

MASAO MURATA

Communications
with the
Spiritual World

BOOK ONE

The Woman Who Was Guided by the Angel



also by Masao Murata

Angels of the Cosmos

Children Who Went to the Spiritual World
(English publication pending)

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with the
Spiritual World



BOOK ONE
THE WOMAN WHO WAS GUIDED BY THE ANGEL

MASAO MURATA

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preface

WHILE MANY PEOPLE with psychic abilities tend to become the ‘talk of the town,’ exhibiting strange behavior and an unusual personality, Masao Murata does not come across this way at all. Rather, his character is more like that of a farmer—honest, sincere, and unassuming.

At first glance, he does not give the impression of someone who possesses rare psychic abilities. However, he inherited these abilities from his mother, and from a young age, he became engaged in exchanges with the unseen world. These exchanges, it seems, were often quite intense, and brought him considerable hardship.

As Mr. Murata and I became closer, his belief in the

protection of his guardian divinities and spirits grew stronger, and his psychic abilities grew more brilliant. His experiences with the divine, spiritual, and subconscious worlds—which cannot be perceived by our five physical senses—deepened, and at the same time, he became more accomplished in his communications with cosmic angels. He recorded many of his experiences, including his travels aboard space vessels, and in many cases his accounts are more detailed than those of Mr. George Adamski.¹

Although Mr. Murata is indeed a unique and amazing individual, I appreciate that he shows not a hint of that uniqueness on the surface, appearing no different from anyone else. Many people with psychic abilities have a rather peculiar atmosphere about them, but I am pleased that Mr. Murata looks as ordinary as the next person, and leads a daily life more conventional than most.

In this book, Mr. Murata communicates with his late friend, Ms. Yuu Shimada, visiting her in the spiritual world and conveying to us a variety of messages from that realm. His hope is to release people, even a little, from their fear of death by informing them about the world after death. In that sense, it is a very valuable book.

We human beings are not just creatures with a physical body. Our physical body is nothing more than a piece of clothing that we wear for a certain period of

time. Just as we change our clothes when they become dirty or torn, we must also shed our physical body. At that time, our true self continues to live in the spiritual or subconscious body. For those who know the truth of human life, there is no such thing as death. There is only the infinite creativity of eternal life. Mr. Murata's book depicts this truth like a picture scroll being unfurled. I recommend this book as required reading for anyone who is seeking truth.

Masahisa Goi
August 1967

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introduction

JUST AS TREES GROW new rings with the changing of the seasons, so do human beings grow older each year. And just as most plant life eventually withers and dies, we human beings, too, must someday depart from this world. When spring brings warmer weather, we cast off our winter coats without a second thought. In the same way, at the end of our life, we leave our physical body behind and, in accordance with the divine mind, move on to the spiritual world.

We call this transition ‘death,’ and the thought of it often brings great fear. However, Goi Sensei² teaches us that death is really just a change in our living environment, and that people who have passed away are living

well in their new surroundings, even though we are unable to see them. With this perspective, our way of thinking about death changes considerably. If the communications with the spiritual world contained in this book help people to learn about 'death' during 'life,' and to pursue their life in the next world rather than facing death with fear, then those of us involved in writing and publishing this book have accomplished our aim.

When we think of communicating with the spiritual world, we may imagine someone going into a trance. While this 'medium' is in an unconscious state, he or she is taken over by various spirits, who, within the realm of their knowledge, try to inform human beings of the existence of the world after death. In many cases, another person judges the authenticity of this information, selects the most reliable and essential information, and compiles it in a summary.

Although I have chosen the title *Communications with the Spiritual World*, my communications with Ms. Yuu Shimada are different from what most people might imagine. There is no medium through whom Ms. Shimada is speaking, nor is there any automatic writing³ involved. Rather, it is more fitting to simply call it a dialogue with the spiritual world.

Perhaps it is because I am always calling on the Shimada family, but Yuu has visited me from the spiritual world on several occasions since she passed away, and the two of us have held many conversations. In this

book, I will try to convey, in as much detail as possible, the actual conditions that she experienced in the spiritual world, as gathered from our conversations.

The chronicle of these conversations reveals a picture of the wonderful new way of life that Ms. Shimada attained in the spiritual world, and shows us what a difference it makes in our future if we pray for world peace⁴ while we live on earth. What comfort and encouragement it brings to know that such a wonderful world is awaiting us—a world perfectly suited to our own hopes and aspirations. It seems that God specifically chose Ms. Shimada, who has been undergoing training in the spiritual world, for the mission of telling us about this.

Also, although it is impossible to express the greatness, vastness, and loftiness of Goi Sensei's spiritual group, I will outline, if only in part, the profile of this group as seen from the viewpoint of those who pray for peace in the spiritual world. Furthermore, I will describe the 'spiritual treasures' accumulated by all those who pray for world peace and who steadily put Goi Sensei's teachings into practice. Only by experiencing things with our heart and soul can we begin to 'know.' In this book, I will do my best to describe in detail the diverse nature and roles of many spirits, as well as the practice of prayer for world peace, with the heartfelt wish that this book will help guide people along the path to this 'knowing.'

Happily, the Shimada family has given me their consent, and Goi Sensei has also granted me permission, to write this book. Although I cannot say how long I will continue to receive and record messages from Ms. Shimada, I am at ease knowing that Goi Sensei is always guiding me from behind, so that I can devote myself to conveying the words of Ms. Shimada.

Please note: *In the chapters that follow, the primary, first person voice is that of Ms. Shimada. When she says ‘you,’ she is referring either to myself or to people involved in the world peace prayer movement.⁵ For reference, Yuu Shimada passed away before dawn on February 5, 1961.*

PART III

Farewell to This Lifetime



one

The Time

Draws Near

PARTING FOR THE LAST TIME

Without realizing it, we develop a deep affection for our physical body. Depending on the extent of this affection—or rather, this attachment—we may find it quite difficult to part from our physical body. Happily, for those of us who pray for world peace, when we transfer to the spiritual world, Goi Sensei purifies anything in our minds that might hinder our adjustment to our new life in the spiritual world. We put on new clothes that are perfectly matched to the place where we are headed, and under the protection of the

many spirits with whom we are connected, we transfer to the spiritual world. Since I had been informed of this many times by Goi Sensei, I simply trusted in his guidance and waited for my time to come.

Under the protection of my guardian spirit—the angel—I was given many opportunities to observe the conditions of the place where I was going in the spiritual world. For me, this was a huge relief. Only when I was able to see, hear, and touch with my spiritual body could I really begin to understand and accept the spiritual world.

I think it was Christ who said, *Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed*. I imagine that those who accumulated many spiritual riches in their previous lifetimes and are born with a pure spiritual body—as well as those who carried deep-seated karma but worked hard to eliminate that karma and thus purified their spiritual body—are able to believe unwaveringly in the infiniteness of life.

Thus, I feel that I myself must be among those who believe only after seeing for themselves. Mr. Murata, you are smiling—do you find it funny?

No, I too am someone who needs to see something in order to believe it. However, there are many people who still cannot believe even after they have been shown all kinds of things. If you believe in the spiritual world only after seeing it, it is because what you learned about the

spiritual world from Goi Sensei is recorded deep in your subconscious, and when you are able to see this world for yourself, you will quickly recall his words and understand what he meant—wouldn't you say?

That's true, you will definitely recall what you've been told. Then, things will become clearer and clearer for you, just as the dawn gradually illuminates the world around you. I'm sorry, our conversation seems to have gone off on a tangent.

You might imagine that I was nervous as my final separation drew near, but in my case, since I had been going back and forth many times between the spiritual and physical worlds, I didn't feel particularly tense. Gradually, the amount of time I spent in my physical body grew shorter and shorter. My pulse and my breath quickened, but only for a brief moment, before they began to weaken and taper off.

During that time, my consciousness became rather hazy, and I felt like I was in a faraway dream world. I thought I heard a faint ringing in my ears, but when I listened carefully to see where the ringing was, I discovered that it was not in my ears at all. It seemed to be a tiny echo coming from some far, far distant place. I was trying to determine what the sound was, when all at once I was completely immersed in it. Lured by this spiritual sound, I separated from my physical body. Call it ethereal, or supernatural—I have never experienced

anything like it. As I went deeper and deeper in, the sound became clearer, and I sensed a musical quality to it. The pitch and the volume fluctuated in a kind of rhythm, like a sweet, soothing spiritual melody. It was such beautiful music, and I became enraptured by it, thinking that perhaps this was what the music of heaven was like. From the depths of my soul, a strong emotion welled up uncontrollably, and I could not keep myself from bursting into tears. Now louder and now softer, the heavenly music played on, and I became totally absorbed in it.

The music flowed out from tens or perhaps hundreds of instruments. It was a symphony of great harmony that faltered not even for a moment. The music grew gradually softer, and then turned into a single, high-pitched sound. Then, that sound, too, became softer and softer, and as it faded out, I swiftly ascended to the next world.

The next sound that I heard was a faint sound of hand clapping, coming from far away. As I listened to it, I was overcome with an indescribable sense of familiarity. Then it struck me that this was undoubtedly the sound of Goi Sensei's hand clapping.¹⁴ Riding on the vibrations of Goi Sensei's hand clapping, I ascended quickly. It felt like someone was embracing me from behind as we rushed forth with amazing speed. I have no idea where or how far we went. The next thing I knew, I was sitting opposite Goi Sensei, receiving his purification, just like

always. I had nothing in particular to say to him, so I simply bowed my head in gratitude. When I looked up, I was met with a surprise. It was indeed Goi Sensei, but he was wearing the white robe of a Shinto priest and a crown on his head. *Ah, Goi Sensei*, I wanted to say, but no sound would come out of my throat.

Seeing my expression of surprise, Goi Sensei formed a smile and said, "Your training in the physical world has now come to an end." I wanted to respond with some words of gratitude, but still no sound came out.

Ahh, I thought, *for years and years, and without so much as a scowl, Goi Sensei continually purified the karma that I had accumulated over many previous lifetimes and this present lifetime of more than fifty years. Thanks to him, today I am departing from my final training ground on earth. As I thought this, I could not stop the tears from flowing down my cheeks. Thank you, Goi Sensei.* As I repeated this over and over in my mind, my consciousness faded out.

THE TIDES OF LIFE AND DEATH

The next thing I knew, I was back in my physical body. It was a quiet and bitter cold night in the beginning of February. In the room where my physical body lay, not a sound could be heard. At my bedside, Shigemitsu, Kiyoshi, and Sachiko continued to watch over me. I wanted to talk about all the things I had just seen, about

what Goi Sensei had said, and about the beautiful music that I had heard. I tried as hard as I could, but my throat had dried up and no voice was coming out. It felt as if my lips were barely even moving. I tried again and again, but I simply had no voice at all. So I gave up, closed my eyes, and silently called out to Goi Sensei.

At that time, the thought occurred to me that our birth and death are deeply connected with the ebb and flow of the tides. It was not something that anyone told me—the thought just floated up from the back of my mind. We human beings are not just individual existences living on earth. Rather, we are like compounds of many different colored threads of light. I don't really know any other way to express it, so I will just describe it the way it seemed to me.

These many intricately woven beautiful threads of light are what constitute our physical body. We might call this light the Earth's gravitational pull—actually, it belongs not to the Earth alone, but rushes forth as if penetrating the dark space between stars. When this strong, mysterious light is at work, it creates the daily tides of the oceans. Yet, this strong light affects not only the tides—it is also received by human beings when we are born on earth and when we ascend to the spiritual world. It seems that this light is depicted in the physical world through the tides, and also through the birth and death of human beings.

I am talking about this light now as, in my spiritual

body, I have actually seen it. But in the physical world, it cannot be seen, and so it is called by many names, such as gravity. There is a great deal I want to say about the ebb and flow of the tides and human life and death, but since there are no adequate words to express it, I will talk more about it at the next opportunity.

As these thoughts surged forth from the back of my mind, I could sense the tides quietly moving with each passing moment. Then, as if a dimly burning sacred light were suddenly blown out by a wisp of wind, a faint ray of light in my consciousness faded away.

My consciousness went to sleep. How many minutes or hours passed, I do not know. When I regained awareness, I seemed to be in my physical body, just as before, at rest in my bed. I thought perhaps it was a continuation of the moment when that sacred light went out. But something was a little strange. Calmly, I looked around, and I saw that what I had thought was just my physical body at rest actually looked semi-transparent. I say that I 'looked around,' but I was not turning my head—rather, the place where I wanted to look simply became visible to me. *Ah*, I realized, *there is another 'me.'* Right underneath me, a face was covered with a white cloth. *I am here, but another, 'physical me' is lying just under me.*

I felt no deep affection for this physical self. It was really quite mysterious. Up until a moment ago, I had been going back and forth to the spiritual world, all the

while watching my physical body. During that time, my physical body was—it's hard to express—it was my *body*, it was my belonging, it was all of me, and this feeling held great importance in my mind. It was not a feeling of affection or attachment, nor was there any question of right and wrong. It was a completely natural feeling, a sense of perfect oneness. And yet, now, no such thought was welling up in me. What on earth had happened? I had no idea.

CASTING OFF THE PHYSICAL BODY

In our daily lives, when our undergarments become old and worn out, we change them for new ones, and without much thought, we toss away the old clothes that we can no longer use. In the same way, our physical body, which we have held more precious and irreplaceable than anything else, is cast off without regret. Is it human selfishness that leads us to cast off the old without looking back? Thoughts like these flowed out from my mind. I started to feel confused, so I closed my eyes and silently called to *Goi Sensei*. As I did so, I nodded off to sleep again.

When I suddenly awoke, my spiritual body was hovering just above my physical body, in the same resting position. Someone was holding me from behind, propping up my upper body. I entrusted my body to this person and sat up.

How did you feel at that time?

Well, it felt like when you have been in sick in bed for a long time, but you are gradually getting better, and one day the person taking care of you sees your improvement, and helps you to sit up in bed. When I sat up, the gloomy, depressed feeling I had when I was lying down floated away in an instant, and I felt light and refreshed.

Once I was sitting up, I felt so grateful for it. Up until then, it had not occurred to me to wonder who it was that was taking care of me, but my feeling of gratitude led me to wonder who it might be. As I was thanking this person in my mind, I realized that it was my old, familiar angel, watching over me as if she were holding me from behind. It felt like she was smiling as she stood close to me and lent me her strength. I quickly felt rejuvenated, and I wanted to get up right away, but I was unable to do so. Still, now that I knew the angel was close to me, I was able to relax and leave everything to her. Just then, I spontaneously called out, "Goi Sensei!"

Suddenly, before my eyes it became very bright, and I could sense a luminous body that seemed to be spinning round and round, descending toward me. It was so dazzlingly bright, I could not open my eyes to see. With my eyes closed, I unconsciously formed the *Nyorai IN*¹⁵ with my hands. There was no room in my mind to think about what the angel was doing.

In a flash, I felt my subconscious body and the karmic thoughts surrounding it being purified by the strong light that emanated from the luminous body. Deep in my heart—or rather, in the very depths of my soul—I was filled with awe for this wondrous light. Before I knew it, my hands, which had been forming the *Nyorai IN*, were tightly clutching someone else's hand. I regained awareness, and found myself tightly holding the hand of the angel. We were standing together, like old times, gazing in the direction of the radiant luminous body, which had flown high up to the heavens. Instinctively, we turned to look at each other.

“Congratulations,” the angel said. “You are now a true spiritual being.”

From that point on, I could quite easily speak and comprehend the language of the spiritual world. Instantly, I learned an enormous amount of information, and I was able to understand it. My clumsy words and actions in the physical world felt like things of the distant past. Now, without speaking a word, I easily conveyed my thoughts to others. I was able to communicate with the angel so naturally, without any awkwardness, and in the space of an instant.

The night sky gradually grew brighter, and from somewhere I heard the crows of a rooster announcing the dawn. I was hovering near the ceiling of the alcove in my bedroom, watching the scene. Perhaps having known of my death, Shigemitsu and Kiyoshi

were making phone calls and sending telegrams. I felt the thoughts of each member of my family resonating in my chest. Although they knew that Goi Sensei had said my death was imminent, still, profound feelings of sadness welled up inside each of them. It was as though the support that held their hearts in place was crumbling to pieces. Seeing them grieving, I tried hard to call out to them, but it was in vain—none of them could hear me. Morning came, and my family, friends, and neighbors came to my bedside in turns and shed tears of sadness for my departure. None of them was aware that I was right there, in my spiritual body, watching them.

Having heard of my passing, many people came to offer their condolences. Soon, flowers and other offerings arrived. A Buddhist monk came to perform an invocation. The smoke from the incense wafted its way from my body over to the flowers arranged on the altar. From amongst the beautiful flowers, I watched on, clutching the angel's hand. I felt as though I could now go wherever I pleased, but since the angel was still at my side, I relaxed and entrusted my spiritual being to her.

The undertakers came and began preparations for placing my body into the coffin. Sachiko was trying to decide which *kimono* I should wear when I was placed in the coffin. Instinctively, I tried to call out to her, but she could not hear me. Some neighbors and others

came to help with the funeral arrangements. Sachiko was doing her best to make various dishes for the funeral ceremony, and there were a number of things I wanted to tell her. But I knew that my words would not get across to her, so I had no choice but to give up.

How did you feel about the sutra that the monk recited?

The monk was a relative of mine. I was grateful to him for coming to recite the sutra, but when I actually heard it, the words of the sutra and the loving thoughts of the monk merged into one, and resonated together in my chest. It is hard to describe in words, but I clearly felt waves of love and truth heaving inside my chest. The loving thoughts of the person reciting the sutra, combined with the shining power of the sutra itself, will purify anyone whose subconscious body is tarnished or unclean.

Happily, though, those of us who feel close to Goi Sensei are always able to call out to him and pray for world peace. At such times, either Goi Sensei or our guardian angel appear as a radiant luminous body. Thus, we will never find ourselves at a loss. I would like to talk more about this in due course.

two

My Funeral

INCENSE AND GRATITUDE

With the help of my children and other relatives, my body was encoffined and placed on the funeral altar. Even though it was the beginning of February, the altar was filled with all kinds of flowers. Along with the votive lights, a photograph of me was placed in the center. When the monk had recited from the sutras, all the attendants came up one by one to burn incense. As I watched them, I felt their love flooding into my chest.

It has long been said that all people become Buddhas,

or divinities, when they die, but when people bow before the divinity in a deceased person, their hearts are truly beautiful. How pure and elevated their minds are when they offer loving thoughts before the divine! The karmic thoughts surrounding their physical bodies vanish in an instant, and they exhibit their pure and true self. Seeing the beauty of their thoughts when they return to their true self, I thought: *How happy people would be if they could live day in and day out with such pure thoughts.* But this purity lasts only for a brief moment. As I watched it disappear into the grey clouds of karmic thoughts, I felt an indescribable sadness.

All these thoughts passed before me in the space of an instant. I stood amongst the flowers, which I loved so much, embraced by the angel, watching the pale purple smoke from the incense trace a wave in the air as it wafted up toward the alcove and disappeared.

As old friends of mine heard of my passing, they came one after another to offer their condolences. It made me so happy to see them. However, the news of my death came as quite a surprise to them, and in their own ways, all of them were intimately feeling the fragility of physical human life. They shed tears for my passing, and each time I received their loving thoughts, I wanted to take their hands and thank them. Such was the feeling of gratitude for their deep friendship that welled up in my chest. But there was no way to let them know how I felt. No one knew that I was there

with them and doing fine. So, I did everything I could to send thoughts of gratitude to each and every one of them.

That evening, friends and relatives gathered for my wake and recalled their memories of me. I did my best to offer thanks for their lovingly burning incense as the monk read from the sutras. Not one of them knew that I was doing this, but something in the back of my mind told me that I must do it.

The evening progressed. To some extent, my heartfelt thoughts of gratitude were reaching the spiritual entities of those who were gathered, and I could sense that they were able to feel something. However, human beings have a long-held custom of spreading feelings of sadness and pain at the time of someone's death, and any sensations that my friends and relatives may have received were wiped away by those emotions. If, as they quietly sent out their pure and exquisite thoughts, they would allow their highly receptive spiritual entities to perceive, even slightly, the vibrations from me and the guardian spirits who were supporting me, they would surely have understood my feeling, I thought. But I realized that this could never happen. And yet, these thoughts of mine and the spiritual vibrations of the guardian spirits created an atmosphere in the room, and I think that, although they were not conscious of it, the people present there were indeed left feeling something.

EMBRACED BY MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

The night of my wake grew late, and one by one people began to leave, until finally all my family and relatives had gone to bed. Only the miniature bulbs in the votive lights on the altar emitted a dim light, and the night gradually grew quiet and still. Even then, I did not feel any loneliness or sadness. This was because the angel was with me, holding me close, and protecting me from becoming bogged down in thoughts of my friends and family.

As I was sending thoughts of gratitude to each person who came to offer condolences, without anyone telling me, I was instantly aware of the deep connections that I had with each of them from previous lifetimes. With this awareness, I thanked them for their loving thoughts, and as I did, thoughts from my past physical lifetimes became mixed up with my own intuition, misguiding me into thinking that they were real. The angel immediately rectified my mistake. Ah, that's right, I thought, as I quickly pulled myself together and followed the angel's guidance.

Did the angel's guidance come in the form of words or thoughts?

Hmm, how can I explain it so that people will understand? Perhaps I could say that it was like words on

a much faster plane than the words people normally use, or thoughts that came incredibly fast? Mr. Murata, I think you understand it well. It is not something that can be expressed with words or in writing. In the physical world, when we describe something as being very fast, we often say, ‘like a flash of lightning,’ so for the time being let’s imagine it that way.

The angel explained to me that since I was not yet far enough along in my development to communicate at that speed, she was conveying things to me at a much gentler pace. I learned that as my ability to function in the spiritual world became gradually purer, I would be able to communicate more quickly.

I did not yet know what my work—or rather, my training—in the spiritual world would consist of. Based on what I had seen of the spiritual world thus far, I wondered if I would be living all alone in my house. If that were the case, I thought, I might feel quite lonely.

I conveyed these thoughts to the angel, and she put her hand to her mouth and smiled, as if trying to keep from bursting into laughter. She didn’t answer my bizarre question right away, but went on smiling. I felt a little embarrassed, but I had already asked the question, so there was nothing I could do.

“Why do you assume that you will be living alone in your house?” the angel said. “Did someone tell you such a thing?”

“Well, when I heard that it was my house, it didn’t