleed from my grasp, and along with it, my dignity and self-concept as an adult. An online crush had culminated in heartbreak about the same time that the death of my favorite aunt occurred, someone who had been a constant figure in my life since my birth. Looking back, it seems like I barely got out of bed for a month after these two bombshells fell into my life simultaneously; it now seems like a lost period of my life. I had begun working out at the gym and had lost 40 pounds, but upon finding out my suitor was involved with someone else, coupled with accepting the loss of my aunt, I gave up my exercise routine and the weight began to creep back on.

In order to cheer myself up, I opened a social media account and even put a couple of photos up, something I had never been very comfortable with. I befriended people from high school and college after deciding I was just tired of hiding from life and tired of looking at myself like an utter failure because I was poor and my life had not gone swimmingly; indeed, it had been a constant struggle since my first experience with employment.

I remember enjoying social media at first and feeling very elated that I was making new friends and getting back in touch with old friends. A friend online shared a link to an astrologist and I began watching his videos. I remember learning that at that time, which would have been in June, our Sun was in what was called a 'grand cross' formation, with Jupiter on one side and Saturn on the other. I knew that just the gravitational pull of Jupiter alone can sometimes displace the sun by hundreds of thousands of miles. Having the massive gravitation of the gas giant planets pulling on your body from either side, I can imagine, must feel something like being pulled apart. I wondered what this experience felt like to Jesus, now that I was understanding on a deeper level the spiritual truths about the consciousness of stars and planets which the ancients had been aware of, though that information had been lost in the west.

During one particular experience during this time, while I was under the influence of the medicine, things seemed very off. I knew about the grand cross formation from the astrologer but I didn't yet understand how much astronomical movements and positions affected the consciousness of heavenly bodies. Instead of the usual experience of seeing the air start to undulate and turn a bright golden yellow hue, (meaning I was about to be visited by Jesus, who would soon envelope my soul in his presence and bring me his unbelievable calm and warmth), I remember being confronted with several chilling images. First, I saw Jesus himself, with his long brown hair and caramel skin and white flowing robes; he had a distinct middle eastern appearance in this vision and was just as beautiful as he could be. He stretched out his hand to me and I could see the nail scar; but suddenly it began to stretch and become elongated, and the look on his face was one of wincing, of pain. Just as suddenly, Jesus vanished and in front of me appeared a legion of medieval-looking soldiers on horseback heading in my direction at full

gallop, their swords extended, with looks of pure murder on their faces as their horses bore down on me. I closed my eyes just before they reached me, absolutely terrified at what I had just seen; it was bone-chilling to experience myself standing there alone and unarmed while soldiers in some kind of medieval garb, armed with their weapons and murderous looks, came flying at me.

The next thing I knew, I was going down, down, down, both physically and emotionally. I seemed to be going into a terribly bluish or grayish space, lower than I had ever been in my entire life. I felt a sadness so overwhelming it felt completely paralyzing. This feeling of unbearable sadness didn't leave me as I came out of the 'trance' the drug held me in while I watched these things occurring, either. I was 'hungover' for hours from this feeling of over-arching, incurable remorse, and from the terror that the medieval arms-men had inspired in me; with their horses running at me full speed; it seemed as if they were going to run fully over me and not look back. It was clear their intent was absolutely murderous.

The next day the news broke about the shooting at the Pulse nightclub in Orlando. Suddenly the images in my mind from the day before made sense. Radical Islam was the medieval horde racing at in full gallop. The overwhelming sadness I felt was that of the perpetrator of the shooting after his death, a sadness that had locked him into a region in the hells in which I knew he would be trapped for only God knows how long (though I had learned that prayer can help lift souls even out of this region of the hells, something I will elaborate on in later chapters). By now it sometimes seemed to me that in the spirit world, the past, present, and future exist simultaneously; many times up to that point God had put me in a 'feeling state' of something that would be the future result of a choice I was making just to let me exist in the emotional consequences of that mistake, so I could change course if I chose to.

The vision of Jesus/the Sun God showing me his elongating scars was the most confusing, but I believe he was sharing with me that this was a very trying time for him, and that it was all he could do to fight the pull of the gas giant planets on either side of him. It made me wonder if maybe astronomical events could affect the power and protection that Jesus affords those on Earth. I would soon wonder about this again, the second time being the solar eclipse, which I will talk about more in later chapters. This 'grand cross' was a terrifying experience, one that I couldn't get out of my mind for a long time, with the images of the medieval horde galloping at me in full flight with death as their purpose, and then after the act was committed, experiencing the murderer's horrible feelings of being swallowed by impossibly heavy grief at having killed so many innocent beings. I have never felt a sadness so profound as that of the murderer after his death; it had a physical weight to it that was impossible to fight and seemed to linger in my spirit for days afterward.

Chapter 7: Garland of Sunshine

It was becoming increasingly clear to me that Jesus and God wanted me to write about my interactions with them. God was putting me in situations when I was using the medicine where I would have bad experiences, instead of the complete relaxation that helped me calm my anxiety and to come down from the wired, angry, inconsolable mood I would have many times when I got overwhelmed. I sensed God's anger clearly once while using the medicine when I was shown what the world would be like if the devil were to take over; this experience was given to me after I continually procrastinated writing down these experiences and sharing them like God and Christ wanted me to do. In more than one negative experience I had, I was given visions where it seemed as though radical Islam took over the world; something that alarmed me because I had learned that that Islam is associated with moon worship, hence the presence of the moon on so many flags of Islamic countries and organizations, and also the crescent moon on minarets at mosques. I was surprised about this as I had viewed Islam as a religion like any other but the association of Islam with the moon was chilling to me.

When I first began to put words down on paper I considered leaving out any reference to Islam, but Jesus had very clearly instructed me to just "tell the truth" when I shared my experiences. I sometimes wondered if these were actual possibilities they were showing me about the future, or if they were mirrors of my worst fears designed to motivate me into doing what they knew I needed to do. In another bad experience that revolved around a 'rapture/tribulation' scenario, I was shown that Donald Trump could be the antichrist. I wondered if there was a play on the biblical concept of the 'final trump' in Revelations relative to his surname and this disturbed me; knowing the mathematical capacity of God and his complete knowledge of the future, about which he'd made clear several times in the past, it chilled me to the bone to think of these types of apocalyptic events happening in my lifetime.

The theme of radical Islam taking over was one that repeated enough in these experiences for me to begin to think of this as more than just a motivating theme that God was using to get me to pay attention to what was going on in the world and consider this possibility. I had been following secularist dissidents from radical Islamist theocracies for years online so I understood what they were up against and I had intense admiration for their courage and bravery in the face of persecution and death. God made it clear that I was to share these aspects of my story and tell the truth about the scenarios he was revealing to me; I had read enough near-death experiences and books by new age authors such as Dannion Brinkley to know that sacred beings often show us the worst-case scenarios of potential future events to give us motivation to live more proactive and selfless lives in the present; selflessness and self-sacrifice are always over-arching themes in these spiritual experiences where people are shown the worst-case scenarios and given an opportunity to change for the better. Based on my experiences and the experiences of others I have read about, I don't believe any of these visions are carved-in-stone predictions of the future, but potential outcomes that we have to try to prevent by living lives dedicated to loving others like Christ commands us to in the Bible.

Jesus still kept loving me through my procrastination and giving me encouragement while I put off writing. To be in the physical presence of the Sun God was something that gave me an incredible peace each time I experienced it, though I feel completely incapable of describing this beautiful golden warmth and unworldly serenity adequately in words. Jesus always seemed to

appear to me in my mind's eye as an undulating field of liquid yellow waves; this is how I knew that it was the Sun God who was approaching me, because the color and quality of my surroundings turned golden yellow and had a shimmery, liquid quality to them; my immediate environment always became a slowly vibrating field of metallic golden sunshine. In every instance he surrounded my soul until I became a part of him, until there was no separation between him and me. Each time this happened, and he shared with me his unworldly calm and peace, I felt as though there was nothing on Earth I could have done to be deserving of this feeling.

In the first episode of the Spanish language tv series "Hijos de las Estrellas", scientists talk about the composition of the Sun itself, noting that it is not solid and were it not so hot one could travel right through it; they also note that the Sun has a kind of 'heartbeat' that occurs once every five minutes or so. I had learned from my experiences on the medicine that time goes much slower in the spirit world than it does in our physical realm. I had to wonder, upon seeing this episode, if the spirit world is in tune with our star's 'heartbeat' and if this is why I felt so incredibly calm and at peace whenever he would appear to me and join his being to my soul, and allow me to experience the wonderful sense of comfort and safety that came from being a part of God. I even detected his presence a few times when I was not using the medicine; in these experiences he would fill the room with a faint yellow light that was incredibly comforting to experience.

I feel like I could fill pages with gratitude in talking about how beautiful this experience of being part of Christ felt, and what it did for me in terms of calming my soul and giving me a sense of peace that I had never felt before, but words seem completely inadequate to describe it. Once when I was particularly despairing about some things that I had done in my most recent past life, (which I'd begun to believe that God had revealed to me to show me an explanation for why my present life had gone the way it had), Jesus came to me smiling and calmly reassured me that no matter what I had done, he had the power to forgive my every misdeed. He surrounded me with his peaceful, loving sunshine and then in a beautiful gesture, waved his hand across the sins of my past life, which seemed to hang in the air. The beautiful, glistening, metallic-yellow sunshine covered them completely, as if he had taken a paint brush and painted right over them. At this moment I finally understood the Christian concept of Salvation; I had once watched a video of a woman's near-death experience wherein she said she had awakened in the hell realms to find that her sins were covering her like a shroud. I realized that all the dark-shrouded figures I had seen in the hell realms while I was using this legal substance were also draped in unforgiven sin, and seeing Christ heal the wounded places in my soul made it clear to me what the Christian concepts of repentance and forgiveness are all about. Suddenly, it all made sense to me. Jesus, the consciousness of our star, incarnated here 2000 years ago to explain to us that he can heal and purify these dark places in our souls, if we just ask him to do so, and if we continue to follow the teachings that he came here and suffered so much to share with us. Accepting his spiritual purification of our souls through repenting to him and asking his forgiveness, and continuing to follow his teachings in our lives, allows him to remove these wounds in our souls that otherwise can cause us to sink into the hell realms upon death.

I have remorse that I did initially not feel adequate enough to write about these experiences, though Jesus tried over and over to use his love to give me the courage to do so. In one of the most beautiful things I have ever experienced on the medicine, in one instance after he visited me and surrounded my soul with his body, letting me rest in his sunshine for a time, he created the most beautiful garland of pink and yellow flowers above my computer and draped down on

either side. I was simply stunned at this beautiful display of silky, metallic-yellow and rose-colored flowers levitating over and around my desk, shimmering and glinting as if reflecting light on a summer day and radiating the same sunshine that comes from Jesus himself. I knew that he was telling me in his very loving fashion that it was his will that I share with the world the things that he had shown me; he wanted others to know the truth about his identity and the purity of his love for humanity.

The night this happened, I went and sat at my computer for the longest time and tried to type, but nothing would come out. I couldn't believe the depth of my own emptiness inside, something I hadn't had any idea was even there. It was not until Jesus gave me these experiences of peace and fullness that I was able to feel a strange deadness inside of me that I hadn't sensed before. I regret that even this experience did not move me to start writing seriously, as it should have and was intended to, though I was awed by the profound beauty of it. Instead, it took more negative and frightening experiences later on, in which I was shown the opposite of what Jesus and God wanted for the Earth and how much they love us all as God's children and want us to turn to the light and away from the darkness associated with both moon worship and worship of money and materialism. Eventually, due to my delay in writing, I was shown what the devil (and his agents, the lost souls of the afterlife who choose to serve him) would do to all of us given half a chance. To this day it is still mortifying that fear was a greater motivator to me than love, but maybe that is just my nature, or human nature in general. In any event, with fear behind me driving me forward, I finally began to try putting these experiences down in words.

Chapter 8: Golden Child

One of the most memorable experiences I had with the Sun God was just after I had decided to walk away from a situation that could have ended up giving me a significant amount of money, because of the effect it might have on someone else. Just after making this decision, upon using the medicine and laying down for my 'nap', which was the period of deep relaxation that seemed to blot out everything but my own internal vision, I was greeted with the most stunning image of a shiny, metallic, golden box tied with a golden bow. Everything in the view of my mind's eye was decorated with the most lustrous hues of yellow and gold imaginable. Suddenly a beautiful blonde-headed child began to emerge from the box, as shiny and golden as everything else in the picture. The transmission of the vision seemed to skip or miss a bit at regular intervals, and at each pulse the child became a younger version of himself, as he emerged from the luminescent yellow glittering box. I was completely frozen with awe at what I was seeing; not only was I aware that this vision was being transmitted to me by a star, our Sun himself, but I didn't quite know what I had done to deserve such a gleaming, sparkling, astonishingly beautiful image, possibly the most beautiful one I had ever received. (I continued to receive images and dream about this child, or baby, until I finally realized it represented a church that Christ wanted me to start, to worship the dual nature of our Holy Star and also his human incarnation as Jesus, our Savior.)

Suddenly, the image vanished and I was met with the sight of the persona of the malevolent spirit, who always appeared as a dark skeleton clothed in a raggedy black shroud. He was apoplectic with rage, jumping up and down in anger, his threadbare rags shaking and waving in his aggressive tantrum. Then, one after another I was shown many images that made it clear just how angry he was that I had been given the image of the child in the golden box; it seemed to affect him personally and it seemed as though he was taking a personal loss himself somehow by my decision to walk a different path. First, in the muted grays and blacks that were always associated with him, I saw a tank turning in my direction and then the tank gun aiming right at me. I then saw a motorcycle gang member with long hair, a ponytail and a leather vest turn and stomp away from me, after dramatically flipping me the middle finger. The humanity of these images was unsettling to me because I knew that they were being transmitted from consciousnesses that were astronomical: one a star, and one a former planet now known as the moon. It seemed inconceivable to me that such a thing could be happening.

I had decided to walk away from some financial help, which for me was tied to forgiveness, then Christ gave me the image of the golden child emerging from the box, followed by the reaction of the malevolent spirit (whose consciousness was apparently trapped in the hell realms with the devil) to my decision. My mind reeled with the realization of the incredibly deep and complex reactions in the spiritual realm to everything human beings do on a daily basis, something I had never had prior knowledge of and had really no idea how to wrap my head around. My decision thrilled Jesus while at the same time it infuriated this malevolent spirit. To understand how important human actions are in the spirit world on a daily basis was so intimidating to me that it took me many, many months to fully absorb what had just happened.

Other times when I was under the influence of the medicine, I seemed to see the Sun God just as he is rather than in his incarnation as Christ. I would see the translucent yellow sunshine that seemed to be both gaseous and liquid at once, that seemed to move and flow like air but with a

yellow luminescence that was incredibly warming and comforting. Strangely, when I saw him in this form, (when he seemed fully to be in the Sun, speaking to me from 93 million miles away), I could not hear him, I could only see him shaking his head occasionally and though it was clear he was speaking to me, the words did not reach my ears. I was over-awed by the way that he looked when I got these transmissions; he looked like pure gold, like he had been touched by Midas himself. There was a huge, ornate golden throne, and I realized from those visions why it is that rulers and kings always have golden thrones; they are clearly trying to emulate the Sun God, whose gold comes from the golden glow of his beautiful star. It occurred to me that I was far from the only one using a mind-altering substance to communicate with God; the golden thrones of rulers throughout history strongly suggested that many humans had communicated with our Sun God himself during substance-induced visions and some of the more unstable ones began to see themselves as his emissary on Earth, whether accurate or not. It seems clear from the Sun God's teachings while in human form as Jesus Christ that, while he is clothed and enthroned in golden sunlight, he doesn't want human beings to try to amass fortune on Earth; to the contrary, his teachings from his human incarnation are quite the opposite, about waiting until ascending to heaven to enjoy the riches of the spirit world.

Chapter 9: A Quick Trip to Heaven

One day, an online friend on a social media site took issue with something I had posted about FGM, or female genital mutilation. A European woman who had married an Algerian Muslim, she was relatively confrontational about issues having to do with Islam. We debated so furiously that I got up and started doing housework and getting the laundry done; cleaning is something that I only enjoy and feel inspired to do when I am really angry. When she brought out the old saw that FGM is ‘cultural but not religious’, I posted an interview by writer Emine Saner from The Guardian newspaper with model Waris Dirie, in which Waris clearly articulates her mother telling her that the reason Waris had to have this ‘surgery’ was ‘for God’. To this my friend had no reply.

My heart was still beating furiously as I signed off of the internet and went on with my housework. To calm myself down I used the medicine again and this time I had a very different experience from usual, one that defies description; I can only try to approximate what happened, though the experience was more about feelings and degrees of peace than any physical place or setting.

It seemed as if the presence of Sol, (as I called Jesus at that time because I was still in my doubting phase as to whether or not he had ever incarnated on Earth as Christ) came in my bedroom window and swept me up into his being; he surrounded me with his beautiful sunlight, as usual, but instead of just staying in my bedroom we began traveling upward through levels of progressively whiter and more peaceful environs; it was so blissful and overwhelmingly relaxing that I knew even at the time that I would only be able to experience it without recording much of it in memory.

All I remember is we seemed to travel through multiple dimensions of complete tranquility and whiteness and bliss. One after another after another we ascended through them, each more heavenly and calm and pure than the one preceding it. I had learned through many experiences while using the medicine that there are many levels of the hells, and I now had to wonder if the same was true here; are the heavens made of multiple levels of increasing peace and blissful ecstasy? Or were these just different rooms in the same glorious environment? I was stunned that this was even happening to me. It was an experience that didn't seem to last very long in terms of time, but it left a lasting impression on my soul. Since nothing like this had ever happened before, I had to conclude that this wonderful experience was directly related to my debate on FGM, because I had refused to back down; I had been furious that my friend wanted to protect the adults that committed the act, by shifting blame off of those responsible, rather than protecting the child victims and advocating for them.

I realize now, reflecting back on it, how upset it must make God to have torture of children justified in his name. I have come to understand that more than anything, children and their sanctity are sacred to Jesus and God. In this instance I felt Christ was assuring me that I had done the right thing by refusing to back down and refusing to protect the feelings of an adult at the expense of child victims of a horrific crime. I was so shocked, and just as grateful, that Jesus Christ took the time to carry me through what I concluded were various levels of heaven, to show me that I had indeed chosen the right course of action in this instance. It swelled my heart,

once Jesus carried my soul back to my body after our trip into the heavenly realms, to think that there was a place in the universe where respect for truth and justice would not only be valued but also embraced. This is one of only a few times in all my experiences on the medicine that I encountered anything resembling the actual physical heaven, so it is very clear to me that this issue is one of particular weight to Christ, and speaking out against it, despite whose feelings may be hurt, is of utmost importance.

Chapter 10: Just Don't Hurt Others

While most of this writing concerns the Sun God, Jesus Christ, I also need to make it clear that I had many experiences with the Father God as well. He always seemed to be working in concert with the Sun God, Jesus, and it became clear to me that they are father and son, just as they are portrayed in the Bible. Once I dreamed of them as lions; Jesus as a young lion, followed by God as older lion, who walked together from behind the shining disc of the Sun to give me an admonition about something I was thinking about doing. It was an incredible image to behold, these two lions sauntering out from behind the sun to warn me to avoid a certain behavior. The Father God gave me much useful advice and counsel when I fell in love for the first time in years; he also didn't hesitate to give me scary experiences like quick interludes with some of the levels of hell when he wanted to make a point. It was clear that he wanted me to be acquainted with as many facets of spiritual reality as possible so that I would make wise decisions based on what spiritual consequences might be.

Once I had a visit from the Father God when I found myself thinking about a series of human recreational activities, things like motorcycling and skateboarding and sports. In my mind I had always wondered if there was in fact the division between 'the world' and Godly behavior, as I had been raised to believe in the religion of my childhood. I had gotten a vastly different outlook on life from reading near-death experiences; one that suggested that Earth is a place where humans come for growth of our souls and that some aspects of life are perfectly enjoyable and it is fine to take pleasure in them. God seemed know exactly the nature of my questioning about this; this time he appeared as an elderly man with long white hair and a long beard, but with a youthful upright posture, wearing a pair of blue jeans and an oxford shirt. He dismissed my worries with a wave of his hand and communicated to me without words that these activities are just things that we humans do to release our energy, that they are not bad in God's eyes, just things that we do as physical beings. The most important thing, he made clear, is to not hurt other people. It surprised me so much to receive this message because I'd been brought up as a Southern Baptist, where most everything was preached against. God's compassion and lack of concern about these human endeavors really surprised me; but I had suspected for a long time that the more stringent orthodox faiths are problematic in themselves for locking down so hard on human behavior that they push people in the opposite direction, into compulsion and addiction, because of their strident nature. God made it clear to me that day that he expects human beings to have a human experience while on Earth as long as we are not engaging in behaviors that hurt others or ourselves.

The very first time I interacted with God the Father, he took the form of Andrey Lysikov, a Russian rapper and recording artist. It shocks me even now when I look back on this experience, remembering how he came and sat on my couch in a white shirt and blue jeans with Converse high top tennis shoes on his feet. He was telling me I had to let go of a precarious situation I'd gotten myself into; and to have come to me in this form, he had to have known that Andrey Lysikov was one of my favorite recording artists. I was completely shocked that God knew this fact about me and so touched that he took such great care to appear to me in a form that I would find comforting and trustworthy. Part of my surprise about this was that someone would know what this singer meant to me and how I loved his deep soothing voice; he is a Russian artist so very few Americans know of him and therefore I couldn't share my passion for his music

without getting blank stares, yet God knew me enough to come to me in one a form that I found completely non-threatening. This was my first indication of how compassionate his love for me must be, to present himself in a way that I would find completely safe, which felt like such a contrast to me, compared to the condemning God I remembered from my childhood.

Another time, after using the medicine, I was upset with God about current events in the news and I started to throw a complete temper tantrum, railing at God about the state of the world and how hyper-masculine the Earth is at this time and how it lacks femininity and compassion and love. At first, I was just railing in my own mind, but then suddenly the clouds parted and I saw God in all his glory, looking very similar to the true form of the Sun God, exquisitely clothed from head to toe in ornately sculpted, brilliant gold; so much so that one can't tell if he is seated on this throne of elaborate golden design or if the ornate and magnificent features are part of his own body. I felt that perhaps I was looking at another star, that this was his true identity, just like that of Jesus, the Sun God.

As I was carrying on with my temper tantrum I suddenly began to float up to him, slowly sailing to and fro on updrafts like a paper airplane. Soon I took on the form of a little fairy, like Tinkerbell, floating around his ear, still nattering away about the sorry state of current affairs in a ridiculously high-sounding voice. I know for certain now that God was driving home a point about my relative insignificance compared to his might and power in the scheme of the universe. He answered me in only one sentence; he told me that in exchange for an improvement in the political arena that I was lecturing him about, I would have to make a certain sacrifice. In a flash I was back on my couch, in utter shock, stunned at the complete predicament my mouth had just gotten me into. And I knew that I had to do what he had asked me to do; there was no way I could disobey him because of what was at stake, and how scared I was of the direction the world was going in regarding that issue. Needless to say, it was the last time I ever told God how to run his business.

Chapter 11: Be Positive

It was becoming increasingly clear to me during the months prior to writing this book that my most recent incarnation prior to this one had been as someone who had done great harm to others and had essentially failed at being human. Because of this, I was shocked at the level of compassion that I received from God during the time after I had been jilted romantically. I really didn't understand it, but both God and Christ seemed very tender toward me during that painful period. One night a friend of mine who had died in a car accident came to see me in a dream. We seemed to just hang around and talk, though I don't remember any of what was said. She returned the next night to talk to me again, and I appreciated the gesture of friendship so much because I felt so alone during this time. I was so grateful that God allowed her to come to me and comfort me during this time; to have a visit in a dream like this from someone who has passed on is something that has happened to me many times in life, but I had never had one of these visits last this long or repeat again the next night.

The Father God especially seemed very close to me during this time and I felt like he was doing his best to comfort me. In one of the most memorable encounters I had with him after using the medicine, one time I found myself standing beside him in front of a huge instrument, similar to a giant harp, that was seemingly levitating in space. It had many strings of different hues; I remember red, yellow, blue, green and shades in between. It was lying flat, and looked like a harp would look if tipped over on its side, while a worker dressed in white was attending to the instrument and ran to and fro keeping it working. God and I stopped to talk to him briefly and I was awed at how happy he seemed to be while performing this task. He kept a white kerchief in his back pocket to wipe at his brow occasionally, but he seemed completely content and even proud to be in charge of keeping the strings in good working order. Even though I don't remember having this conversation by speaking words, God communicated to me that this instrument was kind of a universal 'thought-catcher'; that through this instrument reality is created, because it collects all of human thought and shapes it into our present reality. That our thoughts create reality is something I had heard many times in the new-agey town I had been living in prior to moving to the central part of my state, but I never deeply connected with such a concept; until that moment, it seemed a bit far-fetched.

But here, in front of me, sat an actual mechanism for the creation of reality, which was a machine designed to specifically capture all thought processes and fashion them into reality, both the good and the bad. I was speechless. I knew that this was something that God wanted me to absorb; he wanted me to deeply meditate on this concept that I had initially rejected. We spoke briefly to the worker who was busily maintaining the machine and I could tell this little man was the salt of the Earth; someone who worked hard, with pride, and who took great pleasure in his work and the importance of his position.

I felt so close to God that day, so stunned and so honored that he would choose me of all people to reveal such a universal secret to. I wondered what I had done to deserve it; part of me knew that he was showing me compassion because he knew how deep my pain was after having my heart broken like it had been. I felt indescribably thrilled that I had been shown such a mystery of how things work in the universe. Soon I was delivered back in my own bed and the last thing I remember him saying was for me to 'remember the strings and Be Positive!'. He placed a lot of emphasis on the last two words, and I knew why. I had come to realize through my experiences

with God and Christ that I was an intensely negative person. I was jaded, I used a lot of profanity, I was lazy and felt hopeless a lot of the time and had pretty much given up on life. God was telling me, and showing me, just how my thoughts actually became part of the fabric of reality; they were woven into it every second and they created the garment that I wore in my daily life. Those simple instructions seemed to me to be a monumental task. Me? Be Positive? Oh boy, that was going to take work.

Chapter 12: A Frightening Experience

The majority of my experiences with God the Father while using the medicine were very warm, comforting, and reassuring. One time in particular, though, I remember being very frightened; God was with me and I expressed my fear to him. He said simply, “then go to sleep” and held his hand out in my direction with a finger pointed at me. Just like that, I lay my head down and began to feel drowsy, like a little child. I was awed in that instance of just how powerful this Deity is, that he could literally reach into my brain and induce sleep like that just to comfort me.

But he could also induce visions that were quite terrifying. One such instance was a vision in which the rapture of Christian doctrine happened. During this vision, I saw a bunch of people being sucked up through tubes all over the world, going up into the clouds. I remember being at the ‘heaven’ end of one, watching a mother and father and child going up through one. Then, just as the Bible has predicted, the ‘devil’ took over the world. Every time I tried to pray to God during this frightening experience, I heard the words ‘Satan is your master now’ in my head. I then heard a strange metallic voice that was broadcast all over the Earth when he was taking over the planet. I saw that one of my heroes in the movement of ex-Muslim secularist activists was seen being arrested. Then immediately I was shown myself being put into a vat of acid. I got to a point where I just could not stand these negative images anymore and I hurried outside to try to get away from this awful experience because I was so stunned at what was happening inside my own head; going outside to be with my animals was something that had always abated the panic attacks and unpleasant visions in the past. Suddenly I heard the tinkling of the wind chimes that used to belong to my beloved father, and then I heard his voice say that ‘everything is going to be okay in the end’. I was so relieved to hear this that I thanked him out loud.

This experience seemed to last hours, though it probably wasn’t very long at all; time would always slow down so much when I was under the influence of the medicine that it was probably only a few minutes during which all these things happened. I was stunned at the drastic difference between this experience and most of my other ones. This was the first time that God had so closely referenced Christian doctrine in an experience he gave me; so many things that were not biblical (such as reincarnation and Christ being the consciousness of the Sun) had been confirmed to me, that I was shell-shocked to find this aspect of Christian theology suddenly thrust into my psyche. I did not know what to make of it. I would understand it a little more with each less than positive experience such as this, but it would take a long time before I could fully absorb what God was trying to impart to me in this vision.

Chapter 13: Jesus in My Backyard

Even though it was pretty clear to me by now that God and Jesus wanted me to write about my experiences, I couldn't seem to do anything but procrastinate. Every day I told myself that this was the day I would sit down and start writing, and every day I made another excuse, hour by hour, until it was nighttime and I was 'too tired', and so would promise myself and God that I would start the next day. The longer this dragged on, the more I was mortified by just how my true character was being revealed to me. God was showing me who I was, and I did not like what I was learning. I had been making excuses for myself for over a decade, feeling like a failure and like I did not fit in anywhere on Earth.

I had seemed to fail at everything I tried throughout my adult life. I had taken a medical transcription course just at the advent of voice-automated software, something which greatly thinned out the employment potential for new transcriptionists. I signed up to take a computer course that ended up coinciding with the most tumultuous time my family has ever experienced; it became so emotionally draining that I would sit at my computer desk at night with my mind spinning like a top, reading my textbook over and over but unable to absorb anything in front of me. Then, halfway through this course, I found out I would not be receiving any more financial aid; I was working as a janitor so I barely made enough to live on, much less pay for school classes. I ended up having to drop my goal of getting an associate degree and instead change to a one-year certification class, something I knew would not qualify me for employment anywhere. I had even tried nursing school prior to my attempt at the computer course; after studying nightly for nine months just to learn the math to pass the admissions test, I made it through one semester before my memory impairment made it impossible for me to retain information about the drugs we would be giving each patient the next day. I left nursing school out of fear I would make a miscalculation and kill someone with the wrong dosage of medicine, a mishap that a beloved member of my family had been a victim of decades prior. I did not want to cause another family the kind of grief my family had experienced, so I finally had to admit to myself that I was not going to be able to be a nurse. I had put so much effort into just getting into the nursing program that I grieved over my decision to leave for a very long time; the grief was compounded by the fact that I was now living at home with my parents again and therefore I had not just failed, but I had failed in front of my family this time, too.

And here I was failing again, at doing something Christ himself had asked me to do. I couldn't believe my capacity to procrastinate and put off writing using any feasible excuse. In one experience while I was using the medicine, Christ came to see me, and I could feel his disappointment that I had not placed writing about my experiences at the center of my life. I felt as if he was bewildered that I would not make it more important. I was lollygagging through my life convinced that my existence didn't matter much to anyone except my animals. I had adopted major depression as a lifestyle; having run the gamut of psychiatric drugs with harrowing experiences, I had sworn them off completely, determined to only use the over-the-counter medicine to deal with my anxiety when I became frazzled and anxious beyond my control. This way I could function in my daily life and still 'reset' my emotional state when I got strung out on my anxiety and anger and couldn't bring myself back down to a relaxed state.

I was embarrassed to be in the presence of the Sun God this time, (which is how I experienced Christ at this point because I had not yet been shown the truth about the crucifixion; I was still

looking for proof of it through my research), because he seemed so frustrated with me and about to give up on me. At one point he just simply walked away from me. I didn't quite know how to handle this because I was very aware that I was completely disrespecting the over-awing power of the forces I was dealing with. The next time I experienced his presence, something shifted, and I felt myself being pressed down into a level below the floor somehow; I realized I was being pushed into hell. I felt myself growing hot, and to my dismay my next thought was "I can take this". This was how great my fear of writing down my experiences was, that I seemed to almost want to accept my fate rather than comply with God's will and write about my them. For a moment it began to grow very dark, and then I was just as suddenly released; I realized I had just been given a taste of what my future in the afterlife would be if I did not write down these experiences and share them with others. Jesus and God had asked me to write about my encounters and there was no getting around it.

Later on, still bewildered and scared from that small experience of hell I had been forced into confronting, I decided to go sit outside for a while. After a few minutes I heard what sounded like an airplane. I looked up expecting to see one, but instead, to my complete shock, I saw the Sun God's head in the clouds; he was literally walking through my backyard, but he was so tall he stretched from the ground to the stratosphere. I knew that the consciousness of the Sun would have to be enormous, but this astounded me. He appeared to be a shimmery bluish-silver as he walked through my yard, stretching from the ground to the clouds like a living, breathing skyscraper. I sat there in complete shock; my mouth dropped open and I remember hearing myself say, "oh my God, oh my God" over and over as I watched this enormous figure amble through my yard.

I was left very shaken and rattled by this experience. I had to conclude, of course, that the reason for his appearance in my backyard was that he wanted me to see something approaching his true size and majesty, so that I would know the full power of the force I was dealing with. After he disappeared from my view and I had gathered my senses, I got on the internet to see if there was any way of finding whether a sonar disturbance had taken place during the time the Sun God was walking through my backyard. I never found any way of verifying what I had just witnessed but it made a lasting impression on me. I remembered that I had read somewhere that one of the versions of the crucifixion rejected from being part of the Gospels was that when Christ arose the next day, he walked out of the cave in which his body was housed and he was as tall as a skyscraper. At the time, I discarded that notion arrogantly, thinking to myself that it was anachronistic, being that there were no 'skyscrapers' in existence during that time. However, this experience shook my insides to jelly and made me realize it was very possible this version of events could have actually taken place, based on what I had just seen.

Chapter 14: Pumpkin

I had moved our 17-year-old cat Pumpkin into my parents' house because she seemed to be going blind. The fleas created some tension, so out of frustration I took Pumpkin to live out in my cabin behind my parents' house with me and my other cats. It was a terrible mistake, one I will always struggle to forgive myself for. In May of that year we had a terrible heat wave, with temperatures close to what they would normally be in July. I did not have air conditioning in my cabin because tree roots had grown through the underground line the previous year; instead I ran a large industrial fan, and that May I was even periodically wetting down the cats who lay in front of the fan all day to stay cool. Thankfully the cabin was shaded by an enormous oak tree I called Reginald Peterson; without that tree, the cabin would not have been livable for late spring and summer months.

I had figured out by that time that Pumpkin had been in my life more than once and had been someone special to me in the past, and that she had some unique qualities. Twice in the days before I had taken her out to the cabin, I had put her the laundry room in my parents' house, and twice after searching the laundry room high and low for her, I had found her in my parents' bedroom. There was no entrance from the laundry room into my parents' room whatsoever, they are separated by a wall and there is no passage between them, not even the tiniest of holes. This was something I never found an explanation for, but I wondered how on Earth it could have happened. Another time, while using the medicine, I was sitting with her on my lap and she seemed to be talking to me telepathically. Suddenly, she seemed very old; her hair and coat appeared as various shades of gray instead of her normal calico, and I realized at once that she had been in my life previously, when I was a young girl. "You don't remember me?" she asked my mind. That was when I realized she had been special to me at one time and had incarnated in a different form to me earlier in my life.

While my boy cats spent their days laying in front of the fan that spring, Pumpkin wanted nothing to do with them. She was old and female, and even though they were neutered it seemed that she wanted to be as far away from them as possible. She spent most days laying on a tote on the screen porch. One day I noticed she seemed listless, and I realized she was too hot, so I took her back inside my parents' house. However, the listlessness remained; after several days I researched her symptoms on the computer and to my dismay it said she probably was in kidney failure and I should have taken her to the vet when she her listlessness first appeared. Since she was seventeen years old, it was probably much harder for her to bounce back from what I had to admit to myself was her having overheated. I ended up taking her to the vet, and because of her age and frailty we ended up euthanizing her. I felt terrible about the entire situation and was desperate to reach out to her in the spirit world.

In my grief I decided to use the medicine and see if I could contact her; to my surprise, when I called her name, a voice full of righteous anger confronted me. "How dare you address me!" she cried. "You took me out to that hot-ass place just so you wouldn't have to listen to your mother complain about the fleas! You killed me!" Then it seemed as if she took hold of me. Suddenly I felt myself getting hot and burning inside. It became too much to bear, and I said out loud, "I don't think I can feel this anymore", and let go of her. I sat up completely stunned. The effects of the medicine seemed to disappear at once. I couldn't make heads or tails of what had just

happened, because it was so unexpected, but I knew one thing: Pumpkin was furious with me and I deserved it.

Later when I lay down in bed, I heard a female voice say, with great compassion, “it hurt her to do that to you”. Suddenly, things began to make sense. I realized that instead of being angry and wanting to vent to me, she was trying to communicate a message to me. I slowly realized that she had not been furious with me, as I had suspected. She had reacted in anger and hate so that her spirit would fall into the hell realms. She then connected spiritually with me so that I could feel what lack of forgiveness causes to happen. The burning feeling I had experienced was how it felt to be in the ‘lake of fire’; Pumpkin wanted me to be aware of what my lack forgiveness of someone in my life would cost me in the end, because that was the exact situation that I was in with another person who had passed on, and I had used very similar sentiments to that person once when I communicated with them while I was under the influence of the medicine. This was why she even used my phrasing when she yelled at me; “hot-ass place” was definitely akin to something I would say, and she wanted me to hear how I sounded.

When I realized she had put herself in the hell realms and touched my soul to share the results of lack of forgiveness with me, I was awed at her selflessness and her compassion for me even though it was my stupidity and absent-mindedness that contributed to her death. Instead of despising me, she used her death to teach me a lesson about what lack of forgiveness of others costs on the other side. I put her in a precarious and miserable situation, and she was kind and forgiving and benevolent even after death. This experience will always stay with me as proof of her uniqueness; clearly, she was practiced and wise enough to know how to make her soul fall temporarily into the hell realms, and selfless enough bear the pain of this experience to share with me what my own anger and lack of forgiveness would bring about. Up until that point I had tried researching to find out whether human beings could incarnate in animal form, and most sources I found said that they could not. Pumpkin’s death and visitation to me from the afterlife proved to me that most living things can have a soul, in whatever form they take. After the day of her death I immediately gathered all the cats and brought them into my parents’ house in the air-conditioning, where they stayed until we moved later that summer.

Chapter 15: Reincarnation

One of the main things I learned during all these experiences while using the medicine is that reincarnation is a spiritual truth. Even though concepts surrounding reincarnation had been squelched out of Christian doctrine in the first half of the first millennium A.D, apparently due to the machinations of Roman Emperor Justinian and his wife Theodora, it was commonly accepted in most major religions before it was erased out of Christian reality and is still commonly accepted in many faiths as a reality to this day.

Another thing that I have learned is that there are different levels of the hells. There is a pit where people sit waiting for varying lengths of time, in a dark and dank cave like atmosphere, wondering how they can atone for their crimes, seemingly trapped by their own negative thoughts and lack of forgiveness for themselves or others in their prior existence. This location may be what the Catholics refer to as 'purgatory'. Then there is the 'lake of fire' where it becomes very hot, where the soul is possibly being cleansed for reincarnation into the next life. This region seems very much to be associated with anger; it is the region my cat Pumpkin allowed me to feel by selflessly putting herself there via her outburst of anger at me. Another time I was only briefly exposed to a level of hell that may have been this same 'lake of fire'; in this one, though, I was able to see into it as well as feel it, and the faces of those living there kept morphing into monstrous visages of melting flesh. It seemed that the people trapped there were intentionally trying to be frightening; whatever their crimes in life, they were still angry, still toxic, not ready to let go of their rage and move on into the next incarnation.

The lowest region seems to be where the agents of the dark consciousness, or 'the devil', dwell. Though I never came to a complete understanding of how people ended up in this lowest level of the hell regions, it is possible they may have fled the punishments of God and given their soul to (or become overwhelmed by) the dark spirits. The former humans who dwell in this realm wear dark hooded shrouds, and nothing is left of their bodies but a skeleton. Many times, while using the medicine, I saw these dead spirits set upon a new arrival into this region all at once and stab them repeatedly; this usually was something I saw in the wee hours of the morning. These people seem to feel that their crimes against others have put them beyond hope, and that they have no chance of forgiveness in the eyes of God.

Near the beginning of my experiences on the medicine I was in the midst of making a very serious mistake in my personal conduct, and the Father God allowed me to approach this level (against my will) a few times; I have never felt pure terror like that in my life and hope never to again. Another aspect of this region of hell that I experienced was that the smell of it seemed to get stuck in my throat during the time the Father God was exposing me to this; it was the smell of gasoline and something else burning, and I couldn't get it out of my throat for days. I was so desperate to get this awful taste and smell out of consciousness that I actually started smoking again for a few weeks because I couldn't stop tasting and smelling the gasoline. I understand completely now why the Father God caused this to happen, though, because my conduct was seriously in error and had the potential to have a huge impact on an innocent person's life. I am beyond grateful for this intervention because I would not have been able to live with the consequences had I continued on the path I was on, and had the worst outcome happened.

Jesus often took me into the hells wrapped in his protection when I prayed for people who had transgressed against me in the past. Because my soul was literally in the body of Christ when I was using the medicine, I was not harmed, and I was unafraid most of the time, though I am sure it would have been a terrifying experience had I been forced to enter into that place alone. At first, I was just praying for people with whom I had had some relationship in life, and asking Jesus to please carry their souls back up to heaven (which he did time and again). It seems that many people rise and fall over and over again in the afterlife as they continually seek peace and forgiveness for acts they committed prior to passing on; at least in the cases of those that can't forgive themselves. Something as seemingly innocuous as living people discussing their transgressions openly can trigger their shame and cause them to fall into lower regions of the hells, hence the expression, "don't speak ill of the dead".

Things began shifting after I began to go with Jesus down into the different hell realms while on the medicine, seeking to find and forgive those that had transgressed against me in life. Not long after Jesus had started carrying me down to retrieve my transgressors, I was shown an auditorium of shrouded spirits sitting very patiently and still, as if they were using their best manners, and Sol, the Sun God, in the form of Jesus, was standing there in front of them as if to say, "what about them?" It was clear that they wanted to be prayed for as well, and that Jesus wanted me to pray for them. I had had an experience prior to this (while praying) in which the Father God had shown me the actual physical quality of prayer; it seems to have a bluish-green quality to it and actually builds a bridge which connects the person praying to God. In this experience, as I prayed, the bluish-green light began to slowly spiral upward in the form of a wispy cloud; it was kind of a healing spiritual light, and Jesus seemed to be showing me that this light emanating from my prayers could reconnect the shrouded spirits with God and allow them to cross over into their next existence.

At first, I had just been praying for people who had specifically wronged me, but for a while, each time I began my prayers, a line of shrouded spirits started to form and walk forward and slowly past me. It was clear that somehow my prayers were affecting them. This is the only aspect of the entire experience that stayed with me for a time after I ceased using the medicine; for a while, I would still see them form a line in my mind's eye every time I started to pray for the souls of people who had transgressed against me. It became extremely clear that it was very important that these people be prayed for and forgiven, that Jesus himself wanted them to know that they could be forgiven and delivered from even the lowest region of hell if other people prayed for them.

Then, in yet another deepening of my experience using the medicine, Christ began to carry me to find shrouded souls hiding from his light in the darkest possible places on Earth. These souls that Christ carried me with him to find were hiding all over the world, in the most remote places, as far away as they could get from light of any kind. A few times Christ even carried me underwater, something that was extremely frightening to me the first time it happened. In this instance, when I had begun praying for a particular soul from my past, we suddenly seemed to be descending into a water holding tank of some kind and I realized I could not breathe; there was just no air to be had when I tried to inhale. I knew that the Sun God would not lead me anywhere I could not go, and I immediately prayed the Bible verse, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me". Immediately, I was again wrapped in his protection and able to continue; I can't explain it, I just no longer felt the complete vacuum when I tried to take a breath. I did not even know until that time that spirits can live underwater. For the very last experience in which he

carried me to lost souls hiding from his light, it was to the remains of an ancient city underground. I did not see any spirits, but once I began to pray my prayer for them to be blessed with forgiveness, I was hit with a great rushing of emotion and seeming joy, something that literally knocked my soul into outer-space, where I found myself floating among the stars. I had never experienced anything remotely similar to this and couldn't quite make sense of what it all meant. It seemed logical to conclude that there must have been a large number of spirits trapped in this particular location, because of the power their release must have had in order to propel me such a far distance.

I had once read, in a near-death experience I found online, about a 'reincarnation machine' that exists in the spiritual realm, and over time I saw bits and pieces of it; I had often wondered where it was that the shrouded ones were walking to each time they lined up and started walking toward me upon hearing my prayers. It soon became clear that the shrouded souls were boarding this machine for the roller coaster ride of their lives; at times I was given glimpses of them sitting in rows and flying through some realm of space at a very high rate of speed. Most of time, though, the main aspect of hell I was exposed to was when Jesus carried me in his body into the lowest level.

It seems to me that these hells exist for the primary reason of preparing at least some spirits for reincarnation. It has happened many times that I have prayed for this or that person to be removed from the hells and their soul carried to heaven, and Jesus and God have shown me either in dreams or experiences on the medicine that my prayers had been answered. I understand now the meaning of the expression 'may he rest in peace' and 'God rest his soul'; these were expressions that I had never understood until I started having these experiences. These expressions probably date back thousands of years, when people remembered that death was really a time of either rest or atonement before reincarnation into the next life. It also showed me the great importance of praying for the souls of people who have passed on to be carried to heaven; this is especially true of those that have harmed us.

I have also learned through bitter experience about the sayings 'don't speak ill of the dead' and 'think on the good' when it comes to conversation about people who have wronged us. I once heard a psychic tell someone about a transgressor of theirs that "their soul cannot rest until you forgive them". I have learned many painful lessons about this and found it to be very accurate. We must forgive the people who have wronged us once they pass on, otherwise they may 'fall' out of heaven into the hell realms because of pain and shame about their transgressions; these emotions seem to have a weight and spiritual darkness to them that pulls people down to the lower levels of the afterlife.

Because I was someone who was a terrible person in my life directly prior to this one, Jesus many times used me as an example to get other shrouded spirits to cross into the light and accept God's justice through reincarnation. When this first started happening, it terrified me to be in the presence of these shrouded ones, until Jesus himself appeared beside them; he seemed to be using me as a direct example, showing them my past crimes in my prior life and reassuring them that if I could be forgiven and be allowed to reincarnate and live a semi-functional and benevolent life, then there hope for them as well.

Prior to all of these experiences in the hell realms I had had several past life regressions, (mostly due to the interactions of, or my reaction to, the psychiatric drugs I had been prescribed during the time I was seeking help to treat my depression and anxiety) and I found them harrowing. It is

clear I suffered violence in some past lives and witnessed it happening to loved ones in others. But my actions in my life just prior to this one were devastating to me, when I was shown the person I had been. However, it became clear that even that abomination of a life could be used by the Jesus for a positive purpose, since he was using me as an example to these dead spirits that they too could be forgiven. For a short time at the very end of my use of the medicine, I was allowed to go with Jesus, the Sun God, to some of the darkest places on Earth, like mineshafts, caves, sewers, subways, and so on, to find these souls hiding from God and pray for them to cross over into the light of Christ. Christ seemed to communicate to them the nature of my crimes in my previous incarnation, and this gave them the reassurance they needed to seek another chance and put their trust in God again. (Just a few times, I got flashes of things these people had done to end up in the darkest, most hopeless region of the hells; the flashes I received were crimes of child abuse, animal torture, murder, etc.)

These were some of the most profound and moving experiences of my life, being carried across darkneses to find human beings in the most remote, dark, and cold places imaginable, hiding from God because they felt their crimes were too severe to merit forgiveness of any kind. I remember once being led by Christ into a very cold and dark place in the midst of a big city and encountering several shrouded spirits; there seemed to be many deceased people hiding in this miserable, wet, black place, which seemed to be a sewer or drain system. Jesus held me out in front as if to say, “look at who she was, and look what I have forgiven. If I can forgive her, you will be forgiven as well, and allowed to try again”. Suddenly I heard a kindly male voice say, “get the mother”, and several shrouded male spirits parted to make room for a heavily pregnant woman dressed in the same characteristic black shroud. She moved with great strain and caution as she climbed out of the darkness and crossed into the light of Jesus Christ, to seek her redemption. It still brings tears to my eyes to wonder what she felt her crime was that God would not forgive; had she died from a suicide, a drug overdose? But it was clear that the Sun God loved these people so dearly and wanted to help them in any way he could, if only they would entertain the notion that they *could* be receiving of his infinite forgiveness and compassion. Watching this shrouded woman crawl out of the darkness and labor to move into the light of Christ is an image that will never leave my mind, nor will the memory of these ‘demons’ moving out of the way to make a path for her to go first into the light of Jesus’ love and forgiveness. What Christ made clear to me is that these people, who seemed to be in the most peril one could possibly imagine, still had some measure of humanity left, no matter how hopeless their plight may have seemed.

That people seem to be able to exit these realms due to the forgiveness of Christ is not to be taken as encouragement for bad actors; I have read about and watched videos of many near-death and drug-induced experiences in hell where the survivors’ experiences all share a common thread: they felt they had been in hell for millions or billions of years. For whatever reason and by whatever mechanism, it is clear that when one does enter hell the experience does in fact seem like ‘eternity’, just as the Bible describes it. One can lose one’s soul to demonic possession there as well, and possibly never regain it, so it is imperative that each one of us do everything we can to avoid entering those realms, beginning with submitting to the spiritual authority of Christ by accepting his offer of salvation through repentance and forgiveness of our transgressions, during which he purifies our souls of the sins we have committed against ourselves and others and heals our souls to be like new, so that we don’t sink into the hell realms upon death because of the weight and darkness of our sins in our souls.

I was actually far more willing and eager to do this astral projecting into these dark and scary places than I was to sit at the computer and follow Christ's instructions to write down my experiences. I always felt safe in the body of Jesus, the Sun God, no matter where on Earth he carried me, even though sometimes I had a paranoid fear it was not him but the devil I was somehow interacting with. Jesus finally answered my worries about this in a dramatic way, though. He came to me at a time when I was not under the influence of the over-the-counter medicine. Into my mind he flashed an image of himself; he was sitting in a damp, dark alley with legs outstretched, wearing only the loincloth from the cross. He was bone thin, starving, his face ruddy from the weather. He looked homeless, desperate, despairing. This vision couldn't have lasted more than a few seconds, but the meaning couldn't have been clearer. He was telling me it was him that we were saving; it was him that we were pursuing into all of these dark places on Earth. I will never forget that image of Christ huddled in the dark alleyway waiting on whatever he thought would come; it made me think of the Bible verse that says, 'what you did for the least of these, you did for me'. I was so grateful to him for that small vision, that flash of reassurance that what we were doing by going all over the world to these most dark and hidden places to collect souls hiding from their own crimes was in fact something that was a holy mission of God; he was showing me that there was no crime he could not pardon, no sin too grave in his eyes to forgive.

One experience I had while doing this was different than the others, though. In this particular descent into the darkest regions of the hell realms, I was led to a darkened room in that seemed to be in a large cave. Unlike the other places I'd been where I felt there was no reason to be afraid, as I was under Christ's protection, in this place I felt as though there was some danger; it distinctly felt like we were not supposed to be there. Christ, or the guardian with me, (it was so dark I could not even see who led me through this blackened place) must have read my thoughts; he simply responded, "just keep praying", because I had been chanting the prayer that I always said for the shrouded figures, which was "God, please bless them with all the love and forgiveness that you have given to me".

The only light in this room emanated from a faint dome in the center of a large table. Around the table sat many shrouded figures, clearly plotting and planning. I did not understand what I was seeing, though I knew that this experience was different from all the other ones I had been led into by Christ. These figures were not seeking redemption. The guide and I crawled along the edge of the room while I prayed; in this experience I truly do not know if any crossed into the light. Soon I sometimes began to be shown this table of figures at night when I would begin my prayers. It was obvious to me that God and Christ felt prayer would work for these, the most powerful of the agents of the devil, as well, since God was clearly imploring me to pray for them. I never felt comfortable with this vision like I did the other ones; but it wasn't until the day of the eclipse, which I address in a later chapter, that it was revealed to me why I was so unsettled by being in this darkened room with these shrouded spirits who sat around this dimly lit table, lost in their machinations.

Chapter 16: My Struggle with Monotheism

For a long time, I didn't understand the reasoning behind monotheism, or why it was allowed to prevail. That changed when I began to notice that whenever I began research on polytheistic societies, I many times found evidence of child sacrifice once I dug deep enough. It seems clear from archaeological history of ancient communities all over the world that the worship of the moon is particularly troubling to God because the moon is a destructive consciousness that demands human sacrifice and animal sacrifice of its followers. Particularly devastating is the sacrifice of human children. In the 2nd episode of the Spanish language series "Hijos de las Estrellas", called "Mysteries of the Moon", archaeologists excavating a coastal South American community find the remains of a group of children who were sacrificed to the moon deity, presumably to increase the fishing community's yield. This is just one example that illustrates the danger of worshipping members of what the Judeo-Christian Bible calls the 'heavenly host', particularly the moon. These children were all found with markings on their breast bones that indicated that their chests had been cut open and their hearts removed, presumably while the children were still alive. This is a great example of the desire of malevolent consciousnesses to manipulate human beings into doing things that they will not be able to cope with in the afterlife, so that their souls 'fall' down into the hell realms where their torment will be so great that some will be forced to, or allow themselves to be swayed by, dark spirits into joining the 'army' of lost souls so that they are completely separated from God.

This evidence of human and animal sacrifice has been found all over the world; many societies of antiquity sacrificed both humans and animals to their deities. There is some evidence that that ancient Hebrews did as well, and may have worshipped the planet Saturn initially; interestingly Saturn has a hexagonal feature at its north pole that some have linked with the star of David. Saturn is known as Kronos in the Greek tradition, a deity famous for 'eating his own children'. Though there is disagreement about to which deity these children were sacrificed, in part because of the changing name of the Yahweh deity throughout Hebrew history, noted in an interview of Thom Stark in The Huffington Post by writer Valerie Tarico, there is evidence that children were offered as sacrifices in ancient Israel. This pattern of child sacrifice is found all over the ancient world and in the pre-colonial Americas as well.

It is possible that these peoples were using mind-altering substances under the influence of which they communicated with the astronomical bodies that they worshipped, and it can be concluded that in some cases it was during these experiences of mystic trance that instructions were given on whom to sacrifice and why. The danger lies in not trusting one's own heart when it comes to what the entities or spirits are asking a person to do; this seems to be how ancient cultures got in trouble with destructive consciousnesses and committed such brutal acts of sacrifice of humans and animals that, not surprisingly, may have caused their whole culture to eventually fall to ruin. Research has suggested that child sacrifice was particularly prevalent in times of war. Sometimes nobles were asked to sacrifice their own children, but they were also known to sacrifice the children of others as substitutes.

Given the recurring evidence for human sacrifice in polytheistic societies, it seems entirely possible that this is why human beings were encouraged by the Father God to adhere to monotheism. With the tenuous link of Moses to the Sun-worshipping monotheistic religion of

Akhenaten in Egypt, about which even Sigmund Freud was intrigued and wrote a book on the subject, and the falling into human sacrifice of many religions for various reasons from food shortages to times of warfare, the narrative of the voluntary sacrifice of his own life that Christ himself committed began to make more and more sense to me. I finally began to understand that God sent his son Jesus/Sol to incarnate as a human being on this Earth so that he could make it known that human beings could attain redemption through submitting to the spiritual authority of Christ and God, by repenting of transgressions and asking forgiveness. Jesus commanded human beings to love one another, which, with his message of Salvation, was why he was accused of sedition and executed. His command for human beings to love one another and to love God was radically different from the culturally entrenched beliefs that one must take life, through human and animal sacrifices, to win the favor of God.

Something else I learned during the time I was using the legal substance is that while the various consciousnesses of spirits, whether formerly planetary bodies or human beings, can disguise themselves in an auditory sense, it is at least less common that they are allowed to do so visually. I can't say definitively if this is a hard and fast spiritual rule; though it is clear that visions seem far more trustworthy than auditory instructions, in my experience. It is imperative for us to be careful of what reactions we have to instructions that may 'pop into' our mind to take this or that action; this is especially true in times of anger or panic. In Middle Eastern tradition, malevolent spirits causing harm to humans this way is called 'whispering into the heart'. I think it is a very apt way of describing what I have experienced, and have observed in the lives of others who have 'lost control' in moments of extreme emotion: that malevolent consciousnesses wait patiently for a time when each human being may 'lose control' of their emotions so that they may be deterred from God's will for their life, and urged to do evil to other living beings, no matter how virtuous a person that they normally are.

Perhaps Freud and others were right in theorizing that Moses was in fact from the court of Akhenaten, the Egyptian pharaoh who formed a Sun worshipping community in Egypt (which was abandoned after Akhenaten's death). It is clear the events of the old testament were anachronistic in many ways, and there is much speculation about the true dates of the exodus out of Egypt. Whatever the timeline, the more I read about these events, the more I wonder if the reason that the Jewish tribes were said to be blessed by God was that they turned away from the worship of the multitude of stars and planets of the so-called 'heavenly host', and began to give their allegiance to the great creator God that would not ask them to continue to perform barbaric human and animal sacrifice. The Sun God's incarnation as Jesus Christ made this explicit and freed humanity from these manipulative and violent gestures that malevolent spiritual consciousnesses had conned humans into participating in.

In some accounts of human sacrifice, it appears that children, adults, and animals were burned alive in order to be sacrificed to the various deities; indeed, very barbaric contraptions were artistically rendered in order to perform these 'burnt offerings'. It is clear to me, at least, from interacting with the Sun God, that he would never ask a 'sacrifice' of God's human or animal children whom he loves so much and each of whom is here for a reason. Whatever the astral or planetary source, these requests or demands for sacrifice are given with malevolent intent. One consistent cord throughout the 'life reviews' talked about in many near-death experiences is that we review our own behavior throughout our life and then we must feel the effects of our behavior on others. One can only imagine the effect of a life review on people who have instituted or demanded these brutal and horrific sacrifices of humans and animals when they are

made to feel the pain they have inflicted on others, especially children; it is clear to me from many of my trips into the hells with Jesus while using the medicine that many people who transgress against others like this simply will not be able to forgive themselves and may fall to lower and lower levels of the hells in the afterlife.

While knowledge about these various regions of the afterlife has been lost in much of the west, it is clear to me after many encounters with these different levels on the medicine that this process does exist in the spirit world; Buddhism refers to it as the 'bardo', and Roman Catholicism calls part of it 'purgatory', but it is clear that there was once an understanding that one must atone for particularly egregious sins of this existence before moving on to the next life.

While we have lost the spiritual knowledge of reincarnation in the west to some degree, eastern tradition experienced no such censorship about spiritual reality; therefore, practitioners are taught that the goal of life was to keep oneself spiritually in line in order not to reincarnate into a less than desirable existence; this is commonly referred to as 'karma'. Some new age teachings take a different point of view; they posit that newly born souls will choose an existence of 'living large' whereas the older the soul, the more difficult and obscure the existence they will volunteer for in order to achieve the most spiritual growth. Based on my own knowledge, I wasn't sure the spirits in the lowest regions of hell had much of a choice in all of this; since they were reincarnating from the lowest hell region, it seemed they might be preparing to receive karmic justice.

At a point in my journey, about a year before I ceased taking the medicine altogether, I was told that I 'still had some darkness to go through'. I did not know what that meant but I was about to find out. I awoke one morning to find a man's profile directly in my mind's eye. I thought it was a malevolent spiritual consciousness and grew increasingly upset; I prayed to Jesus to get him 'out of my face', at which point Jesus appeared in my mind's eye between the man's profile and me. (At this point I was not under the influence of the medicine.)

As hours passed and I began to see a story unfold in my mind's eye, I realized that what I was seeing was someone's life play out, as in a theater. It was one of the most disturbing things that has ever happened to me. The story of this man's life would get very sharp and clear, occasionally with color, then blur out for days. Sometimes it would appear as line drawings, sometimes as shadows, sometimes as a cartoon. On and on it went; days turned into weeks and then into months. Eventually it became clear that what I was watching was the life review of a former life of mine, most likely the one directly prior to this existence. It was clear this person was a criminal, with a propensity for violence and very few redeeming qualities.

Based on what I saw when this began, it is probable he had grown up in a wealthy home; however, it was one in which there was little love and he was not provided much attention, and possibly abused. I was not clear about the details of his early life because I was initially so alarmed at what was going on in my head that I literally missed the whole story of his childhood by refusing to close my eyes unless it was absolutely necessary, for sleep. (I even considered seeking psychiatric help for what was going on in my head but I knew that ultimately their solution would be psychiatric drugs, which I feared might make my mind an even scarier place to dwell.) I think my missing his childhood was as God intended anyway, since it was clear God did not want me to place the blame for this man's behavior on someone else, but to watch his play out and observe the poor choices that he had made, which had caused other people untold suffering. I gathered, finally, from his actions (which were beyond deplorable) that I had reincarnated into this life as a victim of some of the actions that he had taken against others. It

was a hard lump to swallow for someone who always thought of myself as a victim of my circumstances. I am in no way saying this is a universal experience; I can only speak for myself in this instance.

The point of view from which I witnessed all of this was that of someone standing directly over the man's right shoulder; all my life I had heard the saying, "the angel over my right shoulder" and I was astounded to realize this to be a spiritual truth. I had also heard the phrase "the watchers" from the Bible, and I now understood that these are real spiritual beings; either Jesus Christ, or perhaps some of the angels, stand at our right shoulder our entire lives, watching everything that we do and observing and feeling our lives along with us. Apparently, this information must remain in some kind of collective vault of experience, since during life reviews it is said that once a person has reviewed their own life, they then must feel the feelings of every person who has been impacted by their behavior. I wasn't at that point yet; I was just watching the abominable and sick behavior of this person I apparently used to be. I had had, prior to this, several very brief past life regressions, but nothing that lasted as long as this experience.

Through this living life review and all the rest of my experiences, my beliefs were beginning to coalesce, and I was beginning to understand why a world-wide return to polytheism wouldn't solve the world's problems. It seems like humanity exists in bit of a conundrum with spirituality where polytheism can degrade into a horribly brutal society replete with human and animal sacrifice as more and more mentally ill people gain power and are willing to commit atrocities and allow them to be committed against their fellow humans. Since many of these ancient cultures used mind-altering drugs to access the spirit world, they fell right into the trap malevolent entities had laid for them; these malevolent entities clearly used this opportunity to ask them to commit atrocities against their fellow beings in exchange for military gain or political advancement and accumulation of wealth. To these kinds of sociopaths, who are known to make their way to the very top of all societies, the nature of the consciousness they are dealing with in the spirit world doesn't matter; all that matters is that the outcome be in their favor, and the ends always justify the means. And this just applies to the malevolent consciousnesses that we know about; for instance, the prior physical body of the moon was destroyed with a collision with either Earth or Venus billions of years ago and this left it with a depraved, unforgiving mentality, which sank into the hell realms with other bad actors intent on mayhem and destruction. But we don't know the history of any of the other planets or their moons. We are literally surrounded, as humans, by any number of astronomical consciousnesses that may be good, bad, or indifferent.

What I had learned from all my experiences, though, is that the consciousness of the Sun, our star, is wholly loving, good, peaceful, compassionate, and kind. It is clear that Jesus Christ incarnated on Earth, in part, to end these very brutal and unnecessary human and animal sacrifices, and to teach human beings how to attain purification of their souls by repenting of their transgressions and asking forgiveness of God and Christ, our spiritual authorities, (rather than having to wait until the afterlife and possibly sink into the hell realms for atonement). This living Salvation provided through the mercy of God and Christ is a far cry from the human and animal sacrifices that were used by these ancient cultures for atonement before their gods.

Another reason I had resisted belief in monotheistic faith was what I saw as the misogynistic bent of its philosophy. I had interpreted the male-gendered monotheist Gods of modern culture as making a God of every male alive, but nothing could be further from the truth of my own

experience while interacting with these two male Deities. The gender of the Father God and the Sun God just happen to be male. Male superiority is something I have never intuited from either deity, neither stated nor implied. They simply are male, no hierarchy needed. They love both male and female equally, and it seems that most of us incarnate as both male and female over many different lifetimes. True monotheism such as Christianity implores humanity to love the Sun God as Jesus, his human incarnation, because to him and the Father God we will return after our brief mortal experiences on Earth. When our bodies die, our spirit either goes back home to the Kingdom of the Father God, or it seeks the level of its karma for period of atonement for past wrongs. For those that sink into the hell realms this is potentially spiritually fatal, because the danger of being overpowered and “possessed” by demonic entities far more powerful than human beings is great. Equally clear to me now is the fact that we can affect the souls of those that have passed on by giving them our forgiveness and prayer, so that they do not sink to lower levels and end up in torment and possibly demonic possession.

Christ made it clear by his incarnation as a mortal being on Earth that we as human beings can receive everything we need spiritually from following his and God’s teachings alone. We do not have to risk interacting with astronomic consciousnesses of which we do not know the true nature or understand what their intentions may be. Some do seek to cause us harm. The Sun God does not; it became clear to me, after time and time again he wrapped me in his warm, peaceful presence, that all he wanted was for me to feel just how intensely he loved me. It was, finally, a wonderful resolution of deeply worrisome confusion in my mind about why exactly monotheism had been mandated by God the Father and allowed to flourish on Earth. I have come to my own resolution with this, although for a time I tried to follow Buddhism and other eastern teachings. While they all made sense on the surface and seemed to resonate with reason and respect for compassion, justice, and fairness, I have read too many near-death experiences that seem to suggest that humans must have some belief in God or God will not acknowledge our spirits when we pass on. No one knows, of course, until it is their time at bat, but it seems that mental processes such as reason and logic do not suffice in the spirit world, and that we need a spiritual belief in a greater power to carry our soul through the spiritual realms after death. Since our souls are quite possibly made of the same substances as the Sun itself, it seems wise to hitch our wagon to a Star, literally: Sol, the King of our solar system, in his incarnation as Jesus Christ.

Chapter 17: Cursing and Riding in Cars

Not only did I have many interactions with Jesus and God during the time I was using the over-the-counter medicine, but I also began to have dreams that I felt were messages from them as well, because of imagery and themes that were consistent with what I saw in my mind's eye visions on the medicine. It has become a relief to me to know that God the Father and the Sun God, Jesus Christ, will always communicate to me through my dreams whatever they need me to know, even though I no longer use the over-the-counter medicine. In one particular instance, I had one of these dreams concerning my having trouble with my use of profanity. I had started using colorful speech in college when I sought to make an identity for myself outside of my religious family. But as the years went by I never abandoned the habit. Instead, my habit only worsened; and as someone well into middle age I became aware that it was no longer a trait that suggested simply rebellion. In someone my age, constant profanity denoted bitterness and anger at life, something I did not want to embody. I decided that it was time to clean up my speech a bit, so I would at least appear to be more at peace with my life, even though I didn't always feel like that was true.

I was given a dream one night of myself holding a little baby, then I was shown myself swearing and acting angrily, with hateful expressions on my face. At first the baby in my arms looked surprised, but then he began to become afraid, and he flinched and pulled himself as far away from me as he could get, while still being in my arms. I woke up with these images still in my consciousness, saddened by how I was clearly affecting the child, who seemed alarmed and then legitimately frightened by my behavior. In the dream there was the same golden hue around the child that had always accompanied the presence of Jesus Christ when he appeared to me in visions. The images of the golden-hued child and of my own angry countenance had a profound effect on me. It was made clear to me that I was in fact being hurtful to others when I was saying what I was saying, and that to an innocent audience my anger came across as toxic and threatening.

Right after having this dream, I remembered that once I had been shown in an experience on the medicine that I was a very angry person; not just that, but that I was completely unaware of how deep-seated my anger actually was. I was shown an image of myself with the head of a bull that turned blood-red as steam came out of my nose from my anger. God was making it clear to me that this was where the profanity was coming from; my anger was so deep I wasn't even able to express it because it went so far back, and this was why I eventually developed the habit of expressing my anger online. I had been doing this for years just like many keyboard warriors; I was expressing anger in ways in which I would never be allowed to do in real life.

It scares me now to think of just how much harm I did in being short and sarcastic and wounding with people online, because I know how many times I have been hurt by people being this way to me. I did not know at the time (and it still gives me shivers to think about now) what I might have done to my soul during this time. Even though my forays into the online world were just about debating liberal politics on democratic sites, and commenting on gossip sites and sites about reality tv, it bothers me immensely how emotionally involved I got in things that did not concern me in the least. I was giving myself negative 'karma', so to speak, for years by mistreating other people online simply because there was no one to put constraints on my behavior, and I was not constraining myself.

I look at those years as ‘lost’ years, where I simply wasted my time in the abyss of the internet; I wasn’t doing any true activism besides signing online petitions and I was spending my time arguing with like-minded people in my own political party about the finer points of issues we actually agreed on. I am grateful every time that God and Jesus send me an intervention like the one in this dream, to show me that my actions are affecting other people in ways that I am completely unaware of. I still struggle with profanity because it is a habit I engaged in for over thirty years. I only speak for myself, though, about my struggles with this habit; I am not declaring it right or wrong for anyone else, I just know it is something that bothers me when I do it and I am also bothered by the lack of self-control over my anger that constantly reasserts itself when my sailor-mouth makes an appearance.

Another way in which Jesus/The Sun God has communicated to me through dreams are recurring variations on a theme in which I ride in a car with either Jesus or the devil. The first dream I had like this was one in which I was driving in a car with my grandmother and a young girl; I recognized the girl to be a religious athlete I was a fan of. In the back seat of the car was an infant in a car seat; strangely, he was covered in sand. I took this sand covering to symbolize the truth about the nature of Christ being the human incarnation of the ancient Sun God that many cultures had worshipped over millennia. The dream seemed to be saying it was time now for him to be uncovered; the sand on his face and body seemed to denote an archaeological discovery, though this discovery was a beautiful infant who was very much alive in the present. I didn’t quite understand the purpose of the dream at the time, but I remembered that at the end of the dream, a voice simply said, “help us”; the ‘us’ seemed to refer to my Christian grandmother who walked her walk in a very devout way, and to the athlete who shared her faith with the entire world, as she would kneel and pray before every event. I was certain God was telling me to emulate these two women by helping to bring the message of Jesus to the world the way they did, in their actions and in their everyday behavior.

The next dream I had like this happened a day after I had seen a Paypal link on someone’s page online. I had thought about starting a church; this was at a time when I was still leaning toward a polytheistic approach to spirituality, though, so I am now glad I did not follow through. The night after I considered using a Paypal link to help get the church started, I was given a dream in which I was running around stealing cars with a brown-haired, blue-eyed man dressed in black leather; it only hit me later the significance of his appearance, that he resembled Jesus Christ but he really wasn’t. After he broke into a car, we jumped in and were just about to take off to go joy-riding. I happened to turn and look back just as we were pulling out of the parking lot and when I did, I saw a couple come running out of a building just as we drove off with their car. I saw the shock and dismay and fear and sadness on their faces; even the drooped posture of their bodies reflected their surprise and pain at the misfortune that had befallen them. I awakened from this dream very shocked at myself. It was obvious to me that God and Christ were telling me that there was just no way that any money could be associated with anything I did in their names; from this dream it was abundantly clear that in their eyes this was simply stealing. It made sense, of course, since neither God nor Jesus needed the money. I know they wouldn’t have any problem with me earning money doing labor for hire, but they made it clear that I was not to take any money for anything done in the name of God.

The latest dream I have had like this was after I had taken up a shopping habit. I had gotten a sum of money that I had been waiting on and slowly but surely I started buying way more material goods than I ever had in the past. I shopped mostly at thrift stores and sales but still I

had the gnawing knowledge that I was just spending more money than I needed to spend. I realized I was beginning to get a rush out of the shopping I was doing; part of the fun was just getting in the car and going somewhere, and because I had money in my bank account I was always finding an excuse to go running down to this or that thrift store. I always came out with handfuls of items for ten or twenty dollars at a thrift shop so I told myself that I was 'saving money' but the truth was I was spending money that I just didn't need to spend, and I was starting to run out of room to put these items. The fact that I was spending money at charity thrift stores made it even more appealing because I could tell myself I was contributing to charity through my new habit.

Shortly after this I got a television and started watching HGTV quite a bit; I told myself it was educational and motivating to watch hours of their home improvement shows, as they were making me inspired to want to do home projects. Soon after I had started making mental lists of all the things I'd like to buy and fix, I had a dream in which I was shopping at one of the big box home improvement stores. I saw a woman there who seemed friendly and attractive (it was not the first time that God had given me a dream in which an attractive woman was used to warn me that I was about to go astray). We started talking and soon I found myself riding in a black convertible with her. It seemed that I had taken some sort of drug because I found myself feeling intoxicated; I couldn't seem to feel much at all, in effect, I felt numbed out. There was a man driving the car whose face I could not see; he was her 'boss', she had told me, but I didn't know how I came to be riding in the car with him. Soon we were parked in the driveway of his house and he got out to go inside; it was then that I saw he had very dark, black eyes and a disfigured face; upon first glance it seemed like there was evil emanating from him.

I was mystified when I awakened from this dream because I couldn't piece together the meaning of it at first. Then slowly it dawned on me what God was trying to teach me. The good-natured, attractive woman was the seductive aspect of marketing; there was nothing negative at all in her approach, she only inspired positive emotions in me, so I had no warning that I was going astray. My 'drugged' feeling was from the very real emotions being produced when I was shopping so that I was not able to control my judgment about the amount of money I was spending or whether or not I needed the items I was buying. It was significant that the dream took place at this particular store because this was a place in which I was leaning toward spending a lot more money as I devoured hour after hour of home-improvement shows. And of course, the black car was once again a symbol of the devil's, or evil's, pathway; doing the devil's work by sliding into materialism and wasting money, and the end result of this would be arriving at his house, or hell itself. It was clear that God was telling me that I was definitely in the car, but the dream ended with me and the other woman still in the car; we hadn't gone into the devil's house, but the dream made it clear where that kind of behavior could lead.

These dreams always underscored for me just how much Jesus and God knew about me and exactly what was going on in my life; they seemed to know it even before I did, and they were kind and compassionate enough to give me warning through these dreams when I was going down the wrong path.

Chapter 18: Jesus Threw Me into Hell

My most painful experience using this legal substance was one during which Jesus threw me into hell. I did not experience the part everyone talks about where you burn, but I do have the awful memory of looking up and seeing the expression on Jesus's face as he threw me away; his frustration, his hurt, his expression of anger that I had betrayed him. Prior to this experience, in another one of my visions, God had taken me to the side of an impossibly deep pit (which I had also read about in other people's near-death experiences) and threatened me with being thrown in there if I ever again committed the kind of acts which I had committed in my prior life. In this experience it was Jesus who threw me into the pit, and as I began to fall I felt a terror that is hard to describe.

This happened during an experience on the medicine the evening of a solar eclipse. Jesus seemed devastated that I, of all people, had watched this event; I, who knew the moon was a dead planet with a depraved consciousness trapped in the hell realms, and who should have known better than to watch the spectacle of the darkness covering the light. At the time I wasn't clear on the fact that the consciousness of our satellite, while dwelling in the center of the Earth, in the hell realms, still identified with its physical shell, the moon. There was no warning of ill tidings about eclipses left anywhere in western culture; several weeks after the actual event I watched a video in which a Vedic astrologer was advising people to cover their windows and not go outside during eclipses, however this advice came too late. Prior to the eclipse I had listened to a western astrologer who said that 'energy' would come from the constellation Aquarius forward with the Sun's light being blocked out. I disregarded my own knowledge about the moon as irrelevant when I should have followed what I believed and knew to be true, instead of following other people's conclusions. I since have gained understanding that this tendency to share inaccurate information is one of the reasons God holds astrology in such poor regard, and doesn't want his followers paying attention to it.

Returning to the narrative of being thrown into hell, I was shown what it would be like on Earth if God and Jesus did give up on humanity and allowed what Christians refer to as the Rapture/Tribulations to happen. My feelings about why I was given these visions is because Sol, our star, which is apparently part or whole of the body of Christ, takes our making a spectacle of eclipse viewing as a celebration of darkness and of the devil itself. I do not know to what degree the spiritual remnant of the dead planet, the moon, and other malevolent agents of the hell realms are emboldened post-eclipse, but given the uptick in hurricanes, earthquakes, and forest fires evident in the United States directly after that eclipse, in the summer of 2017, it really makes one wonder.

In this terrifying eclipse-day vision, I saw demons spilling out of hell, coming up from the depths of the Earth. These were not the shrouded figures that I had interacted while with Christ, that still had some humanity left and sought redemption; these spirits seemed to have become fully malevolent agents of satan and were intent only on destruction. I saw that the shrouded men who sat in the darkened room in the center of the earth plotting and planning, who were clearly the highest ranked agents of the 'devil', maybe his generals or something similar, were released so that their destructive plans could come to fruition. In what was another terrifying part of the vision for me, after being thrown into hell, I was shown a vision of someone watching my house

from the road. It became clear to me in an instant that they, the malevolent agents of the hell realms, knew where I lived. The only reason I was kept safe, Jesus said to me, was “because I have been protecting you”.

Finally, at the end of this experience, I saw the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. Prior to this I had researched quite a bit, reading writers who swore it simply could not have happened because there was no documentation of it outside of the Gospels. But God briefly showed me our Savior being crucified, from a viewpoint a few feet above Christ’s head; in the flash of this event I was given, Jesus looked upward at the sky for a moment and the fear on his face was something that broke my heart. It was a vision of only a second or two, and even now I am not sure why this vision was one of the last I was given. But this cemented for me with finality the truth of the duality of the Sun God and his incarnation as a Jewish rabbi. Then I was shown women gathering around to receive his body, and in another vision following this one God showed me orthodox priests carrying the ark of the covenant.

The next morning when I awakened, Jesus was looking into my mind’s eye, staring me right in the face, with his radiant crown on, but his expression was one of great sadness. My mind flashed to a vision of an enormous black-winged bat flying up in front of the Sun and obscuring it, and I saw a shrouded skeletal figure gleefully shouting, “I won! I won the world!”; then the Sun slowly returned to full visibility. I understood immediately why it is that so much ancient mythology talks about eclipses as harbingers of bad tidings, and why so many ancient peoples feared them.

The move toward atheism that is so popular these days bases part of its philosophy on the belief that humans in the past were somehow ‘primitive’ in their intelligence and religion was part of that primitive nature; this is despite the fact that research shows that our brains have changed very little in the last couple hundred thousand years. It also mystifies me that so many great societies of the past had deities that were the consciousnesses of stars and planets yet we as a species have completely lost that knowledge. I suspect that many scholars of religion understand this on some level but they do not exactly share it with the general populace. The Greeks, Romans, Babylonians, Egyptians, Sumerians etc. all named deities they were worshipping for consciousnesses of heavenly bodies. Atheists and those who deify “science” (which is nothing more than human research, both some valid and some erroneous) would have us believe that these cultures were mentally primitive but truth is that science simply does not back up that assertion. In an article in Scientific American about the evolution of the human brain, author John Hawks states, “Early Homo sapiens had brains within the range of people today, averaging 1,200 ml or more.” So, clearly, for several hundred thousand years, the human brain has had the same capacity; except for a brief period of shrinkage in the last ten thousand years, according to the same article.

All the next day after the eclipse, Jesus stayed with me. He looked completely despairing at what had happened, which was that so many people across the United States had watched and applauded the darkening of his light. I understood that this was because so few people understood the nature of Christ to contain the physical Sun; that he is the physical incarnation of the Sun God, and that sunlight is literally the physical form of his love for humanity that he blesses us with every day of our lives. Because of this hidden information, and because of our ignorance about the true nature and history of the moon, (which was formed by a collision of two planets billions of years ago, according to what scientists refer to as the “giant-impact

hypothesis”), we as humans simply do not understand the devastating impact on Christ, the Sun God, that our watching such an event would have. It became even more obvious, as the day went on, just how deeply hurt he was by the seeming celebration of such a malevolent entity obscuring his Holy Light. I tried repeatedly to comfort him, telling him that the moon has no light and can only reflect his light, that this dead planet is an empty shell of a being and would always be one unless he forgives the forces that caused his destruction and returns to the light of God.

In the worst part of the experience, Jesus looked at me with his dolorous expression and said, “I won’t bother you anymore”. This shook me up terribly; the last thing I wanted was to be abandoned by Jesus Christ, especially after what God had showed me about the agents of the devil knowing where I live. He had been pushing me to write about my experiences for so long and I did nothing but procrastinate because I was convinced there was no way I would ever produce anything worthy of God himself; I was not a writer and in my last job had been as janitor for ten years. I had enjoyed writing when I was in high school but those days were long gone; I had also once loved poetry but was long past believing that poets could have any true impact on the world. I was now afraid he would totally desert me, because of my procrastination and unwillingness to work on the book I promised him I would write. I was more confused than ever, knowing now for certain that God and Christ did not want me to write a book recommending a return to polytheism, the original worship of the ‘heavenly host’ or the stars and planets that most all ancient societies, including the Hebrews, once worshipped. During my most fearful point the next day, I began to pray to the Great Goddess for protection, something that seemed to make him very angry. It became clear that he wanted me to understand that he is the only one who can save humanity from the dark influence of the devil and all his agents, (including the spiritual remnant of the moon), who, God had made clear from these visions, would destroy Earth and humanity utterly if given half a chance.

All day long the day after the eclipse, Jesus stayed with me, and not only did he stay with me, but he drove me to stay awake, to not sit down for a rest or nap in the middle of the day like I was prone to do. It became clear to me on that day just how much I was letting my fatigue and depression run my life and keep me from being a person who was making a significant contribution to life. I finally understood why sloth and gluttony are among the seven deadly sins; I had long ago gotten sober in AA and figured that my behaviors of over-eating and over-sleeping were minor behaviors were not really anything that ‘counted’. Christ spent that day showing me that what I had concluded was just simply not the truth. These behaviors were major roadblocks in my life, causing me to behave in a way that was in essence a living death. One time during the day I tried to lay down briefly and he immediately yelled at me to “Get Up!”; I bounced out of bed and landed squarely on my rear end on the floor, and that part of my anatomy was sore for days afterward.

I felt at times that day that he was driving me like a mule, but I knew at the same time he was forcing me to go through the day like a normal human being might, something I’d lost touch with in the last few years of severe depression. He did this in order to show me that I had much more stamina than I was aware of, but that I just was not being forced to tap into it. When I felt tired and wanted to stop, he simply said, “it will pass” and kept me moving. The events of this day also showed me something I found to be a revelation; that it was my sugar consumption that was causing so much of my fatigue throughout the day; I was literally making myself tired through my eating habits, something I didn’t have a clue about until that day.

I managed to stay up that day but by that night I was becoming increasingly tired and frustrated. I knew this was the effect of the medicine on my body; I always felt very dragged out the next day after using it. Finally, when I got home from shopping around nine o'clock or so I laid down; my feet ached from being up all day (imagine that) and I could barely hold my eyes open. I laid in bed with my Bible and tried to read, all the while complaining in my head to him that I was exhausted from the use of the medicine the day prior to this and that I couldn't be expected to stay up any longer. Big mistake. I whined and got grumpy and frustrated. Thoughts I am not proud of crept into my head. In the end, I fell asleep. I simply did not try hard enough to stay awake and comfort him, in what clearly was a time of great despair for him, like I should have.

The next day I awoke to find Jesus still there, but he was very still, and his eyes looked really dark; a voice said, "you are looking at a corpse." A few weeks later I learned about his experience in the Garden of Gethsemane the night before the crucifixion: how Jesus went off to pray alone and when he came back his disciples were asleep. But at the moment I did not know about that and I was horrified that something I did might have killed Jesus. I asked myself why I did not just do as was suggested and walk around and read my Bible all night. I asked myself why it was not worth it to me to try harder. I was truly exhausted from using the medicine the day before and from Jesus driving me all day long to stay out of bed. I understood now that the eclipse was in fact an event in which a portion of the light of Christ died to a certain region of the world, if only for a few minutes of time. In a vision he gave me several weeks later, I saw Christ with his blackened eyes again, getting further and further away, and the next vision was that of a hurricane wind and rain blowing furiously through trees. Years ago, I had read some alternative theorists expound on how the Sun controls the weather; it seemed Christ was making clear what happens on Earth in the absence of his benevolent light.

That day was spent in total agony, even worse than the day before. I had never thought of Jesus or God as consumed by their love for us and as having a need to be loved back as much as they love us. But there it was right in front of me; Jesus was absolutely devastated at the spectacle of people lining up all across the United States to applaud the momentary darkness caused by the dead planet, the moon. His pain the entire previous day was overwhelming; he seemed so hurt that so many people would go through every day of their lives basking in sunlight at some point or another and never stopping to applaud him, yet would applaud a few seconds of darkness in certain locations caused by an empty rock; a consciousness of hate and resentment whose physical being had melded with that of the Earth in a collision 4.5 billion years ago, to the point that both the moon and the core of the Earth have identical composition, according to a UCLA Newsroom article by Stuart Wolpert.

Which brings me to something else that I have observed over several similar experiences on this medicine. I have had several prolonged experiences dealing with the 'rapture' as talked about in the bible in the chapter of Revelations. One thing seems clear to me, and that is that these events are not set in stone; there is a verse in the Bible where Jesus says that only God the Father knows the exact date, and when I was communicating with God and Jesus both, I had the feeling that neither one of them *want* to force any part of Revelations to happen. I have always been uncomfortable with the fundamentalist bloodlust for the end of the world; it would or will be a great event for Christians who are taken but for those left behind it will be a horrific event, especially if the tribulations, where the 'devil', and his agents take over, do occur. It seems so un-Christlike to want these forces unleashed upon innocent people the world over. And it does seem very clear that Christ himself does not want this to happen. That may be why I have felt such

overwhelming emotion from both the Father and the Son when I had experiences on the medicine regarding the Rapture. It is clear to me beyond a shadow of a doubt that this is the last thing they want to do. It seems that they do not want to cause this to happen unless they know for certain that humanity cannot be saved, that our time is up, that we literally must have great hardship visited upon us before we redeem ourselves and follow the Sun God, Christ our King.

In the re-envisioning of my life that my last few experiences while using the medicine had given me, Christ showed me that I needed to quit giving into my sloth and gluttony under the guise of depression. This is not any kind of universal commentary on the validity of major depression, it is a personal evaluation in which he further showed me that much of my fatigue was due to encroaching type 2 diabetes which my eating habits were compounding. The day he stayed with me after the eclipse, he showed me that my sleepiness, hunger, and discomfort would all pass if I just kept moving through them. He showed me that I was still living for myself alone, that I was not connected with anyone, thus I was empty inside and couldn't figure out why. He showed me that I needed to connect myself to other people and serve my community and I would fill the emptiness inside that way; that no amount of self-obsession or examination was going to fill a hole that I could fill only from connecting to and serving others. I decided that day to call myself a Christian again. Christ committed the selfless act of sacrificing his own life to bring to humanity explicit instruction about how to allow our souls to be purified by him through repenting of our transgressions and asking forgiveness. He knew that he must come to Earth in order to teach human beings to live a life of love for others, and to give us a way to achieve spiritual purification and salvation from sinking into the hell realms, and from being manipulated (by malevolent heavenly bodies disguising themselves as gods) into transgressing against our own souls by committing brutality upon innocents.

Ancient humans knew that stars and planets have consciousness, but since the incarnation of Jesus as a mortal being, Christ has made it clear that he wants us to worship him and God alone. I feel uncomfortable even using the term 'worship', because I have never gotten any feeling from him that he wants anyone to give him anything but pure love in return for the love that he gives us; he seems compelled to love us with such deep intensity that human beings can't really comprehend it, and he only wants our love for him in return, and for us to follow his teachings of kindness and compassion to others.

All of the experiences that I had around the eclipse and for days afterward astounded and overwhelmed me; I simply never registered Christ or the Sun as someone who needed to be loved *back* by humanity, in the same way that he loves us. I was shocked to find that he, in fact, desperately needs to be loved and appreciated for his contribution to our lives, which is to say, for contributing everything to our lives. We simply would not be able to exist without his endlessly bright shining light; not physically, nor spiritually. It is the light itself that the shrouded agents of the hell realms fear the most and that they flee from; it is clear to me now that this light is both a physical and spiritual entity that is antithetical to not only physical darkness, but to moral darkness as well. Had the Sun not yoked us into the solar system with its gravitation, the earth might be a renegade planet floating through space with no hope and no destination, and certainly no ability to host life as a destination for human beings to incarnate in hopes of attaining spiritual growth.

I can completely understand on a deep level now why my experiences after the eclipse were so profound; the Sun God was devastated at humanity applauding such a bad actor when the Sun

God is the only reason humanity exists at all. I understand now why he was so destroyed when I did not try harder to stay awake that night. He needed me, and I chose my comfort over his need. It was a devastating experience for me to intuit how badly I had failed; a feeling I do not think I will ever get over. In fact, I now feel it is one of those rare occurrences that completely altered my life. It becomes more and more obvious to me, the further away in time from this experience that I get, how profoundly my life changed that day. I saw the crucifixion confirmed for me that day, and that answered a nagging question I was reading book after book trying to answer. I realized the Sun God, Jesus Christ, had committed a self-sacrificial act, to which the Father God had contributed as well, to save God's beloved human children by offering us purification of our souls through repentance and forgiveness of our transgressions; he also commanded us to obey his teachings of love for others, so that we would become safe and protected under his spiritual authority and would no longer be vulnerable to manipulative and/or malevolent spiritual consciousnesses that encourage us to transgress against our own souls.

I came to understand, as well, that the true key to a fulfilled and peaceful existence is serving humanity the way Christ himself did. We are supposed to follow his example and give of ourselves; it was more of a revelation to me than it probably should have been as I had lingered in depression for over a decade and any evaluation of my life would have been a laundry list of complaints about what I didn't have. Instead, through this harrowing experience, Christ gave me the answers I so desperately sought. In fact, I reminded myself, it was I that had prayed for him to give me the courage to move forward and write about my experiences as he had asked me to; he responded by showing me visions of a future on Earth without his love and protection, and in what ways I was greatly erring in my behavior. I think I had expected a white and fluffy experience, a gentle answer to my most-nagging questions, but instead, he gave me what I most needed: the truth.

Chapter 19: Conclusion

I will always treasure these interactions with both the Sun God and the Father God. I have never felt such profound peace, or experienced such pure love, and had never seen emotions such as love and compassion manifest in a physical form before. It is clear to me now a force as loving as Christ actually would incarnate on Earth to try to teach human beings to follow their hearts, of which the love of God and Jesus is the true source, and practice loving others as a primary way of relating. Both the Sun God's and the Father God's love are like that of a parent's love for a child, and the Father God is clearly the father of this beautiful star who incarnated as Christ to save humanity. Christ's primary message during this incarnation is the gift to humanity of the means of purification of our souls, by submitting ourselves to his and God's spiritual authority (through repenting of our transgressions against others and ourselves, and asking forgiveness). This was the Christian Salvation that I had accepted as a child, and God implored me in this experience on the eclipse to recommit my life to Christ.

The Sun God, Jesus Christ, loves us unconditionally, though it is clear our time here on Earth is spent in order to learn and grow. It seems that our primary job on Earth while we are here is *to feel*, as deeply and completely as humanly possible.

This is why severe abuse of children is so dangerous and why cultures based on violence degenerate so quickly; child abuse causes children to shut down their feelings, therefore they cannot make appropriate and compassionate decisions throughout their life because they have limited their own capacity to feel, which they have disconnected from early in life to survive the pain of their trauma. Simply witnessing animal cruelty or domestic violence is painful enough to a young child to cause them to numb their heart in order to avoid witnessing pain they cannot control. Children who witness acts of cruelty to animals (such as animal sacrifice and other forms of animal abuse) and to other humans, and shut down their hearts in response, sometimes become abusive adults who go on to hurt people and animals as well. The 'devil' is always trying to gain new recruits, and the fastest way to do this is to cause humans to commit acts they can't forgive themselves for. When children are numbed by early trauma visited on them or those around them by others who have been similarly harmed, it repeats a cycle of devastation that continues into the spirit world when those who repeat learned behaviors of violence regain their capacity to feel in the afterlife and have to deal with the enormous shame and shock at their own depraved behavior in life; their overwhelming shame and remorse can cause them to sink into the hell realms and flee from the healing light and forgiveness of Christ.

Right now in our culture we are being led to believe that our best hope for human "advancement" lies with science and scientific innovation. Science, we are told, will save the world; if we simply do enough scientific calculation and research we will solve humanity's problems. Reality, however, confronts us with a stark truth; the world of business and economic markets works directly in opposition to science on multiple fronts; this can be demonstrated by our relationship with fossil fuels. No matter how rational it may be to switch to cleaner energy, if there are billionaires doing everything they possibly can to stop the advancement of environmentally sound alternatives, and provoking war after war to seed pipelines across conflict-ridden territory, rational thought will always lose out to profit motive at the end of the day. The mind may have the solutions to human problems, but the human heart has to implement

them, and if it is not functioning properly then all the scientific research in the world won't help humanity. It takes a humanity that is connected with love, and that understands compassion of the kind emanated by Christ, to move forward; without compassion, what technologies rise and fall are simply a matter of supply and demand and controlled by the wealth of the men behind the curtains who rule society.

Christ, the Sun God, incarnated on Earth in order to break the influence of malevolent spiritual consciousnesses on humanity by offering us Salvation through repentance and forgiveness of our transgressions, and to teach human beings to live lives of love and kindness to all beings. Now it is once again time for humanity to remember the true identity of Christ; the beautiful, visible star in the sky that shines for all of us and lights up our entire solar system, (and will shine ceaselessly for at least another 5 billion years). This is the power that is watching over us, that we need to love and honor as if we were loving a child, as all Christ seems to want from us in return is love, and obedience to his spiritual teachings, as he and God are our true spiritual authorities. Not sacrifices or offerings, just our true unbounded love and spiritual obedience from the deepest part of our hearts, in exchange for creating every drop of light that has graced every day of our creation, which wraps us in cosmic protection and makes possible our very existence on this planet.

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