

Astral Projection Experiences

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ASTRAL PROJECTION EXPERIENCES

The following are some real-life stories of people who have experienced Astral Projection either consciously or unconsciously.

I do not vouch for the accuracy of these experiences. These are their personal views based on their experiences and beliefs, and I may not necessarily agree with everything that they have written.

I have included them because I felt these were unique, interesting and they were well-related to the subject of Astral Projection.

All stories are in the narrator's own words. Wherever possible, I have given reference to the web-page from where I found the story.

Author: [Jonas Ridgeway](http://www.jonasridgeway.com/)
<http://www.jonasridgeway.com/>

When I was a teenager, my mother told me about her out-of-body experiences. Floating above her bed! Walking through walls! Flying at the speed of light! Of course, this bit of news completely blew me away. If my mother had experienced this phenomena, then there was no denying its reality. Who could I trust more than my mother? Because I could take this knowledge for granted, I believe it is one of the reasons why the OBE (out-of-body experience) presented itself so easily to me.

Before I had heard of OBEs, I had never -- consciously -- experienced it. After hearing my mother's stories, I was hooked; and it wasn't much longer after that that I was sharing stories of my own.

But before my first conscious OBE I was for months completely obsessed with the topic. I read everything on OBEs I could get my hands on, starting with Robert Monroe's Journeys Out of the Body. (In the early seventies, before OBEs were widely known, it was the book my mother first read on the subject. To her, it had been a godsend. Before reading it, she had been quite disturbed by her experiences and had wondered if she were going crazy -- she had actually seen a doctor about her "condition".) After reading Monroe I moved on to Muldoon, Fox, and carefully studied everything Jane Roberts' Seth had to say about it. By now my subconscious was so inundated with the idea of conscious OBEs that it was only a matter of time, I believed, before I would awaken outside my physical body, or during the process of leaving it.

However, several strange happenings occurred before my first OBE. I began to experience what I soon learned to identify as "remote viewing". I'd come awake, acutely conscious, and find myself with the ability to see through my closed eyelids. As a rule, it seemed several hours of sleep was a prerequisite for such an occurrence.

At first, the vision was almost exclusively of an unpaved road, either of dirt or gravel, which moved beneath me as if I were flying above it a few feet from the ground. I knew this wasn't an OBE; I knew I was in my body, on my bed, in my room. I was remote viewing: it was like being somewhere without actually being there. It was mesmerizing. The road would continue, flanked

by trees and brush; sometimes mountains were in the distance -- the details were all there. And I found that I could "move" faster with a mere thought to do so, or slow down.

Once, seeing through my eyelids, I had a vision that at first did not involve any motion. The image was of a stand of trees. When I wondered what was to the left the vision instantly shifted to the left and continued on, like a camera panning the area: more trees, then a man came into view. He was middle-aged, wearing overalls, and had a long gray ponytail. Using my will, I kept the "camera" on him as he walked. Soon he was standing in front of a brown horse; a woman stood on the opposite side of the animal. Then the vision faded for some reason and I came out of the trancelike state.

Sometimes I have visions of my past -- of our old house, of my brother and sister as young kids. These are not still frames but moving pictures, complete in detail and in full color. These animated images would stay steady and clear as long as my concentration didn't fluctuate. Also, sometimes I would glance into what appeared to be from the future.

Things that hadn't happened yet but which seemed quite possible to occur. (For example, I once remote viewed a full-color map of the world. I could "move" the map with a mere thought, to any part of the world I wished. I located the United States and found that it had changed, that many of the coastal states had shifted or broke apart from the mainland, transformed into separate islands.)

Sometimes I would see through the eyes of some unknown person, seeing everything he or she was seeing. I once watched a woman drawing for several minutes, not as if I were looking over her shoulder but as if seeing directly from her eyes.

My first fully conscious OBE was preluded by one of these seeing-through-the-eyelids visions. I came out of a deep sleep after eight hours and was seeing through my lids, through the far wall, and into the kitchen. It was as if I were peering through a hole, darkness all around but a crystal clear image within. I was staring at the kitchen faucet. It was as clear as if I were standing there. I could see the way it sparkled where the sunlight hit it.

I could see my mother, her back to me at the stove. She was cooking something. I saw a pan and what looked like a cake in it. I saw a spoon with a thick substance on it -- frosting? I saw a

white box of something on the counter. (Later, I found out that she had been in the kitchen cooking at the same time that I had had the vision. Also, there was a "white box" on the counter in the same place with nothing near it as I had seen it; it was a box of donuts. And finally, although it was meatloaf she'd made for my father (I'm a vegan, by the way) the resemblance was that of a cake.

Because of Oliver Fox's book Astral Projection, I owe it to him for my first conscious out-of-body experience. In it, he had described the very thing I had experienced several times, of seeing through one's eyelids. But what struck me was the part where he said OBEs could be achieved quite easily from this state if one thought to do so. After seeing the vision of my mother in the kitchen, I did think to leave my body.

I thought simply that I would like to roll off the bed to the right onto the floor -- and no sooner I had done just that, leaving my physical body behind! It was amazing; it worked so fast and effortlessly. Like a book opening, my second body simply flipped over and down onto the carpet.

My first reaction was how quiet it was outside the body, how even the act of projecting had been absolutely devoid of any noise. My next reaction was how calm I was. I had no fear. My body was on the bed and I on the floor, but I wasn't afraid of dying. I knew what was happening.

I was on my hands and knees, staring at the carpet. I reached up with my right hand and touched the bed. I was thinking, "Cool. Cool. I'm doing it. Cool." I was trying to remain calm, I didn't want to mess things up. My vision was foggy, but I could see well enough to move around the bed (I didn't think to look at my body).

Walking, it felt as it normally does; I could even feel the "muscles" in my ankles and the bottom of my feet. I thought of my mother and how she'd said you can go through walls. I decided to try it, but just as I was starting through a wall everything went black, frightening me, and a second later I was back in my physical.

In the out-of-body state everything is governed by thought, conscious and subconscious thought. This applies to physical life as well, but on the astral plane thought manifests itself immediately and so maintaining mental control can seem an impossibility. The trick is to keep your mind blank until you are ready to give a command. For example, in the beginning of the

above experience stray thoughts were absent because my mind was preoccupied with the word "cool", which I was repeating. At the end of the experience, as I was going through the wall, the fear of the sudden darkness put my survival instincts at play, catapulting me back to my physical. If I had kept calm, the experience would not have been terminated. Control of thoughts and emotions, then, is the key to maintaining the out-of-body

Author: Synergie
<http://www.astralsociety.com>

"My body felt distant. I was being lifted higher and higher out of my bed. It felt like I was both falling and moving upward at the same time. I lost all sense of physical awareness, and was overcome with an inner calm and peace that I never thought possible. I was more relaxed than I had ever felt and I became lost in this magnificent feeling of warmth.

I also began to feel strange vibrations. Like waves of energy, they coursed through my body moving from my head to my feet and then back again gaining in intensity. The feeling was like floating upon the ocean on a calm day wrapped in the warmth of the gentle sunlight above. I found I could almost control them and move them throughout my body simply by thinking about them.

I also heard strange noises in my ears that sounded like loud, intermittent and rushing static. They seemed to be somehow connected to the vibrations and I can only describe them as being emitted in the very low frequency (VLF) range. The sounds seemed to come from within. They were actually very curious and unlike any sounds I have ever heard. It was like listening to pure energy, if you can imagine that.

I then recalled standing beside the bed. The room at first looked distorted or blurry as if looking through water. If I moved my head to look around the images took a second longer to catch up with my eyes. I could almost see a motion trail and it seemed as if time were somehow slowed. Though my surroundings were at first distorted, they eventually cleared.

I thought to myself that I might be dreaming. I tried to change the physical appearance of my surroundings to test this theory but they did not change. It was definitely my room and I was not dreaming. I felt more awake than I can describe in words.

I also tried to walk about my room but found that I was glued to my position. I did push a few steps but the effort felt like trying to walk through a pool of molasses and it was exhausting. I tried until I became completely frozen in position mid step. The only part of my body that I could move was my head.

I came to look back toward my bed, staring at a still shape laying there. The motionless figure was me, but how could it be? I was standing here beside the bed, not in it. In that instant, I felt feelings that I can not comprehend even to this day. It was completely overwhelming and confusing at the same time. It was like a curious child being shown all of the secrets of the universe at once.

The confusion caused panic and the panic flooded through me, causing everything to become disorienting. My vision became blurry once again. I felt an immediate spinning and felt like I was being pulled by some unseen force. I tried to fight it so that I could learn more, become more. It was without success.

My next memory would be the feeling of being slammed back into the reality of my bed. I was laying in the same position that I had just witnessed from some other perspective. I laid there awake the rest of the night trying to make some sense of what had just happened.

The whole event took maybe a matter of minutes but seemed like much longer. It all seemed so vivid, too real to be a dream. It was like I had just lived through some science-fiction story, but I know it was real. I can't describe how I know. I just do.

With the sinking feeling of utter 'awe' in the pit of my stomach, the realization hits me. "Could I have just had an out-of-body experience?" -

[Author: Pati](#)

<http://www.mysticweb.org>

An Astral Journey to the Pyramids of Egypt

This is one of my Astral experiences after being given a very specific homework for the week. A practice was set for all the online students around the world and for all the students who attend the physical centres in Australia. The homework was to practice the Astral intensively all week and to go to the pyramids of Egypt to meet with other students as well as to see what they look like in the Astral Plane. We were to use Egyptian mantras like "Egypto", "Faraon" and "Larras" or a visualisation exercise on the pyramids.

I practiced hard all week with strong determination at the centre in Melbourne, Australia, with other students, and at home. I knew that the homework had a lot of strength behind it because everyone was giving it a good try so I didn't want to miss the "wave" of strength. I used to do a bit of surfing and I compare this type of activity to an ocean wave - I can't let them pass, I have to catch it and ride it, otherwise I would have to wait a long time for the next one to come.

At the end of the week all students of the Sydney and Melbourne centres decided to do a night practice. We all agreed to come to our centres at 3am and try the practice until 5am. And that is when I had my little success with the homework given. We all chanted the mantra "Larras" out loud 7 times and then internally, feeling the vibrations of the mantra throughout the body and, at the same time, keeping a still image of the pyramids. I started the mantra but fell into a light sleep, then I woke up and continued the mantra and as sleep started to arrive again, I made an extra effort to concentrate on the mantra. Soon after, I started to feel my body temperature rising and the whole body vibrating and intuition told me that it was time to get up.

However, I hesitated to do so as it felt so much like the physical that I thought that if I moved I would wake up the others, but intuition was telling me "get up, you are in the astral!" so I did. I rolled over to the side and got up from the floor as I would do in the physical. I found very hard to move and I couldn't open my eyes so I sang the mantra "Bellilin" and the darkness went away. I looked around the practice room and saw the astral body of one of the students. Her astral body was unconscious, sitting down playing with her hands. I went outside the room by going through the door. I walked around the centre and saw how it looks in the astral.

I went down the stairs trying to stay in the moment so that nothing such as an emotion or a thought could throw me back to my body. I went through the door of the room downstairs where more students were practicing and saw the room full of people, more than the ones who were practicing. I saw the astral bodies of many people - sitting cross legged, walking around looking at the room, talking to each other... These could have been the astral bodies of people that come to the study centre or of people that will come to the centre in the near future.

But I didn't want to get distracted by talking to them; I had to go to the pyramids! I went outside the centre and took a few minutes to ask my inner Being with all my heart and strength to take me to the pyramids of Egypt so that I experience and learn. Then I did a small vertical jump thinking that she would guide on my flight there but to my surprise I was taken towards the ground and I made my journey from Australia to Egypt going through the Planet.

I couldn't see anything or felt that I was going through a hard surface. She simply took me the quickest and easiest way so I wouldn't get distracted on the way. I landed in a room surrounded by big glass windows. From there I could see the three pyramids from far away and just with the thought of wanting to get closer, I did. There were a lot of people around the place doing various things, some conscious and some unconscious. I gather that many spiritual groups focus on the pyramids and that many others dream about the pyramids so their astral body goes there even if unconscious. I could also have seen personalities of people that have passed away.

I saw the pyramids in two ways but I can't give too much detail because of the esoteric or internal nature of the information. I walked amongst the multitude and called out loud: "Are there any students of Gnosis around?" I caught the attention of several people and two of them came closer to shake my hand but my intuition told me to be precocious with them. I ignored them and kept walking and observing. Then I decided to invoke a spiritual Master/Angel and as I was calling I went back to my physical body due to a big emotion.

From this experience I learnt of aspects about my internal work and also that determination and faith makes a big difference when trying to do a practice.

Wishing you lots of inner strength with your practices!

[Author: Dave](#)

<http://www.mysticweb.org>

First Success

My first experience of Astral Travel was spontaneous and not something I did willfully. I was sleeping in a tent on holiday in Byron Bay when it happened. I don't remember at what point I woke up from my dreams. But I suddenly, and strangely, found myself standing outside the Sydney home in which I grew up, almost 1000 kms from where I was lying. It was still dark. The suburban street was empty. And I was just looking at the house in amazement. I was wide awake, and it took me a little while to come to terms with the fact that I was asleep in Byron Bay. I already knew it to be so, but it wasn't as logical as my mind liked things to be. I quickly noticed that I felt no support beneath me, and looked down to see my feet hovering not far from the ground.

The most amazing thing was that I knew, in full consciousness, that I was asleep in Byron Bay and at the same time was now right outside my parents Sydney home. I was no less awake than during daylight hours - it was extraordinary. It was exactly like being awake, except I could fly and felt somehow lighter. I decided to take off into the sky, enjoying the novelty of flight. I turned and propelled myself quite naturally into the air. It felt uncannily natural, as common a habit as walking or running, I knew exactly how to do it somehow. As I shot up into the air, I suddenly jolted in my body, still lying in the tent. It was a rushing, falling sensation. The jolt woke me up. I sat up and looked around in surprise, with crystal clear memory of everything that had happened. I could barely contain my excitement over the brief journey and wanted to know what had happened.

This experience later drew me to the Gnostic Movement which taught Astral Projection (the term which was used, I learned, to describe the vivid experience I recently had). With the simple technique of concentration on the heart, which they taught, I was persistent in practicing at night in bed. It took a lot of mental discipline and training, but I was keen and carried on over many days, weeks and months. Even though I managed to wake up in the Astral plane thanks to other practices taught, I still wanted to experience the process of projecting into the Astral from

wakefulness in the physical world. I continued with the heart concentration, which was specifically recommended. Eventually I succeeded!

As I lay in bed, I made every effort to be completely relaxed. I then focused my attention on my heart. I felt its beating and tried to visualize it. My visualization was good, but the sensation of the beating was predominant. Gradually, as I firmly but naturally maintained my focus, the beating of my heart became louder and louder. I almost lost focus because of the intensity of the feeling, but due to past attempts failing for the same reason, I quickly resolved to not allow my focus to wander into fears or hesitations.

In association with this sensation I felt both very heavy and very light at the same time. Then a type of mild pins-and-needles sensation covered my body. A short moment later I realized my hands were upside down, that is, they were not in the position I had laid down in. I decided to get up, as I had been warned that waiting to project out of the body could sometimes be fruitless. I carefully stood up, finding myself standing in the room, and feeling very skeptical. I had reached this point before sometimes to no avail.

There was no difference in how I felt before I went to bed. However, I dismissed my doubts and took a shot at jumping into the air with the aim of floating - I didn't come back down. I quickly overcame my bewilderment and off I went

Dave

[Author: Kurt](#)

<http://www.mysticweb.org>

My First Astral Experience

After three weeks of practicing a visualization technique, I had decided that this was the night to go for the real thing - conscious astral split. I was a little afraid that it would all fail, that some demon would come and attack me, but I put all negative thoughts aside as best as I could.

After using conjurations to clear the room of any negativity I relaxed my body and began my visualization. I imagined myself coming out of my body and floating up to the roof - you visualize

yourself doing it, not only your body doing it, but be there with it, like when you walk down the street for example, you are walking.

I began the visualization by becoming aware of my body and how light it was. Trying to make it as real as possible. Immediately I felt vibrations and sparks surging from my head to feet. A humming noise grew very loud and my heart started to race. Then I visualized myself floating to the roof slowly (This act was performed by visualizing myself floating up, at this point I was not actually out of my body).

After a quick sense of movement and pressure, I felt a jolt and a metallic click sound. Immediately I opened my eyes and saw that I was fully awake and up near the roof. The room felt charged and clear - this helped me believe the reality of the conjuration and its effectiveness. I flew up to the surface of the roof and examined the details and structure of the ceiling, the clarity was great, the whole reality of this astral world was more real than the physical world. I liked it so much I didn't want to go back.

Unfortunately this enjoyment of flight and learning was cut short, I had a silly idea that something large was coming near my door, it was a simple and silly thought that allowed fear to enter me, and that was when I realised just how sensitive this body was (I must emphasize that there was no reality to this thought, but a simple trick of the mind).

I snapped back to my body with a jerk - which can only be described as the same jerk people feel when they wake up all of a sudden as if they fell from a height. I felt the body tingle a little with the energy left and then this stopped and I stood up and knew I was back.

Although the experience was short, I had finally verified the reality of this other dimension with a technique that worked the first time I tried. I had rehearsed (practiced) the visualization for about 2 - 3 weeks with the intention of getting the details right.

This was the first night I actually wanted to get out fully and the first time I had ever tried to astral travel, I had doubts to whether it could be achieved, in fact I thought that it was all some sort of mind deception that was made up by the person experiencing it.

Since then I have tried mantras and concentration on a place and achieved good results with them as well.

The only advice I can give is that you try experimenting with one of the given techniques long enough, helping to develop concentration on the practice. And consistently building the whole experiment until the result naturally happens with the strength of the effort applied. Don't try to force the practice, or get too excited, when you are successful try to look at the body to see what its like, feel the way it is - is it heavy? light? Do your thoughts affect your ability to stay out long enough? And have a go at trying some other experiments in the astral that are suggested in this site.

It is not unusual for someone to experience it first go...in fact I had considered myself to be the only person that couldn't do the practice after reading about all these other people flying around everywhere. That was quickly dispelled.

Good Luck!

Kurt

[Author: Kurt](#)

<http://www.mysticweb.org>

My First Astral Experience

One of the most interesting things that I experienced as a teenager growing up, was the events that used to take place when I was just falling asleep. At the time I wasn't fully aware of what I was doing, experimenting in the astral that is. Since it was so natural, it never occurred to me that I was in the astral world, a completely different dimension.

At the age of 12 I was sent to a boarding school. The school life was very strict and regimental and had little time for any kind of fun. I was always yearning for some sort of freedom from the terrible monotony of this school. The little time we had to muck around as young men do, often ended in some sort of trouble and eventually punishment. So I was seeking to have at least

some sort of entertainment. In the night-time I had that chance, once the dorm master went to sleep, we would sneak out of the dorm and run across some paddocks up to the top of the hill that looked over the school and city below it, to contemplate the stars with some very nervous but funny friends. We would contemplate life and why were here, look to the stars expectantly guessing what may live there. Telling stories of the supernatural and many many lies as young men do. One of the best times of the very routine life was when I could jump into bed at night.

In those moments when sleep was starting to arrive I would entertain myself with shapes and objects that I would project in the darkness of the ceiling, faces and figures or animals and watch them move around and act very realistically. Sometimes scaring myself, other times nearly laughing. One the games I played with myself was to move a ball of light around in the dorm and see if I could wake a friend up, but I can't remember if this was very successful, still entertaining never the less.

Other times I would wait for the lassitude of sleep arriving and move my hand ever so slowly up into the air and feel around with it and wave it in front of my face. If I hadn't got it right, if my hand was the physical one, I would quickly find out as the dorm master would be at my side tugging my side burns then telling me to sleep in the stairway! So I learnt to get the practice right! With success my hand felt very light and electrical. Then with my eyes closed I would try to see through my eyelids. Eventually the image of my hand in front would come and appear and I wasn't too sure If my eyes where open or closed. Sometimes, suddenly I would feel my body lift out without wanting it too but I didn't know if I was to come back and would hesitate, as a result of this fear I would joint seemingly from a great height and let out a big yelp! Which of course meant another night out on the stairs once the dorm master got to me!

I thought that in those moments I was dying, leaving the body for good, but there was no information for me at the time to prove this to be wrong. So I remained incorrectly informed and fearful. What really surprised me was when I felt on many occasions delicate hands touch mine. I would reach up and feel someone pull on my hand! This both amazed me and scared me.

But once the fear was there the hand would go, as much as I tried to repeat the practice that night, the fear remained and the helping was gone. I concluded that whatever this was, it was at least friendly, and the person never felt evil, but more like an old friend. This relationship would continue, many times I was tickled on my feet and toes pulled as my astral body swayed over

the top of my body, still too scared to go further. The astral was a fun time to look forward to, and my experience at boarding school started to look interesting. I was never openly interested in the occult at the time.

It was more surfing and skate boarding and getting up to no good. But these small experiences spurred me into the library, which for a reckless teenager with an attitude was a big thing. Looking through the library a friend of mine came across a book that described the many types of spiritual bodies. The astral body was pointed out by my curious friend, but we could not find any sort of techniques to practice or things to do once we got there. Another interesting moment in the astral occurred to me when I was relocated into another dorm with bunks.

I was sleeping one night and was suddenly awoken to see my friend standing in front of me, I asked him what he was doing, he just looked at me blankly like he was in his own world, he looked happy, but not really all together there. I asked him some more questions, but no response. The next thing he does is hovers over to the music room, which was located next to my bed. (My friend was also a very keen guitarist, and practiced in that room often while I watched)

I looked at his feet as he moved, half amazed, half disturbed! They didn't touch the ground! About an inch over the ground! His feet didn't move or stride, he just hovered to the door while looking at me in a sombulistic sort of way. He then proceeded to pass through the door. The door didn't open, he just went through it. I remember this moment very well.

I was not sure what to feel, my heart raced violently, what made matters more interesting is that I thought I should go back to sleep and forget all this, I pulled the cover over and tried to make my self sleep, I didn't feel tired at all, but energised. My body seemed to be buzzing! I looked about the room and saw it in a different light, it was so clear, It was as if I could feel the whole energy of the room the night, it was another world, the whole dorm seemed to be huge, yet still the same size (The astral often appears this way)?

Try as I could I couldn't get to sleep and started to panic after all I had seen - then - bam! - I was whipped as if from a great height into my body!

I thought I was in the physical world, only it was the astral. I could feel the astral body being absorbed by the feeling of the physical body, the tingling and paralysis scared me more (These symptoms are very normal - and since starting the course I have learnt how this works and am no longer afraid). Looking about with my heart still racing I saw my friend in his bed sleeping, I got out of bed and woke my friend up who was snoring away, he told me to shove off and leave him alone, I tried to tell him what happened and he just told me to go back to sleep in his own words. After falling back to sleep I woke up the next day still disturbed from the nights events and retold the story to my friend who laughed about it all, but said he did see me in his dreams, but couldn't remember much.

Thanks to the many exercises that I have learnt from the course, which is offered also on this website, I have had the fantastic opportunity to re-learn astral travel and renew the experiences that I so much enjoyed from my youth. The method of astral travel is the perfect technique for spiritual investigation. The astral world is an amazing place, the experience itself has to be experienced to be believed!

Good Luck!

Kurt

[Author: Matt](#)

<http://www.mysticweb.org>

First Astral Experience

"I could never admit to having any great spiritual yearnings before I started Gnosis. I was having a good time at uni, had good friends and family and generally speaking was pretty content in my own little world.

Around this time, two of my friends had started going along to a course at Gnosis. The topics they were covering seemed pretty interesting and my friends seemed to be enjoying the course so I decided to go and have a look for myself.

I tried to go with an open mind, although to be honest I think I was probably a little sceptical when they talked about Astral Projection and going to other dimensions. The instructors didn't try to 'sell' it though - which I liked. They just told us about their experiences and gave us techniques to try for ourselves.

I had been trying some of the mantras and concentration practices for a little while when one night I actually woke up in a dream. I had never experienced anything like it before. I found myself in a garden behind a large house. I stood there for a bit just trying to get my bearings but the amazing thing was that I knew I was in the Astral. I took a gentle little jump and flew up over the roof of the house and down the street. After exploring a little bit, I could feel myself being pulled back to my physical body. I was finally pulled back to a room where I saw my body lying on the bed. I floated above the bed for a little bit before gently blending back in with my physical body. As I did this I could feel the vibrations as the two bodies joined again.

The whole experience was really peaceful, I wasn't scared or excited like I thought I might be. Afterwards I was really happy because I knew for myself that these other dimensions really existed and that anyone could get there."

[Author: Shane](#)

<http://www.mysticweb.org>

Various Astral Experiences

My first conscious astral experience occurred about two years before I came in contact with the Gnostic Movement in Australia. It happened in the afternoon, whilst I was taking a nap on a hard bed I had established on top of a study desk, for the purpose of Relaxation and Astral Projection exercises.

At this time I lived in a pleasant village in Southeast England. It was an autumn day and I was particularly tired and so decided to rest on the established bed and take the opportunity to try some of the Astral Projection exercises I had read about.

My concentration was not good, but I enjoyed it nevertheless. As I lay there in a nice relaxed state, aware of the traffic passing by on the main road outside, I quickly fell asleep. Soon after I came back fully awake in my body, however, some things were not 'right'. I could hear the traffic outside and could also see the room, even though my eyes were shut.

The strangest thing of all was that my body felt like normal, meaning I felt like I was lying on the hard bed in the Physical dimension, but my left arm had dropped at a fortyfive degree angle through the bed and into the desk below. My arm was dangling in an impossible position. I was very baffled by this for some moments and then struggled to think about what I should do next? My left arm was clearly hanging through the bed.

I, therefore, assumed that my Astral Body had split from my Physical Body and I needed to get up or roll over. When I thought about rolling over, I got caught up with the fear that I might fall off the bed and hurt myself, as the bed was about one meter off the floor.

I then thought about moving my left arm, that was hanging through the bed, but decided this was too risky as it might cause me to 'wake up fully' and ruin the whole experience. So I then determined that the next best thing to do was to move my right arm in the air and see if I was still in the Physical or the Astral. So I moved my right arm and lost the sensation of my left arm through the bed, as my Astral Body locked itself fully back into the Physical.

Looking back on this experience it was clear that my intellectual rationalising of the whole thing was really what locked me back in my body. If I had gently gone along with getting up without making comparisons and working out the pros and cons of everything I would have been able to get up and remain in the Astral Plane.

Although this experience was small it was sufficient for me to realise that nearly every book I had ever read about the Astral was almost inconsequential to experiencing the real thing. I had never imagined the experience to be so real: feeling almost exactly like the Physical Body. This experience baffled me for many days.

Shortly after this I met some people that were extremely psychic but also very negative. It became apparent to me that obtaining psychic abilities along with Astral Projection did not, in

itself, make people more Spiritual or Divine; even though some people who had these abilities talked a great deal about love and virtues, that they presumed they had.

Whilst their abilities were very impressive I knew there had to be more to the big picture and years later I discovered this 'more' was primarily related to the use of sexual energies and our psychological composition.

My second conscious Astral experience took place a few years later, shortly after I started attending the Gnostic Movement teachings in Sydney. I had been taught some techniques for Astral Projection and I tirelessly strove to practice them so I could experience the Astral Plane that I had already read so much about by different authors.

The practice eluded me for many months. I kept trying but nothing ever seemed to happen. Almost as soon as I started I would fall asleep or if this didn't happen I would lie awake nearly all night trying.

However, I wasn't perturbed by this as I had learnt other techniques from the Gnostic Movement that I found more valuable than anything else I had ever learnt and done in my life, but even still, I was determined to get this Astral experience.

One night my frustration reached its limit and I resolved myself to persist with the practice until something happened. Every night for many weeks, just as I felt I was getting somewhere in the practice, which I always did lying on my back, I would uncontrollably turn over onto my left side and instantly black out.

On this night I was determined that no matter what, I was not going to turn over on my left side, even if this meant I was wide awake all night long. I had experimented with sleeping positions and the one that I found most effective was lying on my back on a thin foam mat on the hard floor. I found this position sufficiently uncomfortable to stop me from slipping into deep uncontrollable sleep.

It also meant that if the discomfort became unbearable I would get up and go to the bathroom and then return to start the practice again. On the night in question, this happened a few times.

Just as I felt I was going to move I either stopped myself from moving or I got up and had a break.

At around four o'clock in the morning, I returned after a break to the bathroom, feeling very tired and drowsy, but I woke myself up a bit to start the practice again. I lay down and started the practice of a Mantra. After a short while I had an uncontrollable urge to roll onto my left side. I resisted this as much as possible, but eventually my body started to turn over. I couldn't believe it.

My body was moving even though I was trying with all my strength and will power to stay still, lying on my back. I was amazed that my body was out of my control and doing something against my will. I had never experienced anything like it.

I was fully awake and my body was turning over onto the left side. I thought 'Oh no, after all the effort I had made all the way through the night, I was now turning over without any control and going to black out what a waste!'

As my body was turning I suddenly felt a forceful blow at the top of my back, like someone whacking me with the palm of their hand, in a similar way to which you hit someone to help them throw up something that they have swallowed down the wrong way. At the same time, or a fraction of a second later, I heard or rather experienced in the back of my head and neck, a very loud cracking sound, like a firecracker exploding or someone cracking a whip.

I thought, for a worrying moment, that I must have twisted and broken my neck by trying not to move. Instantly, I found myself standing vertically in my bedroom, next to my bed staring at my suits that were hanging on the wall. Whilst I stood there feeling very strange, I realised that I had split from my Physical Body which remained lying on its back on the floor.

I also realised that it was my Astral Body that had been turning, not my Physical Body! Whilst standing in the room I could see behind me even though I seemed to be dumbstruck looking at the wall and my suits.

The whole thing was such a novelty that again I became confused about what I should do? I then blacked out and started dreaming in the Astral. A short time later, I woke up in my Physical

Body and remembered everything in great detail, just as if it had happened the day before in my normal 'awake' state.

This was my first major Astral Split/Projection. After this event I experienced a number of sporadic occurrences. In one practice I was lying on my back, as usual, and suddenly found myself hovering horizontally above my body at an inclined angle of forty-five degrees. I was dumbstruck and couldn't move. I was also very confused as I only had half of my body with me - the upper torso? Other experiences were not so peculiar.

I usually had a full body and found myself either standing next to my body as if I had just got up or hovering vertically above my head. This was also a novelty the first time it happened, particularly when I became alarmed at the possibility that I was going to drop or tread on my own head - which fortunately didn't/couldn't happen.

After a variety of short Astral Projections, along with waking up whilst in dreams, I again became disheartened and summoned up the will power and desperation to actually split and do something sustained and productive whilst in the Astral Plane. I decided to do a practice, it was around midday and I wore a sleeping mask, like those you are given to wear in some aeroplane flights, along with earplugs to keep out noise pollution, which at this time there was a great deal of where I was living.

I started the practice and shortly after found myself standing in the Astral Plane next to my body, looking at the wardrobe in my bedroom.

I was puzzled by the fact that I knew I had split and knew where I was standing but couldn't quite see anything. I then realised I still had my sleeping mask on - in the Astral? I took it off and lightly walked/floated out of the flat and took the lift downstairs.

At this time I lived in a tower block on the 42nd floor. On arriving at ground level I walked out of the building and noticed some of the vacant shops had been filled. This was strange because at this time these shops were vacant and had been for a while. One of the shops was a very nice cake shop.

My gluttony got hooked on it and I stared at some cakes in great detail, fascinated by some of

the elaborate designs of cakes on display. Shortly after, there was a strange knocking sound from somewhere, I tried to follow it and quickly came back to my Physical Body.

I was catatonic in my Physical Body, the Astral Body had not quite locked into the Physical Body, and I lay there unable to move and became aware that the knocking was actually coming from my front door of the flat. Eventually my bodies locked into each other and I very gently got up out of the bed to answer the door, but before I got there my wife had already let herself in. A month or so later a similar cake shop appeared in the physical.

Many of my astral experiences and dreams have contained premonitions of future events. It is not always certain, however, what will occur. I recall another instance similar to the cake shop. Once whilst living in a different block of flats, I looked out of my bedroom window and noticed a vacant unit in the block opposite. During a dream in the Astral, I was in my flat looking out of the bedroom window at the other block of units and saw some Chinese girls that looked like twin sisters, moving into the vacant flat.

They had a blue bed with an elaborate black cast iron headrest. A few weeks later, in the physical, I found myself doing the exact same thing, looking out of my bedroom window at the units opposite and observing the exact same girls, bed and headrest that I had dreamt about. The more that I have trained myself to remember my dreams and astral experiences the more frequent these types of premonitions have become. They are also related to those moments of feeling 'deja vu' like the exact event had somehow been lived before.

I mentioned waking up in dreams and again this is something that has occurred since being involved in the Gnostic Movement and learning the techniques for it to happen. My initial problem with this, was that every time I became aware that I was dreaming and in the Astral Plane, I would immediately come back to my Physical Body and wake up. This problem has gradually diminished with practice and familiarity.

There are many things that we can experience in the Astral Plane, whether dreaming or fully conscious there. Some experiences are very profound and symbolic. It is very useful to know about the dream symbols given on the MysticWeb Astral Course. Some symbols are very overpowering and affect the consciousness directly.

There are no words to describe them, on occasion I have been filled with awe for many months, even more so when not 100% sure what they meant. Some objects/symbols have an impossible element, meaning it would be impossible to create them or anything like it in the Physical World.

Another sensation we can experience in the Astral is being called by other conscious Beings hopefully positive ones. When this first occurred to me it felt like the ground beneath me had been pulled away and I was suddenly falling or dropping through a tunnel at extremely high speed. As someone else once mentioned it feels like you are falling to the centre of the Earth, until you arrive in the presence of those who have called you.

Concentration (focusing the mind in a sustained way on one thing) is the real key to Astral Projection and also helps if we want to move in it. During an episode of waking up within a dream, I found myself in a pleasant park. I jumped and floated down in a very strange way and knew for sure that I was in the Astral Plane.

I then started to concentrate on different places in the park. As I intensely looked at the different places, I was instantly there. Again this was such a novelty. To feel that I could move, what felt like my Physical Body, as quick as a thought, the speed was amazing and incomprehensible to my mind. It is a pity that, once again, I didn't take advantage of this opportunity to do something more useful. However, it was an exhilarating experience, to realise I could transport myself anywhere in a second.

Fear of Astral Projection was something that I had for a long time. It is a very common thing, many people fear the unknown. Once, during a time of almost giving up with Astral Projection, I had a Lucid Dream, or rather I fully woke up in the Astral from a dream. I thought I had overcome my fear, but really I hadn't. I was in the Astral in a beautiful park (different one to the example above) and I fully woke up. I jumped, floated and stayed suspended about one meter above the grass. I just hovered there.

I didn't have a single thought, desire, emotion or impulse, nothing but a blissful feeling of peace. It was the most beautiful experience I had ever had in my life. There was absolutely nothing to be afraid of. I awoke shortly after, feeling such a fool for allowing fear to have ruined so many of my Astral Projection attempts. The peaceful experience stayed with me fully for many days.

Many strange things can occur in the Astral Plane and these peculiar events can be very useful for us, if we take advantage of them to question our surroundings and awaken our consciousness. For example: I was walking along the road talking to a friend from work. Whilst talking to her, we heard an aeroplane flying in the sky.

We looked up and saw the aeroplane pulling something behind it; normally these aeroplanes dangle huge advertising flags behind them, for the public to read. However, on this occasion it was pulling a gigantic LCD computer monitor. I said to the girl 'Look at that it is impossible, we must be dreaming and in the Astral Plane. Let's jump and see!' So I jumped and floated about ten meters off the ground.

When I landed I encouraged my friend to do the same, but she didn't know what I was talking about and hadn't reacted in the slightest to me jumping so high. She appeared to be dead with a vacant expression over her face. This surprised me a lot, as we seemed to be talking quite normally only a few moments before.

This type of experience has regularly occurred in other contexts, but it has not always been fruitful. Many times in dreams I have encountered persons, places and objects that clearly were not physical and yet I didn't use them as a cue to awaken. My consciousness continued on in its drugged 'asleep' state, dealing with everything in an indifferent way.

As a simple example, I am dreaming in the Astral Plane talking to someone who is exceptionally tall, about nine or ten foot. I marvel at how tall they are and instead of thinking to myself 'this is unusual I must be in the Astral' my mind comes in and suddenly makes the logical assumption that the person must be a professional basketball player. My mind making that assumption stopped me from questioning further and awakening. In the context of what was really happening and being discussed it was an absurd assumption.

The more conscious and awake I have been in the Astral Plane the more vivid and bright have been the colours and shapes. The clarity of perception in the Astral Plane can be exhilarating, far beyond any DVD colours or sharpness. I recall watching a Sunrise in a beautiful valley. I was amazed at how I could stare directly at the Sun and see its brilliance, looking straight at it without even blinking or squinting, as it would make us do in the Physical world. The valley was brilliant and sparkling exuding a magnificent vibrancy, filled with life.

It is common for conscious Beings in the Astral Plane to help us awaken by doing unusual things. On one occasion I remember someone making huge efforts to help me awaken. They stood in front of me dressed like an acrobatic Jester from the Middle Ages, performing physically impossible manoeuvres and balancing acts.

I watched them for a long time amazed and stunned, questioning what they were doing and trying to rationalise the impossible. Regrettably, I did not awaken on this occasion, but I learnt about the process of awakening from clearly recalling the experience.

One of the most useful tools I have used in my attempts of Awakening has been a Dream Diary. This is recording in as much detail the astral experiences or dreams. I will never forget some of the astral experiences related to symbols and have not written most of these down. Keeping a Dream Diary has been of great importance when reading back on dreams from years ago and recalling the psychological traits within them.

These may be traits that I still have now and need to deal with. Details of the psychological side of the Esoteric Work can be obtained from the Online Self Knowledge and Esoteric Courses. The Dream Diary is also very useful for spotting recurring dreams in which the same people, places or objects occur and then using these as cues to awaken.

For example, if I keep dreaming about family members that I rarely see in the physical or who may already be dead, then I condition myself to question my environment then next time I see them. By doing this there is a good possibility that the next time I meet them I will be in the Astral and will realise this and hence awaken there.

Most of our lives have a dreary, monotonous undertone. We work in anticipation of our next break, holiday or long weekend to alleviate the feeling that we are wasting our lives. Perhaps we have found something that gives us great pleasure, but is it really a permanent state of blissful happiness, independent of the circumstances we are in and the people we meet?

Awakening in the Astral Plane opens up a new dimension and understanding of Life and Death. The experiences we gain are worth a great deal more than anything we can afford in the Physical World.

Before I started the Gnostic Movement courses my life was severely disorientated. I didn't really care about my life, because nothing on this afflicted planet made any sense apart from making as much money as possible, at whatever cost, to enable me to experience as many pleasures as possible, before I died. My life, like this, was not worth living. I was alive because I had a Physical Body and had to live. The pleasure seeking and the desires were insatiable. Their fulfilment did not alleviate the vacuous hole and Spiritual void within me, if anything they made it worse.

To strive for the Awakening is difficult but the rewards are permanent and profoundly edifying.

Shane

[Author: Ms. E](#)

<http://www.astraldynamics.com/>

Various Astral Experiences

I had another spontaneous, unwanted, OBE a few days ago. I was sitting in for a Maths lecture to take a nap (I don't take Mathematics) and was feeling very cold, rather hungry and miserable as I tried to fall asleep. Since I felt guarded trying to nap, I was thus fully conscious while trying to sleep. Then it happened again! That inexorable "falling" or "drifting apart" sensation and before I knew it, I was racing forward at this crazy speed. Goodness know to where.

I 'instinctively' knew I was floating a few feet in the air, and I could 'actually feel' my astral body being whizzed away from my physical!!!! At that moment I thought unhappily to myself - "oh, no, its happening again!!!" Then I tried to get out of it, pulling and dragging myself back mentally, but my physical body was absolutely paralyzed (once again).

I could "see" what was happening all through this! It was rather bright (like the lecture theatre at the time), but greyish with "stars" and bright dots everywhere, and I was in a tunnel of some kind. I was still very aware of being inside my body which was slumped over the desk, while about 70% of my consciousness resided in my projected body. I could also see myself whizzing

away from where I actually was, seen from inside my physical body, into this awesome tunnel. At first I only whizzed headfirst into the tunnel, and I knew I was only looking ahead.

After a second or two, when I desperately tried to look back at where my desk was, I turned my head around, but then as I looked back, I realized to my absolute astonishment that I could see 'all' around me at once, all at the same time!! My attention was focused on looking behind me, but I could also see all around myself at the same time. The best analogy I could use was that I was some sort of ball (of light???) and could see all around myself. I felt smaller than usual, definitely weightless, and much less clumsy.

[Author: Mr. TS](#)

<http://www.astraldynamics.com/>

Just before all the strange sensations, I was focusing on my body, trying to bring each part into a deeper level of relaxation, for a planned projection attempt. I then felt a numb pressure, a strong but gentle force pressing into the centre of my forehead. This was quite relaxing and soon my whole forehead began tingling. I tried to expand that feeling through my body, moving it down into my chest. As I did I felt a strong wave of vertigo - like I had lost my sense of up and down. I also felt rather nauseous and began to feel very hot. I felt very uncomfortable at this point and tried to remove the covers and get my bearings, but I found I was paralyzed and couldn't move a muscle. It was as though my body weighed a ton. After a few minutes and a lot of effort I suddenly regained motion, and as soon as I did all the strange sensations vanished. Other than the heat (and to a degree the nausea), it was not an uncomfortable episode, in fact the sensations were rather exciting.

[Author: Ms. P](#)

<http://www.astraldynamics.com/>

Paralysis episodes have been happening to me since I was a small child (I'm 40'ish now) and they seem to happen in "clusters". In other words, I might not have anything for months, and then many will happen in a short period of time. They usually come during my sleep at night, waking me up, but have also happened while trying to nap during the day.

I actually projected once during the day, which was a wonderful experience and quite different from the paralysis I normally get.

Here's what usually happens: during sleep, my normal dream state seems to take on a bizarre or sinister twist and I'm overcome with fear - because I know what comes next! The dream (of whatever) ceases, and the vibrations start. As they increase in intensity, I find myself completely heavy and totally paralyzed in my physical body...and at the same time very frightened. Sometimes it feels as though an evil entity is trying to overtake my body. At this point I feel a primal scream coming from the very depths of my soul, as if to save myself.

Apparently, I do actually yell out and cry at times, as my husband reports that he frequently has to wake me because I'm having a bad dream. The moment he touches me, or I am able to move even a little finger, it's all over. But I am left with a sense of dread and uneasiness, although I am then wide awake. And the funny thing is, if I go right back to sleep, it will happen again...as if the first episode wasn't complete.

I've tried everything over the years, including fighting it, accepting and relaxing into it, surrounding myself with white light, praying before sleep, commanding it to stop, and actually wanting and trying to consciously project -- nothing works. Those times in which I really try and relax into it and just let it happen seem to be the most frustrating, because it feels like such an effort and struggle, and then nothing happens - I just end up getting paralyzed again.

The most dramatic time, the time that I did get out, was quite pleasant, although it was extremely brief and during the daytime. This particular time, I was napping in my bed during the day, and suddenly the vibrations started. This time was different, though, I seemed to roll over right through the frame of my waterbed, and it felt as if I was hovering right by the side of my bed. But I didn't feel completely out, it seemed as if the lower part of my body was still attached. I remember looking at my night stand, the floor, and other things in the immediate area.

They seemed to "glow" with a blue colour. Then I was able to lift my hand and look at it, and as I did, I realized that this was the "real" thing, and I felt very happy and excited...then it was over. For the rest of the day, I walked around on cloud nine, almost as if this were concrete proof to me that there is an afterlife. I was very elated.

[Author: Ms. S](#)

<http://www.astraldynamics.com/>

I got up early one morning to go to the bathroom. When I returned to bed my body felt tingly and fuzzy all over. I lay down and after about ten seconds I felt a strong sinking feeling. When the sinking feeling stopped I felt as if I was moving inside of myself. I then had the most distinct feeling of leaving my body and then of hovering in the air above my bed. I felt disorientated and my vision was distorted (I think I was seeing in all directions at the same time). I had no body. I was a point of consciousness. I wasn't sure how to move. After a few seconds, I was suddenly pulled back inside my body, but I never felt myself re-enter. I raised my head, laid it back on the pillow and began the process again. I left my body four times that morning. I was really excited because everything felt so real.

For the last few nights I've been trying to get out using the Rope Method. I lay on my bed and feel myself climbing the rope. Its hard for me to stay still for long because I start to get an extremely ticklish sensation (especially my face) and sometimes it feels as if parts of my face are twitching. Eventually, it gets unbearable and I have to scratch, which breaks my trance. Also, if I do feel that something is really happening, I get a surge of fear and excitement in my chest. I think this also hurts my chances of getting out, but I'm not sure what to do about it. At times I get the subtle feeling that the sinking energy feeling is about to start, however, as soon as I have this realization the feeling subsides. Its as if realizing that the sinking feeling is about to occur prevents it from happening.

[Author: Mr. C](#)

<http://www.astraldynamics.com/>

I lay on my back in bed and went through my relaxation techniques and my body went completely numb and felt very heavy. At the point where I start to actually project I realized I was having a projection and my heart jumps in excitement and shocked me back to my physical body. My heart felt like it was going 150 plus. Next time, I was just relaxing and not intending to have a projection. All at once my astral body rose out of my physical body at what felt like a 90 degree angle. Like a SNAP. Then I knew again where I was about to go. All of a sudden thunderous lightning sounds tingled and crackled loudly all around me. I struggled to maintain this place, but faltered and slipped back again, in excitement, into my physical body.

[Author: Mr. T](#)

<http://www.astraldynamics.com/>

I have tried to project many times, and tried energy work with my chakras, but have never quite managed to get out of my body. I did have some very interesting experiences though: I could definitely feel energy coming up through my legs, and could feel my base chakra pulsating and throbbing. When I get into the trance state, my arms and legs feel strange and enlarged, as if they are floating, and I can't tell if they are touching anything, or upside down or which way they are. I think I have started to separate from my body a few times, but each time this happened I think "Wow, something might happen this time" and my excitement ruins it. A few other times I have just been lying in bed trying to get to sleep and it has just started happening. I feel this incredible rush of energy go right through my body, very strong in my chest area, then once again I get excited and think "Wow, something is really happening and I'm not even trying", and this ruins it again.

[Author: Mr. F](#)

<http://www.astraldynamics.com/>

Recently, I was sleeping in a tent and had a strange experience. I became totally relaxed, and then started to feel this energy, a really light energy, all through my body. I felt this very strongly in my hands. I lay very still, thinking about nothing for several minutes. Then, I felt these really strong vibrations and thought "I can go out of my body now!" My vision changed from pitch black to blurry white. It was really freaky. At the same time, I felt the definite sensation of my upper body slowly moving out of my regular body. The weird part was that I was in control and could feel the essence of being in two bodies at the same time. My heart then started pounding really fast and I got scared. This ended the experience.

[Author: Ms S](#)

<http://www.astraldynamics.com/>

After trying your new rope technique, I suddenly became aware of myself floating 5 feet above my body. I was paralyzed and scared and couldn't move. Strong vibrations were traveling throughout my body. A black hole appeared near me and I started really zipping through it. I suddenly realized I was in the stages of a full astral projection and panicked. Fear of what was happening stopped the process.

I woke up half an hour later, then finally went back to sleep and began what I thought was lucid dreaming. In the lucid dream I decided to practice my flying. I went outside, ran and jumped into the air and was soon flying very high and fast. Suddenly I felt my real body back in bed and the flying/falling sensation became much stronger. At first I was scared, but then decided to go with it.

Suddenly, I was back in my physical body, briefly, and was then catapulted out of my body again and was left standing (wobbly sea legs and all) in my bedroom facing my dresser. I was so excited! I knew I was out of my body in what you have called the real time zone! I decided

not to go too far or to stay out too long (taking your advice to keep it ultra short) so I returned to my physical body. I lay on top of my physical body, expecting to be reunited with it immediately.

My projected double seemed not to connect with my physical body right away, so I decided to go back out again. The moment I had the thought I popped right out again. I turned around to look at my body on the bed but could not see it, but I did see my husband clearly in bed beside me. My attention was then drawn to a bright light coming from my side of the bed. As I looked closer, I discovered a long rectangular TV screen playing Mickey Mouse cartoons. I was amused.

I couldn't wait to tell my husband, so I laid down to re-enter my body again. It took a few minutes to get settled back into my body. I patiently waited, not scared at all. Several times I lifted my astral arms out to see if I was back, and could see them clearly each time. I started counting and feeling for and wiggling my toes and then, suddenly, I was back in my body. I woke my husband to tell him "I DID IT!!!"

[Author: Mr. S](#)

<http://www.astraldynamics.com/>

I was meditating in a chair when, quite suddenly, I began to see through my closed eyelids, and could see the room around me clearly. Then got up, out of my body, and was walking down the hall to see the rest of the house when the phone rang. It sounded as if I was hearing this 'twice', one ring slightly before and out of phase with the second, almost like an echo. I assumed it was because of some kind of a lag in my physical body's nerve impulses, etc, from when the ear comes in contact with the sound to when the brain recognises it as a sound. This was not a very pleasant experience, and it was something unlike anything else I had experienced previously, so I immediately sped back to my body.

[Author: Michael Ross](#)

<http://www.astraldynamics.com/>

Tunnel Vision

Having been fortunate enough to experience many "average" out of the body phenomenon for many years I found it absolutely exhilarating in recent months to experience three overwhelming incidences of "tunnel effect" projections which usually occur during "Near Death" visions.

The first occurred one evening after I had indulged in my usual practice of trying to encourage an out of the body experience by using an affirmation "I will remain conscious" prior to going to sleep.

After falling asleep I woke up to find myself rising in the air (I had fallen asleep on my stomach) with an enormous roaring sound echoing all around. It sounded like being in the midst of a thunderstorm.

I was fully conscious and naturally thrilled to be experiencing yet another astral projection. I decided to see how I looked in the bedroom dressing table mirror. I saw myself dressed in pyjamas and a dressing gown and considerably shorter than in real life. I was conscious that this was yet another example of "astral plane distortion" which frequently occurs during projections.

Then I found myself staring down a tunnel whose walls consisted of vivid black and white squares. At the opening of the tunnel there seemed to be a swastika shape.

Then I found myself moving backwards through this tunnel at an enormous speed with all the attributes of roller coaster sensations being present. This was an extremely enjoyable feeling and I wished that it could have continued for hours.

Then I decided I would like to visit a scene of a former home approximately thirty miles distant.

I immediately found myself floating above the street where this was and after a few seconds found myself moving at great speed along the road leading back to where I actually live. I then

had a Lucid Dream (and was aware of it as such) with various members of my family acting out surreal situations. My arms were crackling and sparkling with blue sparks and I had the sensation that they had some sort of power.

I then found myself back in my physical body. As usual I noted the time and proceeded to write up the report of my astral journey in a diary I keep for that purpose.

A few weeks after this episode I woke up one evening with a strange "tingling feeling" in my head.

Then I was aware of looking down a tunnel with strangely coloured walls. It was decidedly zig-zagged, disjointed and not so clearly patterned as the previous example.

At the opening of the tunnel there was a window where a lot of what can only be described as massive "television snowy interference" was occurring. There was a shape of some being , something like a Catholic Priest or Pope behind the window.

Accompanying this was an indistinct fuzzy sound.

I found myself unable to move and then remembered to use a "spinning technique" and found myself spinning round towards the floor and then I rose to look at my slightly distorted bedside clock face. I noted the time and then found myself in the midst of yet another lucid dream which entailed members of the family acting out incidents which had correlations with things they were at that time and earlier on during the day busily involved in.

Then I was "awake" in my astral body again and I told myself to lift my astral hands and arms so that I could see them. I was excited to note that they were transparent and I brought them together to clap and experienced a slow , as though moving through treacle, example of this action.

I then tried to speak to my wife who was fast asleep beside me and whom I could see perfectly normally. The sound came out as though speaking through a container of water - all bubbly, slow and indistinct.

I then tried the spinning technique so that I could move - succeeded, noticed the time and found myself looking at the world from my physical body.

The third example of a tunnel effect astral experience happened recently when I found myself waking up with all sorts of spinning sensations predominating. Instead of a clearly defined tunnel there was a strange pattern of wavy and bending white lights at the corner of my bedroom wall. I decided to raise up my legs (which were facing that direction) and noticed with some excitement again that they were transparent and rather slow in motion like the previous example. I then raised my astral arms and hands and found that they were identical in texture and appearance as before.

I then noted the time on my bedside clock which, again, had a slightly distorted shape, "woke up" in my physical body and checked that the time was the same as from my astral viewpoint - which it was- and proceed to note this down in my "astral diary".

I have pondered for some considerable time to try to understand why these tunnel visions have occurred.

The possible causes were my usual attempts, prior to sleep, at attaining an astral projection and thereby trying to programme myself to wake up and find myself in my "astral mode".

I had used , spasmodically various meditation/concentration techniques as outlined in Robert Monroe's book "Journeys Out of the Body" whereby one concentrates prior to sleep on an imaginary point between the eyebrows. I had also used examples of techniques given in V Van Dam's "The Psychic Explorer" such as imagining a spinning triangle . Israel Regardie's meditation technique as outlined in "The Middle Pillar" was also used.

However I feel that these practices were not very well done or consistently applied.

As meditators will readily admit, it is extremely hard to keep up these periods of concentration. The mind persistently wanders and I feel that I am a particularly good case of a bad meditator!

We are, however, increasingly aware of such "tunnel effect" visions occurring and being reported by many people in all sorts of contexts.

As we approach the a millennium, the period when many seers predict there will be a host of experiences whereby people are aware of leaving their bodies and the etheric/ astral perception capabilities come into play is it likely that these experiences are somehow controlled from out-with ourselves?

Many projectors, such as Twitchell, Bulhman etc. have mentioned in their works that no astral projection occurs without a "guide" being there to assist - mostly in the background and unperceived by the projector.

I can only mention that I have only had a very vague feeling that there was "someone" or for that matter "something" in the background during my most recent "tunnel" projections. But this was all too vague an intuition to corroborate even to myself.

There does, however, seem to be in the population generally a statistically significant increase in reports of out of the body and near death experiences. Whether this is due to the expected "millennium" push whereby etheric/astral bodies are loosening their attachment to the physical body as a result of an etheric evolutionary programme engineered by "guides" and providing spiritual experiences of all kinds remains to be seen.

This aspect of how such experiences are being promoted is perhaps one of the most interesting esoteric questions we can ask ourselves. By achieving some sort of consensus we may be able to participate more efficiently and knowledgeably in promoting such fascinating and exhilarating in the population at large.

[Author: Unknown](#)

<http://www.psychics.co.uk>

Near Death Experience

In 1967 I had a severe asthma attack and was rushed to the old Royal Hospital in Portsmouth. I vaguely recall waking in an oxygen tent and a lot of fuss going on around me. I don't know at what point I drifted out of my body but I do know now that my heart stopped and I was rushed to the Resuscitation Ward. I could see myself attached to a ventilator with lots of wires connected

to me. I could see a doctor, two nurses and the bizarre sight of a man dressed in a bow-tie and full evening suit!

Then went into cardiac arrest and I saw them all trying to restart my heart. I was in no pain and felt no difficulty with my breathing. I was an onlooker, so to speak, watching myself in the hospital bed.

We had no telephone at home and I saw the police bring my husband to the hospital. 'Is there any hope?' I heard him say. 'Very little' replied the man in the evening suit. That was the only moment I felt unhappy.

Felt myself falling down a tunnel and saw my life flash before me like a rapid series of camera pictures. Suddenly I was standing and feeling wonderful with a sense of lightness, happiness and knew that I was surrounded by a great love. Added to this was a feeling of tranquillity. I felt so well it was wonderful!

I then found myself stood to one side of a small arched bridge. There were people singing, not hymns but a lovely song of joy. There were colours such as I have never seen. I wanted to join them but thoughts of my husband stopped me. There were also things that I still wanted to do in life such as have a baby- but it was so very, very tempting to cross.

Stood on the bridge was a Jewish man holding a cross. He 'spoke' to me telepathically and asked 'Are you ready to cross?' I recall saying 'No. No No!' then immediately returned to my body. I could now 'hear' conversations going on around me in the hospital. 'She's slipping away' they said. But I knew that I would live and started fighting the ventilator to prove that I could breathe by myself. 'Why can't these people see I'm not going to die?'.

After four days I was detached from the ventilator and gradually got well. The man who previously wore the evening suit when I was in a coma was now in a doctor's white coat as he walked into the ward. I asked the nurse about him. 'He's the surgeon who performed a tracheotomy operation on you to try to save your life' said the nurse. 'I know' I replied 'But why was he wearing a bow-tie and evening suit?' The nurse was dumb struck and then explained that they had to call him from a very important dinner engagement

I did have a child- a son who is now 27. The pervious year I lost a baby but I know he lives on and one day I will see him. I know I am lucky to have had such a wonderful experience.

[Author: Mrs Finlayson](#)

<http://www.psychics.co.uk>

I saw myself from above

A few years ago I had an extremely painful operation without anaesthetic. I left the hospital twenty minutes after the surgery in a state of shock, anger and mixed emotions. My centre of vision suddenly changed. I was stood about three stories high above myself looking down at the scene below. I could see the pedestrians walking by, the cars and buses, the flat rooftops of the buildings. I even saw myself stop at the curb look both ways and cross the street.

I have a bald spot on the top of my head and noticed that there was a small scar on it that I did not know was there!

[Author: Mrs Edith G W](#)

<http://www.psychics.co.uk>

Phantoms of the Living

When I was 15 years old my family and I emigrated to Ontario, Canada where my father worked in the Steel plant. Dad was very ill and sick in bed when I went with my friends to the youth club. On the way home I said "Here comes Dad to meet us" There was no mistaking him, a miner, short, bandy legged with his flat cap on his head. I rushed towards him, wondering how he had recovered so quickly, but as I approached he was gone.

When I got home I he was in a coma and died a few hours later. To this day I believe that it was his departing spirit that came to me to say Good-bye. I loved him so much and will never forget this experience that happened so long ago now.

[Author: Mrs Elaine M](#)

<http://www.psychics.co.uk>

Scared By Husband's Spirit

When I was staying in South Africa I woke up in the night and saw my husband's spirit leaving his body. At first I thought that I was dreaming but after closing my eyes and opening them again I knew that it was real.

He was sleeping on his stomach and his spirit was still connected to his legs and feet. I was terrified, thinking that my husband had died. I dug into him with my elbow and he awoke asking me what on earth was wrong. I felt silly and awkward and couldn't tell him until three days later.

My vicar said that what I saw was very unusual. Next time it happens I should watch which way the spirit goes. My husband says that he sometimes sees my spirit stood at the bottom of his bed.

[Author: Anne Mc C](#)

<http://www.psychics.co.uk>

That Floaty Feeling

Last week a strange thing happened to me. I was laying on my bed, wide awake, when my whole body lifted into the air and started to float around the room. I felt myself turn over in the air and I tried to reach out for the light switch. To my horror I couldn't turn it on and I floated again into the middle of the room. I tried to call to my husband, who I could see sleeping in the bed, "Robert I'm flying!!!" but he couldn't hear me. Then I floated back down onto the bed and sat up. Robert insisted it was just a dream but I just know that I wasn't sleeping.

[Author: Michael G](#)

<http://www.psychics.co.uk>

I Can Fly

I keep having the same dream. In it I am walking then break into a jog. My feet seem to lift high of the ground until I find myself gliding through the air. When I first had the dream I could travel about 30 ft or so. It then got easier and now in the latest dreams I seem to have mastered the art. I can glide through the air at will or drop to the ground and walk. Sometimes in real life when I'm walking through town I feel that I could do exactly the same but of course I couldn't.

As a non-believer a very peculiar thing happened to me which unlike a dream is still very vivid in my mind. One Saturday afternoon there was a fire in my scullery and I was rushed off in an ambulance suffering badly from smoke inhalation. I am 69 years old and was very close to death. In the ambulance I found myself looking down on the scene of myself and the two paramedics. One said to the other as they tried to resuscitate me "Is it worth while" to which the other replied 'We'll have to keep trying'. I woke up in hospital but this 'dream' is still very very clear.

[Author: Elaine M](#)

<http://www.psychics.co.uk>

I Floated on the Ceiling

One night I went to bed and couldn't get to sleep. I had the feeling that my Gran was beside me. I started to get frightened and said inside my head 'Go away'. The next thing I knew I was up on the ceiling of my bedroom , bobbing up and down and trying to stop myself hitting the top of it.

I am sure that I wasn't dreaming. The thing that worries me is that I told my Gran, who I loved very much, to go away.

[Author: Ada P](#)

<http://www.psychics.co.uk>

Travelled Out of my Body

Just before our street party for the V.E. Day celebrations I fell over and broke my wrist very badly. I was in great pain and worried sick because I had organised the party and didn't want to let everyone down. My sister and her husband took me to hospital.

As I was being X-rayed I felt myself lift up from the couch. Suddenly I was looking down at myself from the ceiling. I also visited the waiting room where I saw my sister and, from the ceiling, I also noticed that my doctor had a bald patch on the crown of his head. I heard him say "She's away"

I then met my mother and father-in-law. But they weren't visiting me at the hospital; they had both died years ago!

Phone call saved my life

When father died, mother and I were devastated. I tried to contact dad through the Spiritualists- but was unsuccessful. Soon, my mother was also taken ill.

One morning ,as I was preparing to go to work, I saw for a split second my father sat on the settee. He looked young again and seemed very happy. That afternoon Mum died.

I began to have regular nightmares and would wake up exhausted. A week after mother's death I lay resting on the settee when I saw a white female figure step through the wall. I was terrified. She was young and wore a long white dress with a sash across the middle.

I tried to move- but couldn't. Then I felt myself float out of my body towards her. I was petrified-I knew that if I passed with her through the wall I wouldn't return. Then the phone rang and I was back on the settee shaking with fright and feeling hysterical inside. I took a cold shower and left the house for a few days unable to face the prospect of the same thing recurring.

Please, please can you explain why, throughout my life, I have the frightening feeling that I'm flying whilst asleep. In my dreams, I float high into the sky and, like an astronaut, I see the whole Earth laid out below me.

Sometimes it's as if I'm asleep on the ceiling. I've honestly felt myself hovering on our bedroom ceiling, then, with one almighty thump I've landed back into my sleeping body. I awake suddenly and, just for a second, feel my heart-beat race.

I promise you, I am not on any medication; in normal health; and don't drink alcohol. Is there something wrong with me or do other people experience the same?

[Author: Alfred Balabene](#)

[Source unknown](#)

"By and by, I became aware that the swaying motions I registered originated from the beginning of body separation. I became more and more conscious. I began to hear a high rushing like the sound of wind. I was wrapped in darkness. After a short while in this state I felt myself sink down and I registered that breathing was irregular. Without any black out in consciousness I slid back into the body." (N)

"Lying on the floor I relaxed, when I heard a rumbling, which developed to thunder every time when relaxation became deeper. At these moments I was alarmed to waking state, thus shifting periodically between being deep relaxation and wakefulness. The sounds oscillated in this way for about 5 minutes. Subsequently, I succeeded in stopping this oscillation and was left with a continuous rumbling, which was superimposed by a higher-frequency buzzing. Unfortunately this state did not seem to be deep enough for trance because, after some time, the rumbling vanished and I became fully awake. The intended body separation was not accomplished." (BAL)

"In the evening, lying on my back, I actively relaxed. Suddenly I heard explosion-like sounds and was alarmed. Reflecting upon this situation, I remembered what different sounds could accompany floating out of the body, and I relaxed again. The explosion-like sounds started again in chaotic sequence. After some time the sound developed to a drumming, like that of

rain. Now I felt ready for OBE-ing and toward that purpose I tried to sit upright with my subtle body. Then I stood up and walked across the room. Unable to see anything I became aware that the eyes of my subtle body were closed and, therefore, I tried to open them. But tiredness made my eyelids heavy (note: the state of physical body was transmitted to the subtle body by repercussion) and soon I felt so tired that I accepted being pulled back into my physical body. Back in the physical body I heard the drumming again and felt an intense circulation of energy, producing a euphoric state of mind. Shortly afterwards I fell asleep." (S)

"One morning, feeling comfortable in my warm bed, I decided to sleep longer and turned aside. Shortly afterwards, however, I heard a roaring, which seemed to be outside of me. Next I felt myself loosening and then separating from the physical body. I realized that I had no control of my subtle body because my double turned head down in a looping motion and slid head first into the floor. This experience frightened me and instantly I was pulled back." (SH)

"Commonly, this relaxed state of awareness comes over me suddenly, and it feels as if all the muscles in my body relax at the same time. It actually seems like things get quieter at that moment. The change is so profound that I instantly take notice. It's a wonderful feeling. In fact, it feels exactly as if vibrations have slowed down inside of me. I become more aware of what is happening inside and out. My senses seem heightened and sometimes I can feel pulses of energy move up and down my body like waves of water. I feel like I am floating inside my physical body, as if I were on water. Often the pulses are weak to moderate. Sometimes they are strong. At other times they are barely noticeable. During this stage my physical sensation of the body disappears but I am always aware that I am resting within it and that conditions favor an OBE. However, I often hold this state for some time to observe what is happening in more detail. But there are other times when this stage passes very quickly." (Lepak)

"There is a set of sensations that I have been aware of since fourteen years of age. It is commonly reported by others in OBE literature as a rushing or wind-like sound. My version is rather typical. The vibrations become quite intense and, usually in an abrupt fashion, build up in a crescendo-like manner to the point where it is almost painful. It seems that my entire body and mind are engorged with the noise and vibrations. At this point paralysis has set in. It is from this state that the OBE starts. But, I am often able to maintain this state of rapid vibration and still think clearly. Sometimes I can even control the resonance, making it move up and down or spread evenly throughout the body. This is reminiscent of awakening kundalini in the body. Notably, I have found that I can help control or even break this state by moving my eyes or jaw

back and forth. These sensations are fairly well known in OBE literature. In my case they occur at the end of the relaxed state." (Lepak)

"A few times, upon returning, I have had some interesting experiences. Once, I felt an extreme jolt in the back of the neck. I was quite aware of this happening as well as the painful muscles I had for the next few days. Another time, I heard a soft, explosive sound when returning."
(Lepak)

"I lay on the floor and relaxed. After some time I heard a sound like a water fall. Somewhat later the sound ceased and I began to see colorful landscapes passing in a movie-like fashion. Some time later it became dark and I felt elevated upwards by a kind of wind, by which I was swayed to and fro. Subsequently, I had the feeling of being carried away by the wind, still in my original prone position. All of a sudden I felt as if I were set down and I was able to see. I slid along the street of an unknown village where I started a sightseeing tour. Though in my everyday life I might have felt lonesome there, I instead felt rather euphoric." (BAL)

"Lying on the floor I tried to fall into trance, using a step by step method:

- 1) relaxing
- 2) inducing heaviness of the body and limbs
- 3) listening to my blood pulsating in the blood vessels
- 4) feeling warmth
- 5) distracting my awareness from the body towards inner space.

I began to hear a rushing. Thereafter the rushing vanished and I saw very colorful mosaics attracting my attention. After a while the mosaics disappeared and it became dark and silent and very peaceful. Then I heard the laughing and screaming of many children. Initially the sounds were faint as if far away; then they seemed to be approaching. When they seemed to be very close, I had the impression of dissociating from my physical body. In the lying position I drifted through a short tunnel, which I could not see, but of which I had a spatial feeling. When I had passed the tunnel, all of a sudden, I stood in a meadow. In full sunny daylight I saw a swimming pool just in front of me. Meadow and swimming pool were crowded. I went to the swimming pool to have a better look and there I saw a lot of people splashing and diving through the clear water." (BAL)

" The paralysis was gone and I became aware of two bodies, physical and astral. I felt light but did not rise upward. Then I began to move my legs with ease as if I were peddling a bicycle. After many seconds I stopped and put them down again. Then I lifted my head and shoulders, leaning on my elbows. Looking around I saw that everything had a mild glow. Suddenly I realized that I had been moving my astral body rather than the physical. Then I lay back down and realigned the two bodies." (BL)

"While relaxed and concentrating I decided to move my etheric arm. Slowly, I managed to lift my left hand and arm up over my chest. Then I put it back at my side." (BL)

Bal.: "Several years ago I once experienced the silver cord when "stepping-out-in-trance". Out of the body, at a distance of about 1m or 1,5m I turned around, face to the physical body. As usual in near-body distance I was without visual perception and in absolute darkness. Feeling a touch on my breast I reached out for it and felt something with smooth surface formed like a cone, diameter at the basis (breast) ca. 15 - 20cm, getting smaller to a diameter of about 5cm at a body-distance of about 30cm. At this diameter (5cm) it transformed to a cord, leading in direction of the physical body. In all other OBE's of the type of "stepping-out-in-trance" I paid no attention to the silver cord, but at a certain distance (ca. 50m) I felt a pull. Then I was stopped as if tied and fixed at my backside. Instantly I was retracted to the physical body. This happened very often and reduced my expeditions to a short duration, frustrating me."(bal)

[Author: S.Mul doon, H.Carrington](#)

"The Phenomena of Astral Projection", p. 71:

"THE HOUT CASE NO. 2, in which the doctor tells of seeing the exteriorized etheric bodies of three different persons, while the latter were undergoing surgical operations.." ,In each case I was able to see, at least part of the time, the astral cord that united these spirit bodies with their physical counterparts. This was represented to me as a silvery shaft of light which wound around through the room in much the same way as a curl of smoke will drift indifferently in still atmosphere. When the magnetic force would draw the spirit close to the physical body, this cord was more apparent, as though more concentrated. At other times this force was indistinguishable to me. ."

[Author: Ian R](#)

[Source: Unknown](#)

Astral Holiday

I had an out of body experience: I felt myself leave my body and float upwards and into a long dark tunnel. There was a bright light at the end with four people knelt in prayer. They had their backs to me. Other people then appeared wearing long brown hooded robes. One of them spoke to me about my past life 1,000 years ago.

Brilliant light filled the scene and I was transported with the man to a beautiful place. There were golden mountains, green lush valleys and a feeling of deep and perfect peace that I cannot describe. Many times this has happened and the same hooded man comes for me.

[Author: Alison L](#)

[Source : Unknown](#)

I was blown by the winds of heaven

I woke up at 2 am in the morning but couldn't get back to sleep so I decided to go and make myself a cup of tea. When I tried to get up someone or something was holding me down on the bed. I couldn't move.

The next thing I heard and felt was what I can only describe as a wind that lifted me out of the bed. I tried to hold on but couldn't. It felt as if the wind had taken my body and lifted me ,ever so gently, towards the ceiling. I felt safe, calm and peaceful. I remember thinking "I am dying, but it's so soon God, the children aren't settled yet"

I could see my daughter's face and thought of how my son would react on hearing the news that I had died. I then felt myself being lowered back onto the bed-the noise and feeling of the wind went just as quickly as it had come. At first I thought it was a dream but the experience is still as real and vivid in my mind as when it happened.

[Author: Unknown](#)

<http://www.rickrichards.com/astral/Astral-a1.html>

My Personal Experience on the Astral Plane

When we are asleep, we all astral project at times; we are just unaware of it. However, to "willfully and consciously" astral project with pure conscious intention and purpose is quite another matter.

I have "willfully and consciously" astral projected several times. One of my most memorable events was my first "willful and conscious" experience.

I was renting a mountain cabin, perched on a cliff 3,000 feet above Santa Barbara. It was a time in my life when I had the time and place to learn and experiment in occult matters. One night, while laying on my bed, I left my body. I felt a thousand tingling sensations everywhere. The air was a fine, gray, misty, ether-like substance. It seemed like I could actually see the molecules in the air. I felt the sensation that everything was in fast motion. Although

I suspected I was out of my body, I was unsure. I didn't look back at my body because I never thought to do that; instead, I thought I would put this experience (experiment?) to a test.

I will never forget the emotional feeling I felt when I put my hand through the door of the cabin. Then, with great excitement, I stepped through the door and onto the deck. I stood there and looked down at the city lights off in the distance, three thousand feet below. I thought, 'Now comes the real test.' In a leap of faith, literally, I closed my eyes and leaped off the end of the deck like Superman. With outstretched arms, I felt myself soaring up into the sky. A few seconds later, I opened my eyes and saw myself high above the mountain canyon. 'Wow! It really is true!' I thought, excitedly.

I stopped ascending and hovered in the air for a moment, looking down at the tiny lights of the city, wondering, 'What should I do now?' Then I looked up and saw the moon above me and thought, 'I will fly to the moon.'

Up I soared, but as I flew higher and higher, I started feeling a little apprehensive. High in the atmosphere, I entered some clouds, became disoriented, then somewhat scared. It was at that very moment when I felt scared that I returned to my body. What seemed like a split second later, I awoke with a start.

For the next hour or so, I laid on my bed in wonderment and tried to process in my mind what I had just experienced.

Several days later, I was able to "willfully and consciously" leave my body again. This time, 'I will visit somebody — I will visit my Mother,' I thought, 'then I will call her afterwards and describe what she was doing and wearing to prove I had visited her.' What a great idea! I thought. So off I flew, again, like Superman.

I headed east, traveling at a leisurely pace about 50 feet off the ground. I remember looking down at the ground below, passing over some agricultural fields. The people (Mexican migrant workers?) working in the fields below looking up at me as I flew overhead.

I soon realized I would never reach my (Indiana) destination traveling at the speed I was currently traveling, so I "thought" to myself to speed up and instantly my speed picked up dramatically.

A few moments later (about half way to my destination?) I heard a noise in the far distance. My pace slowed. As I started paying more attention to this continuous noise, I wondered, 'What is that noise?' Suddenly, I came to a stop. Now the noise was in my ears. What was it? I wondered. Then, what seemed like a split second, I zoomed way back into my body.

I awoke with a great start and a jolt! My alarm clock was ringing on the table next to my pillow and it was loud. It was 6:00am. I immediately reached over and turned the alarm off and then laid there in total shock and amazement for the next several minutes. As I laid there, I reflected on where I had just been, what I had seen, and what I was attempting to do. I felt a great disappointment that my experience had been interrupted because of my stupid alarm clock.

"Why feel disappointed?" you may ask. "You succeeded in astral projecting."

Yes, that's true, but it's not easy to "willfully and consciously" astral project like I had just experienced. It's quite a difficult task to accomplish correctly; in fact, all of my previous attempts (with one exception) had resulted in failure.

Anyway, those were two, happy, good "conscious" Astral Projection experiences. I had several more after that, but the first ones are always the most memorable.

Now I want to tell you about the one astral projection experience that changed my opinion of Astral Projection and the Astral Plane forever.

UPDATE: 19 JULY 2008.

I found my actual written account of my next astral projection experience below.

20 June 1983, 1:15am.

About a year later, I had left my mountain cabin and I was living in the city of Santa Barbara. I was reading Edgar Cayce on Atlantis before retiring for the night. I laid in my bed and closed my eyes. A few relaxing minutes later I drifted into that space between consciousness and sleep. My body was completely relaxed; it felt very light. I floated (rolled) towards the side of the bed in hopes of rolling off the bed (this was my technique to get out of my body) but instead I floated upwards.

My body was vibrating and tingling. I opened my eyes and found myself sitting up in my bed. It was difficult at first but I managed to pull myself out of the bed and stand up. My body was vibrating very heavily as I left the bed. At that moment I knew I was in the astral. The room was brighter than normal and the air was ether-like. I turned to look at my body laying in my bed and saw a lumpy object under the covers. Instead of confirming my body's presence in my bed,

I decided to walk through the bedroom wall; that would confirm everything, like it had that memorable night at my mountain cabin.

I succeeded in placing my hands through the wall so now I was sure I had "willfully and consciously" successfully astral projected. I thought I would visit the people in the house and tell them what they were doing so I could prove that I had astral projected. Then, just as I was about

to walk through the door, someone or something grabbed my neck from behind. Something was holding me back. Whoever or whatever it was, had me by my throat, as if trying to strangle me.

I turned and fell to the floor. I tried to get up but all my efforts were in vain. Suddenly, I couldn't breath. I started making sounds as if I was choking, albeit I felt no pain or suffering. 'Something is very wrong,' I thought, scared. I turned and tried to crawl back to my bed but I still could not move; The only thing I could manage to do was turn my head and see the foot of my bed.

I intuitively felt whoever or whatever was holding me down was trying to "KILL" me, or something must be wrong with my physical body. I was scared, very scared. I wanted to return to my physical body. But I couldn't move.

After struggling with this strange paralysis and choke hold for what seemed like about 10 seconds, I finally decided to just completely relax and "will" myself back to my body. A few seconds later, I felt the weight of my physical body. I woke up and immediately felt my face. I remember recalling my name to be sure it was still me inside my body. It was.

Never had such a heavy, solid matter (my body) felt so good. I awoke scared and relieved at the same time. Although it is said that there is a thin, silky thread that connects our astral body to our physical body, I have never seen it, so I have my doubts as to its existence, but nevertheless, had my astral body been severed (somehow someway) from my physical body, that would have been the end of my life on this physical plane; my physical body would have died.

People would have said I mysteriously died in my sleep.

I never "willfully and consciously" astral projected again.

Lesson: To "willfully and consciously" astral project is dangerous. When we "unconsciously" astral project, which we do all the time when we are asleep, unbeknownst to us, we have with us (for lack of a better word) "spirit guide(s)." These guides are with us to protect us during our adventures. However, when you "willfully and consciously" leave your body, these (your?) spirit guide(s) are not necessarily around to protect you, hence, you expose yourself to the dangers

that inhabit the astral plane, and there are a lot of bad/evil-minded entities on the other side (more on that later.)

I think what may have happened to me was that some astral entity was trying to take over or possess my physical body. Could this be how someone can become "possessed?" Maybe this idea of being "possessed" is a real possibility after all. Imagine, all of a sudden your personality changes for no apparent physical reason (auto accident, etc.) How could someone explain it? Drugs? Alcoholism? Bi-polarism? Satan? Possession?

In any case, I learned afterwards that before you attempt to astral project, you should always ask for protection. Good advice. Perhaps this is an example of why you should learn these occult mysteries with a Master and not by yourself, or on your own.

[Author: Unknown](#)

<http://www.soulcast.com/post/show/17296/Astral-projection-experiences>

My astral projection experience started when I was about 16 years old. This excludes my first astral projection experience when I was only about 4 years old.

My astral projection experience (1)

I awoke to find myself hovering above my body about 3 feet. I seemed to have an electrical body or light body. The room was dark but I could see clearly,

almost as if I had 360 degree vision. I felt no fear but rather a sense of excitement as I hovered there. I wanted to lift up further but as I tried, I felt myself sinking down towards my physical body and a few instants later I was back in my body.

I told my older brother about it and he told me it was Astral projection. "Cool" I thought. I'd like to do that more often and for longer.

My astral projection experience (2)

It was about a week later that my second astral projection happened. This turned out to be a scary experience. I awoke at about 4:30 in the morning with a strange vibration filling my body. It felt like every cell in my body was vibrating and, naturally, I was quite disturbed by it. I tried to call my father, but no sound came out. I got up out of bed (A thing that, according to most books on the subject, would be impossible) and as I stood beside my bed, I noticed that the clothes I was wearing were the same as those lying on the floor.

The vibration was still there and unpleasant (I have since learnt that the closer one is to the body, the lower the frequency of the vibration). I turned to see somebody lying in my bed. Obviously it was my body. The strangest thing then happened. I fell asleep, outside my body. I dreamt I was at school, tried to strangle my english teacher (all the time mildly aware of the vibration) and as I drew my hands back to stop from strangling him, began spinning around and around till I awoke back in my body.

The vibration was still there yet much milder than before. By force of will I managed to push the vibration down and away from me. It made a ringing sound as it passed by my ears and down into my naval. It was a tough job getting rid of it and it frequently swelled up again, going past my ears several times as I pushed it away.

My astral projection experiences after this one have been rather unspectacular and I frequently suffer from astral blindness. I also sometimes get my head stuck inside my physical head which makes it impossible to really do anything, you know, feet on the ground and head on the pillow with a lot of confusion.

Maybe one day it'll come right. That's Astral projection for you.

[Author: Jill Lowy](#)

<http://newagejournal.com/2007/metaphysical/spontaneous-and-consciously-directed-astral-projection-experiences>

I had my first spontaneous astral projection experience back in the fall of 1975 in Devil's Lake, Wisconsin:

“One moonless dark night, I had just curled up in my sleeping bag. I had just begun to drift off into sleep when suddenly I found myself outside the tent, kind of walking/floating around in the dark. I became alarmed and felt really disoriented. I could not figure out how I had gotten outside the tent and what I was doing there. I cried out for my cousin who was in the tent sleeping. But he did not hear me. I went into the screen tent looking for help. I yelled as loud as I could and in the next instant I was back in the tent dripping in sweat.”

This experience was not a dream, and was my first encounter with our innate ability to leave our physical bodies. My experience shook the foundations of my belief about reality. I started to question my normal perceptions about life and began to investigate the mystical arts. I studied yoga and learned about meditation. Later, I was initiated into Lotus Temple where I learned about the esoteric and mystical arts.

Following my initiation into Lotus Temple, I began practicing Astral Projection techniques that were based on ancient yogic teachings. After several months, I had my first fully conscious astral projection experience:

“I had been practicing the astral projection technique for about thirty minutes when I felt myself falling asleep. I concentrated on maintaining my awareness while allowing my physical body to fall asleep. I continued to practice the technique and visualized myself leaving my body. I then felt a sudden inrush of energy and knew something was beginning to happen. I tried to maintain my calm as I could feel the energy moving faster and faster. Then suddenly, I was moving through a tunnel like a freight train. I let myself flow with the energy. I felt my astral body twisting away from my physical body which was a very strange sensation. Then suddenly I was free! I had a feeling of ecstasy. I began to float around my room and spent time closely examining objects on my dresser. I picked up a wooden pentacle that I had made with the four elemental colors. The vibrancy of the colors was striking and the wooden grain was more beautiful than I remembered. I hovered over the dresser mirror where I looked at myself. I appeared to be like a ghost without much definition. I then decided to return to my body and with that thought immediately found myself back in my physical body. I noticed a strong current of energy still swirling around my palms.”

This was my first consciously directed astral projection experience. It was much different than my first spontaneous astral projection experience that I had back in Wisconsin. During this astral projection, I was conscious from the very beginning, when I began to practice the astral projection technique, until I returned to my physical body. I was very elated, following the experience and I felt a sense of joy several days afterwards.

During my spontaneous projection, I had felt scared, disoriented and really thought I was losing my mind. My consciously directed projection was totally different. During this experience; I felt elated, calm, and almost euphoric. There were no feelings of disorientation or fear. I was much more in control during my conscious astral projection and more in tune with my surroundings. I was completely aware that I was projecting; I could see my physical body lying in bed and it did not cause me any fear or alarm. During my spontaneous projection, I did not know I was astral projecting. Although, I was aware of my surroundings, I didn't know what was happening to me and just wanted to return to normal.

I think the differences between spontaneous and consciously directed astral projection are very important. For most people, I think spontaneous astral projection is just a disorienting and interesting phenomenon. Whereas, consciously directed astral projection is a broadening of one's consciousness and self understanding.

I know many people that have experienced spontaneous astral projection. Many of them, found the experience very threatening to their sense of self, and for the most part, never wanted to have that experience again. I also know other people who have experienced consciously directed astral projection. They see the experience as a chance for exploration of the inner planes or consciousness. I find it interesting that most people who practice consciously directed astral projection have a much more positive experience and see it as an opportunity for self discovery.

In summary, spontaneous astral projection is when there is a separation between the physical and astral body that just happens without the subject's control. It may be characterized by feelings of disorientation, fear, anxiety, helplessness and lack of control. Consciously directed astral projection is when there is a separation between the physical and astral body that is directed by a subject's will, through meditative or other yogic techniques. There may be feelings

of ecstasy, joy, well-being and awe. It is generally more of a positive experience with self-control and less feelings of disorientation or helplessness.

[Author: Adam Gorightly](#)

<http://www.mindcontrolforums.com/hambone/astralweirdness.html>

Tales from the Astral Plane

From the age of roughly 18 to 20 I experienced a strange sensation within the realms of sleep. Lying in bed, I would suddenly awaken--though in reality I was still in a dream--as an electrical current shot through my slumbering body. In shock then my mouth would freeze open in lockjaw horror, as a tingling sensation of pins and needles began to move across my body, and then soon after I would be jolted awake by the electrical/lockjaw horror of my uncommon dream.

This occurred with regularity for several months, and I didn't enjoy it one bit. It was frightening, and in the throes of these strange dreams I felt as if an alien influence was trying to take possession of my body for some unspeakable reason of evil.

During this time I went to southern Cal with my good friend Satchkins on a business trip, and while there stopped over in Ventura to visit Craig Egothany's mom and sis who resided there in that haven of ultra-conservatism. MaryJane--Craig's bisexual mom--was working at Camirillo State Mental Hospital as a Psychiatric Social Worker. MaryJane was a refugee of the sixties, growing up as a radical free-thinking feminist through the seventies, on the way delving into drugs, mysticism and mind expansion, among other occult related phenomena.

MaryJane's house was situated on a hillside, surrounded by the typical southern California brushfields with a five-acre avocado orchard as a backyard. Though the house was quaint and comfortable--with semi-hippie furnishings and eclectic artwork with which MaryJane had adorned it--she felt ill at ease there. To find out why, one night MaryJane brought home from work a couple of 'sensitives' whom she was treating at Camirillo, and they confirmed her worst suspicions, that the house was haunted by spirits of the dead. (That's another story in itself.)

One night after a homecooked supper, Stachkins, MaryJane, and I consumed several bottles of wine, while waxing philosophical on the various meanings of life. It was at this time that I described to MaryJane the dreams I'd been having of the electrical current lockjaw variety. Instantly, her eyes lit up in cosmic recognition, as she grokked the higher plane my head was spinning on.

"You've been astral projecting, Adam!" MaryJane dramatically announced.

I'd never connected these dream experiences with astral projection. Now it started to make sense. MaryJane explained to me, as she saw it (and understood the phenomena from her own extensive experience and research) that what was happening with this electrical current, lockjaw and numbing sensation was the effect of my astral/spirit body leaving my mortal shell, its psychic energy causing an electric surge to course through me, freezing my jaw open in its passing, bringing a wave of numbness that began to develop through my supine frame as the psychic energy shot out of my human shell, in search of higher ground.

In the past I'd read here and there about astral projection in the Casteneda books, and in the teachings of ECKANKAR. Both seemed pretty far removed from me, and I never related them to my own personal experiences because I didn't realize what was happening. (Much like my earlier UFO experience, I don't know if what occurred to me during those spacey days was real or imagined delusions.)

"Astral projection," I responded, astounded. "How do you know that's what's happening to me, MaryJane?"

"Because, my dear Adam, the same thing has been happening to me for years."

"Oh," I said, awaiting for further clarification from that eccentric soul. (An Old Soul, as she often called herself.)

"Yes. I've been going through the same thing for years. Perhaps you're at the point now where you haven't, left your body. It sounds as if your astral body is just about to leave your physical body, when you're jolted awake."

“Now, regarding myself... Well, it’s pretty strange,” MaryJane continued. “What happens is that--once I leave my human body--I am transported to some other world where I inhabit the body of this monster who runs ‘round and ‘round in circles, never getting anywhere. Round and round and round. I’m still trying to figure that one out.”

“Wow, that’s a trip.”

From this point forward my wanderings within the astral plane started getting weirder and more productive. I don’t know if this was from the fuel MaryJane had now provided my ever-expansive imagination, or if I was progressing upon the path of wisdom to higher states that the guru-guys of old had mastered. There was a level of eeriness to these astral wanderings which made me fearful that perhaps some demon from the underworld was attempting to possess my soul, and that through the sinful activities I had practiced throughout the years I’d left my self open to demon infestation. To the uninitiated, I probably sounded like a prime candidate for psychological counseling.

In talking to my friend Jonathan Haireye about my astral wanderings, he related a passage to me from the Casteneda books where Don Juan told Carlos that one of the first steps of mastering control over your astral body was to be able--once out of body--to gaze down upon your sleeping shell where it rested on its earthbound bed. This was my quest, yet every time I started astral projecting I could never remember to do it, because once in that state you move to a different level where you are no longer Adam Gorightly, but you become a sort of pure spirit energy, rising from the prison of our corrupted physical bodies into the ethers of the astral plane. Enough rambling. Let’s get on with the actual descriptions of these astral experiences.

One of the first astral experiences I had after the MaryJane rap session had me rising from bed, still in the supine position, my astral body levitating into the mystical air, three feet or so above my bed. After a short duration, I was thrust once again back into physical consciousness, which always seemed to me like a slingshot effect, my spirit flung back into the sleeping hull, physical awareness jerking it awake violently from it’s psychic slumbers.

When in these astral states, my spirit body would zoom around at incredible speeds, making right angle turns as it traveled at warp drive, around the walls and beneath the ceiling of my room. But never once did my astral body leave the room; it would just soar around in speedy

circles, like some sort of caged and deranged metaphysical bird, searching for a passage to the sky.

Some of my final astral projection experiences, were truly horrifying, when, after leaving my body, I began hearing voices as I floated around my room; the laughing haunting rumbling deep satanic voices of demons fucking with my soul and mind. I would awake from these vicious vignettes in a cold sweat, thinking my inner soul possessed by unclean spirits from the lower reaches of the astral plane. It was at this point that I made a conscious effort to cease with this astral nonsense, and soon after I never projected astrally again. Amen!

[Author: Unknown](#)

<http://reikimatt.blogspot.com/2007/06/astral-projection-out-of-body.html>

This week I decided to focus on Astral Projection. In the past, when I was 7 and then between 15 and 17, I had some fascinating experiences called OBE or Out of Body Experiences and also some lucid dreams (you wake up in a dream and then you change the scope of the story).

Since then, I haven't had such experiences and this year I decided it was time to try again, using the best resources on this topic.

It seems it is possible to project using some specific mantras. So I put my alarm at 4am from tuesday up to today. Each day at that time I tried to project using the mantras. The first day I woke up and after saying the mantra for a few minutes I feel as if my body was surrounded by light but I didn't project... The second day, after saying the mantra, I had a lot of activity inside my body, my heart was going faster, it felt the projection was nearby, as those are some of the sensations you usually feel in this case. People even report they are scared and think they will die because of the heart going faster...And the 3rd day, I was so exhausted that I didn't even try.

In the mean time, I went to a friend of mine who knows hypnosis and ask him to help me to project. He had a special induction on this subject. So we did try it, and my legs started to shake a lot. I felt some energy running in my legs and that was the reason why they were shaking so much. After I felt my "other" arm lifting up when my physical arm was still down. It happened to

both of my "other" arms at the same time... But unfortunately no complete projection...

I think I need to be more patient, this astral projection requires lots of work and you need to keep being motivated as it is a bit hard at the beginning.

Author: Ian

http://www.thespiritguides.co.uk/Article_Astral_Projection_by_Ian_99_5.aspx

I first got into Astral Projection about 8 years ago after my twin brother left his body on returning home from our holiday abroad. He was absolutely exhausted from the trip, so lied down on the bed with the intention of having a nice nap. Then, all of a sudden he was floating up by the ceiling. At the time I was in my own bedroom playing one of my piano keyboards. Mic, surprised to find himself out of his physical body decided to visit me in my bedroom after thinking about me and appearing there, he was able to describe afterwards what I was doing.

And then as soon as he became scared (he suddenly thought he might be dead) he went straight back in. For weeks afterwards he had to fight to stay in his body when falling asleep, where I had great difficulty trying to get out. One night after many attempts and pleading with my guide (I didn't really know back then if I had a guide, but I tried anyway) I almost came half way out, but kept kind of jerking back in & then out & in again. Hard to explain really. I had a buzzing sound prior to the event as well as a whooshing sound.

Now 8 years later I'm still having difficulty but I'm trying not to push it, just give myself simple affirmations before bedtime in the hope that I will soon succeed.

Cheers

Ian

[Author: Lin](#)

http://www.thespiritguides.co.uk/Article_Astral_Projection_Attempt_by_Lin_98.aspx

Astral Projection Attempt

A few years ago I was very interested in Astral Projection, I was fascinated with how it would feel, what would happen and so on. I was given a book to read, which I did. Some of it I found fabulous and it intrigued me even more. It spoke in the book about leaving the physical body at will. I have to confess back then I wondered if you could, or did it happen when it was meant too. So I decided to give it a try that night.

I went to bed, and did my usual thing of relaxing my mind and body and chatting away in my mind to my guides and helpers. I was telling them my intention, but had added on to this that I wanted to meet with my higher self.

The room was so quiet you could hear a pin drop, and it took some time for me to relax as I was already questioning what would happen, if anything.

The first feelings I recalled was the "sound" in the room changing. Almost like a ringing sensation, quiet, but it was like an echo, yet before the room was silent. I then became aware of a strange sensation. It was almost as if my head had expanded so much, that the rest of my body was within it. It is difficult to put this into words sometimes, so I hope I am making sense.

It was as if I was laying quite peacefully, but my entire body was within my head. It was a feeling of great expansion, and this stayed like this for a little while. The feeling and the sound intensified, and then I began to feel like I was rising above the bed. In all honesty it did spook me a little, and at the same time my youngest daughter came into the room as she had woken up.

That was where my first experience started, and I shall never forget it. I have no doubt I was going Traveling that night, and I even feel confident on where it was I was to go, but circumstances prevented that from happening. I was excited, yet dissapointed that I had let myself feel spooked but I guess for me that night this was enough.

[Author: Phil S](#)

<http://www.psychic-experiences.com/real-psychic-story.php?story=1527>

A Visit From The Guardian Of Divinity

My Name is phil, and a series of seemingly coincidental things happening to me and a very weird experience. I can without a doubt say, I have had a spiritual, out-of-body-experience.

I'm 24 years old, and a programmer so I travel sometimes. It was a Friday night and I couldn't sleep. This is not unusual for me. I got up and watched some tv until about 2:30 A.M. I tried sleeping again. Though indeed I had drifted off to sleep, but this was different.

I felt really awake, but I knew my body was asleep. I could hear myself breathing, nearly snoring. This sounded very industrial, but I could control it if I wanted to. I thought it was strange, then it got stranger. My mind was away from my body. I knew my soul had for some reason left my body. I knew this was a significant moment in my life. I was in space. All I could see was stars.

Other people were there. I could not see them, but I could hear their thoughts. I realised that the people around me were my family members who had passed. I was connected to them, in a way that is hard to describe in words. My thoughts that I have control of were sort of hijacked. I was communicating with other beings via thought and telecommunication. Their thoughts were in my head, as if my own thoughts.

This was when I started to freak out. I knew this was really strange. I began to feel at ease, peaceful. The thoughts continued coming to me. Remember that old saying, "Be careful what you wish for"? Well I suddenly remembered a few weeks before when I had asked for God to be part of my life, to give me a sign. If this wasn't a sign, I don't know what was. From remembering this in the state my mind/soul was in, I it happen, then whatever/whoever this was show me what it had to show me.

Now this is where it starts to get a little strange and makes me sound like I'm crazier than I already sound, but bear with me. While I was in this state, I was shown everything. I had the answer to every question I could think of. I was connected to everything. Everything in this place was connected, via this sort of telecommunication.

I was shown what the human body is. What its purpose is for. As for the meaning of life, its far more complex than that. I know our bodies are to house the soul, it was shown to me. I know that whatever this was, it wants us to know about it. I know that not all people can pick up on this because we only use a small fraction of our brains, but what's the rest for? The bodies purpose it to enprison the soul, plain and simple.

While I was being shown this, I had the sudden urge to go to the toilet. I got up out of bed, and went into the toilet and turned the light on. At this point I opened my eyes (It was dark, and knew the way around my room, so I kept my eyes shut on the way - plus this I was meant to see.) As I opened my eyes, my mind/soul came back into my body. Its like it was rebooting. My vision was all blurry but not like sleep. It was like looking into binoculars backwards. Then it slowly came back to normal.

At this point I thought it was over. I had to pee real bad, so I did my business while crazy thoughts ran though my head. I finished up, washed my hands and went back to bed. As soon as I closed my eyes, my soul was back to this plane again.

Now I mentioned I had the answer to any question I could possibly ask while in this state. Meaning that right now, I can only remember the feeling of complete knowledge, but my human mind hasn't retained it. I have only retained the information that I was meant to.

I remember freaking out a lot and asking to wake up and not remember this happening to me. Thinking, "What is the point of living if I know all this!". I remember opening my eyes after being in the state for ages. At this point I wanted it to stop, but I obviously had not gotten the whole message yet.

I remember seeing dark iimages hovering above me while my eyes were open. I remember the time being 4:30 A.M.

This went on for another hour. I relaxed again and went with it, putting my faith in the lord.

I came out of it knowing family was the key. Everything in life. I thanked god for showing this to me.

I layed awake thinking about it after all seemed normal again. Still freaked out.

My body was exhausted, it had not been a dream. I was completely drained.

I slept from 630AM to 830AM.

The phone rang and my girlfriend answered it. My mother. I'll call her back. I had my breakfast and thought about my experience.

I rang mum back. She had bad news. Her cancer had come back.

I was floored.

The next day a book found me. "The MOST important book on the planet" it was called. It was a PDF that I stumbled across while downloading movies online. It described pretty much what had happened to me. I was meant to find this book, I was meant to have that experience, and I was meant to find this website and leave this experience.

I look forward to comments. Am I crazy?

[Author: Corey](#)

<http://www.psychic-experiences.com/real-psychic-story.php?story=346>

Astral Projection

Hi, my name is Corey and I recently had an OBE, or an out of body experience. On August 13, 2007, I went to see a friend of mine that was in the hospital. I couldn't just drive there because it was close to 300 miles away. So I astral projected there to see her. When I was arriving, I noticed something out of the corner of my eye. I looked over and I saw another spirit next to me. The spirit didn't say anything, just had a sad expression on her face. I looked closer and I realized it was my friend. I told her that I came to see her in a way that she could feel I was there. She began to brighten up and all of a sudden she vanished.

When I got home and back into my body, I picked up the phone and called another one of my friends. I told her that April had passed and that she was in a better place. She said, "How do you know that?" I told her about my OBE and she started to cry. I reassured her that it would be all right. A week later, April appeared to me and said, "Thank you..." I knew why she had said

that because I was the only one that went to see her in the hospital the day she passed. I was heartbroken at this because she was a good friend, a beloved mother, and an extremely kind person.

That was my out of body experience and I still see April from time to time. I believe it's for her to see how I'm doing. All the memories I have of her still make me cry. I know I will never get over what happened, but at least I know I have April there to help me through my days.

[Author: Enamorata](#)

<http://www.psychic-experiences.com/real-psychic-story.php?story=1251>

I would like to share with your readers some of the experiences which have been part of my daily life for over a year. Beginning in late 2006, I told my husband that our dog had cancer. I knew she was having trouble eating, and was leaking a little urine. I sensed that she was sick, but I went to David and said, "she has cancer..." when I heard myself saying the words I knew that it was true.

We took her to the vet the next day and her entire torso was filled with a giant tumor. We let her go back to God the next day. I miss her so very much and cry about once a week still. Shortly after she left us, I was in bed sleeping, and Chum (her name) was beside me and I was stroking her, and feeling how warm her fur was. Suddenly I woke up and realized Chum wasn't there anymore; I was stroking the bed sheet. I began to cry from the pain of not having her beside me in this world.

Shortly after this I had a "dream" of levitating above my mattress. I was asleep, but lucid, and suddenly I became afraid that David would walk in and see me floating so I quickly tried to re-enter my body, but some force was keeping me aloft; I was literally grabbing onto the sides of my bed trying to "pull" myself back into my body. I woke up from a feeling of being dropped. I was scared.

This event was followed soon afterwards by another dream experience or I should say an experience that took place while I was sleeping. It was not a dream. I was pulled upwards into a tunnel that was revolving and my body began to change shapes like what you see in fun-house mirrors as I was sucked upwards into the funnel, I was alternately flattened out or spun out into

a long shape, or an "s" shape... I looked up and saw there was someone up ahead of me in the tunnel. I woke up then feeling like I had been somewhere.

I have not talked about these experiences because I regard them as sacred. They are. I then began seeing the number eleven on my digital clock almost every time I looked at it. Then it spread to other clocks in the house, then onto my cell phone... At any random time of the day or night, if I happen to look at the clock, 90% of the time it will be something "11..." I have heard that spirits of loved ones often communicate with us through electrical appliances, and even stranger, I Googled the word 'eleven' and it is an old-english word that basically translates to "one that remains" (from the math system based on tens, eleven was the 1 that remained.) Taken in a spiritual sense, this is just phenomenal. I feel so blessed, and now each time I see the 11 I say "hello" and now I am seeing multiples of 11...22, 33, 44. I believe it is my beautiful dog chum letting me know she is with me.

As these things have been happening, my consciousness is being raised and I am becoming a more sensitive instrument: I will suddenly think "phone" and then my phone will ring. One time I even picked up the phone as if in a trance and it rang in my hand. I believe I am just able to hear the frequency that is being emitted before the usual audible ringing begins but I am not yet able to consciously hear the "silent" ring; it just happens without my foreknowledge; in other words, I have no "harness" on any of this stuff... It just happens or I just "know" it, but I have never tried to "control" it...

Another thing that happened was david and I were sitting together in our small bathroom where we used to smoke cigarettes, and he told me he had found a vehicle for me. And I said, "what is it? A Dodge Caravan? About a '93? About 86 thousand miles on it?" all of this just came out of my mouth with absolutely no thought; it was as if someone was using my mouth to talk, but yet I knew what I was saying was correct. Indeed, david looked at me astonished, and asked me if I had "called mike..." and I said "mike who?" that was the guy david was buying the van from. Every thing I had said in describing the van was true, even down to the mileage. Crazy beautiful.

I now live my life almost in that "other" world all the time. I feel that it is the REAL world and this truly is the world of illusions that we find necessary at this stage of our development as sentient beings. I feel that in the future we will rely less and less on the material. I feel very superstitious about telling these things; I am trying to get over that feeling and this forum has left me feeling a

little more brave, and I hope someone can relate to my experiences and I wonder if anyone else out there has any direct experience with the number 11? God bless...

[Author: Antoinette](#)

<http://www.spiritual-experiences.com/real-spiritual-story.php?story=165>

I have had two astral projection experiences. Once when I was 16 years old, and another one last week. The first time it happened, I was laughing with a group of friends. Suddenly everything in the room became very glassy and shiny. I felt like I was in another dimension. Soon I could not see out of the side of my eyes. I developed tunnel vision.

Shortly after that I was in the corner of the room at the ceiling, looking down at my body. I went into the stairway and could see the stairs we had climbed. I was very frightened. I prayed to get back into my body immediately because I thought I was dying. When I prayed, I immediately flew back to my body and went back in with a thud. I was shifting in and out for a few minutes, but I stayed in my body.

The second time was last week. I fell asleep on the weekend at about 3 a.m. I was reading. When I fell asleep suddenly I was at the ocean looking over the horizon. I could feel the ocean spray and I could see everything in great detail. It felt like I was floating and was truly present at the beach. I could see the sun coming up on the horizon. It was early dawn. It was still sort of dark. It was vivid and unbelievably real. My body was sleeping, but I was wide awake. I knew that my body was sleeping so I had no fear. I really enjoyed the experience tremendously. I hope to be able to do more of this in the future and want to practice at it.

I know that we have a body separate from our physical body from these two experiences. I know that when we pass on we leave and can see everything around us. I have experienced this personally. The only thing I have not done is take the ultimate step to go into the other dimension but I have no doubt that it is there. Thanks for letting me share with you.

[Author: Sandy](#)

<http://www.spiritual-experiences.com/real-spiritual-story.php?story=278>

Out Of The Body Experience

I am a born again christian and today I had an out of the body experience. I never had one before. As I was kneeled down praying at the altar in my church, I was experiencing great peace and contentment.

As I was praying, I hear my teacher getting ready to start bible classes and I thought that I should get ready too. The Lord knowing my thoughts made me feel I should not get up yet, so I obeyed and stayed a little longer. Like within 5 seconds after I responded to the Spirit's need at that moment, I feel something is coming down through the ceiling behind me and comes through my back and I see it coming out of my chest through the front and I saw its appearance and it was luminous like very bright light.

As I am watching this flow of life coming out of my body, I feel very light, like floating, and suddenly in a very abrupt way, I feel falling down into my body like my spirit falling at the speed of gravity into my body. When I came to I was shaking in the Spirit with a glorious blessing but at the same time quite scared. But I thank God for giving me such an experience to prove to me that I have a spirit that in its due time will only want to be in His presence. God Bless You Always.

[Author: Sarah](#)

<http://www.spiritual-experiences.com/real-spiritual-story.php?story=24>

I Saw God

Recently I was very sick, well actually I almost died because I had a very bad fever and chest infection. I was christened as a catholic, I believed, yes, but I wasn't a practicing catholic so no I never really went to church.

Last week I was in bed feeling so sick, and it just got worse as my head was throbbing and I was vomiting very badly, I also had a fever. I was also coughing so much and this went on for about 4 hours when I thought this is it, I am dying.

I just thought I want to die right now I want to give up. Then I took this huge deep breath, I think that was when I stopped breathing and my body was slowly shutting down, when I felt like I was traveling through a dark tunnel, I was traveling fast like flying.

Then all of a sudden I saw this light and it was so bright, the brightest light I have ever seen. I could see myself standing near the light when a hand came through the light and a man wearing a white long cloak had his hand and arm extended toward me. It was like he wanted me to take his hand and come with him. But I didn't take his hand, I could see myself crying and I was saying I believe, I believe, I believe.

The man had a beard and shoulder length hair, his skin was very white. I would say he must have been God or Jesus. He said to me "you are only human" and I have put you on earth for a reason. He said he will never go back to earth as he has been there before. He then pointed and said, "that is Earth" then pointed behind him and said "this is ETERNITY".

His hand was still extended and it appeared that he wanted me to take his hand but I didn't. Then all of a sudden I just jumped up in my bed and took in this deep breath. I felt so SHOCKED and couldn't believe what just happened to me.

To all who read this I can assure you that this was REAL, VERY VERY REAL. I went to hospital and was there for one week to recover. I never take drugs or drink alcohol, I am a 32 year old mum of two boys, and live in AUSTRALIA.

I believe that I was dying, and that I have met God or JESUS, and he offered to take me to heaven or gave me the chance to go back to earth. Obviously I chose earth, my life has changed now as I am so much more tolerant towards people and so much more caring towards others.

[Author: Nick Rossi](#)

<http://www.spiritual-experiences.com/real-spiritual-story.php?story=7>

My Out of Body Experience and Possible Encounter with God

For over 9 years I have been, and still am totally perplexed by the unexplained psychic / spiritual experience that I had on the evening of February 25, 1998 at a small church in Aliquippa, Pennsylvania. Let me first say that everything that I am about to tell you is in no way false, or an exaggeration of the truth. I take these matters very seriously, especially because it was a very real, profound, and completely unexpected experience.

Also, I must make it clear that as of this writing I have no affiliation with any church or religion. I am currently what you could call a spiritual agnostic. I was not on any drugs (I don't do them), nor medications, nor was I under the influence of alcohol when this event took place. I was well rested and totally awake.

At the time, I lived just outside of Washington, DC; I was 19 years old and lived with my mother who had divorced my father when I was very young. I got news in February, 1998 that my father (who lived just north of Pittsburgh, PA) was in a terrible car accident. Apparently, the accident was so terrible that doctors were not sure whether or not he would live. I did not have a close relationship with my father, and living almost 300 miles from him for many years, barely spoke to him.

My mother and I both felt that I needed to get to Pittsburgh as soon as possible to see my father, for possibly the last time. I took a plane from Washington to Pittsburgh, was picked up by my aunt Marianne and driven immediately to the hospital. When I arrived at the hospital, I saw my father for the first time in about 3 years. He was on his hospital bed, and according to the doctors was recovering, and was no longer in peril of dying from his injuries. Over time, my father did need extensive surgery to repair his hip, his left shoulder, and eventually the doctors grafted skin onto his left arm.

The next day I awoke, and visited my father again. He was recovering, which came as a relief to me. That evening my grandparents coaxed me into going to church with them. My grandfather

was the minister of this church (Wildwood Chapel - Aliquippa, PA). I had a very religious and spiritual upbringing, but at this time in my life I loathed church, and just about anything dealing with Judeo-Christianity. Begrudgingly, I went to the service and sat in the back.

During the worship service when the music is played, the gentleman leading worship (Mike Yuricha) said that he felt that God was telling him that "Someone in the audience needs to get 'right' with God..." I've heard that sort of thing for many years, and was in no mood to walk to the altar. Suddenly, I felt a very distinct thought in my heart - the thought felt very external but very specific.

The voice in my heart said to me "Come and be humble before me..." In most cases, I would pass off the thought as possibly one of my own, but this "message" seemed to genuinely come from someone or something outside of myself. It felt like a thought that my brain didn't have to generate, but simply heard. I made the decision to walk to the altar, I really felt that God may actually be trying to speak to me - the message in my heart was simple, clear, distinct, and convincing.

I left my pew, and walked to the altar at the front of the church - a humbling experience. As I approached the altar I had a sensation all over my body; it felt like what I can best describe as walking through a warm cloud of electricity. I knelt at the altar, and laid my head down on the platform steps just to the left of the altar. As I did this I began to cry, very, very hard. With my face buried in the steps, I wept bitterly and profusely.

I was overcome with many emotions. A hand touched the back of my neck to comfort me in my emotional state. This was the hand of a woman (Diane Liptak) who often prayed for people at this church. The instant her hand touched the back of my neck, the most amazing thing in my life happened.

I felt what I can best describe as a warm flood of electric water pouring all over my body. The sensation was so powerful that it felt as if I was being electrocuted. As soon as this sensation came upon me, I groaned and yelled aloud in the middle of my weeping. But the muscular contractions that caused me to yell so loudly were not voluntary muscular actions. It felt like a force squeezed this groan out of me, just as you would ring out a wet towel.

As this happened, Diane (who was comforting and praying for me) felt the same "warm electric" sensation that I was feeling, and began crying profusely almost instantaneously. This sensation

was so powerful to her as well that she had to kneel down from the fear of falling. Totally unexpectedly, my consciousness left my physical body.

By my best estimation, I was approximately 4 feet above my physical body. I did NOT see the classic birds-eye view of me laying on the floor of the church. All I saw was darkness, my physical eyes were shut and I did not want to attempt to open them because I did not want to interrupt what was happening. However, I was able to hear everything that was going on. I could hear Diane and myself crying in front of the altar.

The way that I heard Diane and myself crying was the same way that you would hear 2 people 4 feet in front of you crying as they faced away from you. I did not hear the vibrations of my own voice in my skull, as all of us do when we talk or yell or make any type of vocalization. This is the reason why so many think their voices sound weird on recordings, that vibration in the skull is obviously not heard in recordings.

This phenomenon is the way that I can be absolutely sure that my consciousness was indeed, outside of my body.

I was able to discern and gauge my distance from my physical body very clearly based off of how I heard my surroundings. It felt as if I was floating and swimming in midair. All the while, this flooding, warm, electric feeling grew in intensity. It was becoming so strong, yet so euphoric that I sincerely felt that if it got any stronger that I would die. I said in my own mind, "God, please stop you're going to kill me..." Very gently, the sensation and the experience lifted off of me, and I could sense my consciousness moving downward toward my physical body. The last bits of the sensation faded away and I opened my eyes, and hugged Diane for many minutes, both of us crying.

I slowly returned to my pew and paid no attention to the sermon, I was too perplexed, baffled, and awed. That night I made the decision to move to Pittsburgh. My father eventually made a great recovery, but died many years later in 2004 from hepatitis and toxic epidermal necrolysis.

I would be delighted, honored, and glad to speak with any in this forum, and I openly invite your questions.

[Author: Conan](#)

<http://www.spiritual-experiences.com/real-spiritual-story.php?story=273>

The Spirit In Flight

When I was about seventeen years of age, I had a remarkable experience. My spirit left my body and I flew across a city (Sydney-Australia). I knew it was Sydney, because I recognized some of the buildings. I made my way to a theme park that I had visited as a child. I landed within this particular park and met up with another person (a male), he took my hand and we started flying.

We headed towards the sky and he let go. I kept flying further upwards and suddenly started to see many colors of the spectrum. It was so heavenly, but I have not experienced it since. The humorous thing about it is, I came back to my body with my hands upward like Superman.

About a year later, I was watching a documentary about this very subject and a small child was illustrating her experience with the colors she saw when flying as well.

Another life changing incident happened when I was focusing on my brain (like putting pressure on my brain), I took a trip to hell (or what I believe was hell), I could see myself walking into a wall of fire. My head was throbbing like no pain I have ever felt. The terrible thing about it was I could not get out of it for some time (maybe five minutes). It felt like an eternity. I haven't tried it since.

[Author: Alan McDougal I](#)

<http://www.spiritual-experiences.com/real-spiritual-story.php?story=58>

What Comes After Life

Dec 24th, 2007, 1:42pm. One early morning while all was still dark I awoke in that state between sleep and wake and the boundaries between my physical self and everything physical around

me began to dissolve. Quietness like a soft warm comforting peaceful blanket descended on my sleeping body and mind.

I could hear in the background the sweet song of birds softly singing birds and somehow knew their wonderful beautiful voices were in absolute harmony and somehow were reflected the electrons darting in the mind of the Infinite One. Outside leaves rustled in the autumn night and although still indoors on my bed, I could somehow feel the breeze against my skin and the wonderful scent of grass and flowers that permeated the earth.

I then arose above the earth to where the blue became black and looked with wonder of the glory of the infinite night. Suddenly everything vanished and I was no longer aware of where I was until a warm golden light encompassed me about and I knew I was in that eternal place outside time or space. Indeed, I now dwelt in the everlasting infinite moment.

Marvelous extraordinary insights flashed into my mind and I was able with a new godlike understanding to comprehend. All the mysteries of existence. It was clear to me then that the universe was mostly good and that evil will never prevail against the light. Beautifully interconnected in one glorious harmony of all things seem to be. I seemed to be an intense intelligent point of light.

I could see an eternal fire within the spirit of my being and was filled by it with a sustained sense of exultation, immense joy, peace, rapture and sublime bliss, an intellectual illumination beyond any description overflowed my mind and I knew then that all humanity was immortal and possessed eternal life and the ultimate plan of the universe was for the good of all that dwelt within its brilliant unimaginable beautiful wonderful and vast golden glorious borders. The concept of time vanished and I seem to exist in an everlasting moment. The physical universe was indeed a most precious jewel in the mind of God.

The greatest emotion there was the feeling of unconditional all encompassing eternal love by our creator and all the joyful beings in this everlasting blinding pure domain of light and life, all life was of prime importance and the souls of animals were loved by the creator God. We sang there all together in perfect harmony the creation song of Gods existence and eternal mystery.

This timeless reality was so very much more real than the three-dimensional reality we experience on earth. In this state, my mind was clear and I could feel an incredible energy and

power coursing through me in this new wonderful indescribable time place. There seem to be nothing but a sense of knowing, being and loving.

A strange thing was that in this dimension one could alternate between the subjective and objective anytime at will. Oh! How my soul did delight then and how reluctant I was to return to the bleak mundane existence of my earthly life. Reflecting back on my early life I wondered how many moments or days of subjoin on earth in my mortal body had being truly happy.

I was now experiencing a continual sustained happiness beyond description together with unimaginable joy, peace and glory.

During my sojourn in this other realm, I went amongst the stars, saw their mighty glory and glorious multi-colored planets, and observed great beings than were countless million kilometers high, which sailed on radiant light in the dark space that makes up most of the universe. I asked the infinite one if there was life in the universe and knew it was awash with life.

Wave after wave of revelation swept through my whole being and the wonder and joy of it all was almost too much for me stand or comprehend. It was revealed to me then that our prime purpose for existing was to ever progress upwards through many dimensions towards the light of the ultimate absolute reality (which is God) while always retaining our blessed uniqueness.

In the end we will all merge with all things, restore harmony to creative existence. We would then still be ourselves but also have access to the infinite knowledge power and presence of the creator God as we finally withdraw once again into ourselves.

Some of the future events coming to planet earth were revealed and shown to me. Humanity would have to migrate from planet earth into the universe, as the earth's resources were finite. No nuclear holocaust would obliterate earth and the greatest threat was the population explosion. In addition, the future was not set in stone and the divisions taken by a person or a nation could alter the outcome of the future.

The future only needs one good person to make a colossal difference towards the ultimate good of humanity. The reverse is unfortunately also the case and this might be the explanation for the enigma for the existence of evil. Although our heritage is very important to us all it is much more important to leave a positive legacy.

The loss of moral absolutes was sadness to the divine and the restoration of these was of paramount importance if humankind was to escape extinction. All persons should not only believe but also know that all will ultimately have to account to the divine for what they have done while on their journey of life, as mere mortal beings while on planet earth. In the end, however, good will prevail in the universe and evil banished into outer darkness forever.

The mystery of evil was an inscrutable mystery beyond the understanding of any person. All things process in cycles of spiritual metamorphosis towards the light.

I also enquired as to whether we similar experienced pleasures exist in the spiritual realm as we do with our mortal bodies while on earth such as, good food, mortal love touch, taste, smell, sight, sex, would this all be lost when we took on ethereal or spiritual bodies... What about our friends, family, lovers, soul mates?

Travel, homes etc, etc, etc what about boundaries of conduct was anything forbidden if sin was abolished? As there would no longer be evil or sin in heaven, everything would be permissible and we would be able to experience ecstasy, bliss and sublime joy as we mingle and merge completely with any one we wish. Everything there is much much more intense, sustained and beautiful complete and wonderful than anything we could remotely liken to on the earthly plane. It is indeed very very exciting!

Totally beyond the imagination of any mortal, There a total mystical union with the divine will become the norm and unions between spirits, Perhaps the greatest intense ecstasy known to humanity was sex and something like this continues in the next life, but is much more glorious, intense euphoria, sublime and sustained for as long a moment as the parties desired.

We would be free to please each other and ourselves by totally giving of our souls, spirits and minds in a merging of such unimaginable pleasure that our present minds and bodies could not comprehend. However the union with the Divine is something so wonderful, unimaginable beautiful, sublimely, blessed, happy, glorious that no words yet formed in any earthly language could come remotely near describing this eternal bliss.

A process of continual learning takes place and an instant access and pooling of all knowledge by telepathy between all the minds in the universe is possible. In addition, it is possible to communicate in this manner with the simple innocent minds of our passed over beloved pets and all creatures big and small.

We would have instant access to all our beloved ones, throughout creation, no matter how far they are from us, by this exiting means. Wonderful is it not? Therefore, there is no such thing as separation, loneliness, tears, sorrow, and sickness and finally there is victory over death itself. Would all humanity no matter how depraved and evil in life on death go to this wonderful dimension life? No, absolutely not! We would be constantly bombarded by evil thoughts (as the means of communication was telepathy) and heaven would become a most unheavenly place. So it is logical and obviously that God cannot permit this to happen.

Yes evil monstrous beings such as Hitler and his type are cast into outer darkness, as the darkness of true evil can never ever penetrate the light of God. The book of life, which is contained as memories in the temporal lobe of our brain, are played off, like a video recording on death before God. This is called the life review by near death experiences. Each person will have to face judgment for what was done by them done while on earth. We all unlike Hitler have some light and goodness within us and this will enable us to perpetrate the light of God. One candle dispels the darkness.

Anyone reading this testimony will definitely not be going into outer darkness but will inherit the kingdom of God. The spirits of all animals will return to God from whence they had came God loves them dearly. The abuse of children will face the full wrath of God and it would be better for this type of person to have never been born

It is awesome to think that the dimension discussed in this testimony is only the first of many that the spirit has to travel before finally merging and submerging with the infinite almighty. We would then have the unbelievable of direct access to the infinite mind of God (Jacobs Ladder).

Indeed the creation of our glorious universe was an intelligent act of omnificent unimaginable indescribable beauty.

[Author: Selma](#)

<http://www.spiritual-experiences.com/real-spiritual-story.php?story=91>

What Is my Gift?

I, I just want to state that I have had quite a few spiritual experiences happen to me... All true! I will start with when I was a teenager I was awakened by a voice calling my name, I awoke thinking it was my mother calling, when I opened my eyes I saw a glowing flowing image in the corner of my room. At first I was scared and then I realized that it was an angel, my angel, I soon felt a warm loving feeling and felt so safe, my fear was miraculously gone. I just gazed at her in amazement and then I closed my eyes and she was gone.

I went downstairs to my parents' room and asked if my mom was calling me, just to be sure. They were sound asleep, I woke up my mother and asked her if she was calling me and she said no. That's when I knew I wasn't imagining things.

I have also had an out of body experience a couple of days after having a healer align my chakras. It was scary at first, I heard a loud pop/bang noise and it was like it scared the spirit out of my body! I was floating to the ceiling, I floated so high, that when I turned around, I saw my own body, it felt like I was moving in slow motion and almost like a drunken feeling.

I then floated to check up on my newborn son and then floated back to my bedroom and tried to wake up my then husband, but my hands were just going through him, I then floated back into my body and it felt like when you put on a shoe or a wet suit. I felt myself go back into my body and then I immediately woke up. I looked at the time. I had checked the time before I fell asleep and when I woke out of my out of body experience, it was only 15 to 20 minutes later.

I also have a gift of helping people with their problems (whatever they may be at the time) by picking up a book and finding a certain page and the answer to their problem is on the page my finger landed on. I have done this to many different people and it has always worked. I was told to look for the answers by doing this from my healer. He must have known before I realized I had such a gift.

[Author: Brian](#)

<http://www.spiritual-experiences.com/real-spiritual-story.php?story=197>

I Ask For A Miracle And I Got One

I've been a practitioner of many different forms of meditation and I have to say that I've seen a few things that I only share with very close friends.

I've had visions and am familiar with what I would call extreme lucid dreams. In many of the lucid dreams I'm lead to what I can only call a portal that I'm aware leads to some other dimension. These dreams are beautifully vivid and are accompanied with the feeling of moving extremely fast and expanding at the same time.

For some this might sound fascinating but for me it has always been a terrifying experience. The feeling of expansion is overwhelming and the fear of not knowing where I'm going or if I'm coming back is too much for me to bear. Needless to say I've never allowed my consciousness to enter one of these portals until one horribly nerve racking night at my job.

I won't get into what happened or why I left my job that night feeling like a bundle of exposed nerves. I will only say that it was one of those days I guess we all have and I felt like I was going to explode with frustration, anger and disappointment.

That night after I got home I prayed like I normally do before meditation. I asked the Lord for a sign. I prayed for almost 2 hours asking for help with all the problems I was facing at that time.

I have to say that I needed an answer, looking back I felt so empty. I don't think I've ever prayed that hard ever.

After meditation I went to bed, during my dream I was approached by a woman who asked me if I knew where Sharon was. In real life I'm not personally connected to anyone with that name but for some reason I pointed to a high gate. The kind you might see passing by a wealthy person's home.

I started walking towards the gate when I realized that Sharon was in fact an Angel, please don't ask me how I knew this I just did.

Now I was running towards the gate with no concern for my physical form and I ran right through it. I immediately went into a state of vivid dreaming. My dream body was no longer present but for lack of a clearer explanation I moved straight through another larger object.

When I was at the point where I would normally wake myself up, I decided to go through the last wall, all of this took place in seconds and was accompanied with the feeling of moving extremely fast and expanding at the same time.

For the first time I decided to surrender where ever I was going I was going. I broke through this last object. I heard a voice that said very loudly "Glory to Lord and all of His Angels" I was expanding out into the universe, I was being filled up with all this energy and I felt like I was going to explode. I leaped up out of my bed and found myself gripping onto the edge of a wall that was close to me. When I looked I could see the outline of 3 entities which appeared to be watching me. All I remember is that I didn't move from that wall for some time, nor did I speak. When I could no longer detect them I ran to the light switch and turned it on.

That was not the first time I've seen an entity nor was it the last, but it was the only time I've ever aloud my self to surrender. Words really could never describe the experience I had that night. I will only say that after that happened it made my problems seem like a grain of sand in the ocean.

[Author: Julia Melges-Brenner](#)

<http://www.muse-net.com/apceiling.html>

My Second Astral Projection Experience: Jumping Up and Touching the Ceiling

Following is my second OBE experience, as taken from my journal:

My birthday today, and my second successful OOB attempt. I put the baby down for a nap and lay down and prayed:

"Okay, God, Angels, Universe, Guides: today is my birthday. It would be a really cool day to have an oobe, but if that doesn't happen, that's cool too. Thanks!"

But where to go? I decided I would try to connect with the spirit of T, my first love who died at age 18, and failing that, I would try to connect with a spiritual teacher. (Once I was "out," I completely forgot my mission).

I lay down and relaxed, focused on my breath for a while, then focused on the tingling on the tip of my tongue. I felt a few minor energy surges throughout my body. Was riding the line between

sleep and wakefulness when the phone rang. I answered it, went back to practice, was almost there again, had to go to the bathroom, got up, went back....aaaargh!

Decided to give up and just take a nap before my baby woke up. Was on the verge again of sleep when a **STRONG SURGE** of energy began at my toes and rose like a wave over my body, then swept back up from my toes. This happened repeatedly, getting stronger each time, and each time felt like it was raising me off the bed a bit higher.

I thought, "This doesn't feel like the vibrations Bob [Peterson] talks about. I thought I'd be shaking or something! But this must be it! Stay calm, just go with it." The surges rose higher and higher (this lasted perhaps two minutes) and then **POOF!** I was light and floating.

I thought, "Just project your consciousness to the ceiling and feel for it." Next thing I knew, I was feeling the ceiling. I tried to open my eyes, but only got a slit of astral vision...when I tried to force them open more my physical eyes opened and I was back in the body. When I closed my eyes again, the surges came immediately...I lifted out same as before...no "pop" just a little **POOF**...still vision was poor, like a slit plus tunnel vision. I decided not to force the vision or I might lose the out of body state.

I was crouching on the floor next to my bed (astrally) and decided to leap up and touch the ceiling. I did this several times, then I decided to leap up and have my fingers go **THROUGH** the ceiling. They did! I was reminded as I did this of reading about astral travelers who felt every layer of a solid structure they passed through, as I was aware of every layer (paint, etc...) of the ceiling that my fingers passed through.

I repeated this a couple of times. Then I thought, "I should go somewhere, but where?" I suddenly had a strong sexual arousal, then the thought that I shouldn't follow it because it would attract a lot of hangers on (astrally). Perhaps I just associated this out of body state with sex because of what happened the first time!

I decided I should go see my husband at work so I could tell him what he was doing at this time of day. I wondered if anyone there would be likely to perceive me. I tried to fly but merely jumped again. I was confused, as I was the first time, by not being able to just will myself

wherever I wanted to go, as I've read is the norm with out of body experiences. I was about to attempt again when the phone rang - it was my husband calling from work.

The answering machine picked up before I could answer, so it recorded our whole conversation. I listened to it later...I didn't recall most of the conversation and I sounded completely out of it... there were long pauses on my end. It took me several minutes to "return."

Here is something else that is interesting: since I began practicing exercises, I've been seeing energy formations, blobs, rays, etc...everywhere. They are composed of the same auric energy that I perceive when I see spirits (it seems that way) but have no vitality, personality, and are much less strong energy-wise. After this OOBIE I was seeing these energy forms more strongly everywhere, and was in a daze for at least 15 minutes.

[Author: Andrew Brylowski](#)

http://www.spiritwatch.ca/issue%205.1/LL5_1_personal_Brylowski.htm

The Out-of-Body Experience: A Personal Account

That brings back a lot of memories and experiences. I'm going to summarize some of my experiences at a metaphysical school in England, Claregate College, some of my personal inner experiences, and how these relate to the OBE and lucid dreaming.

Coming to Detroit, out of an era where fast cars and money were the dream, I traveled to Potter's Bar England to turn inwardly. At Claregate College, the director Dr. Douglas Baker, told me that the most important objective of his program was to turn inwardly and record all of one's dreams and subjective experiences.

We were to try and understand how purpose and meaning in life were being reflected in a continuous and unconscious inner process. We did many exercises and read many different philosophies to make us more consciously aware, therefore better able to directly observe, our own unconscious processes.

I recorded my subjective experiences and began practicing many variations of meditation. The theme of the school was centered around the Theosophical philosophy which postulates a soul, a reincarnation, karma and the manifestation of the soul through different bodies.

A body which one could become just as aware of as one's own physical body was the astral or dream body. Just as we had acting consciousness and volition in this outer world with our physical bodies, we could also have acting consciousness and volition in the astral world with our dream body. In essence, the goal of the Claregate methodology was to make one more aware in total, thereby increasing one's self understanding, not only of one's ego, but of one's unconscious.

The methodology worked at evoking a myriad of inner experiences, hypnogogic and hypnopompic imagery, long elaborate vivid dreams, moments of profound revery, etc. The Claregate method was functional. In two months, I was trying to integrate some meditative techniques with dream recall techniques that Dr. Baker had outlined.

One night I was trying to synchronize my breathing with my heart rate, and I felt myself falling out of my body. There was no visual experience, I was just falling, and it felt as if I was falling out of my body. While I experienced this, vibrational feelings surged through me and I heard a booming voice say "give your brother a credit card" It was my father's voice.

Psychological significance aside, the perceptual sensation associated with this experience was that of leaving my physical body with another body that had full volition and self reflective consciousness. Dr. Baker referred to this as astral projection with consciousness, and OBE.

Having mastered some techniques for exploring inwardly, I left Claregate College in England and came back to the United States. I went to the University of Texas at Austin, enrolled in the psychology program, and quickly became involved in a sleep and dream study. I was still functionally appreciating my dreams as astral projections. In all of my dreams, I just assumed I was in another world with another body.

Whether or not I was indeed out of body with another body, or inside my head was not important, for I could function with a body in both inner and outer worlds. Functionally, it was easier to look at everything as another world, than to try and postulate how it could be happening in my own head. In the sleep laboratory I began to have some conscious inner

experiences and they were occurring during REM sleep. I will comment about the physiology later in the day.

I began to question the discrepancies between scientific evidence of REM sleep being a brain stem phenomenon and my experience of volition and consciousness during this supposedly primitive state. How could something so real, so full of volition and sensations not be another world? I was satisfied the laboratory evidence showed a REM sleep process, but the fact remained that in order to function successfully in this inner world, I wouldn't say to myself that this is a dream, but I would just intuit a world different from the outer world. A kind of reflex intuition discriminating inner from outer worlds.

These experiences, whether lucid dreaming, leaving ones body, or astral projection, functionally and subjectively require the perceptual experience of an inner body, and objectively require a REM sleep state with a sleeping physical body.

What the truth of these experiences really is will always be open to interpretation, but with a definition of perception of an inner body during a REM sleep state, we can establish a working model by which to further investigate and increase our understanding of the human mind.

One of my most vivid OBE's was after the death of a loved one two years ago. At the time I happened to be reading Robert Monroe's Journeys Out of the Body and was practicing some of his techniques. While lying in bed I had a very powerful vibration or energy sensation, rotated my dream body 180 degrees, sat up, looked around my parents bed room where I slept, and observed the surroundings with full awareness.

Everything was the same except the color of the sheet and the body underneath it in the bed. I threw back the sheet and found a body lying there as if dead, but this body was me! This other me stood out of bed and grabbed my arms and struggled and shook me. I broke away and walked about this inner imaged house shocked at my encounter with my mortality. When I awakened, even though saddened, this profound inner experience helped me feel serene and warm in some mysterious way, about the experience of death.

In summary, I find the OBE or lucid dream to be a very vivid inner experience with full awareness and volition during a REM sleep state. The experience of this state allows for gaining much insight into oneself and can be increased by the following:

1. Writing down ones dreams and subjective experiences and reflecting on them.
2. Becoming self reflective of outer experiences, and incorporating this self reflectiveness to inner experiences while they happen.
3. Reading and practicing many different techniques and philosophies of becoming lucid inwardly.
- 4.. Continue using the techniques which help you in your life and stimulate your inner growth and satisfaction.

I would like to close with a saying from Claregate College which summarizes my feelings:

“Not that we must live in this world less, but we must live in both worlds more”.

[Author: Sneaky Squirrel](#)

<http://www.abovetopsecret.com/forum/thread261282/pg1>

My experiences with Astral Projection

****IMPORTANT****: This is a personal experience of mine which I have decided to share with the people of this forum, whether you believe it or not is not my concern, I am just here to tell my story and see if anyone has had any similar experiences to my own...

This is my personal account of my experiences with Astral Projection both voluntary and involuntary (I'll explain in a minute). I noticed a similar thread in which the author was asking for help with astral projection, so I decided to tell my own experiences with Astral Projection...

I first became interested in Astral Projection when I was about 15 when I was talking to a friend and the subject coming up in a random conversation. I was immediately interested in what my friend was telling me about the procedure and the experience. I have always been interested in weird things like this, but the whole idea of projecting my "soul" from my body seemed a bit strange.

Several years before my conversation with my friend about Astral Projection, I learned how to perform self-hypnosis on myself as a way of coping with my PTSD (Post Traumatic Stress Disorder). I realized that using certain forms of self-hypnosis makes Astral Projection much easier (at least for me).

The first time I ever tried Astral Projection, I was lying in my bed preparing my mind with some of the self-hypnosis techniques. Before too long (I would assume about 45 minutes to an hour), I felt my mind slip into a calm sense of tranquility (which is quite normal if you perform the self-hypnosis technique correctly). After that, I felt mentally prepared to make my first attempt at Astral Projection.

I wanted to start off small, and not project myself too far, for fear of having difficulties returning to my physical self, so I decided to project myself outside of my parents' house (which is where I lived at the time) and into the front yard. I basically created a mental picture of my front yard, picturing myself standing in the middle of it, trying to keep it as specific as possible to make sure that I wouldn't project too far.

Before too long I felt a slight tingling sensation throughout my body and a slight pulling feeling on my waistline (much similar to a "trip" from ingesting Salvia, but mind you that I was very much sober during this experience). Before I knew it, I was outside in my front yard, seeing it as I would if I were actually standing there. I experimented for a little bit (I don't know exactly how long I was out there) , moving around my yard, making sure not to move out too far (at the time I didn't know how hard it would be to return to my body).

I noticed that "moving" was awkward at first, because I wasn't using my body to move myself, I was using my mind, and the adjustment was a little difficult at first, but over time became more easy. After a few minutes or so, I decided to return to my body, I quickly learned that to return to your body, you kind of have to do some "reverse Astral Projection" in a sense, concentrating on your physical form and moving yourself back into it.

I came out of the whole thing some 4 hours after I had initially attempted the Projection. The odd part about the whole experience to me was that the actual experience seemed to be over in a

matter of minutes, and when I snapped out of it, I looked over to my computer (which was right next to my bed) and realized how much time had passed.

My next post on this thread will be another Astral Projection experience, however, this was an involuntary Projection that I had not planned on doing on that particular night.