



BACK FROM THE BRINK

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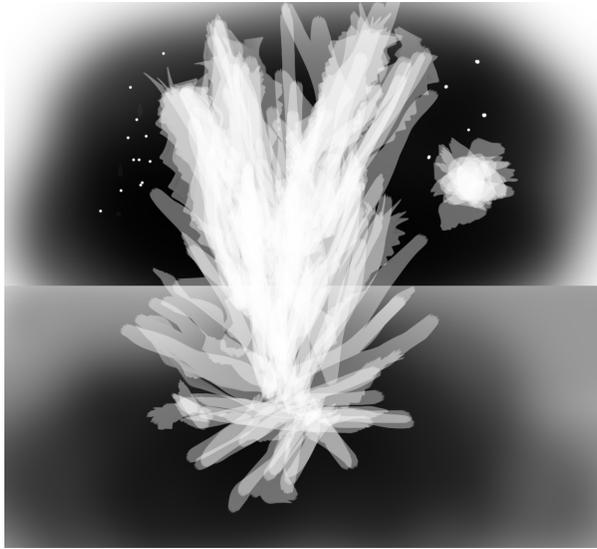
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CHAPTER ONE

CHAPTER ONE

MIN-MIN LIGHT

Young Colin sat in the dirt at the edge of a dying campfire. He shared this special time with his grand-father as the old man related to him the ways of the tribe, a heritage that spanned many centuries. “Pop”, as he was known to his thirteen grand-children, was a wise man who had lived all of his life in the Australian bush, mostly in the desert regions of Western Australia. He was a tribal elder, and was greatly respected by the members of the tribe and their families as well as the cattle-station owners in the Pilbara region of the state.

Colin sat transfixed as he listened intently to his Pop tell him many tribal secrets. The lad was in the early stages of preparation for the initiation ceremony that he and a few boys of his age would soon undergo as they were introduced into the ways of the tribe as men and warriors. There were many secrets that held tribal punishment should they be





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disclosed to non-tribal members. The boys were excited, even if a little afraid, as they had heard that this could well be a painful experience but they were soon to be men according to tribal custom, so they must not only be brave, but be seen to be brave as well. Their final instruction would come a few days later, as friends and relatives slowly made their way to the location of the initiation. It was an anxious time for all concerned, no less the mothers of the initiates, as well as their sisters, for whom this was traditionally to be a “men’s only” event. All male relatives were expected to play their part in the ceremony, and after the event was over, there was to be a corroboree and much feasting and noisy celebrations that would last well into the next day.

Young Colin listened to his Pop explain the finer details of what manhood meant to young men, who were really only boys, and what their responsibilities were likely to be from this time onwards.

As he listened to his grand-father late into the evening, Colin was drawing with his finger on the ground, marking the outline in the dust and ashes of his “totem”, which would be given to him as part of his initiation introduction. Very few people would ever know what his totem really was, but he was extremely proud that this totem was something that he greatly respected in life, and was used by his grand-father on his mother’s side of the family. Pop droned on and on, and Colin began to feel sleepy, until Pop stopped





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talking, and said to Colin, “Is there anything that you don’t understand, or maybe a question that you have for me?”

Colin thought deeply for a minute or so, and said to his Pop, “Pop, what is a ‘Min-Min’?”

Pop looked at the boy, and said, “Why do you ask?”

Colin replied that he had heard some of the elders talk about a Min-Min, and he wanted to know what it was, and was it real, or was it just an old tribal tale.

Pop scratched his balding head for a while and said to Colin, “Well, son, seeing you have asked me the question, I guess that I’d better answer it, hadn’t I?”

Many Aboriginal tribes right around Australia have said that they have experienced the Min-Min light, and there are many stories surrounding the reality or otherwise of this desert phenomenon. However, the truth is, according to the pundits, that the stories of this light can be found in Aboriginal myth, in a time that pre-dates western settlement. These stories have become part of a wider Australian folklore.

Some Aboriginals believe that the number of sightings have increased greatly with the continued invasion of Europeans into Australia. What bearing this really has on the occurrence or the apparent increase of this Min-Min spectacle isn’t certain.

According to folk-lore, this light has been known to follow people, and on some occasions it has actually





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approached people. Mostly the light appears in almost total darkness, and is not seen therefore in cities or towns as its appearance would be completely un-noticed and mistaken for traffic headlights.

Some people in the bush, having been confronted by this phenomenon, have actually fired a gun in the direction of the light, causing it to disappear instantly, only to have it reappear at a later time.”

“So, Pop, what is this light and should I be scared of it?” asked Colin.

“Well, as it is part of Aboriginal folk-lore, it ought to be treated seriously, and no, you shouldn’t be scared of it, son, but it should be respected.”

“Tell me what it really looks like.”

“Well, it’s like this. Most people describe it as being a bit fuzzy, a bit blurry. It looks like a plate that whizzes through the air, and it just stops and hovers over the spot, something like what I reckon a flying saucer might do. Sometimes it is described as being white in colour, although some people I’ve heard say that it seems to change colour, moving from white, through to red; then it sometimes turn green, and then goes back to white again.

Mind you, some people who have seen it say that it looked quite dim and not bright at all. Then there are some others who say that the light is bright enough to cause trees and rocks to throw a shadow on the ground. Some reckon





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that it is what people call a “luminescent being”, a bit like a fire-fly, but no-one really knows for sure.

Some people reckon that it is sort of alive, and will approach us humans several times and then race off, almost like it is playing games with us. And you know, son, the weirdest thing of all is that even though it was seen out of the window of a moving motor car, the light was somehow able to keep up with the speed of the vehicle. Weird isn't it? But it's all part of Aboriginal myth and legend. Mind you, the light has also been seen by Europeans out in the scrub, but remember, son, our people saw it first. And no, Colin, as I said earlier, you shouldn't be afraid of it. I hope that one day you will see it for yourself, and then you can make up your own mind.

Anyway it's time for bed, son, as there's important things coming up for you and your mates in two days time, so get some rest, as I'm going to do, and remember all that I've told you. Keep it to yourself, and then you'll become a man, and one day you can pass all this on to your own children and grand-children.

Goodnight, Colin.”

“Goodnight, Pop. I'll do all that you say, and you know what? I'm not in the slightest bit scared of the Min-Min light; in fact I quite look forward to seeing it for myself one day when I'm older.”

Colin and his Pop together walked slowly to the edge





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of the camp where a small camp-fire was dying just to ashes. It had been a terrific night, even if it was a bit scary, especially the unknown bits that were to be held over as a surprise on initiation day. So Colin lay on his paper-bark bed-roll, and said goodnight to those who were still awake. His head was buzzing with the excitement of the evening, and he thought that he might have seen a Min-Min light, but then again it could have been a couple of embers lifting off the fire, or it might even just have been his vivid imagination, as all boys of that age seem to possess, be they tribal or suburban. The only difference is really the location. The imaginations remain the same it seems.

FROM THE AUTHOR

I have known Jeremy, an Aboriginal Police Liaison Officer, for the best part of twenty years. He is a man of high integrity and one who is highly respected within the Aboriginal Community, the non-indigenous community and amongst members of the Police Force of Western Australia. It seemed appropriate to me to seek his advice and opinions on the matter of Aboriginal faith in the light





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of the above story. This is his reply. I believe it is very telling and comprehensive and I thank him for his contribution.

JEREMY

The possession of a song and story-line grounds you to the earth so that you are provided with an identity on life's journey. It is considered to be important to have this grounding for a greater awareness of country and for a connection to all living matter, both seen and unseen. The unseen life is often spoken of as a spirit which we call microscopic life; our rivers, for example, have unseen life in them. The connection to all of this life, from a quantum physics level, provides one with the faith of a higher order than that of our mortal existence.

Seventy five per cent of our bodies comprise water which transports electrolytes through them to sustain cellular activity and thus we believe that water is sacred as it symbolises all forms of life. We believe that if we understand the wholeness of life, we then understand the Divine aspects of life as well. You cannot believe in one and not the other because if you do, life becomes quite unbalanced. We must be reminded that we are in control of all aspects of





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our lives from a quantum level to a physical level and part of the initiation ceremony tells you your song-line through singing or prayer or chanting. Much of the prayer song-lines are affected by the Alpha part of your mind so it's hypnotic. Silence is Alpha and it brings on a dream stage in consciousness.

If we become unbalanced, we destroy the DNA building blocks of this life and we become unsustainable and thereby self destruction occurs. Allow me to share some examples of the building blocks that are now being eroded; more disease and pandemics are now occurring, more violence is being perpetrated and we are seeing more violence in our Communities as well as wars world wide. I am reminded that Jesus spoke of these events in the Gospel of St Matthew. (4:14-16) By this we become disconnected to our earth home which was God given for our protection.

For all matters unseen we have an explanation. An example of this is the Min-Min light, and many people have experienced this phenomenon and its electro-magnetic process or photons which become visible with the various fluctuations of magnetic intensity. This is, of course, my own theory on this subject. Remember, too, that the unseen light is a

