

Jozef Rulof

A View into the Hereafter I



A VIEW INTO THE
HEREAFTER
Volume I



George R. R. Martin

1933

JOZEF RULOF

A VIEW INTO THE
HEREAFTER

Volume I

Picture on the cover is a painting received by Jozef Rulof from the Side Beyond: 'Summerland'

From the original in Dutch: 'Een Blik in het Hiernamaals'.

In the Netherlands the first edition of this book was published in 1933.

Authorized by the Society for Spiritual Science Foundation 'The Age of Christ'

Jozef Rulof (1898-1952) who was born at 's-Heerenberg, a small village in the east of the Netherlands, was an outstanding medium. He wrote a number of books, he painted countless spiritual, symbolic paintings and gave well over eight hundred lectures. All these activities were performed while he was in psychic trance, guided by his spiritual master Alcar, who lives on the Side Beyond. Jozef Rulof was also an exceptional healer. He healed seemingly hopeless cases, relieved people of their fears of pain and death and restored their faith in God and believe in eternal life.

In this book his master calls him André Hendriks.

The above-mentioned society was founded in 1946 by Jozef Rulof as instructed by his spiritual master.

Finally, the publisher has elected to use the actual Dutch names of the characters in the book.

© Copyright 2008. Reserved for the Society for Spiritual
Science Foundation 'The Age of Christ', Alkmaar, the Netherlands.



No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, printing, photocopying, microfilm, or be translated into any other language without prior written permission from the publisher.

A VIEW INTO THE HEREAFTER

CONTENTS

	page
Preface	7
I Guidance	9
II The contact	14
III Getting prepared for the spiritual life	28
IV Healing and disembodiment	39
V Passing on.....	74
VI Healing and the purpose of positive energies.....	110
VII Trance seances	121
VIII Real clairvoyance and the danger of seeing	143
IX Black magic	156
X Cremation and burial	159
XI Summerland	208

PREFACE

This book was published to convince humanity of life in a higher form of existence after physical death.
May God's blessing rest on our work!

The Hague, October, 1933.

Jozef Rulof

LOVE

Love is the richest treasure

Given to mankind.

Love makes life sparkle

And tremble with emotion.

Love is all. Love is God.

It makes the poor rich.

Without Love, what a destiny!

It would be without value.

Spirit of Love, guide us onward.

Penetrate us with Your Being,

we will await

the End untroubled, without fear

Whether Life be short or long,

God's Love brings on no dread.

CHAPTER I

Guidance

ANDRÉ, what's wrong, are you hiding something? Why is it you've been behaving so strangely lately? Aren't you feeling well? Can't you tell me what it is? Come on, don't be so sad. And don't think we haven't noticed, we love you too much for that. Come, tell me what's the matter. You're not like you used to be, and you don't enjoy your work anymore. You don't pay as much care and attention either. Come on, we're alone, now tell me all about it. I won't breathe a word to your mother yet, if you don't want me to. Don't let me keep on asking. Come on, son, if something is bothering you, you shouldn't keep it all to yourself.'

These words were spoken by Hendriks, André's father, while they were in the workshop together.

Hendriks was a simple carpenter, a hardworking man who would do anything he could for his family, his wife and his son. The business had been in existence for a great many years for grandfather Hendriks had inherited it from his father. They were known as decent, honest people who never failed their duties towards anyone nor would they ever take more than their due. Hendriks devoted himself entirely to the business. No wonder! It was a few hundred years old and, when the time would come when he would no longer be able to work, André would have to take over. André, his child, whom he dearly loved and for whom he would do everything.

Times hadn't been easy with the boy lately and he had even lost all pleasure in his work. It showed clearly in everything he did. He knew his boy too well to be mistaken. He had always been a good lad, ready to do anyone a favour. He found joy in everything and always felt happy. But nowadays he only did his duty because it was expected of him. It worried Hendriks. He couldn't put it out of his mind. André wasn't well. He must find out what lay behind this, no matter how. His son was popular with all the people around. He was always eager to help where he could. 'You never know, dad, some

day we might need these people too,' he would say, and right now he needed help himself, that was certain.

'Come on, André, speak up. Tell me what's bothering you.'

'What can I say, dad? I haven't the faintest idea. I don't seem to be myself lately. It's just as if something is hanging over my head. Sometimes I'm afraid, and then life is just too much for me. I don't know what it is, dad, but don't you worry, it's not that bad. And it'll probably pass. Maybe I'm just a little nervous.'

Hendriks left it at that. Yet he sensed that this wasn't the truth. We'll see, he thought, but it kept on worrying him.

Strange things indeed were happening to André. Upstairs in his room he felt as if he were surrounded by people. Sometimes he even heard his name being called, and it frightened him. He didn't dare feel as free and easy as he used to, and it weighed on him and made him nervous. What should he tell his father? It was just as if the place were haunted. These things usually happened when he was in bed and everything around was quiet. And then he couldn't fall asleep, which had never happened before.

His life had always been so full of happiness. Everything had always seemed so full of fun and laughter to him. It didn't look like that now. He often felt as if he had a lump in his throat and as if an inner voice were cautioning him.

And when that happened, all his cheerfulness was gone. Why? After all, there wasn't really anything to worry about. Mum and dad were always kind to him and they had no financial problems. They had saved enough for a rainy day. No, that was not the reason, since all was well at home.

He didn't spend all his money either, since all he bought was the wood he used to make figurines of. His father had taught him that. And he was very good at it. He preferred to cut figures that were related to religion. He looked at the last plank, it was supposed to represent 'The martyrs of Gorinchem' and he had nearly finished it. But that didn't appeal to him anymore either. All the love he used to feel for this beautiful work had vanished. He still remembered the exact moment that his restlessness had started. It had happened while he was busy cutting the figure of Saint Anthony. That was when the first signs had appeared. Afterwards his mind was muddled and he

was unable to think properly. There must be something that caused him to feel so confused. But whom could he turn to for advice? Who would be able to help him? Nobody could, that was clear. Nor could mum and dad. What would they know about these things? Nothing at all. And yet it surely meant something special.

He thought about consulting a doctor, but he rejected the idea as quickly as it had come into his mind. He had never been ill, so whatever should he say to the man?

The work on that last plank had started in a very strange way. He was about to cut the gallows that these wretched people were strung up on, but unrelated thoughts kept on pushing away his own. It seemed to him as if some invisible force were directing his arm and pulling it towards a certain spot. Never in all the thirteen years that he had been busy for his father in this workshop had anything like this happened before. Not until now, that he was twenty-eight. It was very strange indeed. Nothing was of interest to him, no longer did he have any hobbies or go places.

His friends didn't call on him anymore, they knew he wouldn't join them anyway. He would go to his room in the early evening, get into bed and then all he could think of were these puzzling events.

Sometimes he felt a strong urge to pray, which he did, and with a complete love for God. He asked for protection and to be freed from these mysterious things.

In the evening he always prayed together with his father and mother and she would always say 'Deliver us from evil'.

André thought that was strange. Why should these words creep into his mind right now? Evil? What kind of evil? Had he done so much wrong? He had sinned against no one. He was always ready to lend a helping hand. He loved everybody, and yet at present he had no peace of mind. When would he ever find it again?

These were his thoughts while he worked.

The day's job was finished and Hendriks went to the livingroom where his wife had started to serve the meal.

As soon as he entered he said: 'There's something wrong with André. I asked him this afternoon why he's so quiet, but I didn't get any sense out of him. All he answered was: 'I don't know, dad.' But I won't settle for that. What are we to do, Marie? It can't go on like this.'

‘No Willem, it certainly can’t. There’s not an hour that my thoughts aren’t with the boy. He has never been like that. Should we go and see the reverend? Maybe he could help us.’

‘No Marie, don’t do that, what would you say to him? He would simply reply: ‘Don’t worry, it will all solve itself.’ And where would that get you? Nowhere at all. Don’t get other people involved, after all, we’re quite able to look after our child ourselves. If he did wrong things, that would be something different, but there’s no question of that. He’s just in a quiet and sad mood.’

Hendriks wanted to cheer up his wife, because he clearly felt that she was very anxious . ‘Is it that hard on you, Marie?’

‘It’s worrying you too, father. Don’t pretend it isn’t. You know he doesn’t go out anymore, and that he dropped his woodcarving too. And his friends have also stopped coming by, because the boy has withdrawn completely. He’s leading a life of his own, as if there is nobody else around. But I’ve got an idea. Listen, and tell me what you think. Maybe you’ll reckon it to be a strange idea, but I talked to Mrs. Hoenders when I met her on the market last week and she told me she had been downtown for her youngest daughter, the one she’s been seeing doctors about for ages but who is still ill in bed with open wounds on her legs.

The doctors did all they could, but to no avail. Then she went to see a clairvoyant and I believe that man could help us too. It was so surprising, so strange, she said, this man had immediately seen the illness her child had, how old she was and how long this trouble had been going on. He gave her some water and told her that he had magnetized it. She was to use that water to moisten pieces of cloth which she should dress the wounds with. Now that was only two weeks ago and the wounds are already getting smaller. It must be a marvel, father. Perhaps this man can tell us too what we ought to do with André. What do you think?’

‘What can I say, Marie? You shouldn’t believe that kind of thing, it’s like fortune telling, just for the money. I don’t believe in it, but it’s up to you.’

‘No Willem, this man is not after the money, because he told Mrs. Hoenders to pray with him, and in the evenings too, when she renews the dressings. Surely that shows he’s not a bad person. I don’t

know, but it gives me confidence and I've got a feeling that this is the only thing that can help us. After all, you haven't any idea either what is troubling André. Should we then wait until it's too late? No father, I'm definitely going there. Early tomorrow. All I need is a portrait of André, this man can tell everything by it. But don't tell the boy anything, I don't want to own up to him yet.'

'Do as you please, Marie, it's up to you.'

André had freshened up a bit before having supper with his parents. They always used to sit together enjoying a chat, and Hendriks would discuss the next day's work with his son. These were wonderful moments with so much harmony between them. Hendriks never needed to remind him of anything, because André never forgot and would simply go his own quiet way. He had soon proved his skill in handling the earnings too. Fortunately he had a good understanding of the work, since every inch of wood had to bring in its price.

He had always been a steady support for Hendriks. But no matter what he asked him nowadays, there wasn't a word you could get out of the boy, and the wonderful hours at suppertime had changed into a silence that put a strain on all of them. And why and for what good reason?

It was maddening. This just couldn't go on. Marie was right. Rack-ing your brains wouldn't get you anywhere, and the family happiness had gone completely. What sense was there in all the work, now that their child, the centre of their life, no longer felt happy? Come what may, this had to stop.

That's what father Hendrik thought.

CHAPTER II

The contact

M^{RS.} Hendriks set off for town early in the morning and around ten o'clock she was the second to be ushered into Mr. Waldorf's house. 'Come in, ma'am, have a seat. You're from the town of D., aren't you?' She nodded.

'I already knew that you would come, but how I got this knowledge, and from where, that will be explained to you later. I want to convince you of a few things without you giving me any information. So please just say yes or no to confirm or deny whatever I will tell you and also to answer any question I will put to you. Do you understand what I mean?'

'Yes sir.'

'Then please listen carefully. You are here on behalf of your child, aren't you?'

'Yes.'

'You brought along a portrait of him?'

Mrs.Hendriks didn't understand how this man could know, but she got it out of her bag and gave it to him. After Mr. Waldorf had held André's portrait for a few minutes, he asked: 'Don't you find your son's conduct very strange?'

Mrs.Hendriks started to cry.

'Come, you must pull yourself together. After all, it's not that bad. Please be calm, because it's all going to turn out all right, believe me.'

Mrs.Hendriks was unable to restrain herself any longer and she broke down in hot tears.

'Come now, ma'am, it's not that bad, you know. Cheer up. I will tell you something that will bear you up. Your boy possesses a precious talent which God granted him. He's not suffering from any complaint, but something is going on inside of him. Tell him to come and see me. I assure you that I will soon set him right, but first I must talk to him as soon as possible. Maybe you are surprised that

I am acquainted with his condition, although I have never set eyes on either you or your son before?’

‘Yes sir, it’s a mystery to me.’

‘It will all be explained to you later on by your son. Again, send him to me as fast as possible and be glad that he may, like me, do this work. Be grateful that God gave him the favour to serve as an instrument. He will be a tool, just as I am, to convince people of life after death.

At the moment he is under spiritual influence, which is something you can’t understand yet. But that won’t last long either, because this will soon be revealed to you by your own child. I am very glad that I have made your acquaintance. This too you will understand later on.

It’s all a question of guidance. I tell you again: be glad about your son. Go home now and send him to me as soon as possible.’

Mrs. Hendriks felt impressed by all the things she had heard. She asked how much she owed him, but Mr. Waldorf wouldn’t hear of it.

‘Nothing ma’am, I just want to help him.

All that gloominess, all that silence will soon be taken away from him and then you will be happy again. Now put away all sadness from your mind and tell your husband that he too should thank God that your boy has received this beautiful, precious gift.’

Mrs. Hendriks left. She didn’t know what to say. She didn’t understand a word. It all appeared so strange to her. And yet something had taken away the grief she had arrived with. Oh, if it were only true! It wasn’t that she longed for André to have something like Mr. Waldorf. No. As long as her boy got well again! That was the main thing.

It turned out to be a happy day for the Hendriks family, but that would not become clear until later.

Father was immediately informed about what had happened and at mealtime his wife wanted to tell André everything too. At first Hendriks had scoffed at it. Just fancy all that nonsense! André doing all those things too! But later on he did find it all very strange.

‘Well, Marie, we’ll see how things turn out! But what about me and the business! After all those hundreds of years that my grandfather and my father kept it going, is this supposed to be turned over

into other hands when I'm unable to continue? No Marie, that's out of the question and I just won't let it happen. What would my father say if he were still alive!

Hendriks knew he would never bring himself to do such a thing and he didn't want to either. André would have to get well first, then he'd see.

'No Marie, it's all very well, but the business is worth more to me than all those other things. Let's wait how things turn out, because I believe that that man has cast a spell on you too.'

'Oh really, Willem, what a thing to say. I'm not letting anybody put me under a spell and besides, Mr. Waldorf is a decent man.'

'Oh, he's a decent man, is he? You already seem to think the world of him. It makes me laugh.'

Hendriks kept on grumbling. André wasn't well at all and now his wife was heading the same way. All these stories of hers that you couldn't make head nor tail of. It might sound fine, but it didn't set his mind at rest at all.

'Do as you please, Marie, but it all sounds ridiculous to me.'

'Willem, you can think what you like, but André is definitely going over there, because that gentleman told me that he would get better soon and I think we can safely try it out.'

'That's what you say. But in any case I want André to agree to it himself. If that man can cure him, it's all right with me, but fiddlesticks to the rest of it. We'll see what happens.'

Mrs. Hendriks didn't know how to go about telling André, and it was quite impossible now, during mealtime. Perhaps he wouldn't even believe her story. It made her nervous. Yet it had to be done. She would do it afterwards, when she had him to herself. Otherwise father might make fun of it again and that would spoil everything. André came for his meal and didn't say a word. But he did look slightly improved, he had slept better the previous night and looked less tired.

When they had finished their meal Hendriks left and his wife got the chance to talk.

'Listen, André, there's something I want to tell you. I went to town for you, to see a certain Mr. Waldorf. This gentleman is a soul doctor', she fibbed, 'and he has already had a lot of success helping

quite a few people. You do understand that we're worried about you. Wouldn't you like to go and see him? I've talked to him and he asked if you would go and see him as soon as possible. I really believe this man could help you and he's a friendly, good man. You'll see for yourself. I did it for you, son.'

'All right, mum, I'll go.'

Well, that wasn't too hard, she thought, it's quite easy. She hadn't expected it to work out so fast.

'Should I go tomorrow, mum?'

'Yes André, if you want to, right away tomorrow morning.'

Mrs.Hendriks was glad it had turned out so easy. What a strange boy he had become!

André sat there in deep thought, he had answered his mother's questions without thinking. He didn't even know exactly what she had been talking about.

'Where was it you said I have to go to, mum? Where does that man live? Have you got his address?'

'Just a moment, André, I'll go and get his card, I put it in my bag. Here it is', and she handed it over to him. It read: G.H.Waldorf, psychometrician, clairvoyant and healing medium, Van Heelstreet 24 in the town of G.

'What do these words mean, mum, is this the soul doctor?'

Deep down inside something told him the answer was no, but he didn't insist, and to avoid disappointing his mother he made no further mention of the matter.

That evening a lot was revealed to him as to what was happening to him and why all this sadness had come over him.

As soon as he got to his room he felt something strange around him. It was just as if he heard something rustle, as if the wind was blowing through the fallen leaves in the woods. He had never felt anything like it and it seemed very weird to him. The draught made him shiver too. He felt that the cold stream of air didn't come from outside, since all the windows were properly shut.

This had hardly stopped before the plank that he was using to shape the figure of St. Anthony started to move. And now he clearly heard knocks and again felt that cold draught.

The plank moved again and even went to and fro. Then he again

heard the knocking sounds and it caused a feeling of fear to take hold of him. His head was feverish and his heart starting thumping. Yet he tried to think. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before. This was like being haunted. But no, that didn't exist, he didn't believe in such things, so he shook off that thought.

Then he saw it happen again. For the the third time. He would have liked to move the plank away, but he didn't dare. Something held him right on the spot where he was standing. Again he heard the knocking, it even seemed regular now. Three soft taps that resounded on the tabletop.

He felt as if he couldn't get any air, it was horrible. His throat felt choked by fear.

Suddenly he heard a voice: 'André, be calm and pray.'

He didn't know how it came about and why he did this, but he knelt down and started to pray. Fear made him pray fervently from his heart, deeply from the heart to God, to take away these mysterious things that surrounded him.

Again he was startled. Had he heard properly? Hadn't he heard a prayer being spoken right beside him in a clear voice? This voice was soft and tender. It spoke the following words: 'Father, help me to convince him. Help me, Father, that all sorrow may be taken from him.'

This moved him deeply, because now he was sure that he was no longer alone in his room.

'Oh God, for heaven's sake, this place is haunted. Whatever did I do? My life isn't worth living lately. Oh God, protect me against all evil. Help me, I did no wrong.'

He wept while he begged God for protection. His whole body shook with all these emotions.

'Is a child's prayer no longer heard? After all, I'm not bad. I didn't sin, did I, and I'm not aware of any wrongdoing. Father, help me, help me!'

And after he had prayed and had calmed down a bit, he heard that soft voice again saying: 'André, my son, don't be afraid, take it easy, keep calm. We're coming to help you and we bring you good tidings.'

Now he got the feeling as if he was awaking from a dream, because the voice sounded so soft. But what was the meaning of those

words? It was still all a mystery to him. And yet he felt that he had regained some of his poise. 'It's just as if hands were being laid on my head', he thought.

Again he clearly heard the voice say: 'Stay calm, André, don't spoil this contact that has cost us months and months of work and which we now see almost fulfilled. Be happy, because we are not emissaries from evil, but from the good. We bring you the glorious truth: the reality of life after death. We come to tell you that death does not exist, and that the so-called dead are alive. They live on in eternity, beyond the grave. Again, stay where you are and don't disturb us by your unrest. We have not come with wrong intentions, instead, we want to lead people onto the right track through you as our instrument. Through you, as a medium, we want to deliver people from their ignorance and give them our knowledge instead.

The great truth which teaches that we, who parted from earth before you or, in your terms, who died, still live on, yet in a life filled with happiness, love and light. A life of purity that one day will be perfect, gifted to us by God.

And we ask you to help us and to convince our brothers and sisters of that truth. We want to prove to them that death does not exist, but that we live on in a spiritual life.'

André was deeply touched by these words. He wasn't able yet to control himself and he cried with emotion and joy. But still he couldn't give himself over completely, for it might just as well be the devil who was talking, because he too came to the people with beautiful words and glorious promises, only to destroy them. First their vanity was aroused and then, when they were completely in his power, they would be hopelessly lost.

'We are not devils', André heard, 'because we have come for the sake of goodness.'

He was startled by these words, because they had been his very own thoughts. This was more than he could take. Not even his own thoughts were safe. These certainly must be demonic powers. Again the soft voice spoke: 'My child, we are not devils.'

'My child', did they say 'my child'? Had he really heard that? Who, besides his father and mother still called him child? What did this all mean?

‘Rest easy, my child. Why don’t you believe me? Is my voice so discordant, does it sound so demonic? And aren’t we all God’s children? Don’t you think that God calls all his children in this way? Again I say: rest easy, we come with good intentions and I want to change all the sadness of late into happiness. I will guide all your paths, change all your unrest into sweet longings.

Hear me and then I ask you: am I demonic? I told you that we want to proclaim this joyous news to the people, because they, who have come from goodness, give love, happiness and faith. Now be still, I want to try to make myself manifest. But stay where you are, look at me and enclose me in your heart.’

André now saw a large white cloud appear from out of the corner of the room where he heard the wind rustle. The centre of the cloud became brighter and brighter and within this light a figure began to take shape that increased in size. It suddenly became completely visible and now André clearly saw a spiritual being before him, surrounded by all that beautiful light that radiated from it. André was deeply moved by this glorious vision and it soothed him, because all the fear and the sadness had suddenly been taken away from him. He wished he could say something, but he didn’t dare.

The appearance now stood amidst a big white light and the cloud in which it had revealed itself had vanished entirely.

‘Look at me, my son’, he heard, ‘do I appear to you to be a devil?’

The spirit saw by the tears of happiness that now ran down his cheeks that André had no more fear of being taken off guard by demonic powers.

Now he heard: ‘My son, will you be my child?’

The way André nodded made it clear that he surrendered himself completely.

‘Carefully take in my appearance, my person, as you will not be able to see me in this way for the coming time. Observe everything well, so that when I am not visible to you, you won’t take someone else to be me. As I told you, you will be my instrument and I will be your leader and together we will proclaim the great news that death does not exist and that the dead live. This will not be all, because I will help you in all things. And not only will I be your leader, but also your brother and I will support you in every way.

We have already reached the stage where you possess clairaudience and are clairvoyant and the things that have occurred here this evening will be explained to you later on. There is just one thing before I leave. Tomorrow you must go to the address that has been given to you. The gentleman there has been notified of your coming, as he is also under our protection and you will do the same work that he has already performed for quite some time. Now go to sleep, my son, nothing will disturb your peace from this day on.'

Never before had André seen a human being as magnificent as the one standing there before him, and he would have recognized him out of thousands. Now it turned dark around him. The figure had disappeared. Yet he again heard that soft voice saying: 'I will now tell you my name. Listen attentively to the tone of my voice, so you will recognize it amidst others, in case someone else tries to impersonate me. This does happen. But you will immediately recognize that it is not I who is talking to you.'

Alcar is my name, Alcar. Remember that well. And now you know that when a child prays to God, when he kneels down humbly, then God will answer that prayer. You prayed from the bottom of your heart. Do that continually, do that always. That is what I wanted to tell you. Goodnight, my son. God bless you.'

The voice had stopped talking. He felt a deep regret now that it was all over. Oh, what a sound that was! He was no longer afraid now, he felt completely quiet within. Should he go downstairs to tell mum and dad what all the recent trouble had been about and what it had meant? No, it was already after one o'clock, too late now. He settled down in bed and pressed his head deeply into the cushion. He was full of wondrous thoughts about this man who was no devil, as he had at first taken him to be. It was a beautiful man who had talked to him as an emissary from God. Gladly would he have gone on talking to this marvellous appearance for the rest of the night. He felt filled with a great happiness. It was glorious. That beautiful man was his friend, he had said so himself, had even called him his brother. And then there was that other gentleman who knew all about this and who was under the same guidance.

Worn-out by all the emotions, he soon fell into a deep sleep and woke up the next morning feeling full of happiness, while his first

thoughts turned to the new friend, his leader with the handsome face and that beautiful light. When he closed his eyes he clearly saw the appearance again. And what a beautiful name he had!

André was able to laugh again, and he dared to feel alive again too. All the sadness had left him. How heavy life had been lately. Looking back, it was hard to understand how he had coped with the situation. Mum and dad would be so happy when he told them everything. For them too things had been unbearable. But why had that sadness taken hold of him, however had it come about? To him all this still seemed impossible to grasp. All the same, he would like to know. He quickly jumped out of bed and got dressed.

His mother was already downstairs.

‘Morning, mum.’

‘Hello son.’

André didn’t want to mention anything to her yet, because he didn’t have the time now to tell her all the details. He was curious what that gentleman would have to say to him. So, few words were exchanged between them.

Mother, who was observing him, thought he looked a little better. It didn’t escape her attention that he was smiling. She hadn’t seen that on him for a long time. Oh, she thought, perhaps times are changing now. That smile meant so much to her. It told her that the situation was about to improve.

André said goodbye and hurried off to the station.

Mother Hendriks sensed something she hadn’t felt for a long time. Maybe harmony would return to their home. ‘Oh, if only that were true’, she said to herself aloud.

Hendriks, who had come downstairs, heard her.

‘What, Marie, if what were true?’

‘Oh, father, I mean André. He was different this morning. I saw him smiling again.’

‘Oh really? That’s a good sign.’

‘I’ve got a feeling, Willem, that times are changing, and that all our sorrow is a thing of the past.’

‘Let’s hope so, Marie, I certainly hope you’re right.’

André rang the bell at Mr. Waldorf’s house and was quickly shown in. He was anxious to see the man who already knew about him.

But he restrained himself, because he wanted to make a composed impression.

Then the door opened and Mr. Waldorf entered the room.

‘You’re Mr.Hendriks, aren’t you?’

‘How did you know?’

André had decided that he wanted to find out as much as he could.

‘I’ll tell you. Sit down. I had a vision some time ago showing me your parents home, and your father and mother and you too. At the time I didn’t yet know what to make of it. But that very evening, while we were holding a séance, it was my leader, this is my supervisor, who said that I should help you. He stated that you were in very sad spirits and that they had been busy for quite some time to act upon you. Your parents no longer knew what to do for you and you yourself had no idea what burdened and bothered you so much. But you were put under some kind of influence and you had to see these things through. It was an influence from the Side Beyond. I was also told that you would soon receive certain messages yourself.

André started to laugh. ‘It’s marvellous, Mr.Waldorf, that your information is so correct and that you saw it all so clearly, since everything was revealed to me last night, and I’ll tell you frankly that I am in seventh heaven now.’

He told everything he had experienced.

‘Oh it’s beautiful, beautiful, I think it’s magnificent. Such progress! I hadn’t expected it to happen so soon. Be glad, Mr.Hendriks, with this beautiful gift. You have already seen your leader. This happened when you were in a state of clairvoyance, you know that, don’t you?’

André nodded.

‘This happened so quickly and the best thing about it is, that messages came from two sides at the same time. To me and to you. We may confidently accept the proofs we have received, since this can no longer be a coincidence. You know what I told your mother. All this is happening to convince you, because we humans who still live on earth can hardly accept this great, this unbelievable truth without receiving some proof or facts that connect us directly with life after death. You can believe me when I say that there are but few people who receive such evidence. But in this case it was necessary, otherwise your parents would have regarded all this as works of the

devil. You possess good energy, and you will be developed from Beyond. I was also told that you have a leader. You were enabled to see and hear this last night. How marvellous this is. Be grateful for this because, believe me, a Divine gift was bestowed on you. I myself and my wife too – you will see her shortly – are happy that we are being guided in this manner. You will be hearing from your leader one of these days, but if I may give you a bit of advice, be patient and wait. I think it's marvellous that everything is coming true in this way. The work ahead of you is the same as mine, and you may well receive even more. I don't know for certain yet, but I have the feeling that you will achieve a great deal, provided you keep to your leaders. Do nothing by yourself, but wait. You must be very happy now, I suppose?

'Oh yes, I could cry out with joy and I wouldn't want to miss this for anything in the world, not now or ever. But I did have a hard time of it, sir.'

'Yes, I do believe you and if ever you need me, you can count on me. And now please come and meet my wife, because you must get to know her too. I haven't got much time left at the moment, I hear patients arriving. So please come along. Look, there she is already.

'Anna, this is André Hendriks.'

'My wife already knows quite a bit and afterwards I'll tell her the rest. Get acquainted with each other, and meanwhile I'll go and attend to my patients. And write to me if you need me.'

They shook hands warmly and Mr. Waldorf left.

'Isn't it marvellous, sir, that you possess such a beautiful talent? Oh, I do love people who have this gift and use it well. This is our little Tom, our son. I hope that God will grant him this gift too, because he could never perform anything more beautiful and better than this. And I believe that it will come true, because he already sees little children around him and he frequently talks to them. He often says: 'Look, daddy, children!' And then my husband sees children from the spiritual realm playing with him and standing around him. Yes sir, it's a beautiful thing. People come to see my husband from far and wide. He sees things so clearly too. He always presents such beautiful proofs. But it's not easy, sir, you will soon find that out for yourself. People are so ungrateful and they always want more.

You will experience all that yourself, but be steadfast and don't let yourself be pulled down, that's the best advice I can give you. My husband is under high influence and if you are under the same protection, you have every reason to be grateful. But it's time for you to go now. It's nearly twelve o'clock and my husband told me that your train leaves at half past.'

Time had flown! André was happy. These people were happy with him too.

'How much do I owe you, ma'am?'

'Nothing sir, nothing at all. Gerard wouldn't want that. We were given help in exactly the same way and my husband is glad to be of service to you.'

'No ma'am, really, I can't accept that. Besides, I could never repay what your husband has done for both me and my parents.'

'You don't need to, since everything is planned, for us there is no such thing as coincidence. Everything is governed by a higher Guidance, and it also brought spiritualism to us. This is a great faith and it gives us fresh confidence and new happiness. Now go in peace, sir, our home is your home. This is mutual help.'

Mrs. Waldorf decidedly declined to accept anything at all.

'If we are able to help you, we do that gladly. I submit myself to all that is granted to us from the Side Beyond, because my husband is the instrument that receives the messages from the higher world. I cannot and may not change anything about that. Oh, it's so beautiful, sir. We have already received such a lot of proof.'

André left, thanking her too from the bottom of his heart.

He quickly walked to the station and on the way he ordered a beautiful basket of flowers for her, which made him feel good. It would be terrible never to be in touch again with these people whom he had not yet known yesterday. How beautiful life had suddenly turned out to be.

In the train he pondered on all these things.

If only his father and mother would believe him now. He would do his best to give an accurate account. It was all so wonderful and Mr. Waldorf did such splendid work.

He too had now been allowed to start and it would make him happy. It would be a life different from that of his many friends,

who sought their happiness in pubs and never gave the slightest thought to any God, even though they went to church, because they had to, not because they felt the need. So this life would now lead him to spiritualism, of which he had already heard so much.

People said that it was the devil's work, but of course that was only because of their ignorance and because they didn't understand. It simply couldn't be evil, he understood that now after his talk with the Waldorf family. It was simple, pure, true and holy.

He felt full of joy and how good it was to think about death not being death, and about the dead living on. How beautiful, and what a promise for the future that after being buried, life yet goes on in all eternity.

That's how he mused while he travelled back in the train. Finally he arrived home.

He told his father and mother what he had experienced at Mr. Waldorf's house. They didn't know what to make of it. Nevertheless they were glad that their child had recovered.

André spoke with conviction: 'Yes mum, this is the spiritualism that people make out to be the devil's work, and now you see how marvellously it has helped us.'

His parents didn't respond, but they were glad that he was happy again.

Harmony returned into their home and once again André was their dear son who shared well and woe with them.

He also told them what had happened in his room the night before. They didn't understand much of that either, but they could hardly assert that it had made his sickness worse. On the contrary, it had healed him. So they hoped for the best and they would have to trust that he was on the right road.

He assured them that all this was Guidance from Side Beyond.

The spirit that had come to him and had spoken with him had set him free from bad influences.

André felt like singing again and whistling, his voice carried a merry tone as it resounded through the house, and he could work again, he did it with even more joy than before.

This continued for a while, without anything spectacular happening. But soon he was to notice that he was not left alone.

Mother had been suffering from severe headaches for some days, due to the hardship they had gone through. André suddenly had the idea that he might help her. It came to him in a flash: 'Help her, lay your hands on her head and you will cure her by means of your magnetic powers.' He did this and the pain slowly subsided.

Mother looked at him and laughed. Shaking her head she went over to her husband to tell him about it.

'How about that, father? André took away my headache.'

Hendriks laughed too.

'Go on, laugh, and yet it's true. Honestly, it's gone.'

'I don't know what to say, Marie, this is all so new to us, so incredible.'

André was happy with his first healing. He immediately thought of his leader, since Alcar must have helped him. It was marvellous to him that his mother had been the first person he was allowed to heal.

It had been so quiet lately in his room. Nothing had happened there in the evenings, so he was able to sleep really well, like in former days. He hadn't heard the tapping again either. But he looked forward longingly to his leader. Wherever could he be? He continuously thought of him whenever his mind was taken by everything related to the invisible. Where was Alcar?

One morning in the workshop, while he was fervently longing for him, he suddenly heard a tap. The noise even made his father look up. André was certain that this was an answer to his unuttered thoughts, and that it meant: I am here. It gave him the shivers, but he wanted to say about this nothing to his father. After all, the sound of creaking was no exception in the workshop.

Nothing else happened for weeks and his longing for Alcar grew stronger and stronger.

CHAPTER III

Getting prepared for the spiritual life

ANDRÉ now felt that a new life would begin, for he had been told. His longing for more contact with his leader gradually increased. He preferred to be on his own and in the evening he was frequently in his room. He had been waiting for some days for events that just would not happen. Yet something inside told him that the waiting would soon be over.

One evening when he had gone to bed, he had quietly fallen asleep. But suddenly he was wide-awake. He thought he had heard someone calling him.

‘André’, he heard again and instantly he knew who called him.

‘Ah,’ he thought, ‘the soft voice of Alcar whom I’ve been waiting for so long.’ To his surprise he felt no fear at all. He heard the voice distinctly, yet saw nobody.

‘Listen, my boy.’

These words were immediately followed by beautiful organ music that set his whole body vibrating. First he imagined that it came from outside, but he rejected the thought as soon as he heard Alcar asking: ‘Do you hear this, André?’

He heard the sounds build up, then gradually fade as if the wind were driving them away, and finally they died down completely. It enchanted him. Then he heard someone singing with a voice as clear as crystal. Suddenly that also stopped, and it sounded to him like the last tones of an aria.

This had all touched him deeply, he had never experienced something like that. Alcar asked him if he had heard all of it.

He didn’t dare to answer, and after a moment he heard a whisper, ‘Speak to me in your thoughts, André. That way we can communicate with each other. I hear that soft voice, just as you hear mine. The music you just heard came from the spheres. I wanted you to hear it.’

Music isn’t only known to you on earth, we in the hereafter are

also acquainted with it, but here it's far more beautiful, and in harmony with the Infinite. Those who play their instruments in our realm are all filled with delicate feelings and they're inspired by spiritual power. They're able to convey these inner feelings to their instruments since their material bodies no longer inhibit them.

It was my voice that sang. The music you heard came from the second sphere. The higher the sphere, the more perfect the music is. I made you one with this sphere. You will understand more about this later.

In the higher realms man is seen to grow spiritually and to become more ethereal, which enables him to ascend even higher.

When, in due time, I will take you along on journeys through the hereafter and you will see and hear these things for yourself so that your understanding will increase. You know now that we can speak, sing, play music and do many other things, yet according to earthly standards we are dead, and therefore capable of nothing at all.

It was clairaudience that enabled you to hear all this. It's your spiritual ears that take it all in. To earthly ears our sound is too soft, and earthly eyes are too coarse to see us.

When I want to come through to you, I mean speak with you, which is the same as linking up with each other, uniting spiritually, then I break up matter, the physical senses. In this condition of clairaudience you're able to speak with me. This is our means of contact which we, on this side, can easily set up, once we find an instrument that is sensitive to it.

It's not so simple to seek contact from your side, because you don't see us, at least the majority on earth doesn't. We have no difficulty in establishing this contact, because our eyes see through matter. It enables us to see the sensitive thread which serves to connect us.

Your spiritual eyes will enable you to see us and the things we want to show you, yet never more than I will allow you to see and become linked up with. Never forget this, my son, it's essential for the quality of our connection.

So in the future, when you meet up with other intelligences, never forget that it is I, on this side, who links you up with them, therefore do not speak before you hear or see me, otherwise you might be given wrong messages.

It is vital to establish a good connection between spirit and man, a connection founded on unfaltering trust which will accept whatever is given from our side and which enables you to help those who come knocking on your door for advice and support. All these pieces of proof will gain you confidence. But remember that it's your task to always pass everything on, however strange it may sometimes seem to you. In this way you will gradually grow to be a good instrument, a good medium that listens to us. Remember this well. You must always listen to us, because otherwise things will go wrong, and you would be on your own again as previously, before I entered into your life.

Always bear this in mind, and don't forget that we see right through matter. I will tell you what I perceive from this side and what I discover in the physical human being who comes to you to regain his health.

We can achieve a lot through an intense link of love, and this link will help us to receive God's support to work as best we can, because we want to operate according to His will.

So always open up, my son, to receive all the beautiful things we wish to give to you. It will give us the chance to provide the people with convincing proof that life goes on after we cast off our material garment.

We will guide the people onto this beautiful path, so that they may develop and see the light in the hereafter when they die on earth. This is our task, my son, it's sacred to us. Together we will tell the people that their loved ones are still alive and want to be united with them because that is God's will, and because it all stems from God to start with, this knowledge too. We want to bridge the gap between our world and yours, and raise the veil that envelops the rupture between the earth and the hereafter. And having demonstrated the reality of all these things, we ask you to follow us.

We will guide you onto the right track, which leads upwards and will bring you to the temple of pure knowledge. I will be your leader and you will be the instrument which we will use to reveal the truth. I will develop you to do this to the best of your ability.

That, André, is why I will link up with you and together we will link up with God, because we need His help to present the people

with the truth. We want to bring them happiness, and to give them what they need for their spiritual growth, so that they may become conscious of eternal life while they are still on earth. This will support them and provide them with new energy.

It will make life a little easier, and it will raise them up. It will bring some light, in spite of all the daily worries. It will make people aware that, when their end has come, they will be happy for something beautiful awaits them after death on earth: eternal life, after they have reached the end of the difficult road which God expected them to travel on earth. They will be prepared to struggle and no longer consider life as futile. They will sense God's Light, and in everything they will discern the goodness He gives to us, especially Love, greatest of all within His creation.

It will make them appreciate whatever comes their way, and they will accept sorrow and distress next to happiness, feeling that this will benefit their spiritual level.

We want to develop them for life in the spheres while they are still on earth, but they want you to be simple and obedient, and to show love for God's work, Who is Almighty in Love.

Everyone will rise up to Him, before Him, because it is He Who bestows everything on us.

We will stop now, André. Take your time to think these things over, and ask me whenever there is something you want to know. Call on me vividly in your thoughts and I will come.

Later on we will also draw and paint, but for the time being that will have to wait. Do you understand what I said? I will pass everything on to you as clearly and simply as I can, so that the uneducated can understand us as plainly as the literate, because we must make everyone aware of an existence on high, so that one day they will become convinced that we live here in perfection for all eternity. God bless you.'

Alcar had stopped talking and André felt alone again. This good spirit that radiated so much love, had left. All his words expressed love and silently André whispered: 'Alcar, my leader, I thank you for everything.'

But then he heard: 'Thank God, my son, give yourself in love for God, with Him and for Him in all things.' It remained quiet after

that, and he felt as if something beautiful had departed from him.

He would go to the end of the world for this spirit, this man who had only very recently appeared in his life, and who had already given him so much love. How happy this revelation made him feel now!

He firmly resolved to do his very best, just as his leader expected of him.

Alcar had assured him that he would begin to draw too, but how this would come about was still a mystery to him. It overwhelmed him, his mind was brimming over with all this fresh knowledge.

Alcar had told him that he had to convince the people, heal them and lead them onto this path. He was very willing to do that, over and over again. He already felt love for everything that related to the man who was now his leader and his friend. He thanked God from the bottom of his heart for all this love and for this great revelation. He soon fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning he told his father and mother everything, since Alcar had said that his parents should know. They were happy too, even though they didn't understand what it was all about.

André spoke with conviction about life after death.

'Please understand, dad, I'm not telling lies, really, believe me. Alcar talked with me and I saw him. Oh, if only you could have heard that beautiful music, you would have been just as spellbound as I was.

Then Alcar sang a song for me. Surely this proves that he has gone on living. How else could you explain this? I was wide-awake, so it can't have been a dream. Oh, it was all so wonderful. And isn't it marvellous to know that your parents are alive too? Have a little patience. If ever they come down to earth and I would be allowed to see them, I'll tell you.'

Whenever he had a chance he would speak to others about his wondrous experiences, and his mother also told everyone what had happened to them.

André was ridiculed by many, but this didn't bother him, it didn't even touch him. He would simply think of Alcar who would surely help him. Nobody dared to attack him to his face, because people got scared whenever he talked about his 'spirits'.

A few days after his last contact with Alcar he unexpectedly started to draw. It was curious how this began. He had been walking about for a few days with an aching pain in his right arm, and he thought it might be rheumatism. But one morning he heard his leader say: 'André, I want to draw, get some paper and a pencil, you need a drawing pencil.'

He didn't know what to do. How was he supposed to draw? Yet he went to get the things he needed, laid them out in front of him and waited what would happen.

Slowly the pain in his arm subsided. Then suddenly, involuntarily, his hand reached out for a pencil and started to make circling motions. A strange feeling took hold of him as his arm began to turn faster and faster. This slowly decreased again and he felt how his right arm was being guided.

This continued for a while, independent of his own will. First a cross was drawn, then flowers were added around the cross and while this was happening he suddenly felt as if he were overcome by sleepiness.

His father, who had come in and saw that André was drawing, quietly left again at this strange sight to warn his wife.

'Come quickly, Marie, this is a miracle. Where did the boy ever pick that up? I've never seen anything like it in my whole life. He's sitting there, making such a weird drawing. He never got that from me.'

André kept on drawing and hadn't noticed that his parents had come in and that they had been standing behind him for some time.

His mother began to get worried and said, 'Look at his face, Willem, it has changed completely. It looks as if he has aged, he's got such strange features. Whatever could this mean?'

Her fear increased.

'What's happening to our child? What is the meaning of all this, father? Oh, what is this leading up to? Let's hope he's not going mad.'

In the end her fear got so great that at a given moment she wanted to embrace André, but before she could do so he jumped up and said: 'Stay where you are.'

He looked hard at his father and mother, raised his right arm and began to speak, but the voice was not his. It was an entirely different sound.

‘Dear parents, remain calm.

Your child, whom you dearly love, is under good protection and verily, I say to you: do not fear, he will not lose his mind.

I have put him in a trance and it isn't he himself who is talking to you now, but it is I, Alcar, his leader, whom he has already told you many things about. I have taken possession of his physical body in order to draw, and to talk to you through him.

As I said, he is in good hands and even if this all seems so strange to you, and although you cannot understand this yet, always keep in mind that we are using him for a good cause, namely the proclamation of spiritualism. With God's help we will, through him, call out to the people: ‘We are not dead, we are alive. Do not fear, there is nothing to fear.’

Your child possesses a beautiful gift and we will receive God's protection and His blessing on everything we want to bring to the people through him.’

By now they had both fallen on their knees before Alcar.

‘I will not ask much of you, simply this: let him be. Let him do what he wants. By this I mean: let him follow his free will, because he must do our work.

We also want to help you, rest assured. And now I ask you for your support and your cooperation. You won't only be helping me, but many who are on our side and who, like me, want to convince the people on earth.

André is now in a trance as we call it, which means that his own spirit is outside of his body and that I, as a spirit, that is to say, that I, who died on earth a long time ago but now live in the Hereafter, have taken possession of his body.

This enabled me to draw, and later on we will also paint through him. We will speak through him in this way, and he will perform miracles, because we will go on developing him. Tell him so. We will make a good instrument out of him to serve us.

I bring you many greetings, also from your parents who are here with us. Your father and your grandfather say that there is no need to keep your business going for generations. Your grandchild has greater work to perform: the work of God.

You will have enough to do to support him in all his work. Be-

hold, and face the things you see. Do as I say and put the reigns into my hands so that I may guide him.

He will be my instrument, and will have no other wish than to work for us who are dead and yet live on. He will speak again on certain occasions while he's in a trance. You may convey these words to him. Be strong, mother, and do not fear. We will help you all. Now I will depart. I thank you. God bless both of you.'

André heaved a deep sigh and opened his eyes. He felt as if he had been asleep.

'Mum, what does this mean, why are you kneeling before me, what happened?'

They both told him what Alcar had revealed to them. Now he became aware of the beautiful drawing. He was amazed.

'Oh, dad, that's wonderful.'

Hendriks nodded.

'I can still remember drawing, because I noticed how I suddenly lost control over my own arm. I also remember that when the cross with the flowers was nearly ready, I felt sleepy. That's all I can remember. What do you make of that, mum?'

'It's amazing, son, and God is with us, that's certain. At first I got a bit scared, but when you jumped up and starting speaking to us, we suddenly both felt overcome with joy, didn't we, father?'

Hendriks felt really happy and he told André what Alcar expected of him.

'We agree to everything now, son, just you go ahead and devote yourself entirely to this work. We both feel now that it's something very special and we will help you as much as we can.'

André was overjoyed with his beautiful piece of work that bore the word 'Love' below. It also had Alcar's name on at the bottom, as well as his own on the other side.

'Isn't it marvellous, mum? I'll frame the piece myself, because it's sacred to us, and we'll give it a special place in our house. After all, it proves that death isn't death, and that the dead live on. There can't be any doubt about that! I've never drawn anything like it nor would I ever be able to.'

He quickly made a frame and hurried to hang the drawing up in a fine spot in the living room. It hung there as a symbol of the two

worlds and it seemed to radiate a big, strong light. You simply had to look at it.

André immediately wrote to Mr. Waldorf and told him in a long letter what had happened.

The latter answered that he was very glad and that he hoped that his talents would keep on developing.

This piece was only the beginning as others soon followed, all of them beautiful symbolic drawings. He had to buy pastel colours next, and pictures were then made in colour.

Some of them were bought by spiritual friends, who were intent on owning one.

Alcar had said: 'Remember, André, each piece, trivial though it may seem, has its own spiritual aura, even if the people can't see it.'

This continued for some time. Then he received news that he was allowed to paint in oil colours.

The first time this took place was on an afternoon, after Alcar had informed him that a French painter wished to make use of his body, and that some persons were allowed to be present.

His parents made a large room available for him where he could hold these painting séances.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldorf came over to attend this first big séance.

At two o'clock the guests, all confirmed spiritualists, were present and André had everything ready in order to begin on time.

Everyone was anxiously awaiting what was going to happen. So was André, because until now he had always done this kind of work in his room, on his own.

He was seated before the easel, and just after two o'clock he went into a trance.

The spirit who wanted to paint through him immediately took up the pallet and the brushes and went to work with a sure touch.

André himself had never held a pallet in his hand before, but the intelligence that had taken possession of him showed expert skill. All those present saw that here a true artist was at work.

The left and the right side of the canvas were covered with a thick coat of paint, and the first thing he finished was a beautiful sky in a mother-of-pearl hue. An arch appeared in the middle, in the shape of a horseshoe. It looked like a vista into some beautiful place. Then

he painted a big elegant bird that covered part of the firmament with its magnificent colourful tail.

After about an hour and a half the work was finished and André turned to the guests who thought that he was now coming round out of his trance. But he sighed deeply, and Alcar came through to explain the meaning of the piece of work.

‘This painting, my friends, was done by a Frenchman, a friend of mine, called Louis Clairmond, who in his earthly life, long ago, was a painter, just as I was. It represents a higher sphere and the bird symbolizes an emissary from God.

You see the purity of the colours in all their harmony, which attunes the animal to the higher spheres. He is willing to convey God’s orders to the earth where he will be sent to. We are all God’s messengers. That is what this representation symbolizes.

I have been asked to deliver greetings from your departed friends, many of whom are present here. This session is now closed. I greet you all. God bless you.’

Following this, André began to see and amidst the guests he saw many intelligences whom he described and who were all recognized. Many messages were received in this manner. Two of the guests received very beautiful evidence. He immediately heard Alcar again, who said: ‘Take care, André, I will connect you with a spirit.’

André described this spirit who was immediately identified by a lady and a gentleman. These people knew him as a friend who had associated with them for a long time on earth and who had come to a terrible end. He told André everything, how it had happened, what his occupation had been during his life on earth and the name he had borne.

This was certainly one of the most beautiful pieces of proof, and nobody doubted its authenticity, as the spirit conveyed two Christian names and André made it known that Johan was the friend’s Christian name and that Bernard was the surname.

André conveyed these messages to the people concerned, who were both enormously impressed because they had come through so unexpectedly.

There were tears in their eyes and they were convinced, not only because of the painting, but also due to the proof that their beloved

friend was still in their midst. They were also informed by him that he was making progress and, after considerable struggle, had been allowed to see the light. This is how the people became convinced of a life after death.

The guests left and their hearts were filled with the beauty of that afternoon. These were magnificent pieces of proof and André was happy with the painting he had received in this manner.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldorf stayed on a bit, as André had a few things to discuss with them. He had also been told to hand them a drawing in Alcar's name which the latter had made for them and to which he had added a dedication. At the bottom of the drawing it said: Heard.

'You can see', André said, 'how the people below the cross are praying. A ray of light penetrates the black sky. This is the Light of God, the proof that your prayer has been heard. The drawing is meant for you both and Alcar said that you yourself would know the meaning behind it.'

Waldorf got tears in his eyes, because to him this was indeed a powerful piece of proof.

'André, I'll tell you why I'm so moved. My wife and I sent up prayers to God on your behalf, that He might protect you and that your gifts might develop into something great. Now this is certainly strong evidence that our prayer has been heard; because we always prayed underneath the cross that hangs in our bedroom. And now your leader presents us with this drawing. Two people, praying below the cross. It also proves that the spirits know everything about us. We thank your leader for this great present. Will you tell him that it makes us very happy?'

After that day André's name was mentioned frequently, and people came to him from far and wide. There were many sick people whom he had to help and support, and whom he needed to convince of the reality of eternal life.

CHAPTER IV

Healing and disembodiment

ANDRÉ'S gifts developed rapidly and were mostly applied to healing. One morning a gentleman came to see him with a portrait of his wife and asked if he could tell him something about her health condition.

André took the picture, while he heard Alcar telling him to remain calm and let everything slowly sink in. This was necessary for an accurate diagnosis. Alcar had told him that this was possible by sensing the medium, which could only be brought about when their auras became blended. This was something André couldn't understand yet, but it would all be explained to him in due course. A few minutes later he felt an intense pain spreading in his lower back and shortly afterwards later he got the following message from Alcar:

'This lady is suffering from a severe kidney complaint. I see a stone in her left kidney, and that's the cause of the pain you felt just now.'

He was then shown the exact spot where the stone was located, which seemed a miracle to him. Suddenly he received a very clear image of the person's inside, and he was able to determine which part of the body was ill. This was clearly shown to him.

Alcar continued, 'I will show you the cause of the illness, the heart of the matter. So we'll have no fringe or erring around, we head straight for the cause. Now tell him in plain words what his wife's trouble is.'

André immediately obeyed, but his visitor didn't seem convinced.

'Yes', he said, 'my wife has seen various doctors but nobody ever mentioned a kidney disorder.'

'Does that surprise you?' André asked. 'Maybe it escaped their attention.'

All the same, he didn't feel quite sure, and he asked Alcar if he really had seen and heard correctly, to which he received an affirmative reply.

'Trust me, André, what I see is correct, don't you doubt that. You'll

have to pull through, otherwise we won't make any progress in your development. After all, you felt it yourself, and what you saw is correct. Now pass this on to him.'

For the second time André made it plain that the patient was troubled by a kidney stone. The visitor replied: 'All right, sir, then please treat my wife.'

André then mentioned a few details concerning the man's children who was surprised that he knew about them. 'These are only small pieces of proof, sir, but I hope that they are convincing to you.'

The next morning he went to the address he had been given in order to treat the sick person, and when he arrived there she was in terrible pain. He instantly laid his hands on her back, as Alcar instructed him to treat the kidney area properly. She immediately felt the benefit of the wonderful warmth his hands radiated. Alcar also told him to pray while he was busy magnetizing; while he would examine the patient.

On earth Alcar had never been a doctor, but in the spheres, during his life after death, he had finished these studies and could now claim himself as such.

The treatment was finished and had lasted for about ten minutes. Alcar made it clear to him that the stone would soon break away.

'Tell her this, André, and set her mind at rest.'

The same time next morning he treated the lady for another ten minutes and they agreed that if her condition improved, she would then go to his house, otherwise he would return on Monday.

The following morning, this was Sunday, as he was sitting in his room, he suddenly saw this patient in front of him and he heard Alcar say: 'Go to her, André, these two treatments have already produced a result.'

He hurried to her house as fast as he could, and with surprise in her voice she said: 'You're here already, sir? I thought we had arranged that I would go over to see you or otherwise you would return here on Monday.'

'Yes ma'am, I know, but just show me the kidney stone.'

'How do you know it broke free?'

'How do I know? Through my leader, ma'am. And it seems to me that your husband has received enough proof by now that my leader

did indeed see correctly.

I'll tell you how I was informed. I was at home in my room. Suddenly I saw you clearly in front of me and I received a message that the kidney stone had broken loose.'

'To me this is a convincing proof, sir. Last night I had terrible pains and now I'm so glad that I got rid of that nasty thing. But how were you able to see all this?'

At first André didn't know what to answer, but then he heard Alcar say: 'I'll help you, André, just hand it all over.' And in a flash he saw the whole situation in his mind's eye.

Then he began to speak. 'You wonder how this was possible, ma'am? I'll tell you. I'm under the guidance of a spiritual doctor. The moment I saw you I understood that something must have happened. I wouldn't have come before Monday morning if my leader hadn't told me to go and see you and that the treatment had already shown success. I immediately came over and on the way I was told in detail what had happened to you. That's why I asked you: 'Please show me the stone.' You were surprised. Of course everything depends on the manner in which the medium is attuned, that is essential. I'm talking about the link between the spirit and the medium. This has to be flawless as we must carry out what we are instructed to do.

The spirit sees through everything ma'am. Of course my leader knew beforehand what was going to happen to you. This is how people are helped, this is how they receive proof and how they find out that their illness is not looked down on.'

'Oh, I think it's marvellous, sir, and I'm going to tell all my acquaintances about this. How could this ever have happened without an operation!'

'We will have to give you a few more treatments, because you must still gain a little more strength, but your recovery will be complete after that. The worst is over. It was the kidney stone breaking loose that caused all these pains.'

When he came home Alcar told him what had happened that morning.

'The moment you wanted to tell that lady how you could possibly see all these things, I helped you to make it clear to her.'

André asked Alcar how he knew that all this would happen that very morning.

‘Look, my son, I’ll explain it to you. Her vibrations, that is to say, her thoughts had reached me. This happened at midnight. She was in terrible pain at the time and I used my powers to help her from this side. This enabled me to give her a quiet night. I also saw that the kidney stone was on the verge of breaking free and that it would then slowly work its way out of the body. I made my calculations and came to the conclusion that there were still a few hours to go before it would be completely discharged.

I visited her a few times during her sleep and early this morning, as she was about to raise herself up, she again developed heavy pains, due to the stone breaking loose.

You saw the rest yourself, so you know. When she became so eager to learn about these things, I closed down your thoughts and let mine come through. She didn’t notice anything herself.

So you see, André, how our link of love enables us to build up a strong connection. It would even enable me to hand you temporary knowledge of some science or other. This would happen in semi-trance, while your spirit is still within your body. By acting on your thoughts I can restrict your words to whatever I want you to say. But it only works if there’s a good connection.

This will enable us to help all the people that come to you. Listen, always give yourself like you did this morning, and have faith in all the things I let you see and hear. Follow up my orders at once, however strange they may seem. It will build you up and soon you will have reached complete spiritual development.’

Some time after it came to André’s ears that this had all been the devil’s doings.

It caused him a lot of sorrow, not only because these people were so ungrateful, but above all for Alcar’s sake, who had helped her on the quiet, without her even being aware of it. But that didn’t register with them. First they say how beautiful everything is. Later they call it devil’s work. People who pass that kind of judgement are beyond help.

To André this was incontestable proof that friends who had passed away continued to exist, and that they would do anything to convince material man of their willingness to lend support and of their

ability to help from yonder side. Now Alcar had been branded as a 'devil', although he was the very one who had delivered the patient from pain and sickness. It shows how ungrateful man is and how ready to judge.

'He who is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone.' These words applied here, as far as their opinion hadn't been formed out of sheer ignorance.

André felt that he needed more strength to stand up to situations like these. Fortunately Alcar once again helped him in all his misery.

'I knew we would have to hear this', Alcar consoled him, 'but follow my advice. Don't expect anything, people don't realize how stupid and ungrateful they are. Remain superior to all these things, and keep on doing your work diligently, then you can be sure that when your time comes to leave the earth, you too can relax and be happy, knowing that you accomplished God's work in spite of everything. God will reward you for that, always bear that in mind. He alone never forgets anything that was performed for the sake of love.'

This backed André up again, and soon afterwards he received news from Alcar that he would take him along on a journey through the Hereafter.

'Make sure, my son, that you're in your room at nine o'clock this evening. You'll be accompanying me to the spheres. Tell your parents that nobody, and I really mean nobody, may disturb you! Inform them what we're going to do and wish them goodnight before you go to your room. Then they won't need to come up to see you and can go straight off to bed. Make sure too, that you're calm and collected, and give yourself over willingly. Quietly go off to sleep, I'll take care of the rest.'

After he had passed this message on to his parents, he prepared himself that evening to accompany Alcar. Oh, how excited he was. He was going to travel along to unknown areas. Alcar had told him before that on various previous occasions his spirit had already subconsciously left his body. Subconsciously, because after it had returned to the body, the material body, his spirit would be unable to handle all that novel wisdom. One day he would return consciously and retain the memory of everything his leader had shown him. And now the time had come.

He sat there waiting, eagerly looking forward to that moment. He went through long hours of suspense. Quarter past nine it was, but still there was nothing to be heard, and no sign of Alcar. He heard neither music. Nothing at all. He had no idea how this would develop, but he would abide by his instructions and go to bed.

Alcar wanted him to go to sleep quietly, but he wondered how he possibly could, while he was so excited. Then he yawned, a clear sign that something was taking effect on him. He already felt himself getting drowsy and tired. He drifted away, ever deeper, until he was finally fast asleep.

The first words that came through to him were: 'Come, my boy, see who I am.'

He looked around and only noticed a clear blue light, a few steps to his left. Then he saw a large white light approaching him, and he got scared. This was all so strange to him, so overpowering. The white light kept coming closer. And then suddenly he saw Alcar before him and he called out: 'Alcar, that light, is it you?'

He dashed forward, cried out, and threw his arms around Alcar's neck. 'Alcar, Alcar, now I recognize you. Oh God!'

André fell onto his knees for joy and happiness, and he thanked God that he was allowed to behold his guardian spirit in this way. 'Quiet André, take it easy, son.'

Alcar layed both hands on his head to magnetize him and a few moments later he calmed down slightly.

'I did well, my boy, not to show myself immediately. Your joy would have overburdened your physical frame and that would have been detrimental.'

It suddenly seemed to André as if his blood was surging to his head at full blast. First he turned cold, then hot, then he felt dizzy and he had to look for support to keep from falling. But this didn't last long. He opened his eyes again and noticed that Alcar was still holding him tightly in his arms.

'All right, my son, that's more like it. You're all set for the things to come. We've been made one, thanks to your ardent longing and willingness to carry out our task. Too much emotion wouldn't have done you any good, as I just said. It would have caused a shock to your material body which you have now left behind, and you would

have been forced to return into your body in a flash. You would have noticed some kind of disturbance. But I prevented this from happening. Now that I have shone my light on you and surrounded you with my spiritual energy, my fluid, you will be able to master all your emotions. Within this aura you're ready to enter the Hereafter. Without it your spiritual body wouldn't be able to handle things.

If there's anything you want to know, just ask me. I'll do my best to explain things as clearly as possible. But first let me tell you what happened here. Listen, André.

Before you could leave your body, I had to put it to sleep. You were quite excited, but it's very easy for us, on this side, to influence a person.' Alcar laughed, André looked embarrassed and kept silent.

'Rest assured, my son, I will tell you everything. I didn't want to tell you more the last time, since this was to happen soon or I would have addressed prior to your disembodiment. I read your thoughts. To an earthling you now seem asleep, but in reality it's only your material body that's lying in bed. Your spirit is prepared to follow me now, to accompany me wherever I go, no matter where I lead you to. This is one of the miracles your psychic gifts can perform. I want to show you how you can still remain attached to your body during our absence. Look, you see the slender ray of light protruding from your left side, that's the fluid cord which connects your spirit with your physical body. It's the thread of life, hardly visible, and yet you can distinguish it from the light which your body radiates. If this cord were severed, you would be unable to return into your body. But no matter how far we move away from here, you will still remain connected, even if the cord is no longer visible. And yet this invisible cord is material man's thread of life. We also call it life itself, because it's one with matter. You need to remember this well.'

André had now gone over to the head of the bed and saw himself lying there. He appeared to be dead. He looked very pale, but his breast moved steadily up and down. From an earthly point of view it would have been difficult to determine that it was only a physical body lying here, left behind by the spirit.

'This body must not be disturbed, as I already told you. That's why I asked you to warn your parents, because the slightest disturbance could break the cord and for the eyes of the world you would

have died.'

'This is terribly interesting to me, Alcar.'

'It certainly is. Man is the crown on creation. God created him after His Own image. When we leave here, my helpers will remain to watch over your body. Disembodiment can be dangerous, but when the necessary precautions are taken, nothing can or will go wrong. All the same, the slightest interruption could lead to a heart failure. It would result in a nervous disturbance, at the very least, since the heart would not be able to stand the shock caused by the rupture of the fluid cord. So we must take protective measures. Look, here come the helpers who will watch over your body.'

André saw six young men come forward who had been standing behind Alcar in the blue light. They greeted him warmly and he saw that they looked happy and that their features were handsome.

'In reality they are not as young as they seem, as they have all inhabited the spheres for some centuries now. Over here the spirit takes on the appearance of the inner being, and a person who leaves the earth at the age of eighty and who has led a bad life, will appear even older on the other side of the grave. Over here a person's appearance is the mirror of the soul and he will be marked according to his inherent power. So those who lost control over themselves on earth will be found to have aged even more over here. Down there one cannot tell when behind drawn-in cheeks a soul lies hidden that has sunk to a very low spiritual level. But here that soul stands naked, and the spiritual body takes on the shape it really has. That is why it suddenly becomes unrecognizable and terribly old. Such a person made little of life on earth and went spiritually astray.

You see the beauty my friends possess, André. They are young, in spite of their two hundred years. You can't tell that here, because their spiritual power rejuvenated them. Look at their light and their aura. These are signs of wisdom and of their love for God. And yet there will be many who need a thousand years before they acquire this wisdom, this light.'

André looked from one to the other and he noticed how Alcar possessed the purest light of all. This made it clear to him that his leader was on a higher level.

'You know, André, you're ahead of many other brothers and sis-

ters in beholding the Hereafter. But don't think you're the only visitor, there will be more, and when we're in the spheres you'll be able to distinguish those who still live on earth.

It's the double aura that singles them out, just as your own double-light envelops you now. This energy is transparent. That's why your spiritual body is visible right through my own radiation. And this will make you recognize those who are now visiting the spheres in the company of their protectors, just like you.

I'm making this clear to you because without this spiritual irradiation nobody can enter the Hereafter from the earth. Of this double irradiation one shows up more clearly than the other. The dimmer one is the one belonging to the spiritual body of the physical human being. You will see many who are taken along to the spheres, like you, while they still dwell on earth.

My helpers must especially guard against the danger that threatens from our side, because certain intelligences want to rob the people who have disembodied by breaking their fluid cord. But my friends will take care of everything and will warn us in time. It must still be a puzzle to you how that happens, and how they are able to warn us, but in time I will show you this too. Now we will set off, André. On the way I will tell you more. Come along now.'

Hand in hand they floated away from the earth.

'We don't only take along psychic intermediaries for the spiritual work, André, there are also supervising spirits who bring their instruments along for scientific purposes. These people disembody subconsciously, and they always will. You, on the other hand, left your body consciously. But first you will only be allowed to remember part of this journey. However, the rest will gradually dawn on you. Instruments which serve science receive only what their leader wishes to give to them, and before they return to earth they are first veiled in the spheres so that they will retain this experience in their subconscious mind as accurately as possible.

Do you sense the beautiful influence on all things? I mean, the abundance that is given to the earth? It's still beyond your understanding, but gradually this will become clear to you too.'

André nodded. Everything seemed so marvellous to him, it made him speechless.

‘What I want to tell you, my boy, is that nearly everything concerning the cosmos stems from our side.

Nobody, not even the greatest among the great amidst your scholars could ever discover anything of importance, if the road leading in that direction weren’t shown to him through inspiration from on high. Of course this only holds for things that benefit mankind. But unfortunately they also receive evil-minded support through those who live in the lower spheres. They bear upon people who are receptive and open to bad influences, urging them on to evil-doing and wrongfulness. This is how people are influenced, some for the sake of good, others for evil’s sake. It’s up to them to choose the road which must be taken. Many people don’t stop to think this over, because selfishness and vanity make them forget, and their self-interest causes them to disregard the path that leads them upward. Fortunately the earth is populated by many ‘scholars’ with high principles, but the majority hankers after fame and honour, tokens which are merely temporary, yet for which they’ll fight with all their might, not understanding that these honours don’t result from private knowledge but are due to Guidance from the Hereafter.

To make this clear I’ll give you an example from which you can gather how terrible the situation is on earth.

A long time ago I frequently left my own sphere to visit the planet, because I was interested in everything people did in all their ignorance, and I often had to look on and see how they misunderstood everything and how they made it impossible for their guides to help them. I considered myself to be an invisible onlooker, a student, and I was concerned about the things I witnessed. I kept that up for quite a while. Then I knew what I had to do, and I made a plan, because I wanted to deter mankind from their wrong ideas and give them pure knowledge instead and then guide them in the right direction.

I have seen terrible situations and witnessed sorrowful scenes, all due to ignorance, inexperience, unbelief and unfamiliarity with the laws of a higher life, which follows after our existence on earth. I and many others feel compelled to save mankind from the claws of evil, and to convince them from here of the sad truth that the earth and its inhabitants are sick, which we know to be true because we

see to the bottom of all things. We want to call attention to all the misery, and we hope that people will finally realize that they are on the wrong track and that they are playing into evil's hands, which is why everything is running counter to God's laws.

For a long time we tried to offer help in silence, to bring happiness and create better conditions. Many of us operate on earth with the aid of a medium, but only few can keep their instruments out of the claws of evil, as most of them are eaten up with envy. This crushes their own power and makes them renounce their guides who are badly rewarded for their efforts, since nothing is achieved. Our work is difficult because we must constantly battle against the belief that the easiest way of fulfilling life on earth is to take things as they are. This attitude serves neither us nor the great cause.

So I realized that no ground would be gained by silent impact, and I asked God for help and strength to enable me to do my work through a medium.

It got me support from higher spheres, as we on our side find help by praying and being heard by God, and I was allowed to see you. There is guidance in all things, André. However, you weren't fit for our work yet, and so I had to be patient. But I did visit you on various occasions while my helpers whom you just saw guided and protected you, since I had other work to do at the time. I could go on talking to you about this for a long time, but I mustn't get off the subject. Finally I was allowed to begin. You know what happened since and so here we are now, together in the Hereafter.

I ask you fervently, André, remain steadfast. I will make up to you for a lot. I suppose you understand my goal and my plans by now. I need you because I want to make all this known to the world. In our first lessons I told you clearly enough that this all serves our great cause, namely to convince the people of a life after death. We will tell them about our journeys and we'll reveal everything we convey to you. This spiritual charity will be poured out over the whole earth and will make it progress.

On one of my journeys I saw something sad occur. Man lives in matter, because of it and along with it, which causes him to forget the spiritual aspect, the beautiful part that must help man's soul to grow. And you'll be surprised to hear that the soul is kept from grow-

ing because man refuses to accept the reality of a life after death.

I once saw two brothers working in a laboratory who were searching for new inventions. They studied chemistry and had already contributed a great deal to science, so that their fame stretched far abroad. But this didn't satisfy them, since they were ambitious and craved for new fame. If these two men had been convinced that life went on, they would have viewed their studies in a completely different light. When I visited them, they were on the verge of inventing one of the most dangerous explosives you could imagine, and whilst the younger brother was away for a few days, the elder went on experimenting day and night like mad. He was under the influence of evil.

One night an explosion blew up the laboratory, and his mortal remains were extracted from under the debris. It was made known on earth that due to an unfortunate accident professor A. had died whilst carrying out scientific experiments.

His brother thought that the chemical tests had been successful and they built him a new laboratory where he could continue his research.

Nobody on earth queries what he was searching for, as long as he was successful, and we believe to be one of the greatest stupidities, because this leads man, since he himself opens the doors leading to it, straight into the hands of evil. That is why everything runs counter to God's laws.

So what happened on our side? When the victim found out after the explosion that he was to live on as a spirit, in spite of his death on earth, he had to admit that he had allowed himself to become influenced by evil spirits. He now realized that, as a result of wrong deeds and notions, he had passed on prematurely, and he decided to make every effort to protect his brother on earth and avert all possible calamities, since the latter was unaware of the bad influence which was being exerted on him. He invoked higher powers for help as he saw that his brother would otherwise be lost.

These are a few of the situations I have witnessed. When man forgets himself he is doomed to become putty in the hands of evil. You can see from this example, André, how necessary it is to open man's eyes. Many were lost in this way. And what did these people

achieve? Not much really. Their lives turned out a failure because they forgot the spiritual part which was meant to feed their soul. There are many like that, who are lost because of their ignorance.

We have already travelled far, André, without you noticing, and we've now arrived at a spot that links us up with the earth and the spheres. We've been gliding along swiftly which enabled us to cover this distance in a very short time.

Before we go on, we will take a look at the earth as the spirits see it.

Look down there, that dark-grey disc, it's the earth. That's where your body lies, that's where you exist and where you live. But here and now you can assure yourself that you can live outside of your physical body. It is undoubtedly one of the greatest pieces of evidence you will ever receive for it will become clear to you by your embodiment. You see that there is hardly any light on earth. The small light you see nearby isn't the sunlight, which you normally see with your earthly eyes while your spirit is in your body. This light signifies the sparsity of spiritual energy which the earth radiates. The clouds you see with your physical eyes have now vanished too. That's how bleak the earth looks spiritually.'

'But I think it's beautiful and captivating, Alcar, to see the earth like this.'

André looked at his leader who regarded him with a smile.

'Certainly, it is worth seeing from here, but wait till I tell you what caused the earth to be so dark, and you will pray with me and beg God for salvation. You'll no longer think that it's beautiful and captivating, my son. Do you see that thin grey line, slightly lit up, that revolves around the earth? That is the entire spiritual radiation it possesses.

The light of the earth isn't white, it's turbid. This is the badness that we see from this side, the evil that spreads upon.

This planet has fallen incredibly low. Look at the difference between this radiation and that of other planets. There are people up there too, but spiritually and emotionally they attune to a much finer degree, so naturally they're nearer to perfection too. Isn't their light much purer and doesn't it make you feel happy that you may behold such beauty?

Now look again how dark the earth is. Down there pure love is no

longer known, nor faithfulness towards God. Everything is deformed and the people only crave for earthly treasures and earthly fame, like those two brothers. Man wants progress, but he treads the path that leads him downward. Nevertheless we will do our best to make that light shine clearer, and many will help us.

If ever the earth lights up like those planets above, then pure love will be rediscovered there too, and people will once more begin to live according to God's commandment. They would shine again, just as God wants to see all His children shine. As yet I don't see this happening, because they're at each other's throats. Brothers fight each other. They steal each other's happiness and covet and curse the other's very life. And so they continue on the road that leads further and further away from the straight. In their blindness they no longer see God's ways, nor do they sense the delightful warm rays that lighten up these roads.

To them everything seems cold and barren, and they feel no need to raise their spiritual level. They go on running through life, they play hide-and-seek with each other and they're afraid to show each other their good traits. They've lost the courage to do so, and they no longer carry their cross openly for everyone to see. That's how low mankind has fallen, how turbid the spiritual light of the earth is and how misunderstood the message became that Christ once brought to this planet.

That is why we and thousands of others, no, millions along with us try to set the earth free by convincing its people anew of a life beyond the grave, and to guide them towards the road that leads upward.

This, my boy, is the spiritual food that will bring them back to God, our common Father. We receive His love and strength, and His love and wisdom enable us to present them with a different kind of light and a different kind of influence, the holy influence from the spheres.

We bring them the fertile seed that will nourish their soul and blossom and grow high above and beyond all evil. It will turn them back onto the right track, from which they departed long ago, in order to lead them uphill again.'

Alcar stood there like a statue, his arm raised, hand in hand with

André, and it seemed as if he had been talking to God above, his heart heavy with sorrow, pleading for forgiveness for the poor earth, and asking for strength for the work he wanted to accomplish.

‘It’s not easy to improve these matters, my boy, because people prefer by far to do the things that do not require struggle. That’s what man is like, and so he gets swept along towards the dark, because he lacks the courage to fight.

He sinks lower and lower, until he’s in danger of succumbing to misery, and so he finally asks for help and release from that misery which he himself created when he wandered away from the straight.

So then we leave our realm to come and help that poor mortal. But he must first ask God for help. Prior to that we can neither reach him, nor can he perceive our outstretched hand. But if he begs the Father for help, then he will not be lost, because God loves all His children, the evil ones as well as the good ones. And at long last God will finally see all His children in perfect love and purity.

Some day, when you arrive here to remain forever, we will continue the beautiful work together that aims at man’s spiritual ascent. Come, we must go on now.’

André took a quick look back at the dark disc, called earth. Down there he lived, there he had to work and convince the people. And with God’s help he must bring them the light. The little bit of light which the earth radiated as its spiritual energy had to increase, and he was to help, so that it might one day become a flame.

On they went for a while, both buried in their own thoughts. André saw how Alcar’s face glowed, although he was still in a sad mood.

Alcar looked at him and asked: ‘Does my son think that I’m grieved?’

‘How did you know what I was thinking?’

‘I read your thoughts, André, or rather, your thoughts reached me.’

‘How does that work, Alcar?’

‘Nothing is impossible to us. We can do anything if we want to. But to master that, we have to develop.

This is spiritual power and so it’s something we acquire ourselves. First of all, one must understand the spiritual language, because when man arrives here he has left all things behind which relate to the

earth. We use the earth's languages to make ourselves understandable there, but you must understand, André, here we only use our spiritual energy, and this goes for our speech too. I need it to get into contact with everything and everyone, my six friends included. This can only be done by means of spiritual energy, because it penetrates everything and therefore functions at a distance too. But it needs strong will power as well as a strong ability to concentrate. On our side these have a close mutual connection, which links us up with on High. Come, let's try and get in touch with my friends.'

Alcar got out an object that slightly resembled a satin cloth and could easily be stowed away. A loose strand with a few contact points attached ran around the cloth.

'Look, this is my receiver. It has considerable power, so that it can unite me with the almighty cosmos that still contains so many secrets. This gadget is attuned to human energy and integrated with our strong will and our ability to concentrate. So it's subject to my will. Accordingly, the images I want to receive will be forced to become as clear as I wish. The instrument is made of liquid metal and its secret is only known to the spheres. A friend of mine designed it and told me that it will take some years before it's presented to the people on earth. Now if I want to link up with something, in other words become one with it, then I hold the left hand to the left and the right hand to the right of the cloth, with this contact point here and that button there on the right side. All right, André, now I'm one with the cosmos. As I said, the cosmos holds many miracles. This is one of them, a small but useful miracle. There are planets where the inhabitants already possess this and make use of it. But those people are on a much higher spiritual level, so they are much nearer to perfection than those who live on earth. I know for sure that if it were given to the earth, this noble product would be used to destroy others. For so many things we bestowed on the earth which are misused for warfare. Now I must concentrate, and everything I want to see, in other words whatever I think of intently, will appear on this cloth, in the same colour and shape it has in reality. Here we call this instrument a spiritual mirror or a magic mirror, but my friend said - which is true - that this is television of the mind. Now pay close attention, you will see something beautiful,

but don't talk, and come and stand behind me. Then you can look over my shoulder.'

André noticed how Alcar strained himself but he didn't move a muscle. He sat completely motionless for some moments and then André not only saw himself appear on the cloth, but his room too with everything it contained, as clear as on a photo.

He immediately recognized the young men in the blue light. The image remained very distinct for some moments, then it faded slightly and finally disappeared entirely.

'Oh Alcar, how beautiful that is. I saw myself in my room and your helpers too.'

'Did you like it, my boy? This is what I wanted to show you. I could also make contact with Adonis and talk to him in spiritual language, even though we're far apart.'

There are also other ways to make contact with our friends, but I believe this one to be the best, as it doesn't require another person. This method has served me well on many an occasion, and you saw how the image got weaker as soon as I let my thoughts and my will slacken off.

Those who are able to hold on to a certain thing in their mind will obtain results. For others this instrument is worthless. Everything depends on concentration and on strong will power.

If my friend is allowed to give the instrument to the earth, it will come through inspiration.

Try out your powers too and concentrate intently on your physical body.'

André tried, but could merely bring about a few weak vibrations. Then he gave up.

'I'm no good at it, Alcar.'

'It proves, son, that you must increase your strength. You're still unable to keep your goal in mind. Not that it's easy, but you'll get the knack of it yet.'

'Who is Adonis, Alcar?'

'My helper, and the leader of my other friends. You'll get to see him when we return to your room.'

I want to come back for a moment to what I just said about giving things to the earth. There has been some minor progress on earth,

but the inventors whom my friend wants to use as instruments will have to show a bit of patience yet, otherwise they will tend to pursue the wrong objectives.

We will now go straight on to the third sphere, the place I want you to see.

There are seven spheres, of which the first and the second have a lot in common with the earthly sphere, though on a spiritual basis. There a person gradually starts to develop, in preparation for the higher spheres. These don't belong to the purification spheres, they rate as existence spheres.

We won't find what we're looking for in these spheres, so we'll go on to the third sphere. The people who live there are all working to develop their spiritual level. Many of them left earth recently, others parted a long time ago. We'll soon be there, and I've got a lot of surprises in store for you, André.'

'I hear music, Alcar, where is it coming from? Oh, what a beautiful sound!'

'You'll soon have an opportunity to hear and see all the things that will be granted to us.

The intelligences which you will see are from various areas and they have come especially for this occasion. You will have noticed that we rose very rapidly since our last stop. But you didn't observe anything special, did you?'

'You're right, Alcar, I only saw empty space.'

'The earth and the other planets can't be seen any more. We're afloat in infinity. Yet we went through other spheres without you noticing it. This is because you only see what I intend for you. You couldn't possibly digest everything, it would overwhelm you. And we wouldn't be able to travel as fast if I didn't keep hold of you with my will power and my thoughts. This protects you and you'll be able to stand up to everything we see and meet up with. I already told you that we can travel at the speed of our thoughts, but of course this only holds for those who live on our side.

I want you to thoroughly absorb what you're about to see, because back on earth you must make this known to all those who are willing to listen. Instill it all firmly into your head, and it will gradually come back to you when you have returned to earth. You will see

everything in your mind's eye again, as consciously as when you were allowed to experience it in reality. All the same, you won't be able to describe it as it really is. It's impossible to translate into the languages on earth. It has to be seen and felt. Nonetheless, the people will be happy when you tell them about life after death and when you assure them that if they live the good life on earth, they will come into the light when they're here, and heavenly happiness will be their share. Everyone arrives here in the state he is in deep within, and he will arrive in the sphere where he belongs spiritually. In keeping with the law of cause and effect man reaps what he sows. Very many arrive here in an unhappy state and often have to spend a long time in the dark, chilly spheres before they can progress spiritually and reach a higher area. Others however, who already understood on earth that it's God's intention for us to spend this life for the good of others and who act accordingly, will, immediately after their transition, feel happy and at home in the sphere that corresponds to their inner being.

I came back to this matter because it's of tremendous importance. People should know that those who have lived a good life will dwell in the spheres of light and love, but that those who forgot themselves will find their dwelling place in the spheres of coldness and darkness. Tell them, André, that everything they encounter here corresponds to their inner life on earth. All right, now we have arrived in the third sphere.

You will undoubtedly have noticed the change in the light of the heavens. You will see this happen in all the spheres. It gets more beautiful and draws nearer to perfection all the time. Everything flows together and links up in total harmony.'

They now saw many intelligences coming and going, in large columns and in smaller groups too. All of them glided along.

'Are these all people who still live on earth, Alcar?'

'Partly, my son, but the large majority consists of persons who have passed on from the areas below. They are all on the way to the festivity we are also heading for, since they are allowed to participate. This is a powerful process too, a mighty knowledge, because they need no calling for, they sense this via the higher aspect within themselves. It illustrates once more the omnipotence of God, who

governs everything, here as well as on earth.

Look, we have now arrived at our destination. We'll find a place down there in the valley where we can observe everything clearly.'

André saw a beautiful landscape. It resembled nature on earth, yet it was milder, and the light, which shone with greater beauty, had a wonderful effect on him.

'How quiet it is here, Alcar.'

'All those who live here are happy, even if they only reached the first sphere after leaving the earth, because life in this sphere is on an infinitely higher level than on earth.'

Thousands and thousands of intelligences had gathered in the valley where they had formed a long procession, that wound its way through the landscape, and its tail end was a mere dot to the eye.

'Come, André, let's go up to the top of that hill to see the procession pass by.'

'How beautiful it is here, Alcar !'

'Everything is in harmony with the Infinite, and all these people live in the house they already built themselves on earth. This here is their spiritual dwelling.'

'What's going on now, Alcar?'

'I'll tell you. The valley is a place of dedication, where many brethren will take their spiritual oath. They're in the procession and will sit for an exam in certain studies in which they will show their skill. We'll soon be able to see it take place.

Listen! The music you heard before is being played again.'

André heard beautiful melodies and his whole body vibrated along with this mighty music. He felt as if he were being lifted up, as if it wanted to carry him away to higher regions.

Never before had he heard anything as beautiful as this and it impressed him deeply. It occurred to him that instruments that were being played were foreign.

Alcar looked at André and noticed that he was crying.

'Easy now, son, there is more to come that will move you deeply.'

'I'm crying with happiness, Alcar, and I don't know how to thank God and you too for taking me along.'

'You're about to see much more, but you must be strong, otherwise you can't possibly take it all in.'

Slowly the procession passed by. André now saw many spirits in beautiful garments, all in different colours.

‘Do these gowns bear a special meaning for the persons wearing them, Alcar?’

‘Certainly. Most of these spirits are connected to an order, and the clothing they are wearing symbolizes their spiritual power. All these intelligences come from higher spheres than this one.’

André got a splendid view of everything.

Behind the music a person walked who was clad in a beautiful garment and carried a luminous cross in front of him.

‘What is that, Alcar?’

‘This is something you must hold on to with all your soul. It’s the Divine Light, it shines forth from the cross. I knew we would see it. This is holy, my boy.

This is the pure, holy light which the cross sheds upon us. When we see this cross, we think of our Master. This is the Light of the perfect Son of God, His Radiation.’

Everyone knelt down now. It seemed to them as if the Saviour Himself were in their midst.

‘Kneel down, André, and let us thank God for this glorious light.’

They both knelt down and thanked the Father for this great mercy.

‘Of all the things you will see here, this is certainly the highest and the holiest. This doesn’t resemble the light that artists on earth paint around the cross as a symbol of Divine love, no, it’s the radiant holy Light of Christ himself.

That’s why I wanted to take you along. It’s through Him that we received all this wisdom, this holy light. You’ll be able to grasp what this means because you’ve now seen for yourself what the symbol of the cross signifies in terms of spiritual power. The perfect happiness, the splendour of the light which the Son of God, the perfect child of God, gave to the people on earth.

André had grasped hold of Alcar. It was too much for him, to overpowering.

‘Come on, son, show how strong you are and listen. The glow of this light will inspire a change of heart in the unhappy spirits, so that they will try to work their way up and one day prove themselves worthy to possess this light forever.

The person bearing the cross was once my leader, and he is worthy of carrying it. Many of those gathered here don't belong to this sphere, they came to the valley from the first, the second and many other spheres to view the light which the cross sheds. They were all enabled to take part in this festivity and afterwards, when they return, the urge to develop will reveal itself in them. They are escorted, just as you are, otherwise they would fall back to the place they came from, because they would be unable to bear the light and the warmth of this sphere. That is why they must be irradiated by the fluid of their leaders.'

Next to the bearer of the cross two young men walked, who were also dressed in beautiful gowns. They immediately attracted André's attention as they each carried a book that was decorated with beautiful ribbons and flowers. He couldn't read what it said on the cover.

'Can't you read it, my son?'

'No, Alcar. But once again you evidently knew what I was thinking.'

'I didn't only read your thoughts and the words on the books, but also the meaning of the inscriptions. These are the books of life which they are carrying, they stand for wisdom, energy and love, three qualities which are related to the earth and various other planets.'

Alcar was very pleased that André thirsted for knowledge and that he could satisfy his eagerness to learn.

'How can you tell, Alcar, at such a distance?'

'Again through spiritual power. Some day, when you're ready and you possess this spiritual power, you will be just as able as I am to determine such things and many others too. You will become capable of doing this while you're still on earth. I will develop your gifts to that extent. I know the contents of these books purely by concentrating.'

The two young men were followed by some fifty youngsters who were all dressed in purple garments and bore many insignia on their left arm and on their breast.

'What do those decorations mean? They're distinctions, aren't they?'

'Certainly, André, but don't compare them to the ones on earth. Down there they are often awarded for no reason at all, and frequently only for material feats and not for spiritual deeds. Nobody

ever asks how they were earned. Everything is seen through physical eyes only and has nothing to do with God's laws. What's the meaning of insignia if the person wearing them is spiritually low-down! Do you understand what I mean, André?

'Yes Alcar.'

'If they weren't earned spiritually, then they're of no value here. Those who wear decorations in the spheres, like these men, have a spiritual right to them.

You can recognize them by their light, their radiation and their energy, and by their love for all and everything. Their degrees and titles are spiritual, sacred possessions. I'll come back to that later, when we visit places where there are many people from earth, who bedecked themselves with distinctions made of metal, purely out of vanity and conceit.

I could go on about this for a long time yet, but let me finish by telling you that many are ridiculed when they boast about their former possessions, or the functions they once held. Many who were held in high respect on earth have landed in the dark spheres, and what's the use of adorning oneself in this way when all is dark within one's soul? No, outward lustre loses all its value here. Man must shine from within.

This alone will mark him as a person who gives, and only lives to carry God's Light in and around himself. Only then does beauty show in him, and he'll bear distinctions of spiritual power and be willing to help everyone. Therefore, my son, adorn yourself with God's tokens: wisdom, energy and love, earned in simplicity and humility. It will enable you to support the people who will be lead to understand that love is everything. God granted these young men spiritual distinctions which they wear in all simplicity, because they give themselves to do good and wish to love everything that is part of God's life. And now they will once again sit for an exam in the mighty studies of the laws of life. That is why these books were brought along.'

André saw radiant happiness on everyone's face.

In the middle of the valley a few floats had been lined up, which had been decorated with the most beautiful flowers in the spheres, and which carried symbols of wisdom, power and love. Everything

had been put together harmoniously and created a unity. Next to the young men the scholars walked who would test the former in the exams. All these spirits radiated happiness and wisdom.

‘On earth, André, these men would appear old, but what does age mean here, and time? Nothing at all, compared to eternity. They are all young, because they possess spiritual power. One does not grow old in Eternity, because the spirit stays forever young.’

All this overwhelmed André. He could find no words to describe how he felt at heart. There was no end to all the beauty, but there was one thing he was sure of: this was indeed Eternity, it showed up in everything. He was overcome by the certainty that God is love.

‘They know what true love is, André, and they possess it. It is their greatest power. That is why they’re so full of happiness and harmonious, sacred thoughts.

The procession is moving on to that temple that you can see from here, so we’ll hurry on to get there ahead. There’s something beautiful I want to show you before the ceremony starts, we won’t get the opportunity otherwise. There is even more over there that will impress you.’

While they went Alcar asked of he had noticed something special about the various intelligences.

‘Yes Alcar, I know exactly what you mean. You spoke about it on the way, didn’t you?’

‘Correct, my boy.’

‘I saw lots of persons, men as well as women, who were surrounded by the double light. That’s what you mean, isn’t it, Alcar?’

‘It strikes me that you were able to discern this by yourself. There are spirits who have been here for ages and still can’t sense it, nor can they see whether they are dealing with the spirit of a material being or with an astral spirit, in other words: with the spirit of an earthling or with an inhabitant of the spheres. The lower spirits can’t sense this either, because on earth they failed to improve themselves spiritually, so when they arrive in the spheres they are very poor spiritually.

There are many guardian spirits here now who, like me, are intent on developing their instruments and want to show them everything as it is in reality, and to convince them of the mercy that is granted to us by letting us dwell here.

We have reached the *'Temple of Truth'* now, which will be used to hold the exams in. If we didn't know that we're in the spheres, we would presume that this building had been erected by earthly hands. It's very like a stone temple on earth and yet there is nothing material about it. I will explain this in detail to you later.

We extract everything from the cosmos. It still harbours many secrets, not only relating to architecture but to many other arts and sciences too. Isn't it incredibly beautiful, André? Would people on earth be willing to believe that houses, buildings and temples can be found in the Hereafter? And yet here we possess all one could think of, but in a form much closer to perfection, though its essence must of course be thought up spiritually. Just as everything on earth exists in a material form, with a coarser quality, likewise in the realm of the spirit things have their shape too, yet these are spiritual.

Like attracts like. As inhabitants of the spheres we are astral beings, so everything must adapt to us. And the higher the sphere in which we dwell, the more everything within that sphere will show perfection, right up to the highest areas where the truly perfect, the totally ethereal state of being is reached. We will go into this point later too, and at greater length. At the moment there is still so much you must see, because it will further you spiritually. So let's go inside.'

They entered a large hall where many intelligences had already gathered. Here too André saw many spirits who still dwelt on earth and had evidently disembodied. There was entire peace and quiet around. He sensed very clearly that everything was governed by a mighty hand.

There was a large fountain in the middle of the temple, surrounded by beautiful flowers of a glorious colour. Beyond the fountain a rostrum had been set up, also decorated with flowers. There was an opulence of beauty that again touched him deeply. The whole setting resembled a perfect flower garden. The centre of the fountain was taken up by a symbolic image. The water squirted evenly over all the plants and flowers. Everything got its share, not one little plant was forgotten. Everything was saturated with harmony and love. The large flower got a bit more than the smaller one and the big plant slightly more than the little one. Everything was sprinkled

with water and received enough to meet its individual needs.

‘There is harmony in everything, my boy, and it’s striking that something which people take for granted on earth is appreciated by everyone here in such a totally different manner. It’s because everyone here is in tune with these things. This is the abundant charm it exerts. One has to feel it. Isn’t it wonderful, André? You see that it captivates everyone. Those who made it are higher spirits who, without a doubt, possess an exceeding amount of the harmonious, spiritual power which they incorporated into the fountain. That is why it appeals to us and forces us to think of God, Who is in everything and must be understood in His wisdom and harmonious power by the spiritual aspect in us. It teaches us to act harmoniously in everything we do, just as God expects of us. This fountain certainly has a very deep meaning.’

‘Yes, Alcar, I feel that it was made with this intention.’

‘This observation of yours is also very correct. I just told you what it teaches us, didn’t I? You see how everyone present here is held spellbound by its influence. This is the great mystery that is inherent in everything related to the Divine. God’s ways and laws move in a mysterious way. All the same, everything is simple if you wish to be whole and in harmony with God. This doesn’t mean being on a personal basis with God, but to live as He wants all His children to live. That’s how this fountain symbolizes man and stands for harmony, wisdom, energy and love.’

‘Now I understand everything, Alcar.’

‘I’m glad, my boy. If we want to be one with God, then we feel that a link exists, and that we love Him. That we want to be His child, as we ought to. We must all be God’s children who long for wisdom, energy and love. Then man will be on the way up, then he will shine from within. Those who are about to arrive will also grasp the intention of this symbolic image. For them these words were well chosen: ‘And do not forget one blade on your acre, where everything, small though it may be, has the right to exist, the right to live.’ Is this all clear to you, André? It sprinkles everything and forgets nothing. And everything we do must likewise be done, with love in mind. That’s our spiritual nourishment and our strength. The spiritual teachers will show their pupils in full harmony how

the fountain accomplishes its work. This they can do by their common love for God. In everything they do, they tread the path of love, because love is the ultimate and the most sacred, created by Him. In a moment one of the leaders will speak to those who are taking their exam, to those who live here and to those, like you, who have come from earth to participate in this. He will point out the tremendous inner power which everyone possesses.'

Trumpets resounded now as a sign that the entire procession had arrived and that the ceremony could begin. One of the scholars, dressed in a beautiful garment, had taken his seat on the rostrum. Above him hung a luminous cross that had been decorated with white lilies as a symbol of purity. This was the sacred, pure white light that Christ radiated as the perfect Son of God. Complete silence set in and all knelt down. The solemn, sacred moment had come. It moved André deeply.

'This leader is known here as a Spirit of Love, a name of honour which he earned himself through his deeds. He will speak about 'Self-confidence', André. Another thing I already know. It will give everyone support and strength for their development.'

In a clear, sonorous voice the speaker began: 'My sisters and brothers! You who are about to take their exam, you who still dwell on earth, and also you who already live on this side, all you who are heavily laden, I want to address you all. When life becomes too heavy to continue and you don't know where to turn to, have faith. Every battle in life is difficult, but I tell you, hold your head up high, keep your eyes fixed on God, fixed on God's Light. Follow that road, and you will accomplish a lot, and even more. Sisters and brothers! Be of good cheer. We want to help you to overcome the heavy struggle. I come into your midst as your friend and bring you words of support and consolation. I feel the need to imbue you with confidence in yourself, for what is a man without self-confidence! Is he not a wreck on life's ocean? Self-confidence in the knowledge that enables you to achieve something, to accomplish a certain thing, isn't that the essence in man's existence, here in the spheres and on earth? And this serves to look at the higher aspect in our self-confidence. The word is so simple. Confidence in yourself. This means: turning yourself inside out first, to find out what is good and what

must be regarded as unusable. And if you still have a bit of self-confidence left, then you face the heavy task of humbling yourself to make that little bit of good in you grow. This turns the spirit and the shell of man into something beautiful. But be careful that your self-confidence never degenerates into self-satisfaction. Watch out for that. Self-confidence is the source of energy that should carry you towards all that is good. Lack of self-confidence reduces you, makes you null and void, and inflicts a feeling of inferiority on you. Self-confidence gives you strength, not only in your social status. First and foremost it is to be the source that nurtures all good things in life on earth and in the spheres. So this doesn't only hold for man in his earthly day-to-day worries, but also and above all in his love for God's creation, for God's Omnipotence, for his fellow human beings and for all that is good. You need all of this, here as well as on earth. And when God gives you a task, difficult though it may be, accept it and trust that you are able to fulfill it.

You will then sense the sacred element within and you will say: 'How grateful I am that God gave me this task and that I may fulfill it.' Then, beloved ones, your self-confidence will have grown and become stronger, and you will feel, after all your struggle and your strife, that you have gathered enough strength to accomplish the task you were given, and that consequently you have advanced to a higher spiritual level. Then self-confidence will have been returned to you, and you can cast away all your dark thoughts and realize that it was God who gave you this energy and that He assigned this task to you, and it will also make you understand that your merciful Father demands nothing from you which you can't accomplish. Have faith in the victory of life's battle. Have faith in spite of the adversities you must all face up to on life's path. But above all have faith in the love which God gave to man as His greatest gift of all. Self-confidence and self-knowledge inevitably lead you to God's holy love. Life's struggle isn't easy for any of you, but know that the heavier the battle is, the more splendid the victory will be. Only those who choose to triumph in spite of troubles and worries will receive God's blessing. They will subject themselves to God's will, they will accept all things. Those who know no struggle cannot rise. They fall deeper and deeper because they lack the one thing a person needs in order

to be himself. It's self-confidence. Fight your battle for goodness' sake, but make sure that you emerge victorious and that you have the confidence to awaken the good in you and make it stay awake. Have self-confidence, have self-confidence, then you will trust in God too. But even though this lesson on life seems true, it's often so very difficult to follow up, isn't it? Then always remember that you are children of the almighty Father, who never forgets His beloved in all their strife and worry, and Who supports them in times of darkness, on earth as well as in the spheres. Therefore look up to Him Whom you call your Father. And if ever you bow your head and say from the bottom of your heart: 'Father, I can't go on', then lift up your head and look down on all your worries. You will see them in a different light because in that moment God, in all His goodness, will have returned to you the self-confidence you lacked.

Man, pray frequently, for the sake of your work and your studies. Pray in times of joy, but also in times of trouble. Pray whenever you can and put your will into it. Pray for self-confidence and know that without it you cannot be a child of God. Pray that it may never be taken away from you, because then you would feel how small you are: no more than feckless material. I pray to our common Father to help you, support you, strengthen you and to give you wisdom, energy and love, to give you the self-confidence you need to attain all that is good. May God's blessing rest upon you all. Amen.'

Deep silence followed the speech and the prayer of this high intelligence.

Then another spirit in a garment of a different colour stepped onto the rostrum and spoke the following words to those present: 'My beloved, sisters and brothers! I also want to address some words to you. Whenever things get too hard for you in life, either here in the spheres or on earth, then pray, pray, pray. Love is the highest, the ultimate, sacred and sacro-sanct. God blesses you for every victory you gain over yourself. But it's difficult and often you're confronted with seemingly unsurmountable situations. Then God says: 'Do my will!' And you answer: 'My God, I can't.' But God is unrelenting and tells you: 'You must', and you keep on feeling his indisputable will. 'You must, my child. This is how it has to be, I want it this way.' Then you think you can't, and you want to resist to the ut-

most. But God insists and finally you're ready and you bow your head before God's stern yet holy will and you have gained the victory over yourself in this exceedingly bitter, heavy and painful battle that cost you blood and tears. And yet, you had to. Then God tenderly lays His hands on your bowed head and says: 'Well done, my child, I am with you.'

You will all be confronted with these difficult times. Don't run away, you cannot evade them. Look this righteous battle squarely in the face and don't try to escape, because not your will, but God's will shall be done. Amen.'

They were all deeply touched and felt the holy influence of the words that were spoken to lend them support and give them strength. André was very moved too by the profound yet so simple prayers, by the spiritual support and by everything he was allowed to behold in the spheres. It affected him deeply and in his heart he thanked God fervently for this glimpse into the Higher World.

'Come André, it's time now for us to leave.'

'Oh Alcar, it's so beautiful here, so holy. If only I were allowed to stay here, how happy I would be!'

'That's for later, my son. When you finally arrive here for good, you will be eternally happy. The festivity will go on and more scholars will be speaking, but we must return to earth. Before we go, I ask you to take in everything carefully, so you'll be able to relate it all on earth.'

André again looked at all those standing around him and at the splendour of the spheres.

'It's terribly difficult for me to have to say good-bye to this, Alcar.'

'Absorb these things thoroughly, son. The beautiful influence of these spheres must also stay with you, because for the time being you won't get to see all this again.'

They glided back to earth.

'We still have two hours left which we will use to discuss and absorb a few things on the way. Now we're back to the same level we were at during our journey out, when we could see the earth, only now we're facing in the opposite direction. Look, it's above us now, just as you see the sun when you're on earth. Look upward, askew. That's the earth.'

Again André saw the planet with its dark radiation.

‘Its inhabitants keep on looking for dark things, André, and that makes them forget the light which ought to be their spiritual food. One person begrudges the other what the latter has gained in an honest way. People are dissatisfied with a decent profit and try to hoard as much as possible at the expense of their sisters and brothers whom they cause so much misery and sorrow. That’s how man trudges along through life. That’s how he lives in a dark hell which he refuses to become aware of. Now you can perceive the big difference between the influence you observed in the third sphere and that which the earth radiates.’

‘But people pray on earth, Alcar. Isn’t that worth something, doesn’t that help? Can’t the prayers that are sent up to God lighten the earth?’

‘There’s a lot of praying being done, my boy, a lot, but not humbly and in simplicity, because man always prays for himself. His prayers don’t reach God. Of course there are people who pray, but only few send up a prayer that is free from self-love and self-interest. Most of the prayers that pass us by – because a prayer climbs up to God and passes us on the way – are full of questions, full of selfish thoughts. People don’t seek Him, they are primarily in pursuit of themselves. Some ask for money, others for wisdom. There are those who request to win a war. That’s how it keeps on going. Wisdom is requested, merely to abuse for evil purposes. This is contrary to God’s laws. That’s how they pray, my boy. You just heard the simple tone in which the high spirits addressed us and prayed. We too will thank God and try to approach Him in humility. The people have forgotten how to love God, and their prayers don’t come from the bottom of their heart. Before we part we will send our prayer to God in all modesty, as it ought to be done. Like a child praying to his father. Come, kneel down beside me and let us thank God for granting us the fortune that we can help the people on earth through His grace. We will thank Him for the support and the strength we received in the spheres.’

Close together, shoulder to shoulder, they prayed to God and André heard how Alcar’s voice trembled when he said: ‘Almighty Father. Many days have gone by, even if they melted away into Eternity. We

have partaken of joys and sorrows and support is our share. We thank you, Father, for we are weak. We are weak, because we are willing, yet all too often we are unable. Father, we are weak because we are human, but we want to rise up higher, Father, and there is a holy calling in our heart, a cry for support, and we feel how the spirit embraces us and leads us upward to the things on high. Father, have mercy on us for our sins. You, Omnipotence of love, guide us and strengthen us. You urge us on, unremittingly, on our path to seek and to find. We thank You, Father, for everything in our life, for joy and for sorrow, for happiness and distress. Father, You may burden us as You will, but do not abandon us. We know that You have come down to us in Your almighty Love. We know that You will support us and will forgive us and therefore, Father, we thank You. We beseech Your mercy for our sins and we will try to draw near to You. Father, once again, forgive us our debts and our sins. Cast the veil of evil from us and let us enter into Your Fatherly house. We thank You. Amen.'

Through his tears André looked at his leader. His emotions got the better of him. He felt how Alcar's prayer had been simple but very profound. He couldn't restrain himself and threw his arms around his leader's neck, full of happiness and love for his Almighty God.

'Just you cry, André, let your tears flow, son. Sometimes it's good to cry to one's heart's content. Let your tears flow. It's a sign that your heart is full of emotion. You bowed your head and you honestly asked God for forgiveness. It will strengthen you, be assured. Do you feel better now? Are you strong enough again to stand up to everything?'

'Yes Alcar, but it's all a bit much for me.'

'It is indeed, my boy. But come on now, we must go. This was the prayer that I used to send up to God as a child when I still lived on earth, and I always felt an enormous peace and quiet come over me when I spoke from the bottom of my heart. It always gave me strength, because when we pray humbly, without self-love, when we shoulder the cross that God gives us to bear, then we will find solace in prayer and it will give us increasing consolation. Don't fret or complain if ever things get too heavy to endure in life. You will get

wiser through battle, and it will make you grow spiritually, because if darkness never spread around you, you could not appreciate the light. We could go on for hours on end, but it's high time now.'

In a very short time they were back again in André's parental home. Everything was still quiet and Alcar's helpers were still in his room. They immediately came forward to greet their brother.

'Did you understand my messages, Adonis?'

'Yes brother.'

André knew now who Adonis was, who looked at him smilingly and asked if he felt impressed by the things he had experienced.

'I don't know what to say. Words fail me to describe all that beauty.'

Adonis and his friends now left, after Alcar had said that he would notify them about further work ahead. Then André felt that the moment of parting had come, and an anxious feeling took hold of him. Again he had to part from his beloved leader and he couldn't hold back his tears.

'Be still, André, be strong, son. We're not parting for good. Only a short period, then you will see me again, from one spirit to another. I'm always at your side, you know that. After all, you can hear me and see me. This is the end of your first journey and you made it by leaving your body. Be strong, we'll go more often, we'll make more journeys and let's hope they all succeed. Now before you return to your body I will release you from my fluid and my strong will power, because if I happened to forget, you would experience something strange tomorrow. If I didn't release you from my fluid, it would penetrate into your physical body and that would hinder you in your earthly work, as you would notice. Of course I must prevent this and see to it that you wake up peacefully after this first journey. When you descend into your body you will undergo a minor shock which can't be avoided, no matter how I take my precautions. After you wake up, everything you heard and beheld in the spheres will gradually come back into your memory.'

Suddenly André felt himself getting terribly tired.

'What does this mean, Alcar?'

'It means that I have released you from my fluid and my strong will power. You were tuned in to the spheres and now your spiritual body is once again prepared to descend into your material body.'

He felt shivery, and then the fatigue was gone.

'All right, André. I have now demagnetised you, like I did the last time we parted. It's good-bye now! Here's your garment, your material casing.'

Again André knelt down before his spiritual friend, thanking him for everything that had been granted to him.

Suddenly everything turned dark in front of him and he no longer saw his leader. Again he felt that he was rising. It was just as if he were being lifted up. This was followed by a descending sensation. Then he remembered nothing more. He awoke with a start, jumped up and saw that it was only seven o'clock in the morning. 'Oh', he thought, 'that leaves me a bit of time.' His body felt clammy and his forehead was sweaty. He had the impression that he had slept tightly, because his eyes felt heavy, and he also felt a band around his head. But soon he fell back into a deep rest. After a while his mother came to wake him and he went downstairs feeling physically relaxed.

The whole morning went by quietly. He heard nothing, all was peaceful around him. But in the afternoon, while he was daydreaming a bit, he suddenly saw Alcar standing beside him.

'André', he heard him say, 'are you tired? Listen, I have something to tell you. I suppose you know that you were with me in the spheres last night. That's why you feel that band around your head. It will disappear soon enough. Tomorrow everything will come back to you again. By then it'll be easier for you to concentrate and to understand the things we saw together. Now I want to make a drawing.'

André laid paper and pastell colours ready and within a short time he was completely absorbed. Strange flowers were being drawn, but when the work was finished he seemed to recognize these flowers. Where had he seen them before? He couldn't remember properly. In any case they couldn't be flowers from earth, because they had such a strange shape.

They were spiritual flowers, Alcar told him. They had beautiful colours and the work had been finished within half an hour. How good his leader was to him!

'I took possession of you with a special purpose in mind and I could find no better way than to put you into a trance. While I was using your organism I also acted upon your physical body. The band

around your head and the feeling of fatigue have disappeared by now.

By using your organism I set you free from everything that was troubling you. This can only be brought about by those who know how to make use of the higher energies and are attuned to these themselves. This is the protection which we owe to God's goodness. One other thing, André. What you now carry around in your subconscious mind was given to you consciously while you were in the spheres. I will help you to revive these memories.'

Alcar left.

Now this also belonged to the past. Not only had it enriched André spiritually, he had also received a beautiful drawing, made by spiritual hands. Following this, his ability as a medium developed rapidly within a short time. His clairvoyance improved considerably and he made especially good progress in seeing and feeling sicknesses.

Material things were irrelevant to him. To him things only served to perceive their spiritual truths. Alcar also wanted his psychometric talents to help him feel and diagnose illnesses and then cure them.

The results were fabulous. He was called on by many people whom he could show by his psychic gifts and by facts how beneficial it would be for mankind to accept the true energies, meaning those who possessed these gifts, and how this would provide support for many people and be a blessing to them.

CHAPTER V

Passing on

ANDRÉ'S aunt had been ill for some years. Now and then her condition showed a slight improvement, but most of the time she wasn't well at all. Physical beauty had never been one of her assets, but she was loved for her fine character. She always tried to cheer people up and to help them, to give them as much as she could. According to the doctor she still had some time to live, but André was informed by Alcar that her condition was incurable and that she would soon pass on.

André had done a lot for her during the last few months. This gave her support and she loved to have him over to help her.

'Son', she always said, 'you've got something beautiful about you. You'll be able to help a lot of people yet.' She often gave him something to take along for other sick people. He loved her a lot, she was such a dear and good.

Alcar had told him that her illness would grow worse that week. He would tell him in due course what to do.

His mother felt very sad about it, he clearly sensed that.

It didn't hit him all that hard that his aunt had to die, because he knew she would be happy in the hereafter. She had certainly suffered enough. When she passed on, she would be delivered from all the agony and regain her health, and she would be able to walk again after she shed her material casing.

André talked to his mother a lot when she was downcast and when sadness overwhelmed her.

'Come on mum, don't be so sad. After all, she'll be happy. You don't need to worry about her. She's a good woman, a special person, so she won't be unhappy, for she's prepared to die and pass on. It'll be a deliverance for her. Do you believe me?

Have faith, mum. God will give you the strength to bear this.

Don't be tough on yourself, Alcar will help us. Think of everything the spirit world is doing for us, all the things we've received

lately! Come on, let's be strong and grateful. Auntie has suffered long enough. You wouldn't want to keep her here, with all her terrible pains. You wouldn't want her to remain lying there in that condition, would you now? Of course you wouldn't, you love her too dearly for that. What does death mean to her? Don't the words that I convey to you from Alcar mean anything to you? Doesn't death mean redemption, once you know that life is everlasting? Now show me that you know this is true. Come on, mum, now stop crying.'

André spoke words of courage to her, because he knew how much she loved her sister who was now about to depart.

Yes, Mrs. Hendriks thought, André's right. Her sister had spent years in bed and now the end was in sight. She felt that her boy was giving her courage and strength to bear the loss. He spoke with the conviction of a person who knows.

On Sundays they always spent the day together. He never went anywhere, nor did he have many friends. There were only a few whom he could talk to about the things which by now entirely filled his heart and to which he dedicated himself completely. They didn't understand him anyway, and he certainly didn't feel like doing something just because it pleased others. No, that was a thing of the past, now that he had received such a wonderful gift.

They merely talked wordly trash, and he had lost all interest in their conversations. He didn't feel attracted to these people and so he had stopped seeing them. They wanted to take him along on a road that wanders through life yet has no goal. He felt happy with all the spiritual treasures that Alcar had given him, and he avoided the others because they merely wanted things the easy way. Well, let all these people live life as they saw it. He wanted no part of it. He wanted to live as he felt he ought to, consciously. Most people didn't live life themselves, their lives were lived according to the will of others. He detested people who tried to force their will on others and made them do what they wanted. And he couldn't stand getting presents either when self-interest was involved. He immediately sensed such things and this made the gifts worthless to him. Something that wasn't given out of love, from the heart, would tie the recipient and he couldn't possibly keep company with people who wanted to impose their will on him in that way. He felt uncomfort-

able in their presence. He would rather stand alone and travel the road that had been shown to him: honestly and straightforward, out of true love for God. People should give for the sake of love, not to gain earthly goods or worldly influence or for appearance's sake, nor to receive thanks. He wanted to live as Alcar wanted him to.

He came downstairs one morning, his head filled with these and similar thoughts, and found his mother alone. He wished her good morning and asked: 'Where's dad?'

'Dad's gone to church. I've already been, I was at seven o'clock mass.'

His mother looked at him, but said nothing. André clearly felt what his mother had on her mind. The church just wouldn't let them in peace.

He had breakfast and got dressed.

'What's the weather like, mum?'

'It's a lovely day again, son.'

'Good, then I'll go for a walk. I'll be back around twelve, mum.'

'All right, André.'

His mother watched him go. She loved her child dearly. How he had changed! He hadn't gone to church much lately. Since things had started to happen to him he hadn't once been to church. She felt that his father hadn't come to terms with this yet. He kept on about it. He wanted André to accompany him, but the boy wouldn't go. He would have nothing more to do with the church, but that didn't go down with Hendriks. He had told his wife that the boy could surely go to church in spite of his strange beliefs.

Hendriks came home around eleven.

'Where's our boy, Marie?'

'He's gone for a walk, father. He said he'd back around twelve.'

'We had a good sermon this morning, Marie. I can't understand why this doesn't appeal to the boy. It doesn't make sense to me. After all, there's beauty in this too. No, Marie, I'm not satisfied with this situation.'

Although his mother would have been pleased to see him go along with his father, she nevertheless sided with André.

'Oh Willem, leave him alone. You know he's up to no harm. After all, he prays every day, he told me so himself. It's true, we can't fol-

low his ideas lately, I'll grant you that, but he is a good boy. Everything he does is good, isn't it? You have to admit that.'

'That's all very fine, mother, but he ought to go to church all the same.'

André was outside, enjoying nature. It contained everything he wished for, he saw life in everything and he got pleasure out of everything. This was God's creation and people simply overlooked it all. He couldn't understand how they could ruin such beauty without the slightest reason, without even thinking. The flowers that grew here on both sides of the path were smashed to pieces by people walking past, just for the fun of it.

Whenever he was outdoors he always felt Alcar's presence beside him. Oh, if only the people could see, just for a few minutes, then they'd know how splendid the world around them really is. Then they would see their sisters and brothers who all lived on behind the veil. Of the people he told this to there were only very few who could believe he would speak with his new friend when he was outside. His link with Alcar was intensely spiritual. It had become an exceedingly close tie. As soon as he awoke he would hear Alcar wish him good morning. This happened every morning, since the beginning. Many would scoff at him if he ever told them, and yet this was the truth. Of all that he valued on earth, Alcar was the dearest, and yet he was invisible for other people. Their mutual link was strongest outdoors, and whenever he felt the walls close on him at home, Alcar always sent him out into God's glorious nature. His leader would say: 'Get outside, André, out there we can always get in touch with you.'

When he felt sad, especially after a visit to the spheres, he would regain strength in nature. In these moments he couldn't stand being among people, their joint influence weighed heavily on him. People simply weren't aware of the energies that surrounded them. But he could feel them all right

By now he had come far enough to diagnose an illness when the person who came to consult him about a patient concentrated intently on the latter. This was the telepathic cord, Alcar told him, but what amazed him most of all was the sensation of sickness and pain which he experienced on the very spot where the person whom they

were thinking of felt it. When this happened, he would get a precise image, and of many other things than those the visitor was thinking of. Afterwards the telepathic connection was switched off and he became linked up with the patient.

Recently he had provided someone with some wonderful proof of this ability. The person was astounded and believed this to be a miracle. It was indeed miraculous, but not to him, he considered it to be quite normal by now. Yet it had taken him a long time to reach this stage. Oh, what a terrible period he had gone through. But the worst was over now, Alcar had told him. And yet new sources for sorrow and distress kept on appearing. It wasn't Alcar who caused them, because Alcar was a spirit of love. No, it was the people. But out in the open, in God's free nature, all was delightful. He prayed a lot in these hours of sadness, and the grief would slowly ebb away again.

This morning he again rejoiced and was filled with glee. But he knew that his father was disappointed in him because he stayed away from church. They had all been raised as catholics, especially his father and mother. Of course the church did its best to keep him in its hold. But he was entirely convinced that he didn't need the church. Here, in the open air, he could reach out to God, it was better than among all those people in church. It always bothered him how the priest contradicted himself in his various sermons, but the good man didn't know any better. He had asked Alcar for advice and was told: 'We have given you the new faith, son, the pure faith. Unfortunately lots of people think that it's enough when they take part in a séance. However, we're not looking for sensation, we don't offer hallucinations, and we don't go into raptures. What we do is to perceive the spiritual content in all things. This leads us upward, this has to be accepted. It doesn't matter what religion we profess as long as we look for God and are open for the good. You don't need a palace to find God, remember that. All religions are one, as far as they have goodness in mind.'

He had a quiet little spot in his room where he could come closer to God. Here he had hung up all the religious items which he had received psychically, bestowed on him by the higher spirits. They incorporated love and light. It was here that he prayed to God and asked for strength. No, he couldn't possibly return to the church as

his father so dearly wanted. Nature sets you free. He just couldn't understand that people didn't feel this too.

The time he spent outdoors always filled his mind with high ideas, and he would come home invigorated, body and soul. It was a marvellous feeling. God was more present to him there than in that sanctimonious building. The sparkle of gold and silver in the flickering candlelight, the incense and all that outward appearance merely blocked the way to become one with God's creation. No need for that in God's own nature. Many people were blind to the divine power which is inherent in all and everything. They couldn't merge with it, because they were cold inside. They saw the shape but had no sense for the life which God had put in everything.

But the shape of things is only temporary. Shape, what is shape? Pure matter, pure selfishness, pure earthiness, that's what he saw and what he felt shape to be. Those who merely held on to shape for the sake of formality, even if this might keep them on a straight course for a little while, didn't see that the earth is a great garden of life. God gave in boundless measure but none of it is appreciated. They took it for granted and it never crossed their minds to show some gratitude for this mercy. Countless sick people would leave their bed and find heaven on earth and would work hard if they were able and allowed to walk around in the delightful nature, which God created for us, but people usually don't appreciate or even see things that surround us in such abundance.

Listen how joyfully the birds are singing! See that mother bird flying past with food for her young ones! All is done out of love, pure, sheer love. People don't sense the enormous power in nature which governs everything by its endless love for creation. André saw and strongly felt this love everywhere. Nothing had been distorted in the delightful nature yet, everything was genuine and pure. It's not within the power of man to change any of that.

Man continuously violates God's laws, and when sorrow and misfortune come down on him through his own wrong-doing, he grumbles and rebels against God and demands to know how God can approve of this and why He doesn't intervene. He doesn't understand that it wasn't God who punished him, but that his own deeds and thoughts brought misfortune onto him. What a poor

notion people have of God. God Who is love never punishes. God Who just loves all His children and He intends everyone to be happy, to do the right thing and to rise higher and higher. André thought people were stupid. Everyone shaped his life according to his own ideas but when things went wrong, they never looked for the cause within themselves but put the blame on God. People never tried to get to know themselves. Self-knowledge would make man find God in everything.

On this day his thoughts kept turning to his aunt. His father intended to go and see her for a little while and he would tell them how she was when he returned home. She probably wouldn't last much longer. Alcar had told him to help her.

During his walks he often heard Alcar's voice, it would frequently come from the right side of his head, and very distinctly too. This happened repeatedly, but messages also got through to him in other ways, sometimes telepathically or by intuition, and he would also see a blackboard appear and a hand that wrote on it with white chalk.

In this way he received instructions how to act. The latter method of conveying messages required him to be at ease. It didn't work while he was walking.

Alcar also wrote himself through André, using his left hand, even though he could normally only write with his right hand.

He had seated himself on the top of a high hill where he had a view of the whole town, and as so often when he was quietly enjoying the peace around, he began to see. He could see whenever he wanted to, and he had to see when his help was required. He knew he could contact Alcar at all times.

Suddenly he saw the blackboard appear in front of him, then Alcar. Alcar disappeared again but his hand remained and started to write. First his name, then he wrote: 'Can you read this?'

'Yes', André answered in his mind and immediately the hand wrote: 'Wonderful, I wanted to use this method to give you some messages for tomorrow. Now watch.'

I was over at your aunt's this morning. The patient is rapidly deteriorating. Prepare your parents because she will pass on tomorrow. Have you understood, André?'

He answered affirmatively, because he had read every word, and

he was very shocked. Immediately Alcar wrote on: 'I will also help you concerning your father. He isn't pleased that you never go to church. I sent you outside this morning to have a better chance of getting through to you. Open yourself up this afternoon, my son, and we will convince him.'

Alcar wrote his name at the bottom of the blackboard. Then nothing more followed, but suddenly he heard his leader who always checked everything say: 'Tell me what you saw, André.'

This he did and Alcar was satisfied.

This verification was necessary because when people had to be convinced prior to a healing, no errors were allowed. Afterwards they would willingly submit to treatment.

He never wanted the patients to tell him anything about their health condition. They came to consult him, and he was obliged to tell them what the trouble was. After all, he was supposed to be a clairvoyant magnetizer. Alcar had expressed it in this way: 'Remember, André, no fringe, only the bare necessities.' He meant the illness. And because Alcar showed everything to him in more ways than one, he was always able to inform the people of the correct cause of an illness, and this was convincing proof for them. It made him feel happy when he had been able to help them.

Now he heard Alcar's voice: 'Listen, André, I want to tell you something about your aunt passing on, and her place in this life. Try to understand what I'm saying.

Very many people in this world go empty-handed, and this could and should be so totally different. There is still so much to be done and it's so terribly hard, my boy. If only people really yearned for the things on high. If only people longed for a link like ours. Then the world would be an easier and a more beautiful place to live in. But in moments when you would willingly give away the best and the finest that is in you, you suddenly feel at a loss and your hands are empty because society doesn't allow you to act in such a way and neither do the individual people. And so the most sacred thing man has, the divine gift, is tucked away. And then the urge to let that goodness come forward and show it dies down, until the person appears in one's life, as it does for everyone, who opens you up again because he cannot get his fill of it.

This hurt your aunt a lot, André. That's why her full hands weren't ever full enough. And there are those who always want to take more, and have more. Not out of selfishness, I use this word on purpose, André, but above all to give with full hands themselves. That's why it was so difficult for her: she gave more than she received. Everyone will experience this once in his lifetime. Once, once only, because God only once puts holy love into people's hearts. A love that lasts forever, for eternity. Some receive it sooner, others later, but we all receive it some day. And if we couldn't put our trust in that, if we weren't sure that God, in His immeasurable goodness, will bestow this love on us, then we would be profoundly unhappy. It enables us to have faith in God's sacred dispensation, in the knowledge that He alone can fill our hands with love and that in the end we bear that love within and take it where it must be given.

And when we have come to the right spot, those hands will open and love will flow, richer and richer it will flow, and in a way you will see God's flowers which He strews from out of your hands. Then you will also see the light as it comes towards you. This is the sacred moment which God has chosen for you, son of man. Bide your time, bide your time. For everyone the moment will come, sooner or later. What does some period in human life amount to, measured by the standards of eternity? What are ten, twelve years of life on earth, compared to eternity? Nothing at all! Spread happiness and receive the happiness that you can get on earth, in that sacred love. But know that in the hereafter life lasts much longer, it lasts forever. Love is the highest and most holy, the sacro-sanct.

Doesn't that mean, my boy, that nothing is more sacred than love? How else could it be? Give love, like your aunt did. Because the love which God places in the hearts of people is the most beautiful and most sacred treasure one can obtain. Trust, trust in God's holy Power, in God's justness, and have faith that everyone receives in his life what God ordains, at the moment in time He thinks fit.

And even if you, man, say in your narrow-mindedness that your moment has now come, then realize that you have no knowledge of these things. Your moment will come when you are ready for it, and no sooner. But it will come. Many go through life empty-handed, many others' hands are full of dedication. The latter will be the happy

ones. And we, on yonder side, rejoice over the help God gives to you people. We rejoice that God helps you on towards eternity. Where pure love dwells, there you will find God's blessing. Then can't we rejoice, shouldn't we rejoice? There are many who love and who bear God's love within them. It surrounds them with so much beauty, and everything which is beautiful, pure and holy fills us with joy on our side.

Your aunt carried this love within. People who love, who bear God's love within cannot be bad, because they help the world onward, and they also help us while they still live on earth. And when the time comes for the eyes of such a person to be closed and their light to die out, then love has not found an end, because it goes on living on 'yonder side'. So it has been, so it will remain and the faith you put in this should console you. And even if the parting seems long, remember that those who love you are always close by and that they support and help you wherever they can. And if people could truly see, then they would notice how their loved ones are near to them, with longing in their hearts. Then life is worth living. Because God has given everyone a task. Your task is not yet accomplished, André; hers is. Over here the moment of her arrival is being prepared and I call to those who stay behind: 'Don't grumble and complain, because this is God's will'. Love is the highest, the highest on earth and on our side. Because love is a spark in God's Light, God's eternal, holy Light.

This is how she will receive it, André, and tell everyone to be strong when she departs.'

Alcar had stopped talking. This was the sermon meant for André, straight from the hereafter. This was what the dead told him. Oh, if only all people could hear this, this would make them happy, just as he felt now. He thanked Alcar in his thoughts and slowly went back home, with Alcar's words in his heart and enjoying the harmony in nature. These were God's gardens of life on earth, where people could be happy if only they saw God's hand in everything. Then this bliss would be accessible for many, even for all. Here his prayer rose upward, he felt it. Here everything was pure and God was present in all.

Alcar's words could teach people a lot and would lend them support if only they would listen.

He found his father and mother in a depressed mood and immediately thought of his aunt.

‘Hello dad, hello mum.’

‘Hello son.’

‘Did you go to see auntie, dad?’

‘Yes, she’s getting worse.’

He thought of Alcar’s words and hardly dared to speak them. But he had to. He felt Alcar insisting.

‘She will pass on tomorrow, dad, and I will watch over her tonight. It’ll be her last night.’

It gave Hendriks and his wife a terrible shock, but they bore up bravely.

André felt that his father was depressed and would soon speak his mind, Alcar had already warned him. He was quick in taking over other people’s thoughts lately, yet he never made use of it, not even for his own benefit. He prepared himself for the things on hand. Like right now.

Mother was sad, she grieved now that her sister’s condition was getting worse.

André thought: ‘If only they would start, then I could cheer them up a bit and give them some support.’ They weren’t able to bear it like he could. They hadn’t seen the hereafter. But it had to be done. After all, they knew a lot about life after death.

His mother began to cry. He got up immediately, went over to her and put his hands on her head.

‘Take it easy, mum, be brave. I’ll magnetize you, it’ll give you some fresh energy and make the tension go away.’

After a few minutes she did calm down.

‘Come on, mum, be strong, hold back your tears. What does this mean? Come on, keep your chin up. Why are you crying? It’s not right for you to be crying and feel sad. Hasn’t she been ill in bed long enough now? Would you want her to stay on? Hasn’t she been bedridden for years on end? Oh mum, you don’t know what you’re doing. You don’t know what death means. You’ve been through so much, seen and heard so much, and yet you’re so downcast and you need help. Be strong, both of you, and help her. Don’t make things difficult for her. Someone who is about to pass on is very sensitive.

Such a person is often in a state of semi-consciousness. In this condition the spirit is receptive to all the vibrations that are directed at him. In other words, mum, do you see what's happening? You're crying, and your grief makes it harder for her to part. So again I ask of you: don't get upset and don't make it hard for her to leave. Believe me, mum, it's wonderful to die. If only you could see what I can see, if only the veil were lifted for you for a few moments, how happy you would be along with me. It would convince you. But I know it isn't easy for you, since you cannot see. She is bound for the hereafter and there she will be happy for all eternity. Alcar told me so this morning. She is a soul who walked the straight and narrow. She didn't stray, but she too has to be purified when she arrives in the hereafter, because everyone makes mistakes, mum, knowingly and unintentionally. For you this should all be proof.'

André was now standing inbetween his parents and from time to time he looked them deeply in the eye. His father and mother regarded him with quiet admiration. Sometimes he acted like a child again, sometimes he spoke with authority. They no longer knew their own child.

André continued in a loud voice: 'How beautiful the world would be if everybody knew. Then man would live a better life and would not be consumed by low passions which, sooner or later, he must abandon anyway. People would take greater care of themselves, of their spiritual level. At present they are in opposition. They cause each other grief and sorrow. And why, I ask you. Because they don't know. They forget that before God we are all sisters and brothers and that is what we will remain. It leads us to God. If people don't wish to realize how things should be and will be one day, then they won't sense the sacred element within. Honestly, if the world knew, if the people knew, then there wouldn't be such abuse. Then parting wouldn't be so hard on you, and auntie's passing on wouldn't mean a loss to you, only a short good-bye, because we will all see each other again and if we have lived the good life, as God wants us to, then one day we will be happy.

Auntie is a woman who set an example for others. She lived as true Christians ought to live. And she knew that, mum, because she felt she wouldn't be doomed. She felt it, because she was open to

God's love and she knew that even if a life was messed up, God still damns no-one. That's what keeps me away from church, dad. Let's talk about that.'

Hendriks face flushed. It was a sore point that André had touched upon, but he went on as if he hadn't noticed and continued: 'Nobody is damned, dad. Isn't that what our belief tells us? Damned indeed! Isn't it terrible that this is what people are confronted with? Believe me, it robs a lot of people of the courage to start living a better life. It leaves them indifferent. What a mistake those learned men made by teaching them this. Is this the image they make themselves of God's omnipotence? Do you really believe I'm going to listen to them? How could I, dad? Would you want me to do that?'

Hendriks said nothing and André went on: 'Of course not, you couldn't, dad. Even those scholars in spirituality can't bring me to do that. Damned they say! It's terrible. It can't be true. I feel it isn't true and do you think I'm going to play the hypocrite when I can't believe what they're saying? Alcar is my minister and he teaches me the pure truth, my new belief. That's the truth from 'yonder side', that's the truth which the dead, who are *not* dead, come to convince us of themselves. Rest assured. I pray a lot, day and night, for my patients and for myself too, for strength and support and I can do this much better outdoors or in my room than among all those people in church. There those who wish to be one with God are distracted.

How can one foster such thoughts about God, Who is omnipotent in everything! How could he damn a child? Nonsense, dad, all lies. It's impossible. We're not going to hell nor will we be burnt. This is what the people believe and it's just as untrue. There's neither a hell nor a so-called purgatory. It does not exist. Man makes a hell of himself and carries his own purgatory around with him. That's the dark part in his soul, he doesn't live as he ought to. One can feel heaven within. If you live the simple life, if you pray humbly and only do God's will, then you can possess heaven right here and now on earth. Believe me, dad, the very worst, even the most rotten person won't get burnt, and yet that is what they are taught, that is what they are confronted with, and when they have gone astray, then it's very hard for them to get back onto the right track again.

What do they say? 'Oh, I'm too bad anyway, I'm a hopeless case, I'm lost', and then they persist in their sins. These people have been deprived of the last hint of hope. They're at wit's end and they have no strength left to improve themselves or raise their spiritual level.

No, dad, if we had such a God, how inadequate this Omnipotence would be! Mankind ought take pity on such a God. Nobody is ever lost, dad, nobody at all. Everything that lives goes on living. One day we will all be happy. This is the new truth and the heart of it all lies within ourselves.

It isn't just meant to be a thrill, we have to work hard and improve ourselves. Our spiritual level has to be raised by this beautiful holy truth. Alcar gives us spiritual food. I ask you again, dad, would you want me to sham by going along with you to church? I tell you this: don't let yourself get influenced by a priest who doesn't even possess the pure faith himself. According to Alcar the clergy got lost in their own doctrine and it has become a very cold-hearted doctrine, void of all warmth. Fine words they are, with no love to them. Smooth sermons are held, proclaiming everlasting damnation. This shows how little Christ was understood. But isn't it beautiful, dad, don't we experience every day, not only I, but you both too, how we talk with the dead who are alive and happy? And all those millions who live on 'yonder side' say: 'There is no hell, there is no purgatory.' They all say that man carries hell within himself, he carries everything within himself, because he has made a hell out of himself. That's how it is. But if someone is bad and he wants to improve himself, then God will help that person, because He loves all His children, the perfect as well as the imperfect. Isn't it sad, dad, that in our century man still hasn't been freed from this doctrine, from these punishments which he imposes upon himself? Must we go on swallowing everything we are told?

If that's what you think, dad, then I'll tell you this: a new truth is brought to us from 'yonder side'. Must we go on *believing*, whereas we could *know*, really know? You used to think like that priest too. We had to let the dead rest in peace, but luckily you saw for yourself that they came to us of their own accord. Yes dad, they came of their own doing. And neither you nor mum, no more than I, none of us three ever called up a single spirit. Then doesn't it make you happy,

that we received this proof? It will keep us going. Could you imagine an even greater mercy? You can believe me, dad, I love you, both of you, and I wouldn't dream of ever touching a hair of your old head. Help is what I'll give you and I'll share the sweet and the bitter with you. So be done with this kind of thinking. Let the priest say what he wants to. I do no evil, I'll search for God on my own, in my own room, or out in nature. There I can pray. I can give myself there. There I feel that my spirit rises to God as the spirit of His child should. Look at all the things that have happened! Haven't you received enough proof yet? We've seen for ourselves how these clergymen go terribly astray. Are these spiritual beings, dad, who beg God to let their country win the war? They strayed from the straight and in their fallacy they draw thousands along with them. Every priest begged God for the victory of his country but God didn't care. He let them do as they please. They thought that they could bribe God and win Him onto their side with sacrifices and prayers. But the prayer that was sent up to heaven was mainly out for murder and secondly it brimmed over with self-love. Little godmen on their own they were, wanting to make a God out of themselves. What a mistake, dad, it's dreadful. We saw recently in that procession how all the accompanying cars received a blessing. It hurts your heart to have to watch such things. It makes your blood boil. I tell you, dad, this is an insult to God's laws, to God Himself. Do material things need divine protection against accidents? Let man beg for his own blessing. His own soul needs this more than everything else. And what did that blessing lead to? It didn't stop accidents from happening. What else could be expected? It was a material happening. And behind the clouds, right here above us, thousands and thousands of intelligences looked down upon those who prevented this cold-hearted incident because they wanted to stop this mockery from reaching the spheres. But God sees everything and He knows everything. So God knows that this was a slap in His face since He doesn't make a habit of consecrating cars. But people, that's a very different matter when they beg Him for His blessing. God knows everything, including the errors these people make. The belief you brought me up in can't satisfy me, dad, but I've learned my lesson. And I'm happy because I can explain every-

thing to you clearly now.

The roots are the same in every religion. If someone longs to do good, then who cares whether he's a Jew, a Christian or a Muslim? All roads lead to the same goal, namely the hereafter. People say: 'In the end we'll see who is right', but I tell them that all of them are right if they stayed on the right track and were genuine and humble in their search for God. If Christians really followed the teachings of Christ they would show more love towards their fellow human beings. The doctrine which was erected around the great Example is harsh and it's dead. It's a service of outward appearances. Today people are sending their brothers to war. If they were true Christians they would refuse to kill. Dad, I don't want to hurt you. Stick to your belief if you must, but I predict that before two years have passed, you will be a spiritualist like I am. We will hold services of our own that are pure, and free from self-love and egotism. I feel love for all people because they are God's children. And if ever there were another war, dad, I wouldn't join in. I'd rather get a bullet myself than to take someone's life. Then I would join Alcar in the hereafter which is more beautiful than all the beauty on earth and is worth more than all of earth's treasures.

We don't believe, we know. We're in contact with eternity, we're part of the universe and we remain part of it even when we've stopped living our earthly life. You don't find that in your belief, dad, this knowledge, the experience of a fellowship with those who live on the side beyond.

There is one language, dad, which everybody understands, that's the language of love. The language of love, of God, is clear to everyone who wants to understand. That inner language, that spark of Divine Light which is within everyone of us, will unite the whole of mankind. This part of the Divine Fire will lead us to God if we want to be His children and be blessed by Him. We must try to live on earth as brothers and sisters, whatever we believe in.

To be in harmony with everything, to be one with all that lives, that is what God wills of us. Hatred can no longer exist when all mankind strives for the good things. Filled with these good intentions, we will all receive what is on high.

Just think of all the things the various religious schools confronted

us with, dad. The other day I had a conversation with a gentleman who asked me if I knew the Bible. I answered: 'No.' And then he said: 'I do.' In the course of our conversation he expressed his conviction that the day he died, he would go to Christ in paradise, because Christ himself had told the murderer on the cross: 'Today you will be with me in paradise.' What more was there to add? I asked him: 'So you think that when you leave the earth, you will arrive in the sphere of Christ? After all, paradise means sphere. Christ has His paradise and that is His sphere, His surroundings, isn't that right?'

'Yes', was the answer, 'no doubt about that.'

'This is what you believe?' I asked him again.

'Yes sir, this is what I believe and this is what I know.'

He said it in a rather provocative tone of voice.

I asked him not to get angry, there was no need for that. 'But', I said, 'that's not my way of seeing it, sir. I want to do everything as it should be done, as it has to be done. I'm talking about real love, not self-love. I don't want to lie to anyone or deceive anyone, let alone damage anybody. I want to give love, as much as I can. What I mean, sir, is that I want to lead a good and proper life. I want to be a simple person, a child that loves God in simplicity. And the day that I die I still won't enter the sphere of Christ. The fact is that we've come to earth to learn. But I do hope that I possess a little bit of light, and that means happiness in the hereafter.'

'Oh no', he said, 'I'm going to paradise.'

Then I asked him if he was one with Christ.

He hesitated for a moment, then he said he couldn't answer that question. So I left, dad. It's no use arguing with people who are full of self-love, self-conceit and zealotry. We, pathetic material creatures do we really believe we could be one with Christ? We, who are still full of failures, full of human frailties, paltry and materialized, we believe we could compare ourselves to Him? Oh, what a low opinion these souls have of the perfect Son of God. Isn't it obvious that they don't understand Christ's teachings? People with that kind of ideas aren't aware of their arrogance, wanting to compare themselves to the Son of God, His perfect Child.

It's sheer zealotry, dad. Christ is an ocean and we are drops of

water, compared with Him. We forget that we're here on earth to learn. Christ came to teach us. But we're here on earth to purge ourselves of our mistakes. And do you know why can't we enter paradise when we pass on, dad? Because no human being, and I mean not one single individual on earth, is attuned to Christ's paradise or sphere.

We wouldn't even be able to endure the light He radiates, we would be blinded if He appeared before us in the night. I saw that light on my first journey with Alcar to the spheres. It was mighty and holy, dad.

Man shouldn't soar up too high and put on airs. His disappointment will be immense once he has left the earth and entered the hereafter. Over there it's only your spiritual possessions, which you carry within you, that count.

'But', these people ask, 'what about all our prominent personalities?' Let them take a closer look, and they may discover that many a prominent personality won't feel very happy in the hereafter if his fanaticism led him astray while he was on earth.

I tell you, dad, a human being needs hundreds of years to develop. Only if we love God, if we decide for ourselves, will we gradually become a human being in the true sense of the word.

On 'yonder side' we will go on pursuing the road towards perfection. On earth that height can never be reached, this life is too short. And what does learning and earthly knowledge mean if the spiritual part is forgotten, or when one tries to fool oneself about things that don't exist since they're not included in God's Guidance? If these learned men, these intellectualists, imagine that they possess the same illustrious light as Christ, then I tell you, dad, they're wrong. These people enthuse and so they must suffer. They won't realize the extent of it until they have shed their material body. How disappointed they will be when they find out that they haven't entered the sphere of Christ, but were brought to a sphere that is just as cold, as selfish and as loveless as their doctrine. Their sphere will be in keeping with the things they're in tune with. It's self-love that have, these people have mere vanity and mutual bedazzlement. Do you know what it really means to be one with the perfect Son of God? What are we compared with Him? No, dad, I won't accept it. And I couldn't ever,

because I feel deep inside that it's impossible. We mortals can't expect to find that much beauty after we leave the earth. People who believe this, just because it's what some learned men keep confronting them with, they're on the wrong track, and so are their scholars and they will experience a lot of sorrow and misery. They erect a rock around themselves that doesn't exist. They put themselves on a pedestal, and when God pulls that pedestal away, then they lose their hold and fall down and injure themselves or they even get crushed by their self-love, their zealotry and their illusions. Many scholars who walk the spiritual way are deeply unhappy in the life after death, because their teachings were in want of warmth and love. We went through this recently, dad, during a séance.

The spirits that came to us, weren't they people from society's upper class and didn't these scholars take thousands along on their path? And weren't these peoples put onto a wrong track? I speak the truth, don't I? You witnessed it. Then doesn't it make sense that we won't enter Jesus' sphere from the earth? Yet they think they will, and so I'd like to cry out to them: 'Search into yourselves and get to know yourselves. Then you will find out that you don't possess that spiritual power. Get yourselves flogged and crucified for our sake and you'll find out that heaven won't open its doors to you. No dark masses will obscure the sun, and the earth won't split. Everything will stay as it is and nothing will change when you die, because everything about you is material. God sees this, yet He lets you have your way because you are mere mortals. Human beings with mistakes, just like us, and not little gods with some spiritual power of their own. Those who believe they will receive this power are hoodwinked by some who pretend to know, but whose knowledge is no more than earthly wisdom, merely their own thoughts, stripped of spiritual feelings. Let them prove it to us and show who they are.

Christ will not return to earth, because He would be just as misunderstood as He was hundreds of years ago. Not until they will understand His words will people act according to His Spirit and return to Him and to God Whom they fallaciously turned away from long ago. They steer clear of God's ways, just as the leader in the hereafter said, and they must live as He wants. Only then will they be prepared to become a child of God, as we should be, with-

out any conceit or self-love.

There are also people who believe that Christ speaks through them. That's how far some on earth go. In the hereafter this is considered to be a sacrilege. These people don't speak in the name of God, they claim to speak with the voice of Christ Himself. These people are on the spiritual path, but they enthuse. They abuse the power of Christ and cut themselves dead.

Waldorf got a sample of this. I'll tell you about this, so you'll get an idea how our prayers are answered and how action is taken on 'yonder side' to help us. Waldorf served as an instrument in this case and had to perform the spiritual work. He told me everything, and he needed Alcar's help too. He told me how terrible it had been, but it had made him stronger and he had learnt how to pray and how to love God selflessly. I couldn't tell you before, because you wouldn't have understood anyway.

Waldorf was the medium for Alcar and his friends, which he wasn't told until it was all over. He served as an instrument for the higher world.

One day he was brought into contact with a gentleman, a good and honest man who prayed fervently and frequently, and begged God for strength. He had been asking for wisdom, strength and love in his prayers for quite a time. He was very sensitive and inspiration helped him a lot. He received many poems and texts, and he was very happy about it. But soon he stretched things too far. Many people in his surroundings accepted everything he said and did. They reasoned that he was an exceptionally devout person who put his love for God into everything he did, and if he possessed the light, then he transcended everything. Since his self-satisfaction led him to believe that he really did have the light, all the others were blinded along with him. He would have gone on living like this, just as numerous others on earth do, if he hadn't begged God to show him the truth. He prayed fervently for the truth, which God granted to him through His emissaries who used an earthly instrument for their work. In this way he was shown the truth and Waldorf was linked up with him.

Then Waldorf's spiritual leaders began to help him. First he received short messages, then longer ones that increased in beauty,

just to feed his vanity. As time went by he imagined himself to be so exalted that he thought he was infallible. The written messages he received concerning his spiritual state got higher and higher, and slowly but surely he began to build himself a rock, until that rock turned into a pedestal. He went even further and finally it got to the point where he believed he was no longer being guided by spirits but by Christ Himself. But that wasn't the end of it yet. He imagined that he was now so developed that Christ spoke through him and at that stage his vanity had reached its summit. But this proved fatal. What happened then? Waldorf suddenly received a text on wisdom, strength and love and was told to send it to him. Waldorf still wasn't acquainted with the forces or whom he was working for and what this was all about. He did know that he was serving as an instrument for the hereafter. He soon received an answer from this gentleman in which the latter expressed his admiration for the correctly received messages. 'Just imagine', he wrote, 'every word of it is true. For years I have been praying for wisdom, strength and love, and now they are conveyed to me through your mediation, without you knowing that I had prayed for them.' This couldn't be mere coincidence, dad, since nobody on earth knew about this. His prayer had been answered and to him this was enormous evidence which made him very happy.

The purpose of all this was to show him that invisible forces were aware of the inner condition of his soul. But more was to follow. The messages which Waldorf received got more and more compelling. But no longer were they favourable for the man. On the contrary, he was being driven from his pedestal. Now he was presented with the truth he had been praying for. But he wouldn't budge. He remained on the rock he had erected himself. Then came the battle, dad, the spiritual battle. He got hurt, and it made his heart cringe. All those around pitied him tremendously. The messages came non-stop, everything came true. Yet he was still unwilling to understand that all this, handed down to him through earthly links, was only being given to him in answer to his ardent prayer for the truth. But he stayed high up on his lonely level and refused to come down. Waldorf got a message that ran counter to everything, but the reckless man wouldn't accept it. He went into a rage and sent Waldorf a

letter which he claimed to have received from 'yonder side' himself. Waldorf was to read it and get the feel of it and he would then undoubtedly understand whose stamp it bore.

Waldorf held it in his hands and became nervous, which was a sign to him that something was wrong. High influence calms you down, dad, and you feel happy. So the impact of this message couldn't possibly be very lofty. It contained the following words: 'Men and women, leaders, guides and spirits, this is the limit, this must stop. My will, my orders must now be obeyed. My child can stand no more of this. You have attacked My child enough now. Stop your texts, it's all wrong. The leaders don't know that I am here, at My child's side. He will speak with My Voice and I demand that you listen. All the orders I convey to him you must follow up. Be careful and don't push things too far.' The writing included other wordings too.

Immediately afterwards Waldorf got a message saying that he should stop visiting the man. This was handed to him by his leaders. The first writing made it clear that the higher spirits knew what the man was asking for. But when he received words that were meant to bring him back, that told him that his inspirations were worthless, then the texts which Waldorf's leaders – not Christ! – had given to him were all good-for-nothing. This writing had been given to him through Christ and nobody could beat that because He was above and beyond all. He was an instrument which Christ Himself used to speak through, and he would except nothing more from Waldorf and his leaders, because Waldorf, with his earthly wisdom, rated far below him. So, how could Waldorf ever tell him what he should do? He didn't accept that, and so he didn't understand that he had soared up too high, that he had built himself a rock which would be shattered spiritually by the slightest storm that swept around it. He would not descend, because then he would have to release all the friends he had brought under his influence, and he flinched from this humiliation. He who was one with Christ was so weak that he could not face the spiritual truth. Everything he asked for, everything he wrote, they were all his own thoughts. But, since he had fervently begged for the truth, it was given to him. This tells me, dad, that it was the spiritual help from 'yonder side' that brought him the truth.'

Suddenly André went into a trance and Alcar continued through him: 'Didn't nearly all his questions prove the little human deity that had decorated himself with his own halo? Isn't it true that these kind of people believe themselves to be infallible, although they are crammed with human errors? So isn't it true that they refuse to descend from the pedestal they placed themselves on? And aren't nearly all the words of despair and doubt the consequence of the stand they take on their self-made pedestal? As long as these people raise themselves to the level of little deities and in this high mightiness raise themselves onto pedestals, they will neither have the humility to kneel down nor will they ever perceive God above all and through all. And that's only the first requirement: to feel God's omnipresence, His nearness, to see God's way. But the road that leads to Him runs into disappointments, because again and again they will fall down, and the greatest fall of all will be from their own pedestal. And on 'yonder side' these disappointments are seen with satisfaction, because if someone has experienced and really understood a disappointment, he has truly set a further step on the road that God points out to us.

Oh you people, won't you finally try to become God's children? Feel for once, in spite of all your superiority, that you are merely puny specks of dust. You people, take off the crown you placed on your own heads, kneel down deeply and grant God a moment of trust. Only then will you learn how small, how pitifully small you really are.

I also address these words to those who have their doubts about spiritualism. They need not know more. But tell André too. It's so simple, but man isn't looking for God, he's out for himself. Even if he won't face up to it, he is still looking for himself. He may think that God is the only One he's looking for, alas he's all too often still looking to find himself, because he thinks he's infallible, doesn't he? But in the end he will see the light, the eternal, endless light and God's love will help him find the right track. And even if that track runs through thorny bushes and even if darkness surrounds him, if his yearning is strong enough he will some day see God's eternal holy Light of lights.

God bless your work. How marvellous it is to tell you this.

I took over from André because I wanted to show you that I am with him and will help him in everything. Everything he told you is the truth.'

André returned to his body and continued: 'That is why the spirits came to us, dad. To reveal to us the only road that leads to God. That's why spiritualism is a holy cause. This is my new belief. Why am I telling you all this, dad? Because the church cannot give this to me, but the spiritual help from 'yonder side' can. When they're in the higher spheres, spirits can see who and what Christ is, but a person who still dwells on earth simply cannot be attuned to this, let alone be one with Christ. Whatever was in that man's mind? He imagined being Christ's only child. Doesn't God, and Christ with Him, love us all? Was he the only child? Did Christ die for him only? No, dad, this is going too far. It's self-love and zealotry that muddled his brain. He would have had to be much much stronger, infinitely stronger, not to get hurt. If he really had possessed this power, he wouldn't have fallen. Our own feelings and our own intuition tell us that this cannot be, and how much evil it entails. This case shows us what can happen to a person who is struck with spiritual blindness, and to all those who follow him too.'

André had been talking to his father and mother for two hours.

His mother was crying again, not out of sorrow that her sister would pass on, but because her child had spoken like he never had before. Was this her boy? It was unbelievable!

Hendriks was as quiet as a mouse. Then he looked at André and said: 'My son, you go your own way as you are told to do, because we are no longer able to help you. I feel that you are right. Alcar spoke to us and it did us good.'

André went over to his father, laid his hands on his head and hugged him lovingly. He was overjoyed at this consent.

'I thank you, dad. Auntie will be going to the same place where Alcar is and all the leaders too who are constantly helping us. I'm so glad that we could talk it all over today. But enough for now. We'll come back to this again some other day.

Please both go over and see auntie for a short while. I'll stay at home, because I will watch over her tonight. She will pass on in the morning and I'm allowed to see how she precedes us into eternal

life. Be of good courage and be strong, because we who know will bear our loss in quiet resignation. Let's not make it hard for her to go. She will pass through the gateway, the gateway to the hereafter and she will not be stopped. And she will look beautiful, dad, young and becoming. God has this in store for all of us if we want to approach Him as His children, in simplicity.'

Father and mother left.

'What do you think of the boy now, Marie? It wasn't him talking to us. Wherever does he get all that wisdom from? I feel really impressed and we can thank God that he may carry out this work.'

They were both convinced now, deeply convinced, that only good could befall on him. The way he talked, and how clearly he had explained everything to them!

André stayed behind on his own and went up to his room. He wanted to be alone, alone with Alcar, who soon made himself heard.

'Thank God for such a mercy, André, and pray that we may always receive the strength to convince all of them. Always try to approach God in humility. While you were talking I took over from you. You know how I do that. Always let yourself go like you did just now, and always remain open towards me, but pay good attention to the things we bring you. Listen well to all the voices you hear. The deepest voice will reveal the truth to you. All the others are wrong. We will help you in everything. Don't shut us out with your own thoughts and your own knowledge. We wouldn't be able to reach you, because then our voices wouldn't be heard. Your own voice would carry you away from the right track and lead you downhill. Pray, pray a lot, again and again. Beg for simplicity and strength to be able to do good. Everything for the sake of God, because it is His will.'

Alcar left.

When his father and mother had returned, André went downstairs.

'The doctor was over just now, André', his father told him, 'and he said that he fears for the worst.'

André, who was to watch over his aunt during the night, arranged with his parents that they would join him at five in the morning, since Alcar had informed him that she would pass on by seven o'clock.

‘We’ll see if it comes true, dad, but if Alcar says so, we can take his word for it.’

‘All right, André, we’ll be there.’

He spent the evening drawing. Alcar again made a beautiful piece of work and called it: ‘Enter.’

Auntie was going to enter too. Soon she would enter the hereafter through this gateway. It had to do with her inner strength. How rich she must be at heart! The gateway was a splendour of flowers, in the most beautiful colours. If you looked through, you could see a magnificent landscape in the distance, bathing in lots of fabulous colours. On the hill there was a temple and in front of that temple you could see a cross symbolizing Christ, which blocked the entrance and seemed to ask those who had passed on: ‘Are you prepared to enter?’

Auntie would certainly be prepared to enter and she would not be stopped by the luminous rays which the cross emanated. She would be able to face the light.

How loving Alcar was towards him, picturing all this for him. He understood this drawing and felt what his leader meant by it.

His father had come to take a quick look at his aunt and André asked how she was.

‘Not well at all, son, she’s very constricted in her chest and she’s breathing heavily.’

‘I’ll go and help her, dad. It will do her good.’

He wished his parents good night and went.

He first went for a long walk because he wanted to feel fit for the night. Towards midnight he rang the bell and was ushered in by the nurse who was looking after his aunt.

‘How is auntie, nurse?’

‘Still the same, she’s not well. The doctor was here just a while ago. If it gets worse we’re to call him immediately.’

André went to the room where his aunt was lying. She was resting peacefully. Her eyes were closed and her hands were folded. She must be praying, he thought. The poor woman had suffered so much! And yet they would gladly have kept her with them, in spite of all the years she had been bedridden. But now God would take her in. How beautiful death really was, it would deliver her from all her

grief. If people could see this, then they wouldn't be afraid and they would no longer be scared to die. And they wouldn't take their own life either because they would see that one cannot take one's own life, as the spirit continues to exist forever on the other side of the grave.

André went over to the dying woman and magnetized her for some time, which seemed to comfort her because she opened her eyes and looked at him. She smiled to indicate that it did her good. Then he took a seat facing the bed to await the things that would happen.

A few hours passed quietly. He had already seen Alcar who made him understand that he should pay close attention.

The room was lit in a soft reddish light and he felt an influence which told him that something was really about to happen here.

The patient got restless and he went over to her again. She was still lying with her eyes closed.

Once more he laid his hands on her head, which calmed her down again after a few seconds. But a heavy rattling sound soon came up out of her chest and she seemed hardly able to breathe.

André felt that she had a high temperature, but his treatment had made it go down a bit. The sister wanted to know how he had managed this and he told her what he had done. He had talked to her before and she knew a little about these phenomena.

'Come and sit over here next to me, nurse, then I'll tell you what I see and I can let you share this experience, how a person passes on to the eternal life.'

He distinctly saw two persons behind the bed now, and Alcar told him that these were her father and mother who had come to fetch her.

The nurse saw nothing, but she listened attentively to everything André whispered to her. He saw how both spirits kept on looking around, as if they were expecting someone.

Again Alcar said: 'André, watch closely.'

A few minutes later he saw four more spirits appear. Two of them were slightly younger than the others. He noticed a strong family resemblance between these younger intelligences.

'I now see six spirits, nurse, of which the two youngest ones are

probably her brother and her sister. They were twins, they died very young and would have been about my age. The third of the four who came last is big and sturdy, the fourth one I don't know.'

André concentrated to keep on seeing everything clearly.

After the others had moved away from the bed, one of those who had arrived last began to make long magnetic striking movements across his aunt's body, from the legs upto the head. André told the nurse how this went about. She thought this was very strange. This treatment lasted for about a quarter of an hour and then he heard Alcar say: 'André, did you see that spirit?'

'Yes, Alcar', he replied.

'Note everything he does, because he is the one who must take care of your aunt's passing on. He's a spiritual doctor, he will perform this work. He knows how to fetch the dying and how to free them from their physical body. For your aunt he will make these movements three times but sometimes he has to do this more often. It has to do with the spiritual state of the person passing on. There are many who don't get released easily. It depends on their spiritual life and the way they loved God.

For those who had a deep-seated love for matter and couldn't let go of their strong craving for material things, this struggle which is called the death-struggle will be very hard, because during their life on earth they didn't want to find God. For them these movements may have to be repeated ten to twenty times. It's terrible when the spiritual doctor has to perform his function on such a soul. With your aunt it will happen three times, André, a sure sign that her passing on won't produce any struggle.

He just left for a little while, because many others besides your aunt will pass on tonight. Everyone has a task to fulfill in the hereafter, which he wants to accomplish in a loving way.

The spiritual doctor must know more than his earthly colleagues, because he deals with many cases in which his spiritual energy must help him to sense and determine how to assist the person who is coming over. He has gone over to other dying persons now.

It's his task to soothe the shock which the spirit gets on leaving the body, and to support the newly-born before it enters the eternal life. Don't think it's simple to bring a spirit into the spheres for

good. The doctor has to take care of everything, primarily of severing the fluid cord.

When that is done correctly, the spirit won't experience adverse consequences on arrival. Everything has to happen on time, neither too soon nor too late. The doctor has to be entirely in the picture. His calculations are based on the radiation of the dying person, which also reflects the latter's spiritual condition. This enables him to see exactly what he must do and how many times he must repeat his movements. This doctor once lived on earth and his return there would be a blessing for the earth because he has gathered immense knowledge on the side beyond. You can guess how terrible it is when the spirit suddenly gets torn out of the body, in an accident for instance. Everything happens far too quickly and the shock is far too great. Many of those who arrive here remain unconscious for a long time. This also has to do with their spiritual condition on the moment they come across.

None of these possibilities are ever considered on earth. Passing on signifies the birth of a spirit in the spheres, like the birth of a child on earth. But the spirit needs more help when it's born than a child does. It requires all the spiritual doctor's powers and he also uses the energy of others to fetch the dying. The thoughts of the bereaved can also help them to break free from their body.'

André told the nurse everything he heard from Alcar. She appeared greatly interested in his account.

'Now watch carefully, nurse, any moment now auntie will probably get restless again. I see her mother standing at the foot of the bed. She is concentrating intently on the dying woman, and auntie will feel her thoughts and take them in. This often happens with those who pass on. I'm telling you this in advance, nurse, because I've got an idea what will happen next.

Many who are about to die call on the members of their family who went before them. People think that they are rambling, but that is certainly not the case. With their spiritual eyes they do indeed see their beloved in front of them. Look, auntie is already getting restless and now I see the other spirits standing at the head of the bed.'

At a certain moment André as well as the nurse heard her call out

softly: 'Mother, mother, oh, help me.'

She raised herself up a bit while she was speaking, but then fell back into her cushions again.

'You see, nurse, I'm glad I was able to tell you this beforehand while auntie was still at ease. She has now seen her mother. I already told you that my grandmother tried to make herself visible to her through the link between her and her child. So she has succeeded.'

For the past hour the patient's breathing had become very difficult and her condition was rapidly getting worse. The spiritual doctor had returned and made the same magnetic striking movements across her body as before. After this treatment he examined the top of her stomach for some time.

Alcar said: 'This is the spot where the spirit, after being released from the physical body, is cut loose. We call this the life cell, and the cord that links the spirit to the physical body is the thread of life, as I already told you. On earth this spot is called the solar plexus. That's where the separation begins. This is the area which the doctor is examining, and he can tell from the decline of the lifelight how long the patient will last. This light gets weaker and weaker, but afterwards, when the spirit is released from the physical body, it will become entirely visible again. I see clearly now that your aunt will pass on at seven o'clock. I see it happening.'

It was now three o'clock, so the dying woman still had four more hours to live on earth. André told all this to the nurse. She would then be able to see whether it would come true.

The patient was still unconscious and André asked Alcar if he could do anything.

'Don't worry, my boy, she will regain consciousness once more. I see that too and I can determine this in advance.'

The great joy at seeing her mother – this was no delirium, she really had seen her – made her helpless, since her body was no longer able to cope with the great emotion she went through. You saw the consequences.'

The nurse asked whether she should warn the doctor, but André said it wouldn't be necessary as she would soon wake up again.

'We can't do anything yet, nurse, because I received a message from the side beyond that she'll come round again by herself. So we

can wait and see what will happen.'

Slowly the night crept by and towards half past five in the morning the patient woke up.

'You see, nurse, how it's all coming true? I was informed by my leader, I couldn't have known otherwise. What a lot the spirits know, nurse, don't you think?'

By now his father and mother had also arrived and André had to help his mother first, otherwise the big emotion would have been too much for her. The doctor was warned and arrived shortly after.

Alcar told André to take a brief walk while the doctor examined his aunt, there was still plenty of time. It would freshen him up and he would be able to concentrate when the big event commenced. So he went outside and the morning air did him a lot of good. The walk lasted half an hour and he went in again, feeling revived.

The doctor was talking to his parents and the nurse, and he sensed that the nurse had told them a little of the things she had just experienced.

He sat down again in his corner, opposite the bed. The patient got very restless as the spiritual doctor was busy with her again, for the third time now.

The big event was about to take place now. Auntie was going to pass on.

André was tense. It was a quarter past six and auntie was still alive. He clearly saw a grey haze around her bed that was turning whiter and whiter. The dying woman lay veiled in a cloud, all the spirits were still present and were watching her anxiously.

Apparently there wasn't only tension on the earthly side, it was even greater on the side of the spirits. André saw how they were impatiently awaiting his aunt's arrival.

'This is a big event, André', Alcar said, 'It can go hand in hand with sorrow and grief, but also with great happiness. In this case it's a happy person who is passing on. She will be very beautiful, and yet everyone is anxiously awaiting the shock which occurs when the fluid cord is broken off.'

Another quarter of an hour had passed and the white haze could clearly be seen floating above the bed. The spiritual doctor asked the male spirits to help him. The process was about to begin. It was

nearly half past six.

‘Those who are happy’, Alcar went on again, ‘need to be helped for another two or three times and as I told you, a lot of energy and skill is needed to accomplish this properly.’

With your aunt everything is taking place silently, but for many who are still attached to their body and have to stay that way for the first few days after their death, it’s a terrible torment. For them dying is very hard and it causes them a lot of grief and pain, and even the spiritual doctor is powerless to help. Man brings all this misery onto himself, because that is what he wanted. I could go on about this for a long time, but I’ll postpone it until later.’

André noticed that the spiritual doctor was bending over the dying woman. The others were standing to her left and right, and he clearly saw how the white haze was moving towards her head. There it intermingled and remained hanging as a large mass.

‘The spirit who is about to depart will make use of this haze. It’s intended for the first few days of her life in the spheres.’

Your aunt is able to use it as she is on a high spiritual level, but those who are unhappy lack this spiritual energy because they’re not prepared to die. And they feel the want of it, because it’s the first food they need to exist in the spheres.’

Slowly the white cloud lifted, but André couldn’t clearly discern anything yet.

Suddenly his aunt moved and raised herself up. She spoke but nobody could make out what she said. His mother was with her and had her arms around her. She was unable to speak clearly, yet a few words did come over her lips which everyone understood. ‘There, over there!’ she said. Then a bit of phlegm came out of her mouth and his mother laid her back in her cushions.

Shortly before, the doctor had felt her feet and he had shaken his head.

André gathered from this that his aunt had died. Immediately a commotion started amidst the intelligences. Both women were visible again and many other spirits whom he didn’t know were also assembled around the bed.

The white haze was still lifting slowly, the movement was too slow to be clearly registered.

It was impossible for André to discern any shape in the cloud, anything that made sense to him or resembled something familiar. It was a solemn moment which he would never forget.

Now he heard Alcar say: 'When the spiritual doctor bent over her, he broke off the fluid cord.'

He hadn't noticed because there was so much to pay attention to. So he was grateful that Alcar told him.

In upper part of the clouds an image began to take shape that resembled a head and next, clearly visible, he saw two hands covering the eyes, as if to protect them against excessively bright light. The spiritual body was slowly moving upward. The two female intelligences, her mother and her sister, supported her and held her in their arms.

Oh, how much love this all radiated!

André was sitting in his corner, crying quietly. How wonderful that he, a mortal being, was allowed to see this. He was deeply touched by this great happening.

By now his aunt had left most of her body and he clearly saw her face, because her hands no longer covered it. How beautiful she looked and rejuvenated! She looked younger by no less than thirty years and now seemed like a woman of thirty-five. Her spiritual body radiated various colours that enveloped her completely.

Meanwhile she had become visible down to her knees and her disembodiment speeded up a little. Her feet appeared. Now his aunt had completely parted from her physical body. The haze that encompassed her body closed, and auntie was released.

He immediately heard Alcar again.

'She will stay in this light until she awakens in the spheres. She is in a deep sleep now and the members of her family will take her to the place her inner self is attuned to. Later on she will see them all.

This often happens at an earlier stage. Sometimes it occurs immediately after leaving the body, but this depends on certain conditions.

The colours you saw indicate your aunt's spiritual energy. She radiates this light, these colours. It's the reflection of the state of her soul, her own property, her happiness.'

Alcar had spoken in a calm and quiet tone and André had understood everything clearly.

‘Won’t she see her body now, Alcar?’

‘No, André, she won’t, but many others will. We could wake her up and she would be able to take everything in for a short while, but she is peaceful and will remain that way, wherever she is taken.’

There are also many who don’t fall asleep while they leave their body. They are put into a more or less dazed condition, but they soon come round again.

I told you that there’s much more to be said about this, but I’ll come back to it later and we’ll discuss everything separately.’

The members of the family took a last look at his father and mother who remained with auntie’s body. His grandmother came over to her and André saw that she kissed her without his mother noticing anything, although he had plainly seen it and had even heard the kiss. This was all taking place for him only. Then he saw how the spiritual doctor took something away from the material body, where-upon the journey to the spheres began.

Gone they were now, all of them. Everything turned dark before his eyes and the beautiful spectacle that had taken place here during the night, a soul passing on to the hereafter, had come to an end.

André was lost for words. He was all quiet inside and deeply impressed by everything he had been allowed to experience.

Auntie had been beautiful when she passed on, that he had clearly seen. People thought she looked ugly, but here her inner self had been revealed. That was real. How glorious it was to die and to go on to that other world.

Was that what people were afraid of? It was so beautiful, if only they were prepared to depart. You could tell from what had happened that God knows everything and governs all.

It was three minutes past seven. Everything Alcar had predicted had once again come true.

His mother was very sad.

The doctor had closed his aunt’s eyes and the nurse was to look after the laying out with someone else.

First they prayed and when that was done André saw how the last little cloud that had hung above the garment which his aunt had used on earth, had also lifted.

‘Come, mum, let’s go home.’

Back home André told his parents everything he had seen and heard during the night.

His mother calmed down considerably when he told her about the beautiful things he had witnessed. It had a restful effect on her, she seemed to gain strength from this new knowledge. The description André had given her of her parents was entirely correct and the sister and brother he had seen were indeed twins, who had died at a very early age. André went up to his room to get a few hours of sleep. He saw all the images in front of him. First the cloud, then the beautiful colours, and his aunt who was taken to her place in the hereafter, and finally the members of her family.

How beautiful everything had been! How majestic. How almighty God must be, who watched over everything and guided all things. Everyone ought to know about this, then they could live with an easier mind and in a better way too. If they saw this, nobody would be able to rob them of their courage, as happened to so many. Something beautiful was awaiting them here, they would receive light instantly and be happy. His aunt possessed this light, beautiful, pure white light that lit her up and all the others too who had come to fetch her. What an enormous energy she must have carried within.

To André everything was clear now, and he understood because on earth he had always seen her in this very light. This light was her own radiation. It enabled him to know every single individual. He could tell the condition of their inner self from their aura, and now he knew, better than ever before, what this coloured light meant.

Alcar told him that he had seen correctly and that his comparison was right. Yes, it was wonderful to die like this. How beautiful and happy all had looked who had come to fetch her.

Alcar said that some of the spiritual doctor's students had attended towards the end, men as well as women, all full of light, full of happiness and young. And the harmony that prevailed! Everything was arranged and happened at the right time. Everyone on 'yonder side' has his task and everyone performs the work that is assigned to him without meddling with the work of others. They all work for one cause: to bring goodness, to do good. That's the way it should be on earth too. Down here people ought to have the same understanding for each other, how wonderful that would be.

With these thoughts in mind he fell asleep and he didn't notice that the leader who loved him so and worked with him and through him – as his instrument – made long magnetic striking movements across his body to take away all the fatigue.

After a few hours he awoke, refreshed and lively, as if he had slept the whole night, and Alcar told him what he had done. He knew this must be true, that he must have received help, otherwise the tiredness would not have disappeared.

His father and mother were content and restful after all the proof he had given them, and by now they must have become convinced that dead is *not* dead. The nurse, who had been present the whole night, was just as astonished that everything had come true exactly as he had seen it and as he had told her beforehand. She promised him to continue on the path which had now been shown to her.

André was happy that everything had proved to be so wonderfully true. He continued on the path he had taken, and soon he was to produce overwhelming evidence of his gift of seeing and of the good contact he had with Alcar. And above all he was to demonstrate how good it is for a medium do nothing without consulting the leaders. Seeing entails a great danger when personal thoughts are not switched off.

His aunt had now entered the hereafter through the gateway. Alcar told him that she hadn't woken up yet. In her case this would take a few days, which wasn't much really, as many others need weeks or months.

Quite frequently those who pass on return to earth several hours after their death in order to console those who have been left behind, since they are free of their material body and able to experience everything that goes on.

According to earthly time his aunt would spend several days asleep and afterwards she would awake forever in the spheres of happiness, love and life.

New events would soon develop in André's life, and not a day went by in which he wasn't called for or visited by people who needed him.

CHAPTER VI

Healing and the purpose of positive energies

SHORTLY after his aunt had passed away, André was asked to attend to a child. The parents were worried and called in his help. The doctors who had treated the child had been unable to heal him. The fever, which had forced the fourteen year old boy to stay in bed since quite some time would not ease off and they were unable to find the cause.

When André's help was called in, he was with friends who lived about seven kilometers away from the patient's house.

The boy's uncle had been looking for him that evening and finally found him there. He had brought a photo, from which André was to diagnose the illness.

He held the portrait in his hands for a few minutes, then he told the visitor: 'Listen, try to understand what I say. At the moment the boy has got a temperature of 39.4 degrees^{*)}. This was taken five minutes ago. Please note the time. What matters to me is to prove to you that I see clearly. Would you be so kind and phone to ask if this is correct?'

The uncle called and André's statement was found to be true. Some minutes ago the temperature had indeed run to 39.4 degrees.

Together they went over to the house of the sick child. Their arrival caused a nervous situation. Some believed him to be a doctor and when they heard that this wasn't the case, a few of them moved away from him.

The boy's mother offered him a chair, but he saw the spirit of an elderly lady sitting on there. He soon made contact with this spirit and she told him that she was the sick boy's grandmother. This spirit who clearly manifested herself before him, also told him where the patient was lying and how he should go to find him. 'I have come here', she said, 'to help them. He won't pull through this way, sir.'

This had come to him in a flash, so that when the mother offered

^{*)} Celsius

him the chair he immediately answered: 'Thank you, ma'am, but I'd prefer to stay on my feet.' This enabled him to wave the offer aside. He didn't want sit down where someone else was already seated, even if she wasn't visible to the others.

The tense situation lasted for a while and he got the impression that some of those present would rather see him go than remain. He felt that they had no faith in him. He decided to put a stop to this and asked: 'What am I expected to do here, ma'am, why was I called? Let your brother-in-law tell you what I was able to determine from a distance.'

The man then related what André had seen and it impressed some of them for a little while but the others, he felt it, would have nothing to do with a quack like him. What would the doctor have to say? He picked up their thoughts. But suddenly the mother said: 'Sir, please come with me.'

André stopped her in her steps and said he knew how to get to the sickroom.

'Do you know my house?' she asked. 'Have you been here before? Or did my brother-in-law tell you about it?'

'Your brother-in-law did not tell me anything, madam, and I have never been here before, and I don't want to know about it. But tell me whether my discription is correct.' And he told here with a few words how to reach the patient's room.

'Yes, it's correct', she answered.

Then he told her that her mother had informed him, but this didn't impress her either. She smiled and didn't comment. Life after death was unknown to her.

André led the way to the room where the sick child was lying. The others followed.

'Look, ma'am. Your child has got a temperature of 39.4 degrees. I will help him and then, when you take his temperature again, it will have gone down to 37.6. I tell you this in advance, to convince you. I'm also told about these things in advance.'

He went over to the child and laid his hands on the boy's head. Then he fervently prayed to God to send Alcar strength, so he would be allowed to help the boy. The treatment lasted for about ten minutes. They then returned to the front-room.

André spoke a few words with the mother and asked her to take the boy's temperature. They were all curious whether the prediction would come true. The thermometer showed 37.6 degrees.

'Another beautiful piece of evidence for you, ma'am, that you weren't listening to empty words. Everything I told you was first given to me. Otherwise I would not have known. There's a spiritual doctor standing next to me, whom you can't see or hear, but I can. This person, who formerly lived on earth and now dwells in the hereafter, has taken on the task to heal the inhabitants of the earth from the spheres. He also wants to convince them of the enormous value of spiritualism and the richness it gives to them. I am his instrument and my gifts enable me to hear and to see him. The spiritual doctor sees through things because he is a spirit. A material being cannot do this. So he can see what is wrong with your child and could determine ahead that the temperature would go down to 37.6. You saw that this was true.'

'I tell you this to convince you. Like you said, you have never ever heard about these things before and so it's something you can't just give yourself over to. You're worried and I want to provide you with enough proof to take this worry away from you.'

He said good-bye and promised to come back the next morning.

At that moment the temperature amounted to 38.4 degrees. After the treatment it immediately rose and a quarter of an hour later, when the mother applied the thermometer again, it showed 40.1. She and the other members of the family got terribly worried and they would have nothing more to do with André and his magnetism. But he didn't intend giving up as easily as that. He felt that if he didn't exert himself and make every effort, the child would suffer for it and he certainly would not let that happen.

'Listen, ma'am, I want to tell you something, all of you. When I treated the boy yesterday, the temperature immediately dropped, you witnessed that, and while I treated him today it rose again. I'll tell you what this means. You know the doctors were unable to banish the fever. Your child has been in the same condition now for three weeks and nothing, nothing at all has helped. But what happened yesterday? Immediately after the treatment the fever dropped, which we accomplished by magnetizing him. The doctors tried eve-

rything science made possible. Yet all their endeavours and all their medicine were to no avail. The fever didn't subside, whereas it did after those ten minutes that I magnetized him yesterday. Now the fever has risen and you are worried. This is because you don't know, you don't understand what happened. But I'm extremely glad that the temperature has come down from its steady reading.

What caused it to do so? Due to the magnetic radiation the illness is boosted. The temperature rose because the powerful magnetism attacked the germs. And this automatically causes a counteraction in the course of the illness. This happens to many people, but not to all. It has to do with the patient's nervous condition. Now your child is too weak to handle this. But you can rest assured, my energy is too strong for the fever to resist. But if you don't trust me, then there's nothing more I can do.'

He left, but after two days they came to fetch him again.

'Please come with us, sir. We spoke with our doctor and he had heard about you. When he heard your name he said you might be able to help our child. 'Is his name André?' he asked. And when heard that it was, he said: 'I've heard about him. He's supposed to be very good.' That's why I've come for you again, sir. Please don't take offence at what happened. We know so little about these things.'

He went along immediately.

On the way he spoke to the mother and said he understood that they weren't acquainted with these phenomena.

'The world is ignorant, ma'am, and even many learned people keep on living in the dark. So I'm not surprised at all at your disbelief, although I did give you proof of my gifts. I'm not a quack, I heal on a small scale, just as Christ once did on a large scale. Two thousand years ago miracles were performed, but nowadays they also occur. You can see and experience this for yourself if you care to knock on the right person's door. They are able to help you by a prayer and their magnetic energy. I can do nothing by myself, I do my work with the aid of my spiritual leader. This work is a gift from God. To me it's sacred and I won't let people who neither know nor believe in these things, make fun of it, just because they're not clairvoyant themselves and don't understand anything of the power which a medium possesses. This is a sacred gift, ma'am, and if we wish to

make good use of it we will receive all the help from above which we need. Physical man only believes what his physical senses tell him, because his spirit isn't tuned in yet to the things on high and so he's unable to accept the existence of spiritual things.'

When André got back to the sick boy, the little lad still had a high temperature but he was very glad to see him again. He told his mother: 'Mum, this man can cure me', which set her crying.

The boy looked at André affectionately. His eyes begged for healing. He felt moved, because this young child sensed the beauty within the energy he had given him. Need more be said? To the parents this must surely mean everything. Their sick child instinctively felt that André could help him. But his parents' ignorance was in the way.

They loved the child and wanted to do everything possible to save it, but their ignorance was playing up.

André wasn't a doctor. They had never experienced anything of its kind and didn't realize that a magnetizer of high moral standing will never do anything he cannot answer for, as he is under spiritual guidance.

Deep-down André cried when he saw the poor child lying there and looking up at him, pleading for pity. It hurt him. He suddenly heard Alcar say: 'That's the world for you, André.'

For the third consecutive time he layed his hands on the boy's head and after the treatment the temperature was down to 38.6 degrees. The next morning he received news from Alcar that the fever had again risen to 40.2 and that he would soon be called for, which he immediately told his father and mother.

'Listen, mum. If somebody comes, repeat to that person what I have just told you. I want to give these people all the proof I can, because they can not be convinced.'

A quarter of an hour later the uncle who had come to fetch him the very first time rang the bell and requested him to come again. André asked him to first go and see his parents, as they wanted to tell him something. The man had no objection. 'But', he said, 'I don't need anymore proof myself and I regret that you can't get through to my brother. I can't understand why they're still so stubborn.'

André took him to his parents and what the uncle heard from

them was added proof to him, though he needed no more convincing of André's special gifts. Together they set off to the sick boy's home and when they arrived André immediately went to see him. In the midst of all the chattering people standing around him, he heard Alcar say: 'André, I will examine the child again and I want to do something now. Pay close attention.'

André took hold of the boy's right hand and sat down on the edge of the bed. Next to him the members of the family were gathered, all of them very anxious.

Whenever the need arose to diagnose a case, he usually went into a trance so that Alcar could look inside the body of the patient and then he would take over the patient's ailments. This enabled him to sense the illness. The trance never lasted more than ten to twelve minutes. In this condition he didn't only sense the patient's illness but he also saw what he or she was suffering from. And every time he came round out of the trance, he would hear Alcar talking and checking him out what he had seen concerning the illness. This always happened very quickly. Now, while he was holding the child's right hand, Alcar told him that there was an infection in the right lung, something he had already sensed on his own.

Alcar, as his leader and supervisor, made it clear that he had seen correctly.

'This is an infection, André, which causes neither coughing nor phlegm. There are no symptoms that point to the cause and it's not surprising that the doctors were unable to find it. They had no indication to diagnose an infection. Action must be taken soon and we will now hand the little one back to them. But before we withdraw I will give his parents something. Get a piece of paper and a pencil, André.'

André did what he was told. Alcar claimed his right arm and a few seconds later a lung was drawn, with a black dot in the upper right-hand corner, with circles around.

André knew what he had to say, because Alcar had already conveyed it to him.

'Come with me', he said and they all went to the other room. 'Sir, ma'am', he continued, 'I can do no more for your child and I hand my task over to your family doctor. Act quickly. Do everything you

possibly can and make sure an ex-ray is made of the right lung before twelve o'clock tomorrow. Don't disregard this advice because the consequences would be incalculable. Your child has got an infection in the right lung which the doctors were unable to discover. Act as fast as you can and hand them this drawing.'

Would they take his advice? If they didn't, they could expect the worst to happen.

The next day, at four o'clock in the afternoon, they came to bring the good tiding that he had seen correctly, as the infection was exactly on the spot he had indicated in the drawing. It had been confirmed by the ex-ray.

The doctors had asked who had made the drawing and the family doctor who had brought it along, answered: 'This drawing was made by a carpenter's son, who is a clairvoyant and a magnetizer. This is very remarkable indeed. Here we have incontestable proof that such forces exist.'

André was very happy to hear this and he went up to his room to thank God for the great help which Alcar had received. He prayed from the bottom of his heart that he, as an instrument, had been allowed to present this plain proof to science.

Four weeks went by without further news, but one day they came back to see him and requested him to visit them again.

At first the boy had made wonderful progress. He was up and about, playing again and he sat in front of the window looking outside. He had been ill for a long time and yearned to go out, so that his mother had asked the doctor if that was allowed, now that he was feeling so well.

The doctor had agreed. If the sun was shining and the weather remained as fine, he was allowed to spend five minutes outside, between twelve and one o'clock. 'But remember', he had added, 'no more than five minutes, and he's not allowed to stand about, he has to move around.'

The mother was glad and around half past twelve she had taken him for a five minute walk. Her son thought it was wonderful and he was quite content when they were upstairs again. But in the afternoon he felt off-colour, became increasingly quiet and finally, towards six o'clock, he wanted to go to bed.

The next day he didn't want to get up and this had gone on for three days now. In addition he had a slight temperature.

André sat down and again took the little lad's right hand in his. He stayed in that position until he heard Alcar say that the child was lost.

He got a terrible shock, but restrained himself. He got up and washed his hands to rinse away the child's influence in order to get rid of the pain which he had taken over from him.

Then he said good-bye to his little patient and told the mother he would phone the doctor.

'Do you think he's worse, sir?'

'Not really', he fibbed, because he didn't know what he should answer. It hurt him. Alcar had shown him that the lad would pass on, but he didn't want to hurt the parents ahead of time.

'Don't you worry yet, ma'am, I can't say anything definite yet. But I can tell you one thing: the child should not have been outside.'

He was sad when he left. He could imagine the parents, shattered by the tremendous sorrow that was awaiting them. He suffered along with them and tears came to his eyes.

'Yes, it's hard', he thought. 'It will be very hard for them, but the dear little boy will be happy. He will arrive in the hereafter where he'll go on living.'

He phoned the doctor, but got no answer. He would try again in the evening.

In the meantime he tried to contact Alcar. There was something that worried him. He wanted to know what it was and what it meant. With his inner voice he called out urgently: 'Alcar, Alcar, please come, help me.' Immediately he heard his faithful leader and, as always, he calmed down instantly.

'Why the worry, my boy? What is there to fear?'

'Alcar, I'm afraid I didn't see properly. What should I tell the doctor? My inner voice tells me that the child is going to pass on. And yet I'm afraid.'

'Come, André, let's pray. You know that prayer helps us in hard times, in fearful moments. We will beg God for strength and send the same simple prayer up to Him which we said on our first journey. I gave you that prayer. It will strengthen you and take away your fear.'

André prayed fervently and when he finished, Alcar added: 'Great Father, Almighty One. There was a time when we swayed in our belief in You. There was a time when the storm made our little boat drift off course and made us into a plaything of the waves in the ocean of troubles and suffering.

But now we know that we hold the compass in our hands and that He who is raised above the storm will lead us safe and sound into His Kingdom, the Kingdom of Heaven. We are very grateful for this knowledge, but we are still lacking in so many things, we have so much to learn and we have so much to bear. There are times, Great Father, that the staff we lean on bends, that life becomes hard and we feel like children whom something has been barred. But the search led us to knowledge and knowledge ended the search. Oh God, let Your veil of love cover us. Raise us up to Your great love and Your magnificent Creation. Father, hear us, forgive us, help us and give us Your truth. Amen.'

André sighed deeply. His prayer, and Alcar's, had cast all his fears away, and granted them both strength again.

Then he heard Alcar say: 'Now see carefully, André.'

Again he saw the little boy, but this time he saw him being carried away. There were wreaths on the bier and everyone was dressed in black.

'Tell the doctor that this will happen within four weeks, André.'

'Yes Alcar, but now I also know what made me so afraid. I was scared to predict.'

'Predict now, my son. Not to the parents, but to those who should know. I conveyed my fear to you and wanted you to feel how I detest those who abuse this gift for the sake of matter. I detest those who force a medium to predict a future for them which he can't vouch for and thereby ruin many noble souls and so much beauty too, merely out of greed for gain and out of lust for sensation. These mediums obscure their gift. This is what I wanted to show you.

It gladdens me that you felt this too. Never lower yourself to predictions for a material cause. We can and will predict, but only on spiritual grounds. This is open to us and it allows me to ask my master for help. I too have my master, André, and I wouldn't dare bother him with questions that are soiled by earthly dust. I may ask

spiritual questions, I may ask God for strength and it will be given to us. Remember, André: never tell the future or give answers where matter is at stake, even if they offer you the greatest treasures. We will see far ahead, but only where spirit is concerned. Then we may ask God for support and we will arrive safe and sound in spite of any storm. Never forget this, my son, if you don't want to cause me sorrow and anguish.'

André promised Alcar never to forget this, come what may.

'This is what I have seen, André, this is what the higher Leaders have shown to me. My question goes and the answer returns in a flash. I see it as they saw it and as you also saw it now. This is the great chain in which we form the links. Again, tell the doctor what you have seen.'

Towards the evening André phoned again. The doctor was at home.

'Hello doctor, this is André.'

'What's the matter, André?'

'Doctor, I was called to the child again. What a thing to do! You allowed him to go outside.'

'Yes, that's correct. Does that trouble you? Come and see me some time, André.'

'I haven't the time, doctor, but I just wanted to tell you this: You let the boy go outside, and he will therefore die within four weeks.'

He heard the doctor laughing on the other side.

'Here we go again', he thought. And then he heard the doctor say: 'You may have seen correctly in the past, André, and you may at times even see correctly in the future, yet now you see wrongly.'

'Oh, is that what you think?'

'Certainly, my patient is doing well!'

'Then let me tell you, doctor, that the little lad will die of consumption.'

The doctor hung up.

Once again André felt that he wasn't being taken seriously, but at that moment he heard Alcar, who supported him in everything and was with him at all times, say: 'Well done, André, let him wait. He'll see what will happen.' This chased away his discouragement, because he believed Alcar and not the doctor.

Two weeks passed. Three weeks, and still no news about the child.

A few more days went by and he was getting anxious whether the prediction would come true, or whether people would have reason to ridicule him.

But two days before the end of the fourth week, at nine o'clock in the evening, the little boy passed on. And the doctors who had treated him, as well as the director of the hospital where he had finally been taken to, stated that he had died of consumption.

Two weeks later the mother came to bring André flowers and to thank him for the loving way in which he had helped her little son. She was in deep sorrow and was weighed down with the grief and distress which André had felt beforehand.

He thanked her from the bottom of his heart and expressed his wish that God may fit her back to her burden.

She returned home and trudged along sadly, because although André had spoken with her and told her that the little one was happy now, he hadn't succeeded in consoling her.

This sad event clearly demonstrates the value of benign powers and it shows how suffering mankind badly needs doctors and high-minded clairvoyant magnetizers to cooperate.

It's true that in some places a little ray of light has started to penetrate the darkness, but the time for spiritual gifts and science to go hand-in-hand is still very distant.

May the full light one day penetrate the darkness. What a blessing for countless people this would be!

With God's help Alcar and André will continue on the road they are on. May they be allowed to bring spiritual and physical healing wherever this is needed, and to help to guide the world on the road leading upwards.

CHAPTER VII

Trance séances

ANDRÉ had set up a circle that held séances from time to time. He would invite various people for those evenings, and Alcar always addressed those present through him. Many of them would return home feeling strengthened in body and soul. He always made sure that the room reserved for the séances was filled with flowers. Even if these weren't as beautiful as those on the side beyond, he was still convinced that they would please the spirits that came to him. And incense was burnt while he and the guests all waited in humble anticipation.

He also held many beautiful drawing and painting seances. Nobody ever knew beforehand what would happen, so they were always curious what they would get to see. He had already received some beautiful pieces of work, though he had never taken any lessons in either drawing or painting. This all happened without his knowledge, he was merely the instrument. Yet there were always some who took it all for granted. It was completely lost on them. It meant nothing special to them and what he himself went through wasn't worth a second thought. He regretted that, he would have liked them to pursue the matter and think it over. It might put them on the right track and link them up with the hereafter.

When he went into a trance his spirit parted from his body and his organism was then taken over by an intelligence. Wasn't this something to set people thinking? It proved beyond any doubt that dead is not dead, and that those who died here on earth live on and can even produce beautiful paintings and lots of other things.

They took notice of the pieces of work, but people soon forgot how they had come about. It was their inability to see behind the veil, so he couldn't really blame them or be angry at them. He ought to feel himself above all that, Alcar had said, and he shouldn't let himself get hurt by anyone. To him everything was sacred, because it had its origin on the side beyond and the gifts he possessed had

come from God.

He didn't care what people said, and so he kept on giving them the chance to experience these things. Yes, it was miraculous. He had no skilled knowledge and yet everyone had to admit that these were works of art. He found that people were very earthly, without any sense for the spiritual aspect. He had to be careful about these people. They misunderstood him, although he was always honest. Quite a few took advantage of him. It saddened his heart. You could never express all the good feelings you felt within, you had to shut them off.

Alcar said that many people wore a mask and didn't show their real selves. He ought to watch out for that. Recently someone had spread the rumour that he bought these pieces in some other town. That's what people were like. Even if they saw things with their own eyes, there would still be some who couldn't or wouldn't believe it. He would try to convince them in another way by giving them fantastic proof, but it was often in vain and those poor souls would remain doubting Thomasses forever.

They were often dissatisfied when he passed on the messages he received just as Alcar had phrased them. They expected something different, something more material, but Alcar only gave things from a spiritual aspect and very often that wasn't to their liking. What they were told was difficult to digest. It meant strife and they lacked the courage. They knew best.

Help was lost on that kind of people, and advise too, because they hadn't the courage to walk the spiritual way. Their path ran through matter. They loved material things, it was so much easier.

He found it difficult to remain friends with this kind of people. He could have made any amount of friends, as long as he did what they wanted. Of course he would never do that. They couldn't understand that all his thoughts should centre on his spiritual work and on Alcar. Any attention he paid to them would take him away from his work, for the mere sake of some triviality that was foremost in their worldly minds. It might have their interest but not his.

He had to follow his leader scrupulously and to dedicate himself entirely to his gifts. He wanted to free himself from matter as best he could and make good use of the years which still lay ahead of him

on earth. Every day was precious to him.

They didn't think that way, so the things that lay hidden behind the veil remained a mystery to them. It didn't get through to them that he hadn't received his gifts without a cause. They always misinterpreted or misunderstood him when he talked about these things, and they blamed him for not fitting in. Then the friendship would wane because he didn't comply with other people's wishes.

He was a lonesome figure, and life became a burden. But there was one whom he could always turn to, Alcar, the friend whom he could trust, and who was his leader and master in all things. Alcar was continually at his side and always understood him. Alcar knew how he felt inside, how he meant things and that he loved the people. He often said: 'Be strong, André, people don't want to understand you. They won't take the trouble and they'll try to draw you over to their side. Beware of that, or else others will lead your life for you.'

He often knew gloomy days. They were hard to handle, and he'd be at odds with everyone. He would sit and ponder the situation, and Alcar would have to come and pick him up again. He could fathom the people when he felt that way. He could read them like a book and sense what they were at. It made him feel all sad inside. Oh, how difficult life was for him in such moments. He saw and felt how evil people could be and he longed to be where Alcar was. Oh, what would happen if Alcar didn't cheer him up... But he knew he could rely on that.

People needed to read into each other's hearts before they would believe him. He had seen and experienced enough to know that. They never got their fill, they always claimed more. They would never face you openly. This all happened on the quiet behind your back.

When people didn't understand the spiritual work he did, they would say he was imagining things, and that would set the rumours going, not openly but behind masks which no-one could penetrate. Yet he saw through all of them. Alcar had developed him to a level where he could see and feel this. People did everything on the quiet and before he knew he would catch himself a bite that made his heart bleed. And yet he would have to stand up to it, Alcar had said,

because they knew no better. And he felt he could now, for he spent a lot of time in the spheres. That's where his thoughts roamed constantly. His physical part remained on earth, but his spirit was up there, where harmony prevailed, and happiness too. How overjoyed he would be, together with Alcar, after he had died. That's why he had to fight this battle. He had often prayed that he might die because he longed to remain forever where at present only occasional visits were allowed: the happy sphere where constant harmony is found, to stay with those who are in the light. Over there you can speak your mind to everyone and your words aren't misconstrued. Promises are kept, and everyone is honest and true. On earth idle tales are told 'in confidence' to any willing ear.

This happens in the dark spheres too, as Alcar said, but you know this beforehand and you can bear it in mind. The spirits that dwell there can't be trusted, they live in darkness and bleakness. In the dark spheres those who 'confide' in others would find out how trust is betrayed. On earth your body prevents you from seeing through your fellowman, but once you arrive in the hereafter and are stripped of your material body, the spirit can no longer hide from others.

Up in the higher spheres great trust is put in everything. Without this trust you wouldn't belong there nor would you be able to stand it because you wouldn't be tuned in to it. The light which one possesses in the spheres would also be too much to bear. Over there people are like open books to one another, because you read each other's thoughts. You lead an honest and decent life, in perfect harmony. On earth this seems impossible. And yet that is where we're heading for. On earth matter covers everything spiritual, the good qualities included. And if these must be continually suppressed, then the courage to express your opinion or to show your real self is lost. During all of life on earth you have to hide your innermost feelings. Why is this necessary, why? If you don't, you're faced with opposition from all sides, no matter how well you behave. Hatred and jealousy are behind it all the time. Whenever he saw people as they really were something inside of him would smile, which did him good because then he was aware of their intentions and felt prepared. It enabled him to protect himself against evil influences. Never did he exploit what he read in people's minds, it would have kept

him busy for days on end. He simply took no notice but he complied with their wishes as much as he could. It made him feel superior to them, whereas they believed he didn't sense this. He let them have their way as long as they kept their limits. He knew Alcar would warn him in time.

Once he had visited a big city abroad where war had raged some years ago and heavy battles had been fought. His friends seemed unperturbed but he was unable to feel happy in that place. All the sorrow and the sadness, all the suffering and the grief of former days weighed him down. The impact of the hatred and the fury, it made him feel sick. It was dreadful in that town and he was appalled how insensitive all those thousands of people were to it. He felt utterly miserable. He saw the soldiers wandering through the streets, not as physical beings but as spirits. They were still fighting and just couldn't stop because of the hatred that consumed them. His spiritual eyes made him see all the misery, and no matter how he tried, he couldn't withdraw from it..

It was a beautiful town so they said, but he felt as if he were choking, although nobody noticed. He clearly saw the soldiers marching by in their various uniforms, all of them wild and savage. It was a real war, to him everything was happening as if it were true, he heard them cursing and swearing, and shouting: 'Murder, murder.' He distinctly saw all those poor spirits and the blood too that flowed through the streets and stained everything in its course. Yet everyone was happy and nothing seemed to bother them. He saw the dead, he felt them and so he knew that it hadn't ended yet, that they were still fighting on, even now, after they had left their material body. Physical eyes could not perceive this. He wanted to flee, far away from this evil town.

His friends thought he was strange and couldn't understand his sad mood. Why wasn't he interested in the things around and enjoying himself? This hurt him and he felt sorry for them because he didn't want to offend them, but he couldn't tell them anything because he was afraid they would laugh at him. Oh, this was hopeless. What should he say? After all, they weren't aware of it, and they would ask him why he should brood over all that misery. To them this all belonged to the past. Yes, of course it belonged to the past, at

least for physical eyes, and yet he was being forced to see it, feel it and experience it, just as it had all happened in reality. The world as it basically was. It opened his eyes to the curse that war laid on mankind. Who gave any thought to the innumerable victims, the so-called dead who aren't dead but were suddenly torn out of their physical bodies and thrust into the hereafter, where they kept on fighting as spirits because they couldn't be brought to their senses? Spiritually it made the world fall back for centuries. And what about the victims who still lived on earth, the wounded, those poor handicapped and mutilated who were blind or had lost arms or legs, they went unnoticed. They populated the streets and he had seen hundreds pass them by without a pittance. Where was their charity? Could these people part with nothing at all? Were they without means? A few pennies would suffice. A fair amount of small fry would see them through. After all, it was the war that had turned these poor men into invalids. He had felt the hurt and there was no way he could enjoy himself amidst all that misery, amidst all those cold-hearted people who didn't carry the smallest spark of light.

He had gone over to one of these poor fellows and had given him all the money he had on him. He didn't remember how much. It might have been twenty or thirty francs or more. That poor maimed soldier had been dumbfounded! He simply couldn't believe his eyes.

André heard an inner voice tell him that he had done right. It had been a lovely feeling, the only bright spot in that dark town. And when he walked on, the invalid had raised his crutches to thank him. 'Have yourself a treat today, you're welcome to it', he had called out to the poor fellow.

Tears of joy had been in the soldier's eyes. André hadn't been able to stand it any more and had flown. But afterwards he had felt a short touch of happiness because of the poor soldier's luck.

They were everywhere, these poor people, but he had nothing left to give them. Their faces were drawn and showed deep sorrow and misery. He couldn't bear to look. However could anyone sit at a restaurant window with a tasty meal in front of him, in full view of one of those poor invalids on the opposite side of the street. He hadn't been able to, he got a lump in his throat. Yet many did and never even noticed if anyone was standing outside. Nor did they

hear the curse that penetrated the place. There stood their brother who had fought at their side but had nothing to eat now, and had to stay outside in the rain and the wind while they sat feasting themselves inside. That's life, that's mankind for you!

He had written home how totally unhappy he felt in this beautiful city where he saw nothing but misery and sorrow. How was he supposed to gather new impressions and gain strength again, while everything around him wracked his nerves? He had made up his mind: never in his life on earth would he ever set foot in that city again.

Hardly had they left town on the way back, when strangely enough all the sadness was taken away from him. Out in the country, away from that dark atmosphere, he had felt relieved and able to breathe freely and he was cheerful and happy again.

There's no doubt that the hereafter, with its spheres of light where everything stands for harmony and happiness, beats the darkened earth by far. Most people are afraid of death, they're scared to die. But there is no need for that once you realize how happy you can be in the spheres, and when you're prepared to appear before God's throne. But this doesn't dawn on those who aim for happiness in the material things of daily life. They are impervious to it and therefore don't accept it as the truth until the time that they too will become convinced of the value of a higher life. Then they will get a completely new view on life on earth and judge their fellow humans differently.

The things they say! The war had ended so the invalids around were beggars putting on an act. But what he had seen was no act, it was nothing to laugh at, it was a living tragedy and they weren't beggars either, they were poor handicapped people who were unjustly lumped together with bad characters.

Alcar had told him that he had shown him all this misery to make him even more aware how bad the inhabitants of earth are.

He preferred to be in his room, between all the paintings which he had received from the side beyond. There he saw the spheres when Alcar linked him up with them, and the great light too, that was no longer visible in that city. That's where he was happy with his leader, as in the country side where gloomy moods soon passed away.

After his arrival home he had told many people what he had seen but it didn't seem to trouble them. He had expected that. They couldn't really believe his story nor any other of the invisible truths he had seen and gone through.

Alcar told him that it could take ages before these unfortunate spirits would find peace. This is what war brings on and when it's over everything is forgotten, on earth anyway, and it soon loses its sting because people cannot or dare not look the consequences in the eye. One war hardly comes to an end before the next one is in the making, causing even greater damage and disaster.

'Why can't you humans come to your senses? What's the purpose of it all? Decide for yourselves why you need to murder your brothers', Alcar said.

People's feelings go out to matter and to nothing else. They're tuned in to it and they idolize it.

The works of art in that city were beautiful, but even the most precious objects lose their value when they are stripped of spiritual energy. This is something people don't want to understand nor do they see it, just as they don't see that the world is sick. They have no feeling for these things and they don't want to either.

Alcar said that the earth is sick and bad and that the people are mentally ill. That's even worse than suffering from the most dreaded disease. They have lost all feeling and all the light within.

The bad influence almost made André choke. This had nothing in common with the influence his spiritual friends brought down to earth. That was sacred and pure. But on earth things are stripped of light and warmth, and passion prevails wherever you go. Where was the real love that Christ had once spread? It has become unknown, and what you meet is self-love. People were reckless, he thought. They didn't even notice that they often toyed around with the sacred fire of love as if it were a plaything. Some day people will find out that they had trifled with true love. It will make them really suffer and they will repent. But before long they're at it again in a way that will cause blood and tears to many. That's how cruel people can be.

He just couldn't imagine why they didn't want to show more understanding for each other. Didn't they know that love is God's great-

est creation and that they could tune in to all those beautiful things that stand for happiness if they would only follow the road leading upward?

It made him shiver to meet such people. To him sacred love meant eternal happiness. He got annoyed when people came to him who wanted to take part in a séance for kicks or just to pass the time away, and then left without a second thought.

That kind of people would attend a painting evening or a séance in which Alcar spoke through him, and soon forget all about it because they had no eye for the sanctity and no feeling for the support and the happiness it could give them. These were people who spoilt things wherever they went. But to him this work was sacred. He fought, like thousands of others, for the great cause: to convince the people of the truth of a life after physical death.

Alcar always warned him against those who refused to believe. 'Beware of them', he said, 'because they are a danger to our work. Shut yourself off from these beings, I will help you to. Our pure knowledge will enable you to answer them. We see and know the state of every soul. We see through them all.'

He was afraid of these people and kept them at a distance.

Not long ago he had held a wonderful painting séance and many had attended.

Alcar had told him to buy a large canvas which was intended for a German marine painter who had been killed in the war, and now he wished to paint through him. He had bought the canvas, measuring 0.90 by 1.50 metres, along with paint and utensils and he was curious what that large canvas would bring forth.

He always held these séances in the afternoon. This wasn't strictly necessary because drawings had already been produced in the dark without any loss to the frequently beautiful technique. Before he was brought into a trance he had to pray. Then he seated himself before the easel and waited for the things to come. The intelligences never kept them waiting long and within seconds he was in a trance. Then his spirit abandoned his physical body which a spiritual painter then took control of.

The guests had all arrived punctually, and that afternoon there were a few artists amongst them. The painter who came through

composed the picture with an amazing technique.

This was very interesting to all those present because, as both the painters said, such a technique could only have been mastered by someone who had really studied it.

The work took two hours to accomplish. It showed a sea with rocks and it was titled: 'On the Irish coast'. André's spirit then returned to his body. But not long after Alcar had put him into a trance again and had told the guests: 'As you see, my beloved, it's possible for us, after our physical death, to work on earth. This beautiful piece of work was made by a German painter, named Erich Wolff. This young artist, who was killed in the last world war*), painted on the Scottish and the Irish coast during his earthly life. Many relatives send you their greetings. God bless you all.'

The séance had come to its end.

Some time later more pieces from this painter came through to him. One of them had been particularly realistic. It was titled: 'On the Scottish coast'.

Alcar gave it to a friend of André, who had done work for Alcar without knowing the purpose. It had all been Guidance. After Wolff had finished the painting he showed André clairvoyantly how and where the ships sailed around that coast.

He mentioned this when he took the painting over to his friend, which the latter found very interesting. It was a remarkable mass of rocks, seen on a beautiful summer evening, with two long peaks that were surrounded by the sea.

The painting had been on the wall for some time when a brother-in-law, an engineer in the merchant navy, came to visit him and on entering the room immediately recognized the Scottish coast.

'How did you come by this Scottish coast?' he asked. 'Did you buy the painting in England?'

But André's friend just laughed and let him continue.

'This is the way we sail around the coast', the seaman told him, while he indicated the direction, 'when we're bound for Holland. These peaks are visible from afar and we often take our bearings from them. On board we say: 'The peaks are in sight.' It's a striking piece of work, painted true to life.'

*) The first world war.

After his visitor had had his say, André's friend told him that it had been received by a medium who first of all couldn't paint under normal circumstances and secondly when he did, he was unaware of this as he did it in a trance and thirdly had never seen or visited either Scotland, Ireland or England before. The seaman thought this was extraordinary and he had kept on looking at the beautiful picture for quite a while.

This proved once more that someone else had done the work, that it hadn't been him, André, who had accomplished this, but another person who made use of his organism.

Wolff made six large paintings for him in this way, all of them masterpieces.

André was happy, very happy with his gifts and with all his work. That is why he wanted people to pursue this in greater depth. They considered this kind of work to be devil's work. So Alcar, Wolff and the other spirits were devils?

No! Upto now he had got to know them as spirits of love. Recently he had received a wonderful example of Alcar's protection and how sparingly his gifts were put to use.

André felt ill, he had caught a bad cold. Nevertheless he had done his work that day, though he longed for his bed. Towards the evening he developed a high temperature and intended going to bed soon, but to his dismay Alcar conveyed a message at seven o'clock that he wanted to paint. André said to himself: 'For heaven's sake, I'm ill.' But he immediately heard Alcar for the second time saying: 'Make sure to be ready around eight o'clock. We're going to paint, André!'

It was no good sighing. Alcar wanted something, so it must be all right.

When he told his parents, they were rather surprised and advised him strongly not to fulfill this wish. How could he ever paint with a sick body? He was in doubt, and his parents finally persuaded him to refuse, so he decided to go to bed.

But what nobody had expected happened. Suddenly he was put under an influence, went into a trance, and Alcar spoke to his parents through him: 'You see, my beloved, there's no limit to what we can achieve if we really want to. This evening I myself am going to paint and you won't understand until afterwards why I chose this

very moment to take possession of his body.'

He went up to André's room, got everything ready and started to paint. André remained in a trance from a quarter to eight until nearly ten o'clock and when he awoke he immediately sensed that the fever and the illness had gone. This was marvelous to him and he hurried to his father and mother to tell them about it.

A little later Alcar said to him: 'The flowers I painted aren't very good. I intended to make you feel better and I succeeded completely. There was no better way to go about this than by taking possession of your body. So you see, my son: always give yourself, always trust me. Your physical body is under my protection. I keep watching over you.'

That evening André wept for happiness and gratitude that the spirits were so good to him, and his parents also thanked Alcar in their prayer for the great help and for the marvelous proof they had received from him. This was pure and perfect love, spiritual love from on high.

He thought of all the people he had been able to convince, due to the proof which Alcar had given them. Then shouldn't this sacred cause be guarded scrupulously? Weren't they good devils? Weren't they devils who loved mankind? No stone was left unturned to provide them with proof, to convince them of a life after their physical death. Spiritualism and everything connected to it was a sacred thing to him. Those who work behind the scenes, expecting no words of gratitude, they'll do anything to bring happiness and truth to the people. Then shouldn't one kneel down humbly and except everything gratefully? After all, they want the people to be happy! No, they are no devils, these spirits of love, although the people on earth, in their would-be wisdom repeatedly believe they are. They think that their worldly wisdom will suffice to understand spiritual things, and that's a fallacy. They need to be attuned to it deep inside to sense this, but they have become too materialized. Worldly wisdom is not a spiritual power and the two have nothing in common. As if we weren't all equal before God!

Does a king necessarily have a higher spiritual status on earth than a carpenter? No, of course not. Yet this is current opinion..

He had often seen so-called important persons come through in

scéances. There were scholars amongst them, even theologians, who proved to be deeply unhappy and begged for help. Only then had they grasped the beauty of spiritualism. All their studies and their wisdom hadn't brought them one inch further on the spiritual path. They hadn't practiced what they preached. Yet some learned men had found light and happiness on the side beyond. They had lived a better life on earth. They had not forgotten God and had served their fellow men, in keeping with the goodness they bore inside, as God expected of them. These people wore no masks as others did for whom a certain day will also dawn on the side beyond. There all masks are dropped and they will stand naked and void of power. But on earth they are the ones who spoil everything and against whom Alcar kept on warning him.

This was bad enough but there was worse. Those who foul up things under the pretext of spirituality are lost. They erect a spiritual wall around themselves and shoot their material arrows off from there, aiming to hit honest, simple folk. That's what their masks cover up on earth. A life under the guise of spirituality. To them everything is a mere pastime. Spiritual work is too sacred for that. But their hearts are cold and remain cold for everything, and beauty never shows through in them. The Divine Spark that could attune them to the higher spheres and to everything which carries beauty no longer glows in them. Its fire has perished, expired like a candle in the night.

He had experienced a lot of strife at the hands of such people and now, at this stage, he understood their aims and played around with them. He had acquired the power to do so. He now saw through everyone. Alcar had brought him to that level and had developed his spiritual sense. That is what these people lack, for they fall back into their material world time and again. Yet Alcar still wanted him to give himself, for everyone should get his fair share, since those who were honest also came to him.

'Feel that you're above all that', Alcar said, 'and don't close off your heart for the good ones. You will soon be able to sense when an open heart comes your way, because that heart will shine you in the face. Always be prepared, no matter how big the battle may be. Fighting will toughen you. So have faith, we're at your side and will re-

main your invisible helpers.'

Alcar often talked to him this way and it did him good because sometimes things overwhelmed him, and now and again worries and sadness nearly prevented him from going on. People kept on wanting more until everything lost its value for them in the end.

What would happen tonight? Maybe they'd think the world of him today, until they dished him again tomorrow. But come what may, he would be prepared.

Alcar and his friends never did that. They are fine and pure in their answers. They never hurt anyone and always follow one way only: the path of love. They have only their task in mind: to work for spiritualism. The people only understand half of it and they don't want to learn from it either, in spite of the beautiful lessons they receive. Yet they receive them for their own good, because it will help them to develop.

Making contact with those who have died on earth isn't done to get a thrill out of it. That's not what the spirit world is after. Mankind must advance and rise, and get on the road to God. But half-way up they're exhausted and fall back to the stage where life becomes easy for them again. It takes no trouble, the going is smooth. So they muddle on, life gets accomplished and amounts to no more than a bag of worldly pleasures.

His gloomy mood still persisted, but it gave him a better understanding of the enormous sorrow which Christ suffered.

Christ had given Himself for the people. He kept on giving, more and more until He could no longer give, and then they beat Him up. Christ let them have their way and it got even worse because they still wanted more. They wanted His Flesh and Blood. And when He was nailed to the cross, only then did the people see Him as the true child of God. When the clouds tore apart and God's light appeared, all those people saw the simple man He really was Who had aspired to give Himself completely.

Christ was the son of a carpenter too, but He had much greater powers than André. Christ performed miracles. Christ was the Great Spirit. He, André, performed miracles on a small scale. Yet he was allowed to do the same work and heal the sick too. But he couldn't make the blind see as Christ had done, because he was merely an

imperfect human being, a man with many mistakes.

Christ was the Perfect human being, He was the Son of God, Who had given all of Himself for the sake of the people. And yet they crucified Him. Soon that great miracle was forgotten and they sinned on without end.

When he was in a sad, gloomy mood he was full of understanding for the suffering that Christ had gone through. He sensed it in full. Christ, the simple heart, tortured and flogged by his brothers and sisters. When His blood had flowed, it still wasn't enough. That's what people are like.

Alcar had held Jesus up as his example and had told him: 'Don't worry and do your work, André. Be prepared for all that may come and take Him as your example, Who suffered for all of us. You're doing the same kind of work, my son, only on a smaller scale and don't try to compare yourself to Him. Be satisfied with this happiness and keep right on to this road.'

He had a lot to learn, he knew it, and learn he would, his whole life-long stay on earth.

Once he had felt the same great satisfaction which Christ must have felt and it made him understand things even more.

He had been called over to a small child of nine months, seriously ill with a high temperature, that lay in its cradle, deathly quiet. He didn't know how it had happened and he didn't want to be pretentious, but when he was standing at the cradle he had said to the parents: 'Now I will show you how Christ healed.'

They gave him a strange look but said nothing, the situation was far too serious for that. He knelt down and prayed ardently, as always when he had to treat a patient. He begged God and Christ too for help and prayed: 'Give your emissaries the power to help me with this beautiful work. Oh Jesus, help me. In Your name I want to heal this little one as You did.'

Suddenly – he will never forget this wondrous, great moment – his arm was lifted slightly by a strange force and brought to the child's head, while a marvellous feeling of great happiness flowed through him. After a few minutes his arm was led back, and straight afterwards the little one opened its eyes and started to laugh and cry out and kick about and it was healed. The parents looked at him full

of admiration and tears came to their eyes.

Oh, what a day that had been! What a miracle this was!

Alcar told him: 'Because of your great love for Christ and for us you were allowed to do this.'

He felt as if he were in heaven.

In his prayers he always asked for help, but he understood quite well that he wasn't able to perform instantaneous healings with every patient. It would have required him to be Christ's equal and that he couldn't be, not in a thousand years. For him it was a sacred commitment always to be ready to receive the flux from on high and to convey this to the sick.

He had laid his hands on the child's head and it had been healed. That's how Christ had done it too during His life on earth. True enough, he, André, wouldn't be flogged, but he could be locked up in prison because he wasn't a qualified doctor and according to worldly laws he had no right to practise medicine. Many centuries ago Christ had been the Perfect Human Being on earth and never again will Christ reappear on earth to sacrifice Himself for humanity, because after all these hundreds of years Jesus is still not understood.

He spent that whole day pondering on these things. He couldn't get it out of his mind and he was tired of all the thinking. All this had to end, for the guests had already arrived and the séance was about to start. He could count on Alcar to give him all the energy he needed, as usual.

The séance started. First many messages were received with the help of a cross and a board. There was something in it for everybody and many renewed their contacts with members of their family and friends they had temporarily lost. It gave them strength, spiritual strength and they were happy to get in touch with their loved ones. How beautiful it was!

After this part of the séance there was a short interval, and then Alcar put him into a trance and, in a clear voice, addressed the following words to the guests: 'Good evening, my sisters and brothers, I want to talk to you today about the human clock. I'm able to help you and I will do so. I really want to help you, but how? Many many times, again and again, I told you: I want to help you, if it's God's

will. You're listening attentively to me now, to everything I'm going to say and it's all familiar to you, and has been since quite some time. That doesn't alter the fact that, even if you know it all and even if you think it over now and again, you, with your human thoughts, don't always act accordingly. Tick-tock, up and down, that's time, the pendulum on the clock. Clock-like regularity: Tick-tock, tick-tock, tock. Incessantly: tick-tock. You think your life will keep on going with the same regularity as the clock that the clockmaker winds. But does life continue on this smooth, regular round for everyone? Does it hold for everyone, this tick-tack-tick of day-to-day worries, activities and tasks? Or does it contain a sound you do not hear? Doesn't it contain a certain sound you're aware of and which distinguishes you, human beings, from that daily monotonous ticking of the clock? Isn't it precisely that Divine Spark in you which sets you off and places you above all mechanical gadgets? And doesn't that Divine Spark contain the Divine Power of Love? Isn't it precisely that quality which people call love that makes life worth living and worth experiencing? Isn't that the most beautiful, the richest and most Divine aspect of man? Everyone yearns for it, from a small child onward. I dare to say: even before birth there is that yearning for love. And this love grows and this love increases in beauty, it gets stronger and will move mountains. Without this love life would be a wilderness.

Those who know love are the happy ones. Those who have known love keep on carrying it in their hearts, and those who never knew love are happy when they feel that great power within, that great, holy power, the sanctity of what they would be able to give. Do you understand that, my friends? Do you feel that, my friends? That your life could be a life that is led by thought? How much could you give? Let that which is in you, be the most beautiful and the most sacred you possess, yes indeed: the sacrosanct, forever.

Did I tell you anything new this evening? Weren't you familiar with all this since quite a time? And yet I wonder: didn't I help you, shake you awake a bit, brought forward to you the multitude and the beauty that is within man and that sets him apart from the machine? And if God in His abundant goodness lets you feel this love during your life on earth, then be confident, my friends. Never for-

get: it's God's will that such love prevails and that such a link of love exists. Could it ever be the will of God that such a link be broken? I tell you: No! Then put all your trust in a life of sanctified love and let life's little clock keep on ticking with confidence. It is God's will. Some day the machine meets its end, it's worn away and spent. Then life's clock stops ticking. No more tick-tock to be heard, and you miss it. You are left with a void and with great sadness because of that loyal friend, that faithful soul you dearly loved. That faithful soul who supported you, whom you supported, who helped you, whom you helped, whom you gave love and who loved you, who is missed on earth for that very reason. Then, since you don't believe in the hereafter, emptiness comes into your life. And when that little clock no longer strikes and ticks, then remember all the love this person radiated. The abundant love he gave, and the abundant love he wanted to give but couldn't, because you, human being, with your human thoughts neither understood him nor felt the love he wanted to give to you. You never saw the hands that offered it and which you pushed away unthinkingly. You can help him a lot with your prayer to God, in which you ask to be forgiven for not wanting to see so much love. You can ask Him in your prayer to let His light shine on the soul who gave so much love, or wanted to. You can ask for his sins to be forgiven, because everyone sins, knowingly or not. A person sins because he's only human. And when the time has come that it pleases God to stop your pendulum from swinging, then may many also be around for you, to send a prayer up to God that you may soon be brought into the light. Trust in God, trust in God's love and believe in your own love. Amen.'

Alcar had finished speaking and had left quietly.

It had been a beautiful séance and everyone felt that they were treading sacred ground. Everyone was happy. Oh, that beautiful magnificent truth that we will soon to be allowed to live in the hereafter forevermore!

The evening had come to an end. The guests went home and asked if they could be present at the following sessions to hear this beautiful, melodious voice again that had spoken to them with so much love.

A few days later Alcar already announced that he wanted to hold

another séance and André then invited a few others too, so that the circle became even larger than last time.

Everyone needed the spiritual support and energy that the side beyond bestowed on them.

His father and mother were also able to help him now, because the prediction he had passed on to his father had come true in the way Alcar had revealed it to him in the very beginning.

That evening many came in contact again with their dear ones who already dwelt on the other side and the pieces of evidence were overwhelming. Everything testified to truth and love. These were things you could count on, this was pure knowledge. It was beautiful. There was no need to call up the dead, they came of their own accord and spoke to those whom they had left behind. No more doubt, they knew that the dead live on. The beautiful lessons they gave were free from self-love and selfishness. Everything that came through was pure. That's how they who preceded them, sent their messages. And so happiness was shared, not only by those who still lived on earth but also by those who already dwelt on the other side, because God permitted them to bring this happiness to those who had remained on earth in sorrow and sadness and had granted them the strength and the contact to do so.

The friends on the other side were happy because they could cry out: 'We aren't dead, we're alive. Don't mourn over us, we come to you and will help you. We can see through matter and can guide you through dark valleys. We see the danger, because we have been released from crude matter. We are highly sensitive and live in the light. This is the power which we, here in eternity, received from God. Don't close your ears, we are with you and want to help you. Don't look for us afar, we are near. Don't look for us in the grave, we're alive and at your side.'

André had already heard these words so often, but to him and others too the words 'We're not dead, we're alive' kept on sounding like beautiful music.

First the information was received through the cross and board and then Alcar came through who addressed the guests as follows: 'Here I am again. Good evening, my dear friends, sisters and brothers. This evening I want to talk to you about Faith, Hope and Love.

One day we will be together forever. Remember these words while you are still on earth.

It's so wonderful to come to you to bring you the light from the side beyond, the light which God bestowes on us. God's love!

And why is it so wonderful to be here? Because there is harmony in your midst, souls that travel hand in hand, we need this so desperately. Because this harmony creates an atmosphere that is sacred and beautiful and seldom found amongst people. And that is why I'm so grateful that I may come, to be in your midst. Note that I said *may*. Because it is not my will, it's God's holy will which I fulfill. And I'm grateful that I may do so. It's so wonderful to be in your midst because I feel all the rays you radiate around me and this gives me such confidence that nothing but good will happen here. You all radiate goodness, because you know and because you want goodness. Because you are full of longing to do the higher things and only want the higher things. And even if you don't notice it immediately and even if you're not aware of it yet, I like to tell you this because this may incite you to continue on this road, for it will strengthen you and build you up.

You know, everyone needs a bit of support in his life and I know that a word or two from me will do you good. There, look up there, everyone.'

Alcar pointed upward with his right hand.

'There you see the Faith, the Hope and the Love and of the latter you will see the most, it's Love and it's beautiful. Oh, it's so beautiful. Believe in it and act accordingly, because without faith in the hereafter, without hope for betterment and without the love that forms a link, life would be desolate. Those three words, Faith, Hope and Love give you an insight into Divine mercy. If God grants you Faith, Hope and Love, then that's more than man deserves. And if one didn't possess them, would life then be tolerable? If man didn't believe in God, didn't believe and trust that He will grant us all of that, wouldn't life on earth be utterly miserable? It's so beautiful, so holy, this trinity, and so utterly characteristic of the soul of man. It's so great, so pure. It's more than you can fathom.

But even if you were to take the merest particle of it all and absorb it, and even if you had only a little faith, a flicker of hope and a ray

of love, then you would grasp some of that infinite clarity, of that intense beauty, of that Divine. And you, man, must take care that it grows, that it expands, that it gets stronger and increases in beauty, that a cloud of faith, a cloud of hope may live within you and that you let a sun of love shine its blue radiance. Only then will an ethereal radiation surround you. Then something beautiful, something wonderful will emanate from inside of you and God will see his children as He wishes them to be. Believe, have hope and spread love, and God will bless you. And then you will be able to call upon God, prostrate yourself before Him in grateful humility and thank Him for the beauty, the sanctity and the Glory which He brought into your life. This is the beautiful aspect in your life, this is the Divine Light. But alas, there are still so many who don't see the Light or don't want to see it. And if you carry Faith, Hope and Love within you and you don't find them on your path, then the journey gets so difficult, so hard, so barren, you feel as if you were lost. Then brambles cluster your path and the bushes need entangling to find that path again. Your hands will bleed and the thorns must be removed from the flesh because they sting. Then the going is hard. But Faith, Hope and Love must grow within you and you must realize that with God's help you will pull aside those branches to find the way to all things beautiful, high and holy. You must trust that you can find that path and in the end you will.

Have faith, have faith. Believe in yourself, have hope in betterment and let love blossom within you. The battle is worth it, my friends, the struggle will strengthen you, but the fight must raise you up to the triad: Faith, Hope and Love. You must battle on until you reach this goal. One day you will triumph. But as long as you back away from the difficulties you meet on this road, your battle will get harder and harder and your road will get rougher. Then you won't find only thorny brambles on your way, but everything that carries thorns will thrive and bar your way, as high as mountains they will grow. And you won't get through until you bow before God's will and kneel in submission and say: 'God forgive me, I did wrong.' And when you lift your head and you see the glorious colours in the distance, bearing the words ' Faith, Hope and Love', then all the thorns will have vanished and the path will be smooth,

glistening and open, like a path of light. And then you will go towards the Light, your arms outspread, and grateful that you were allowed to reach this point. Have faith, have hope and know love. Know love for your neighbour, know love for all God's creatures, know love for those who have departed from you. Know love for God and know love for those who don't understand you.

Your path is not always easy, but with God's help, with the Faith, Hope and Love He puts into your heart, you will come into the Light. Trust in that, always trust in that.

It is so wonderful to be in your midst and to be able to give all this to you, to be able to say what's on my mind, to find a willing ear that listens, a heart that understands and a soul that searches for the things on high. May my words that are so simple and yet want to say so much, lay a bit of God's almighty Power in your hearts. May you all, in difficult times, believe, have hope and live in God's Love. May God bless you! Amen.'

The séance had come to its end and everyone returned home, withdrawn into himself. Again an emissary from God had spoken to them and everyone felt invigorated, spiritually as well as physically, because Alcar's words had given them wholesome rest and sacred strength for the spirit. This was the influence from the side beyond, brought to them by the 'dead'.

Again everyone had received proof of their continued existence and so they were convinced that dead is *not* dead. They felt the sanctity and the purity of these beautiful evenings.

'More of these evenings are to follow, André', Alcar said, 'and we will go on bringing people strength from the hereafter.

Be strong and pray to God that we may always receive this strength to give it to humanity through you. I thank you, my son. Now I must leave.'

Alcar had stopped talking, and yet André sensed that he was still beside him, which will probably be the case as long as he remains on earth. And he will go on beseeching God to let Alcar stay, as his work is sacred and dear to him.

CHAPTER VIII

Real clairvoyance and the danger of seeing

ANDRÉ was called over to a lady who wanted his advice. He asked Alcar for his approval and the answer was: 'Certainly, let's go. He arrived at the prearranged time. The ladies weren't at home but they were expected to return at any moment. The person who wanted to consult him had come from outside of town and was staying with a lady-friend.

He waited for a while, but after this had lasted a bit too long to his liking he decided to leave, as he had patients to treat at home. However, Alcar told him to wait. He was in for something special.

He wondered. Something special? So Alcar already knew about it. He felt a strong impact, Alcar must be doing something. But he couldn't yet discern what it was exactly.

The ladies came home and he was introduced to the guest.

'I have heard a lot about you, Mr. Hendriks, which is why I want to consult you. Let's go upstairs, so we won't be disturbed.'

When they got to her room she laid a photo and a tie in front of him and asked whether these objects could tell him anything about her husband's state of health. He took the photo in his hands.

'I'll do my best, ma'am, but please don't tell me anything. Please wait until I tell you something about the things I see, and then you can say whether this is correct or not.'

After a few moments he told her the impressions he got through about her husband. He felt a strong urge to fall asleep and then he felt cramped. As soon as this urge started to affect his body, he informed the lady about it, and she answered that these were the symptoms her husband was suffering from.

'So I sensed this correctly, ma'am?'

'Yes, you did.'

'All right, then I'll tell you what this is related to. I see some doctors who are with your husband. I also see that the medicine they are giving him is for his heart. Is that right?'

‘Yes’, she answered.

He went on to describe her husband’s character and again she could only state that it entirely matched the facts.

‘I see the area where you live, the surroundings where your husband takes his morning walk, the streets he has to pass to reach his office. I also see the name of the street where it’s located.’ He mentioned the names and the particulars.

The lady had to admit that everything was correct. Then he saw nothing more and he waited for the things that would happen.

After a few moments the lady asked: ‘Do you see anything else?’

‘No, ma’am, but wait a bit yet.’

She became impatient, but André was prepared and remained calm.

Alcar had often told him to ward off the influence which people directed at him, otherwise this would frustrate him, and what he saw would be inaccurate and influenced by others. He had to remain calm, Alcar always told him. People aimed lots of thoughts at him which he took over telepathically. Of course he could still provide them with proof, but it would be founded on their own knowledge and thoughts. That wouldn’t get him anywhere. This was now the case. He forcibly pushed these thoughts back.

Suddenly four people clearly appeared before his mind’s eye: three ladies and a gentleman. As soon as he saw this image, he heard Alcar say: ‘These are four clairvoyants whom she consulted. They have all handled the photo and the tie and therefore their influence is still attached to these objects.’

He conveyed this message to her. This he had also seen correctly.

Then Alcar said: ‘Look at her head, André, concentrate as strongly as you can and take in her thoughts.’

He looked at her and saw a ray of light coming at him from out of her head. This happened as quick as a flash.

Alcar continued: ‘You now see her thoughts as light. Telepathy, André, be careful. All those clairvoyants took over her thoughts, and now I want to show you how influence can be exerted on a clairvoyant, how he catches the thoughts of the person who comes to consult him.’

André knew the meaning of the light that was coming at him. And when the lady asked him whether he could see anything else,

he was able to tell her what he had seen and what he had taken over from her.

‘Yes ma’am, I’ll tell you what I see. The four clairvoyants you consulted all told you that your husband would die in December. I distinctly hear the words they spoke to you and which I have now taken over from you. I will repeat them word for word: ‘Do you know you will soon become a widow?’

It startled her and she began to cry. It was the fifth time a clairvoyant had established this. Four others had already predicted this and one of them was a person of European renown. So it must be true, since they had all got the impression that her husband hadn’t long to live.

André felt sorry for her, because she had been told in no uncertain terms that her husband would soon die and because she believed this, but he went on: ‘So what I just told you is the same as what the other clairvoyants predicted?’

‘Yes, certainly, your statement coincides with what they said.’

‘All right, ma’am, but I assure you that all they did was to take over your thoughts telepathically and then they told you what you were thinking. You possess a strong ability to concentrate and so you affected them. They weren’t able to tell you anything else concerning your husband’s condition than what you yourself knew and what your mind was brimming over with. I stand alone now versus the four other clairvoyants and I feel that you don’t believe me. Yet I’ll try my best, ma’am, and I’ll see whether I’m allowed to receive the pure truth for your sake. I will ask my leader, who is here with me, if he can show it to me.’

He asked Alcar who replied: ‘Give yourself over completely, and we’ll see what the truth looks like.’

He willingly submitted to Alcar but before he began to concentrate he prayed to God that he might receive the truth, the spiritual truth. It was essential now to see accurately, not only for the sake of the patient whom this was all about, but also for the poor woman who had already gone through so much terrible fear due to the things she had been told. He begged for strength for his leader in order that the latter, by using him as his instrument, might present her with the complete, pure truth. He heard Alcar beside him, also pray-

ing and asking for strength.

The four clairvoyants ought to know how much evil their work had already caused, and how carefully they ought to handle their gifts. The poor woman was in such a nervous state that she would undoubtedly pass on before her husband if this went on much longer.

After his prayer he went into a trance and now the veil which covered the truth was lifted for him. He was allowed to see, and he heard Alcar saying: 'Tell her what you see.'

He first requested her to write down everything he was about to tell her and then continued: 'Listen, ma'am. I see the first of December before me. I then see all the days of December filing past me. It's like a reel of film. Now I see January and I see your husband too who still appears healthy, although he should already have died according to the clairvoyants' assertions. I don't see anything happening in January either, but I do see your husband. Each time I am shown how he is. February is next and slowly the first week passes by. On the eighth of February the film comes to a standstill. This has a meaning. Now I see your husband in bed, he's ill, but don't worry, the film has started to run again. The tenth, twelfth, fourteenth, sixteenth of February. Now I see that he's well again. It was only a slight indisposition. February is past. I see the fourth of March, and then the rest of the days of that month, one after the other. April. Now the days and the months are passing by much faster. Nothing is happening, nothing at all. I still see your husband beside you, looking healthy. November goes by too and now it's one year past the day when you were supposed to become a widow, but I see this hasn't happened yet. The film is being wound up, ma'am. My leader tells me that this is enough. It's all over. I don't see any more and you can be happy again.'

But the lady didn't know what to make of it. She had hardly written anything down, merely the eighth of February. She looked at André but said nothing and he felt that she didn't believe him. Here he stood, one against four, and whom was she to believe? From her point of view the others might be right, and that is what she seemed to be convinced of. The situation became intolerable for him and Alcar said: 'Put a stop to it, my boy. It's useless to her, and much as we may see, it's of no help to us.'

‘Listen, ma’am, think what you like, and accept whatever you want, but please do me one favour: write me everything that happens to your husband. It’s very important to me to know who saw correctly.’

‘I promise.’

‘Then I’ll tell you what happened.’

What the other clairvoyants took over from you has nothing to do with clairvoyance. Seeing correctly, ma’am, means conveying what we receive from our leaders. We have to concentrate with all our might to receive accurately what our leaders link us up with. You would have influenced me too if my leader hadn’t warned me of your strong ability to concentrate, and I would have seen just as incorrectly. What I have seen and told you I take to be the truth.

I don’t get influenced easily, ma’am. And why do you think that is? Because I will never try to prove something by telepathy, in other words: by taking over someone’s thoughts. As I said, this isn’t a question of seeing, it’s merely empathy. A clairvoyant has to know for sure whether the impressions he receives stem from his leaders or from mortals. We must be able to distinguish between the two because this is where the danger lies. Illnesses in particular oblige us to rule out telepathy completely and to check everything our leaders present us with. We can’t allow ourselves to make mistakes. Do you understand how dangerous this can become? If we don’t take precautions, our seeing becomes very hazardous for those who come to us for advice. Don’t you see the danger now of the things those people told you? Not yet, maybe, because you don’t believe me, but some day you will recall my words, all the things I just told you.

Your lady-friend has known me for a long time now and she knows that I want to be humble and merely wish to serve as an instrument. I’m not a zealot, ma’am. My only concern is to help you, with all that’s in me. Everything we see in a case like yours has to be spiritual. This tells me that we need to be backed up by a leader, a spirit, in other words: a helper who will give us everything and enable us to act. I only tell you this because I rely on my leader. This means that everything he gave to you is true, because he always gives me the pure aspect of things. But also because he never turns a blind eye to a person’s health. This is sacred to him. I think it’s terrible that they caused you so much distress. The clairvoyants who are responsible

for this ought to question whether their link to their guides is still genuine, because they would never have been permitted to give you such a message.

An advanced spirit who is in the light will never convey such a tidings. And even if it were true and the facts were reliable, still I would never have told you that you would soon become a widow. And if these people dare to allege that this is what they saw, then they're lying and they shut their leaders out. We must never forget that we are instruments and we must take care not to let our own thoughts forge ahead and become prominent. This is a heavy task for mediums. Every medium operates in combinayion with a spiritual doctor, but in this case he was ruled out. When a clairvoyant doesn't remain honest, I mean when he can't tell the difference between clairvoyance and telepathy, then everything is doomed to go wrong. He will prove the very thing your mind is brimming over with. Now do you understand how simple everything is? If you hadn't influenced these four people by your fear of losing your husband, they too would have given you messages of a different kind. Your fear proved fatal to you. The clairvoyants took over your thoughts and believed that they had seen correctly. That's what I had to watch out for. Your thoughts could have side-tracked me. That is why I fend off any thoughts that are directed at me. Do you understand what I mean, ma'am?"

'Yes, I understand.'

'I'll tell you another wonderful example of proof which my leader gave me. Some time ago – it was on a Saturday afternoon – a lady and gentleman came to see me and the gentleman asked if I could tell him anything about his wife's health. In order to establish contact, I took her hand into both of mine, because it enables my leader to see, and he then passes this on to me. We check this three times because we need to exclude any telepathic takeover of thoughts we're not aware of at the time.

I got a message that she was deaf on her right ear and at that moment everything went all quiet in my own right ear. Then I saw her inside, which was followed by the third check. Then my leader tells me whether I saw and felt correctly. We apply this check to ourselves and when my leader tells me that it's all right, then I can

be sure that everything I saw is indeed correct. So I told the lady that she was deaf on the right ear and she admitted that this was the case. She thought it was wonderful, but this wasn't all. I had to help her and I magnetized her ear for five minutes. While I treated her my leader showed me that the abscess in her ear would rupture on the Monday morning at a quarter to nine, and she would then be cured. I told her this too, without doubting myself or my leader.

'We'll see whether it'll come true', I said.

The next day, it was a Sunday, I kept on thinking about that lady. I was tense, but I trusted my leader explicitly.

Monday came and at a quarter to nine in the morning the phone rang and the husband told me that everything had taken place just as I had said and that his wife could hear again. He thought this was wonderful and he was very happy that the prediction had come true.

These people certainly received a beautiful piece of proof, not only that my leader saw correctly but also that healing can occur spontaneously.

Many doctors had tried their utmost, yet in vain, and now the illness had been taken from her within minutes. Isn't that marvelous? And could you imagine that I would ever doubt what was conveyed to you, after the hundreds of times that I was allowed to present people with proof of my leaders' skill and their ability? No, ma'am. I tell you this to give you a greater sense of security and faith in what you were told, because your peace of mind is at stake. I think it's irresponsible of the other clairvoyants to have informed you that your husband was to die. It's unforgivable that they dared to say: 'Do you know that you will soon become a widow?' Even if this was true, it's still unnecessary to predict this months ahead. I sense your fear and I completely understand your situation. I can't imagine that such a message could ever stem from the side beyond. I don't call this helping, it's destruction. It doesn't say much in favour of their love for their fellow-men. We received our gifts to support the people who come to us. But instead of helping and supporting you, they caused you great anxiety which would have gone on for another two long months. Ma'am, please cast out that fear. Believe me, what they predicted won't come true. Pray that God may grant you my conviction. Pray often, you can't stand this

much longer. The prayer will console you and help you. I can't do anything more for you, and other pieces of proof can't be given to you.'

André left and when he got outside he felt relief because he saw his dear leader beside him who told him that he had spoken well.

'You did your best, my boy, but I fear that our information cannot convince her. But don't worry, it will all come true in the way I showed you. I'll tell you why it will come true.

I knew in advance what it was all about. Their thoughts reached me and you know that I can pick them up. I saw everything and made sure to contact my master immediately. At the time I couldn't mention this to you but my master showed it to me. Since this concerns something spiritual I was allowed to ask him. Then I gave it to you and you gave it to her. This is the great chain in which we are the links. My master sees it and can present the truth. My question and my thoughts travel as fast as lighting to those who know the answer and then rise up to God, as it is His help which provides us with all things that are spiritual. Always be prepared to receive them. Pray often for wisdom, truth and strength. You see because, they are bestowed on us, we asked for spiritual support, free from material interests. Always ask for this in all humility.

A month passed by and André heard nothing. The case kept troubling him. December approached. The fatal time at which the man was to pass on had come. Yet he received no message. He phoned the lady's friend and got the reassuring answer that all was still well. She was beginning to doubt the fatal prediction and said that she had believed in his statement from the start.

January passed and still he heard nothing. On the eighth of February he called again but nobody could tell him anything. Finally, in March, he received a letter, saying:

'Dear André.

Following up my promise of last autumn at Mrs. V's home, I am sending this letter to let you know that you apparently saw correctly concerning my husband's health condition. He sleeps a lot but apart from that there are no disconcerting symptoms. If one of the clairvoyants was right in predicting the figure three, then this could mean

in three years time. You cannot write to me directly as my husband has of course no knowledge of my interview with you.

Yours sincerely,
B.v.H.'

Once again Alcar's prediction had come true. Why lose herself in phantasies which were neither here nor there? Just because one of the clairvoyants had named the figure three, something was to happen 'in three years time'!

There's no use helping people who let their imagination get the better of them.

At the start of his spiritual development Alcar had told him: 'You will see what I will let you see,' which proves that a medium cannot do anything by himself. The great trust which a medium puts in his leader, the will to serve as an instrument only, will preserve him from errors and incorrect messages. Those who possess the gift of healing should especially be on their guard, as it may involve a person's death. These mediums carry a heavy responsibility.

Alcar told André: 'Simplicity is the driving force behind this great gift. And what is more: Truth comes first. Don't use telepathy to convince people by means of their own thoughts. This is the danger of seeing. And don't become vain, you would be lost in a very short time, no matter how great your gift might be, because you would then be unable to make a clear distinction between your own thoughts and the things given to you by me. Without my help it's impossible for you to see any thought in light. Be careful when you're confronted with important issues, because people's lives may be at stake. Listen to us, that's the main thing all those who possess this gift should remember.'

Once he was called over to a boy of eight years old and after he had paid several visits, Alcar told him that further help was not permitted. He didn't listen and he thought: 'Why shouldn't I be allowed to go on helping him? The child is making progress, isn't he!' When he ignored the warning voice and went to see the boy again, Alcar said: 'You must listen, André. You acted as if you hadn't heard me, but you will do nothing outside of my will. This child will pass on and I'm withdrawing you to save you all the unpleasantness.'

There's a doctor attending to the boy and that's enough. There's nothing more we can do, our work is finished here. Let this be a lesson to you and do everything as I want it to be, however strange it may seem to you. I see through everything and I always have a purpose in mind.'

Two weeks later the little boy passed on and Alcar said: 'You see, my son, it proved correct. We on our side see through everything. Implicit trust will make you strengthen the link which joins us both, and one day it will grow to be a link of love. You will then work as I want you to, and no matter how dangerous a situation may seem, I'll be able to help you. Stay simple, it will benefit your development. And never forget that you're an instrument, just like all those others who possess this gift.

Everyone must fight his own battle and find his own way. Not only in your deeds but in your thoughts too. I'll tell you something. This holds for everybody, because for one person that way may be the path of darkness and for another the path that slowly twists towards to God's Light

I already told you many times and often explained to you how difficult that path can be for you.

You inhabitants of earth who have work to accomplish, you who seek the path towards light and bear within you the holy will to do good, I tell you from this side that you still often stray and grope around, and that your tracks are still full of twistings and turnings.

But what about the path those tread who do not seek the great light? Aren't they to be pitied? There are many who lose their way and search. I don't mean this as a reproach, because we on our side know that you will wander and must wander. But once you have reached the road to the Light you will be one of us and you will be done with earthly life.

These detours aren't wilful journeys along wrong tracks. No, it's more the thoughts that stray from the right road. Nobody will stop you from thinking what you want to. Your thoughts may be sent in a wrong direction, and you're astray, often unwittingly. But when they take the right direction, you will be happy and you'll make it easy for us to reach you .

Are human thoughts always good? Isn't there a streak of evil, of

badness in all of you? And when you think up that kind of an image and send it off, doesn't that diverts you from the brightly lit way that could lead you towards the good? Are you surprised that I must say these things? Am I not doing this to help so that you may continue on the right track and so that pure thoughts may inspire you to keep on giving yourself for the sake of good? Is it cruel then when I tell everyone that they stray, in spite of their good intentions to follow the road to the Light? If you, who aim at the things on high, find it so difficult to attune to us, to become one with us, then think how much more trouble it takes to follow the road to the Light. And how infinitely difficult it must be for those who don't cherish that heartfelt wish to travel the road to heaven. We, the inhabitants of the spirit world, call out to you: All of you who live on earth, be careful, not only with your deeds but also with your thoughts. Because the thoughts you send forth are as large as clouds and your evil thoughts in particular are like black masses rolling past and across your planet. They're nontransparent and they feel cold, clammy and dirty. It scares you people to get caught up in such blackness. When you see these dark masses you're scared stiff. When this gets really through to you, your first thoughts will be: Whatever made me think like that? And you really need to ask this question. It will make luminous thoughts cover the black clouds and their glow will light them up. That's the good quality you bear within and which attunes you to the spiritual.

Your pure thoughts will shed their radiance on the dark ones and will lighten up all that darkness, but some of those dark thoughts keep on appearing out of that blackness until the Light, the Light of goodness, has erased that too. Such evil thoughts can throng around other ones like black clouds, and destroy them .

But fortunately there are glittering rays too, that travel upwards to God from the bottom of one's heart. And aren't there thousands of intermediary hues between those blue, white and golden rays? When a dark cloud is lit up by these sacred colours, this Light of goodness, you will once again have passed a twist in the winding road and you will continue full of courage. Gradually the dark thoughts will all yield to goodness.

This is your battle to find the things on high. And even if you

think that you possess the Light, still I tell you from this side: you stray and you seek again and again.

Never forget this, my son, because it is not good that black thoughts are around, and I am not only referring to thoughts that are unclean and bad in your eyes, I also mean those that are proud, vain and erroneous. The thoughts of the little godman. The urge for sensation, the urge to be something you are not. All these thoughts, which are just as dark, must never appear in your radiation.

Dark, evil thoughts can cause endless disaster. Always remember that, all of you who must take yourself in hand, who must learn to know yourself, and do not forget that it was precisely such evil thoughts that closed in upon the One, that crucified the One, that great Figure, that simple Human being for Whom we must bow down in humility

All those dark clouds gathered together above the head of God's Son. But after they had crucified Him, the black mass of clouds tore apart and God's Holy Light appeared in the skies.

Oh, son of man, if darkness prevails within you, then fold your hands and remember how difficult it will be to find the way to God in this darkness. Fold your hands, bow your head, thank Him for His gifts, pray that He may show you the way through the dark clouds towards the Light, and that you may radiate this Light during your earthly life, because the world needs it badly. We too will help you in everything, never forget that. And when you are alight inside, you must beg God to let that light shine within you forever. May God grant that these words that come from the deepest depths of my soul give you the strength to always want to do the things on high. Ask Him to let that blue, that white and that golden Light always shine within your soul so that it may also light up others who come to you, and that it may bring them closer to God's Eternal Holy Light.

My dear boy, when you're alone, completely on your own, and you humbly bow your head, then ask yourself each day if you spread more light than darkness. But also say that you wish to rise spiritually, tell this to yourself in all honesty. Really feel this and then say: 'Today I was better than yesterday.' Beg God for help and say that tomorrow you want to be better than today. Don't glorify yourself

but don't underestimate yourself either. Our Father knows everything, He sees and understands everything. And when you address us with spiritual questions, we can direct ourselves upward towards our masters so that we may receive the truth through them and pass it on.

Mediums, use your gifts in love for God. Your help, your strength and your love will help the world onwards, spirituality will keep on spreading and humanity will be led onto the road to the Light.'

CHAPTER IX

Black magic

ANDRÉ was instructed in occult phenomena, not only the beautiful higher powers but the dark forces too. Alcar wanted him to be prepared for everything in this world.

‘I will tell you a few things about black magic’, his leader said. ‘There’s a lot of comment on this subject, but only few know how to defend themselves against this dangerous power. It’s particularly dangerous in our field and therefore I’ll teach you everything you need to be able to distinguish the messages you will receive. People can be brought under certain influences that lead them straight to madness. Anyone investigating occult phenomena should be aware of this, so he can safeguard himself against these perils. Listen carefully, my son, I will try to explain it to you.

Magic encompasses white and black magic. Europeans are hardly familiar with the practice of black magic. This is due to the racial characteristics of the nations, that is why in the tropics, in Indonesia, black magic is more frequently mentioned than in Europe.

Black magic can only occur in certain surroundings, and certain character traits must be present. These can be classified as the ability to concentrate one’s will, secondly mediumship, furthermore material or mental development, and finally the mental power of the person whom it is directed at. Black magic can only be directed with full intensity at persons belonging to the white race and also, but to a reduced degree, at members of other coloured races. White people are most susceptible of all to black magic as a result of their spiritual life, their constitution and in particular their living conditions.

Concentration of the will simply means that the spirit is made to dominate, in other words: the will power is intently focused on the intended goal. Every thought is in itself a creation, so it’s something personal and therefore it’s also very real. The ability to concentrate is brought about by converging certain energies. Concentrating on the will power is a determined creative act from the available think-

ing powers. Certain thoughts are willfully directed at a person with the tendency to harm him or her. This objective can be accomplished with considerable success, provided that the person serving to convey these powers possesses the psychic gift.

The followers of black magic are mainly to be found amongst spirits of a lower order. These unhappy spirits are subject to those who have thorough command of their own will power, which enables them to achieve anything they want. They shut themselves down and are able to perform various so-called miracles which they perform by intensely concentrating their will power and by taking possession of the thoughts of those whom they want to use as their instruments. They are capable of this because spirits of a lower order possess neither an own will power nor an individual existence.

These unhappy spirits once belonged to underdeveloped races and are an easy prey to their purposes. They cling to their own country and the environment where they once lived, because they don't ever want to leave that area. The old black spirits in particular who once lived there as free people detest the European invaders. They are easy to lure and to impose on. The witchdoctor can, by mere disembodiment, enable the spirits to lift up objects, thrust them upward, break them off or touch them, even make them float about. Not only objects can be made to float in this manner, the black-magician himself can levitate because he remains connected to the physical body and by willful disembodiment he can succeed in densifying his fluid to such a degree that it becomes visible for us spirits, even though it remains invisible to the material eye. He merely needs his assistants to keep other forms of influence away from the work he wants to accomplish.

Why are Europeans more susceptible to these powers than natives? Primarily because whites who live amongst natives are rapidly subjected to degeneration, which makes them prone to evil influences. Secondly because climatological circumstances tend to undermine the European will, which presents a very dangerous threat to whites living in the tropics. Thirdly because their enfeebled nerves result in a physical condition which soon makes them liable to the influence of evil spirits. In the fourth place, because white men are not geared to battle and generally receive less spiritual help in east-

ern countries than in Europe, as their spiritual leaders are not within easy reach, which again results from their own conduct.

However, black magic can be counteracted at any time by the following precautions:

A. Concentration of the will power of the person or persons under attack. This can only be checked by good clairvoyants with reliable leaders.

B. Refrain from alcohol, card games, smoking and ridiculing religion, as well as various other misdemeanours.

C. Live a calm and collected life and perform good deeds.

D. Pray regularly, and place a cross on the grounds in front of the house, and burn incense at home.

These are the things you must know. Although you won't experience much trouble of this kind in Europe, I still had to warn you against these evil powers because if such people who deal in black magic should ever come to Europe, they might perform miracles that resemble spiritualistic phenomena, but these have nothing in common with the latter. Anyone witnessing such sights should get special protection against evil influences.

Only those who are under the guidance of higher protectors will the latter disclose the truth to. They might otherwise believe that they were dealing with real occult phenomena. This is the major threat to people who are unable to detect the difference between spiritualistic phenomena and black magic, and the reason why spiritualism has often been brought into disrepute.

I was granted the liberty to tell you this, my boy. Try to understand it properly, so that you may be armed against these forces.

Black magic degrades man, but white magic leads him upward and connects him with leaders and spirits who wish to ascend and endeavour to approach God.'

CHAPTER X

Cremation and burial

ALCAR had promised André to take him along to a crematorium where they were to attend a cremation. 'But', Alcar had said, 'I must first familiarize you with some situations and occult phenomena, so that your spiritual body will be less susceptible to all the sad emotions you will have to undergo during this journey.'

He now longed for this trip with Alcar, because he yearned for wisdom, and he felt an urge to get to know everything related to life after death. It had his special attention, and he wanted to abandon all worldly pleasures for the sake of it. His thoughts around the hereafter occupied a considerable part of his life. If Alcar promised something, he kept his word. He never disappointed him, he could always count on him. By this time the link between them had become so strong, that he knew exactly when Alcar intended going to his home full of happiness in the spheres.

He often said: 'Come on, Alcar, why don't you go off to your beautiful house for a while, to that beautiful light, I won't do anything of my own accord. Don't hesitate to go, you'll be tired after all the work, just as I am.' But then Alcar would answer that he never got tired.

'Physical man soon gets tired, but the spirit doesn't, and one day he will even get to the stage where there's no limit to what he can deal with to. It all depends on the level of his spiritual development.'

André would then ponder this over, and deep within he absorbed everything Alcar taught him, because he wanted to understand all of it properly. He loved his leader with all his heart, because Alcar was so good to him and hardly ever left his side.

He sometimes told his mother when Alcar had gone away to his house in the spheres on some rare occasion, but then she would walk away. This was too much for her, she couldn't think that far.

She would tell André's father but he couldn't understand it either.

'But it's true, mum, Alcar has gone to his house in the spheres and I'm not allowed to do anything in the meantime. I would attract wrong influences if I did.'

But his mother shook her head. She was convinced by now that death doesn't exist, but spirits having houses, no, she didn't know about that nor could she imagine anything of the kind.

Alcar had told him that he lived in a house amidst the mountains, with lots of water, woods, flowers, gardens, birds and other animals around. But his mother couldn't believe it, this was all too much for her old head.

One afternoon Alcar surprised André by telling him that he should get himself ready the next day for a second journey to the spheres.

'We're leaving early, André. Make sure that you're free, because what we're about to see will take place in the morning hours.'

After he had received this message he immediately felt peaceful and at ease. The tension of the last few days left him entirely.

The next morning he was in his room at ten o'clock. He had requested his parents not to enter the room. Under no circumstances should he be disturbed, he would come downstairs of his own accord.

Soon after he lay down on his bed he felt that strange sensation come over him again. When he disembodied he always turned cold, starting at the soles of his feet. It felt as if life had withdrawn from that part of the body.

During séances his spirit would often stand beside his body, and when he came round out of the trance he was always able to remember everything that had happened and he knew exactly what he had seen. As a spirit he had seen his body sitting there, and he also saw the kind of light he radiated. This very disembodiment was to him the most convincing way of proving that life doesn't come to an end. He could see everything, only the light differed in quality from what his physical eyes took in. Alcar told him later what this meant, and how the connection with humans was brought about from the side beyond.

When this insensibility had progressed beyond the knees, he wouldn't have noticed anyone prodding or pinching him. This was then followed by a drowsy feeling, which told him that his spirit was

about to leave the body. It would slowly draw upwards, and when it had left half of the body his thoughts would start to get dimmer, until his spirit had freed itself entirely. Alcar said that this could happen either slowly or in a flash.

He sank deeper and deeper. He could barely hear the din on the street. It seemed to pass him by from afar. Up to this moment he was aware of everything around him. But then all went quiet and he had no more thoughts.

‘Look, my son’, were the first words that came through to him after he had left his physical body, and at the same time he saw his leader who embraced him with fatherly love.

‘Come here, my boy.’

André wept. He couldn’t restrain himself. These weren’t tears of sorrow, but of happiness, and a indescribable feeling surged through him. They didn’t speak. First he had to calm down, and he soon did, thanks to Alcar’s strong power and his wonderful magnetic radiation. You couldn’t help feeling calm under his enveloping influence.

‘All right, André, we’re back in the hereafter. I enveloped you with my fluid again so you’ll withstand everything we are to witness this morning. Come on, let’s go, and I’ll tell you some things on the way. We won’t be entering any higher spheres this morning. The things we are going to see are all within the earth’s sphere. You’ll be able to perceive events on earth with your spiritual eyes, because you have been freed from your physical body, and you’ll be surprised to notice that everything appears just as you’re used to seeing it with your physical eyes.

However, the light is different. At present the earth possesses a totally different light. This isn’t the sunlight that belongs to the material earth, where it’s seen through material eyes.

You know that we’re going to attend a cremation. Your spiritual body now possesses enough power to deal with the resulting distress without collapsing. We’ll take it all gradually, bit by bit, step by step, and one day you’ll be able to stand on your own feet to perform your spiritual work on earth.’

‘Does that mean you’re leaving, Alcar?’

‘No my son, it doesn’t. Don’t you worry. That’s not what I meant. You’ll be in a better position to see the things on earth as they really

are, and to act on your own without having to constantly ask my advice. I can then safely leave you to deal with additional matters, which will enlighten my task.'

'Are you satisfied with me, Alcar?'

'Certainly André, I feel satisfied, although you did certain things which I would have required to be done differently. In these cases you didn't listen long enough, and you cut me off. You thought that all was well, but I had something else in mind, I would have conveyed it in a different manner. I saw more clearly than you, which meant that we weren't able to check things sufficiently. So I must warn you, son, never act to soon and above all, take extreme care and don't be premature where healings are concerned. It will save you a lot of sorrow.

There are many mediums who think that it's easy to be under guidance, but I tell you that the more you develop, the more dangerous it will be for you. Open up to me only. You feel my presence, you know me, hear me, see me. So leave it all to me. I see through everything and will guide you along safely.

Before we go to the cremation I will show you other situations because you will understand everything better.'

They had been walking and floating across squares and through streets for some time. André recognized everything and knew exactly where they were. He saw how the people had varying kinds of light around them and he noticed that they didn't see Alcar or him either when they walked amongst them.

'Alcar, is the light they carry around themselves their radiation? I see how some have a very bright radiation but others don't.'

'Yes, André, you saw correctly, they radiate light to a greater or smaller extent, and some have no light at all around them. This has to do with the strength of their spiritual power.'

André saw many poor people, but also quite a few who were dressed in expensive clothes. He pointed to a man walking next to him who was dressed very shabbily.

'Look, Alcar, what a beautiful light that poor man has got around him.'

'Well seen, my boy, it's a beautiful light this man radiates. It can't be obtained with money, and it would be a sad outlook for poor

people if it were. He has developed this light himself, it's his very own property.

It's a good thing that we're not judged in the higher world according to our material possessions. In the face of God all people are equal. If only people were willing to understand this, the earth would soon be delivered from all lowliness and evil. A beggar can be very rich within, whereas a rich man can be poor spiritually, and possess none of this beautiful light. Spiritual wealth has much more value than material property, and this light means much more to the poor person who owns it than money and luxury and all the comforts which people believe they need for their worldly happiness.

But we're the only ones to perceive it. On our side we see the radiation which people themselves can't see. They have no idea what their radiation is like, they're not aware of their own light.

All the same, many rich people are fortunately not only surrounded by gold, they carry gold within. I'm talking about the inner light. This has to do with the task they have to accomplish on earth and the way in which they accomplish it. People who aren't bedowed with ample worldly goods are often heard to comment on their wealthy fellow men: 'Aren't they well off?' But these wealthy people have their own share of worries, and life is by no means as easy for them as it may appear to others. These material riches must be managed, which this is often a source of considerable concern.

Now give me your hand, and we will walk straight through doors and walls.'

André immediately felt himself getting a little lighter. They ascended and floated a few metres above the heads of the people, and there was nothing that could stop them. They penetrated all the material things.

'All spirits can do this, André, including the unhappy ones, but there's a difference because the latter have no light about them at all, and they can only go by the sounds that reach them, whereas we are able to perceive everything.'

They floated into one house and out of the other, and they saw through all the things around them. This greatly interested André.

'If people could see this, Alcar, they would be amazed.'

'I intend to show you a lot of things, in order to give you an

accurate impression of the way we move about. You will also notice how dangerous it is to hold séances that aren't closed off by leaders from our side, because a room is an open field to the spirit. You can see that yourself. Everything gets drawn into it, and the spirits are at people's sides without anyone being aware of it. It's very difficult for physical man to picture these situations, because he sees no further than the walls which surround him.'

They went further und further until Alcar said: 'Right, this is the place I wanted to visit first of all.

At present we're spectators, and nobody can see us. We'll stay here for the time being. Take everything in as well as you can. We're in a mansion and this is one of its luxuriously furnished rooms.

Come, let's see where the lady is who lives here. I've known her for quite a while. I'm interested in this case and I wanted to see whether the situation has remained the same. Come along with me, they needn't open doors for us. We're uninvited guests, whether they like it or not, and we're going upstairs now, that's where she'll probably be.'

The house was full of activity. Lots of servants, youngsters as well as elderly ones, moved to and fro.

'You notice, André, that nobody sees or feels us. Just try and give this servant a push, you'll go right through him and he won't notice anything. A very sensitive person would though, because he would be attuned to spiritual contact.'

André gave the servant a push which he thought would send the man tumbling down the staircase. But he simply kept on walking.

'You see, André? He doesn't feel a thing. Shout something at him, he won't hear you either.'

André shouted as loud as he could, the man heard nothing at all.

'That's typical for man's behaviour in general. Yet for us it's easy to influence him, as long as we know how to penetrate his thoughts.'

They had gone through many rooms and finally Alcar stopped.

'Look, André, here's the woman I wanted to visit.'

André saw that they were in a bedroom. A young, very beautiful woman was lying on the bed. She had three little dogs beside her that started to growl, while one of them stared at Alcar.

'You see that, André? That little animal can see me. Lots of ani-

mals are telepathic, and this little dog certainly possesses a finer intuition than his mistress.'

Alcar turned away from the bed and the little dog no longer saw him.

The moment the little animal had noticed him, André heard the woman say: 'Quiet, Molly, quiet, my little sweetheart. What's the matter? Come here. Whom are you growling at. What is it your big eyes can see?' And the little dog crawled towards her and licked her hands.

'Isn't she beautiful, André?'

He nodded.

'Yes, son, she's beautiful. She's known for her beauty and all she does is let others admire her for it. That's all she bothers about, and her sole interest concerns herself, her dogs, her social standing and her modern way of life. There's no doubt she's beautiful, but this beautiful creature doesn't possess the slightest bit of spirituality. She doesn't have the least bit of warmth in her. She plays the piano but her music is coldhearted. Not the least bit of feeling. She's a poor, trivial, coarse materialistic creature. She's good and kind to her animals, at least that's what she thinks.

I'll tell you something more about that afterwards, it has to do with life in the spheres. But our visit doesn't concern her so much, we're mainly here because of her mother. She lives on our side and she's trying to protect her daughter and make her turn away from the wrong track. I don't see her yet but she'll be here soon, because she tries everything within her power to bring her to lead a different life. We'll quietly wait here for a moment, we've still got plenty of time for the main purpose of our journey. As I told you, the young woman spends her time by looking after her physical beauty. She's not married, but she's supported by someone who is rich enough to do so. But this person suffers badly from her cold inner self. She believes that she's bad off, and her thoughts are so intensely directed towards herself that she sees nothing but her own self.

She leads an easy but a bad life, and I believe she's capable of anything. So there's no question that you ought to feel deep pity for her and for him. The man only sees the beautiful garment that hides her inner being.

Now I'll tell you something that concerns her animals. If she happens to shed some light when she leaves the earth, she could keep her dogs if she wanted to, as this is just as possible in the spheres as it is in the material world. But if she passes on in the state she's in now, then she'll gain the sad experience that her beloved little animals will have nothing more to do with her.'

'Why is that, Alcar?'

'I'll explain it to you. You know that an animal, just as a human being, consists of spirit and matter, right? Man considers himself on a higher plane than animals, and so he is, yet some people could learn a lot from them if they would let pure intuition work from deep within and compare their own love with that of the animals.

That woman would then notice that her dogs feel attracted to persons who show them true love. She has no idea of these things and she probably won't become aware of them before she arrives here. Yet soon enough this will prove essential.

An animal doesn't put up appearances, but man does. Accordingly, the animal will feel attracted to the inwardly more perfect being and he will become influenced by that person. On our side they tend to follow the perfect human being. She will experience this too one day.

I told you some time ago that I have animals too, but don't think they're around us. They live in our surroundings, but in a different sphere. God provided for that too. His Guidance and His mighty Wisdom are evident in all things.

Within their sphere animals can see what their masters and mistresses really look like. This woman will come to think that her dogs don't recognize her, but there they will see and experience her in an entirely different manner

One day we will see our beloved animals again, and you'll be astonished to see them all gathered together.

All the animal species are assembled in the heavenly realm, and there they exist in harmony and in mutual love. Spirits that are in the light can safely approach them, they will not be harmed. God intends all His creatures to live together in peace and harmony, but it will take centuries before this happens on your earth.

Love is the most sacred thing God bestowed on us. It pervades

His entire Creation. It's the most supreme essence He put into everything, the Divine Spark: the beginning of Perfection. Animals also feel the warmth and the true love which a human being can radiate. Can you understand this, André? Or should I be a bit more explicit?

'No, Alcar, I understand. The way you explain and show everything gives me a true picture of God's Love and Omnipotence.'

'There's Guidance in everything, my boy. God's holy Power lies in everything.'

This young woman wants her dogs for herself only, and nobody else is permitted to stroke the harmless little animals. She spends more on them than on any of her employees who must sweat and slave for her. It's all self-love, André. She never appreciates all the care and attention of her personnel. It would be a blessing for her if she lost her material possessions, because her wealth will be her downfall. To her, matter isn't something to live with, it has complete control of her, and of so many others too, who still live on earth. It would really do her a favour if she were bereft of all her worldly treasures. And I can see it happening too.

Everyone has a cross to bear. Hers is yet to come. And she'll be made to carry it, whether she wants to or not. She can change her life if she wants to. If she doesn't, she'll sink deeper and deeper. I'll tell you a few other things about her afterwards, as I see her mother entering now. Don't be nervous, she can't see us, because she doesn't possess our light. She comes and goes, but she spends most of her time here, at her child's side. I'll show you how evil punishes itself.

It's not very long ago since the mother passed on. She left the earth quite recently, where her life took the same course as her daughter is taking at present. She was very beautiful too and she caused a lot of sorrow where she could have brought happiness. She toyed with love, and those who play that kind of little games will be severely punished, because love is God's greatest creation, even greater than the universe with all its stars and planets.

She made fun of everything that is imbued with God's life, and it's evident that she didn't leave behind much goodness for her child, or ever gave her any inner strength. Let me recall the case of the two brothers who exerted themselves to invent explosives. Just as one of them protects the other, this mother is now trying to protect her

daughter. They both want to free their proteges out of the hands of the evil that surrounds them. The mother didn't sink any deeper since she came over to our side. She can thank her parents for this, who in turn are protecting her. She clearly understood her position and realized its badness. She wasn't completely lost yet. And when she repented, she asked God to be forgiven for all the sorrow and the evil she left behind. She was permitted to go where she wanted to. Not to the higher regions of course, but within her own sphere. She's allowed to return to earth and do everything possible to fulfill her task there, namely to release her daughter from her present situation, which she herself is to blame for too, due to her way of upbringing.

She spoils her daughter by surrounding her with things that were worldly and vain. She has tried for quite some time to make her abandon this loose way of life. But as you see she hasn't made much progress yet. Nor will she reach her goal in the near future.

I'm sure you feel how hard the task is which she has to fulfill, now she has physically died, a task she has laid upon herself and which she took on gladly to make amends for the sins she committed during her life on earth.

Her task is the heaviest a spirit can fulfill on earth, because in her endeavour to free her child, the poor mother is impeded in every possible manner.

She follows her child everywhere she goes. Wherever the daughter goes, you find her mother too. Sometimes she gains some ground, at other times she must give up vast territory. She's not only wrestling with her child's obstinacy, but also with the lower spirits who are making things extremely difficult for her. Many amongst us try to encourage her and tell her that she must persevere. And she does, but sometimes things get too tough for her and then we intervene and help her without her seeing us. We're invisible to her because she isn't attuned to us. So in turn she also receives help from higher spirits who have taken this task on themselves. Everything is decreed in keeping with God's Wisdom.

She now acts under the influence from on high, since her strong longing to do good reaches the higher spheres. This is the impact the higher spheres have on earth. We always wait until the very last

moment. Then we intervene and things inevitably happen the way we want them to.

You saw what happened to Mr. Waldorf. His link with that other medium had to be maintained until the very last moment to make sure of our last chance to pull him down from his pedestal.

Now you see, André, what physical beauty stands for, what material possessions mean. Nothing but cold, earthly possessions, when you look at it through spiritual eyes. There's a chill in everything within and around this woman. Her voice still seems quite normal to earthly ears, yet one day it will screech and become a callous shouting, and people will want to plug their ears. There's so much to say about this and it's certainly worth while looking into.

Tell the people on earth what you see, André, and what the situation here is like, when a person loses control of himself.

Look, a servant has now entered the room. It seems that she did something that's not to her mistress' liking because, listen, she's getting a thorough dressing-down.

Isn't it terrible? That poor wretch is her senior by twenty years and she gets told off for the slightest thing. She won't be able to stand this much longer, it would make even the toughest person break down. This is the kind of love she gives to her fellow human beings. But this is definitely not what God intended. We must give and take, unless it's neither required nor appreciated.

But come on, son, let's continue on our way. We've spent enough time here.

Look, her mother is praying. She prays whenever she gets the chance. We will help her before we leave here. You must pray for her too, after you have returned into your body. Ask God in your prayer to give her support and strength. Look at that poor mother. She's on her knees at her daughter's bedside but this insignificant worldly creature only has eyes for her own physical beauty.

That poor mother! This is only one case amongst millions, an example of all the grief and misery that people suffer on earth and in the lower spheres.'

André would have liked to call out to the daughter: 'Don't you see how griefstricken your mother is, you miserable creature?' But would that alter anything?

‘It’s useless, André, even if you were to beat her up. You would merely be scoffed at.’

‘So you knew what I was thinking again, Alcar. How sad this all is. Her mother is so deeply unhappy. Just look how she’s weeping. Will you help her, Alcar?’

‘Yes, my boy, I’ll give her new energy. She’ll receive it without noticing.’

André saw how Alcar laid his fine hands on the poor woman’s head and magnetized her for a while. When he stopped, she looked behind, as if she thought she could see something.

‘She can’t see me, yet she does feel my presence.’

Alcar wished her strength, and then they left.

‘Come now, my boy, don’t fret about it. That’s the way things are. There’s still quite a bit in store for you this morning. We’re not going back for the time being, because you are to witness many a thing that will show you how man brings misfortune on himself, and that every sin that is committed punishes itself.

The mother senses how wrong her life has been, and also how cold she was inside during her life on earth. She now sees what she has nurtured, and she would do anything to cancel it.’

‘Will she ever see her task fulfilled, Alcar?’

‘If she perseveres she will succeed, but then her child must first be deprived of everything she possesses on earth. Prior to that, nothing can be done for her, because she has strayed too far. Of course there are other ways, but in her case these would prove useless.

It’s all so very true, André. Man has got stuck in matter, and he no longer senses the value of his own spiritual property. Money is his first requirement, without money nothing is of value to him.

But keep in mind, André, that when you give yourself for people’s sake and use your gifts to work for them, they will have to give credit, even if it’s beyond their range of perception. Your gifts are holy to me, and I will stop anyone attempting to approach us, who refuses to understand us. Your gifts cost us both sorrow and struggle and I won’t have anybody ridiculing them.

I told you before that God’s light can’t be bought with money. Man must earn this himself, nobody else can give it to him. And even though matter could sometimes make his life a little easier, it

all too often proves a hindrance to him. Those who live in luxury can nevertheless carry spiritual light deep within, if they try to find God in simplicity and prayer. But this is a task which isn't easily fulfilled. Never yearn for wealth and riches, André, the possession of money could prove a disappointment to you

Isn't it enough to know that man can be happy forever in the hereafter? And shouldn't a person work as best he can to raise his spiritual level while he's still on earth? Why must people lose complete control of themselves, why do they go so far stray and risk all their spiritual happiness for the sake of the tiny bit of pseudo-happiness that life seems to offer them? And yet all too frequently this is what happens.

A wealthy person needs considerable will power to resist the temptations of his material goods, and to maintain control over them instead of becoming their servant. He needs a lot of strength to run his riches the way God wants him to. He must always take care that matter will never rule his life. A person who doesn't yearn for spiritual property will be completely lost, because his only interest lies with the material things on earth, and his spiritual level, his spiritual power will consequently receive too little nourishment. What does it mean to be rich in money, but poor in spiritual goods? Man carries within himself the seed of spiritual power and maturity, and if they ripen, they will clearly show. Deep-down, man can be exceedingly rich in light and strength, and radiate as brilliantly as a diamond. It makes life on earth less strenuous, and it's easier for man to find his bearings in the world. I'll tell you more about this.

When I still lived on earth I once visited a place with friends where I had never been before. Yet I was quite able to find my bearings and it struck them how well I knew my way around.

One of them asked me how this was possible, and he thought I must have been there before.

I denied, and he couldn't understand this at all.

'This is my ability to orientate myself', I said, 'it's an inherent quality one must possess', and without thinking I added: 'You don't feel this, nor do you possess it.'

'Really?' he answered, 'but I prefer my money.'

We drifted apart later on. But I met him now and then on earth,

and I used to think: 'I wonder if he can find his bearings now, or does he still prefer his money?'

Materially the dear fellow was way ahead of me, and he liked to make me feel it, even though he didn't know whether I cared. I possessed everything and nothing, I mean I was rich in inner power, but poor in money and goods. Whereas he was always burrowing in matter and was blind to anything else.

I often had serious talks with him, yet the man didn't take the trouble to develop spiritually or to acquire anything which might have demanded effort or will power. He has been on our side for a long time now and I know in which sphere he dwells. I strongly feel his longing and I could go over to help him but I'm not going before I feel a strong urge to do so. I know how he arrived here, and he would give anything now if he could find just a bit of his bearings, which stands for warmth and light on our side.

On earth he never tried to acquire nourishment for his soul, and when he passed on he had to leave everything behind, all his money which someone else is profiting from now.

On earth he could have acquired a lot to find his bearings through connections with spiritual friends. I loved him out of pity, because he was so poor in inner feelings. When such a person arrives here, he's like a child that is just beginning to learn. He would heal by battling, and that battle would have set him free from the matter that held him captive. But I didn't manage to convince him of this. He scoffed at me and soon forgot everything I told him. He lived his earthly life for nothing.'

'Aren't you going to help your friend, Alcar, if he asks you to?'

'But of course, André. But he will have to call out a little louder, and yearn more fervently. Not back to matter, but upwards towards the spiritual. He must long with increasing longing, otherwise my talking would be in vain and my work too. It wouldn't help him in the least.

It's worthless to give yourself too readily to this kind of people. His longing has to come from deep-down. He thinks of me a lot, and in time he will also work for the sake of goodness. But until that time our roads will keep on diverging. It will cause him pain, but that can't be avoided. It's his own fault because he could have learnt

all this during his earthly life, all the more with his earthly possessions.

Now and then he calls for help, and he thinks it's strange that his worldly friends don't come to see him. He calls out to his parents too, and though they're with him, he neither sees nor senses their presence. That's what it's like here, André. That's the fate of those who forget the spiritual aspect while they're on earth. But if he truly and fervently asks God for help, he will be given help.

Everything is well taken care of here, my boy, and we will have our share of the kind of light and the kind of happiness we're attuned to within.

All you who still dwell on earth, take care that you can find your bearings when you arrive in the spheres.

I'll take you over to a different place now, André. We've still got plenty of time.' They floated along and entered a quiet street. Suddenly Alcar stood still and said: 'Here we are, André. Come on, let's go inside.'

André noticed that they were in a studio. This must be an artist's working place. There were beautiful paintings hanging on the walls.

'Come over here, I'll show you where the painter is. Look, there he is, sitting at his easel with his hands supporting his head.'

André saw a man aged about forty-five, with a little pointed beard and curly hair. He couldn't see much more of him. There was a large canvas on the easel, it bore the unfinished portrait of a beautiful woman.

'Don't you recognize her, André?'

'Whom, Alcar?'

'The woman he's painting.'

André looked at the canvas again and he got a shock when he saw whom it represented.

'It's her, Alcar, the woman we just visited.'

'Correct, my son. Now look at this poor man. He is caught up in her web too and if he doesn't free himself he will be lost. I came here to show you that a gift such as this painter possesses must be put to spiritual use.

But his eyes only see her exterior beauty, and she's aware of it and arouses his passion, which will ruin him. He's completely in her

clutches, and this talented man who possesses a gift from God and is known to be one of the best painters of his time will be lost through the evil influence of this seductive woman.

The piece he is busy with puts you off, because of the inferior radiation of the woman posing for it. Physical people don't see this, but we do. We can see both radiations, that of the woman and that of the painter. Hers reveals everything to us, it contains her whole life.

She's intent on getting the painter in her grip, and she will destroy him. He isn't aware of this danger, because to him she is the beautiful being who will inspire him. That's all he sees, and nothing else.

I will show you, André, how all of God's gifts are impaired and destroyed when man keeps his eyes fixed on material things. The Divine Spark, the spark of genius will smother, and nothing of importance will remain of his gift when he has lost his spiritual power. At that stage his higher qualities will change into hatred, jealousy and passion, all due to this earthly creature's evil influence. Thousands are ruined in this way. Nothing about this woman can resemble the sanctity, the beauty that can make a person radiate. We know who she is. She is mere matter, coarse matter, inside and out. Inside she's cold and barren, and if he doesn't see her as she really is, his gift will soon be lost to him. She is under the influence of evil, and evil will ruin both of them, like everything that comes under its influence.

If his art doesn't reflect the warmth he carries within, it will be nothing more than heartless matter. The Divine Spark which he bears within must make him one with the Father. Inspiration is brought about by a vivid longing and by spiritual power as soon as he will lose this power because he forgets himself, his talent will be quenched.

Do you understand, André? Do you sense what I mean, my boy? Every gift is a gift from God, which means that he bears this light, this power within, and if he allows his gift to be spoiled by a creature like her, he must put the blame on himself.

He ought to know his inner self, but he forgets himself in his passion for this physical being, and he doesn't see the sanctity of his spiritual possession. He suffers through her, because look, follow up

his thoughts and at the end you'll see her image taking shape. He cannot work without her now, at least that's what he thinks, because her influence is consuming him.

The sounds of an organ might inspire him. He would be lifted up by those frequencies. Beautiful melodies would raise him to an exalted level and if he attuned himself to these frequencies, he could reach a higher sphere and the people would feel attracted to the light which his art would radiate. It would be blessed by his sacred wish and his ardent longing to present pure art. And it would come to him through inspiration, because he would be one with the cosmos, with God.

However, he believes that he can find the things on high through her, by reaching her. Many Divine gifts, which could have been a revelation to mankind, are lost in this way. He who should have sought the road that leads upward is now ruined and will be destroyed by matter.

Now you see him sitting there, filled with sadness, and people who see his suffering take pity on him. They don't know that this suffering has a material cause, but that's the way he wants it. This is not a spiritual struggle, it's utterly earthly. This is sorrow which doesn't really exist. This isn't grief which God imposed. He has brought it on himself. If he doesn't get a thorough shake-up, he too will have lived his life in vain.

The evil that started off with the mother's bad life festers on and they will all be ruined, materially as well as spiritually. To all these people who are consumed by matter I call out: 'Man, lose your will over matter'.

In other words, André, they ought to look for the spiritual.

'Oh man, wake up, awaken from this darkness which you yourself pursue. Please, wake up. We bring you new light. And don't weep, because it's your own fault. Open up and you will see. Verily, lose your will in matter and look up. Let your inner feeling take you to God, Who gives you the Light. Feel your grief and know your sorrow. Don't behold this through earthly eyes. Don't become one with gloominess and grief that doesn't exist. See the reason why you must suffer and you will acknowledge it. Know, oh man, why all this sorrow has come over you. Know why you must suffer. Do you have

the courage to look up to God through weeping eyes? Do away with that sorrow and weep with happiness, because your sorrow doesn't exist. Show your sick soul to God, only He knows your heartache and feels your pain. Ask Him for support and it will be given to you in light and in love, in strength and happiness. One day this light will shine around you and you will feel one with Him. Then you will be happy and possess pure love. Take up your burden. We call out to you: Man, dare to live. Behold all material things with your inner power and try to get to know yourself. Then you will be prepared to bear whatever comes your way, and to have faith in the things on high.'

Look, André, it seems as if something is awakening inside of him, and I hope that he will learn to see himself. I deeply regret, that help is of no avail here. He himself must feel the need to be released from this cesspool.

Come, my son, we must now go to the spot where the actual goal of our journey lies.'

Once again André was deeply impressed. They passed lots of people while they floated along. These persons were unaware that they were accompanied by their guardian angels, who tried to support them in everything.

They soon came to a street where there was a long cortege of funeral cars, starting in front of a house where the curtains had been closed. They were in a prominent neighbourhood, it showed in everything around.

'Come, let's go inside. Nobody can see us here either. We are hidden from the view of other spirits, as long as they are not attuned to us. Those who are in the light have the same intention as we have, so they won't oppose us because they're in the know and full of joy, and they have a task to fulfill just as we have.'

They had to cross various rooms to get to the death-room where many were gathered around their friend who had passed on.

'These are his friends who will be singing shortly to pay him their last respects. Listen, they're already starting.'

They sang at the top of their voice, to show how dearly they cherished the deceased, and how terrible this farewell was to them.

'He used to be their conductor, André, and now they're singing

one of his songs.'

All around the bier André saw lots of wreaths and bouquets from various musical groups and choirs.

'Come closer, André, they will soon have finished their lamentations which, by the way, only increase his suffering, and then you'll be able to hear the real truth.'

The singing had come to an end, and they filed past the bier one by one to bid their leader and friend a last farewell.

'Don't you hear anything, André?'

'Yes, Alcar, but I don't know where it's coming from. I hear a soft moaning, is it the bereaved?'

'Partly, my boy. Come closer.'

They stood directly beside the coffin and André saw a man lying inside who seemed about sixty years old.

'Now do you hear anything?'

The moaning was much louder now.

'Yes, Alcar, it's terrible, and I also see the spiritual body that's tossing and turning. It wants to get away, Alcar, do you see that?'

'Yes, son. It wants to get away, but it can't. It's being held back. There, my boy, right before your eyes, the greatest of griefs is being suffered, and this unfortunate man prepared it all himself. This man, who is being kept back in his physical body, is going to be burnt, André.'

'Oh Alcar, how terrible! Does he have to go through this while he's still alive?'

'That's just it, my son, and soon he will have to suffer much more. His physical body will be burnt and in the meantime he must endure this spiritually. Now you can see how brutally cruel his brothers are, even if they act unwittingly. This man was honoured and famous, but the gift which God granted him in order to express his feelings in music, just as a painter does so in colours, were messed up, spiritually ruined. He didn't think about God either, and now that many are gathered around him in prayer, he truly senses the great lack of Divine Love which he never gave and never wanted to see.

Not only did he lack the Divine Love, but above all he ridiculed everything that was related to the spiritual. He too was only known

to the people by his exterior, material garment. They didn't see the human being in him who hated and cursed everything. The signs of veneration which he constantly received put him in a state of self-glorification and inflated ego. His name was on everyone's lips, but the triumphs he gained made him forget that he had received his gift from God. Only strong legs can carry such wealth. When he finally got that far, he was ready to become an instrument of evil. This marked the beginning of his downfall.

He tried to crush his colleagues from his exalted position, and he destroyed many a musician by his unfair criticism. He completely forgot that his day would dawn too, even if this wouldn't happen on earth but on yonder side of the grave.

Yet there are still people who kept on regarding him as their brother and friend, people who couldn't see through his mask and didn't know him as he is spiritually. Oh, if only they knew what is happening to him now. They would be filled with horror. So you see that worldly honour is merely temporary and is meaningless in the face of eternity.

Man reaps what he sows. His hatred towards others lashes back at himself and the suffering of others turns into his own suffering. He will see how everything he wishes on others bounces back at himself. I don't need to explain this to you in detail, André, I'm sure you understand.

The 'deceased' is now in a rather dazed condition but shortly, when we're inside the crematorium, he will go mad with revenge.'

'Is there nothing we can do, Alcar? Can't we set that poor man free?'

'No, André. Only God can help in cases like these. Neither spirits nor humans can alter anything about this situation, because he has brought it on himself. It's up to him to live a different kind of life. This happens to all of us during our life on earth. God's will gives us a thorough shaking. That's how man is warned, but it's very often lost on him. Yet God's Hand warned him twice. I know this to be true. Once he fell and people thought he would die, but a little later, after he had regained his health, he went back to his former way of life and he felt hatred towards the people and also towards God, Who had given him his cross to bear. He was felled a second time

and confined to his sickbed. And when he had recovered, his hatred had become ever stronger, and he couldn't be set free from our side because he refused to listen to us. His father has been in the spirit world for a long time, but he couldn't reach him either. He tried everything to make his son see the situation he is in, but all to no avail. He often reverted to spiritism to try and give his son proof of our continued existence, but he just laughed it off and poked fun at everything. He was totally materialized and had sunken so deep spiritually that he was unable to hold on to this truth.

Only God could save him, and don't you believe that He could ever be cruel. Man creates his own fate. If this poor wretch were to be buried in the usual way, he would stay connected to his physical body until it was completely decayed. The fluid cord which links him up with matter cannot be broken off by a spiritual doctor as he created this terrible situation himself. He should have learned to believe and find God. Man must not think that God Himself will appear before his eyes, but He does make us feel that we possess a Divine Spark to become one with Him.

We are responsible for our deeds and, according to the law of cause and effect, we will reap what we sowed.

This man didn't grasp that, nor did he feel that God's Guidance can be detected in everything he perceives. This is why we can't come to his rescue right now. This man is not the only one to be tortured in this way. People just don't want to see the truth. God lets us act according to our own free will, this is necessary for our development. We must learn, and if we refuse, we will undergo the painful consequences.

From this moment on we will try to help mankind together, André, by emphatically pointing out the dangers which cremation brings along. Of course this warning is primarily intended for those who didn't live in keeping with God's laws. They can become aware of this by getting to know themselves. What a heavy penalty these individuals must pay for having sunk so deeply, when they must undergo their body's incineration while they're still connected to it by the thread of life. What an unbearable agony they must suffer during the burning process, while the fluid cord holds them captive and they cannot move unless they drag their material casing along.

But that must be ruled out, because matter is the vehicle of the spirit and not vice versa. Of course it only applies to this process. Our final farewell marks the end of our power over our material garment, and this generally coincides with our own wishes. If this person had been aware of a life after his life on earth, he would have decreed in his last will that his mortal remains be confided to the bowels of the earth in keeping with God's eternal laws. According to these eternal laws man is born out of dust and he will return unto dust. However, this was not meant to be done violently but slowly, gradually, in a natural way.

In a little while you will see why it's necessary to bury the material garment in the usual manner. This poor unfortunate man wished to be incinerated after his death and now this wish will be fulfilled.

In future it will be our task to warn people against this procedure, and when they learn the terrible facts, we might bring them to decide against cremation. This will be our task, and that's why I'm taking you along, my son. You must attend this cremation, how hard it may be for you, so that you can speak about this event later on.

Even so, there will be many who won't let our words bother them, but we will be grateful for the few that do. We can't present conclusive proof, though we gladly would. But people must believe what we say. Only one in a thousand has the gift to see like you, and to witness an event like this. Clairvoyants who are not acquainted with disembodiment need to concentrate intensely in order to grasp the moment when a person is being burnt. Yet their leaders can help them to experience this. In such a case they will not only be able to see the cremation, for if they are clairaudient they will also hear the tortured person moaning and screaming with pain and fear. All this misery is hidden to the world. God Himself could show them this human being, but there are no scientists on earth yet who understand His laws in their total scope, because the inhabitants of this planet, although they have the Divine Spark, are humans and not deities, even if they often think so. If they were willing to develop that Spark, they would sense many truths and pass these on to others and thereby give the world the beneficial qualities that would make for progress.

But man indulges in his material interests and forgets the spiritual, our Divine Spark. If he were willing to recognize this, he would receive abundantly and be capable of understanding many things, because he would then wish to become one with God, with everything, and would also try to be a perfect child of God.

The person who wants to enrich himself spiritually will receive abundantly. But only few on earth pursue this field of knowledge and learn to mature spiritually by virtue of their inherent Divine aspect, their Divine descent. This isn't easy, yet there will be helpers for these people. But first they must be prepared to give themselves entirely. Then they will receive the spiritual truth and will be raised spiritually.

The worldly scholars are unduly engrossed in material thoughts, and this won't change until they too wish to receive the spiritual truth and trust in God's wisdom. Man asks for truth and wisdom, but he forgets that these can't be given to him as long as he remains on the wrong road. He forms and builds, but he forgets that his building lacks a spiritual foundation, and sooner or later it must collapse. He will have to realize how simple it could have been. Then helpers will stand up and lead him onto the right track. That's the way it goes.

This applies to medicine too. Surgeons for instance make excessive use of their scalpels, whereas many patients could stay alive through magnetism or natural healing methods. It's all founded on the Divine Power in each and every object, but in all things the Divine principle has turned into matter, and it's stripped of spiritual feeling. This means that it will dissolve after a certain time. The pure nourishment which makes man grow has been consumed, so it's no longer on hand. People relied on science, but this has become stripped of all spiritual power. That's the situation spiritual truth is in on earth. And if we didn't help from our side and didn't try to raise mankind, then this is what they would live on, and the world would make no progress, it would keep on deteriorating right down to the ruin of all cultures.

Civilization has to some degree already been trampled on, and it's been knocked down and heavily injured by all the beatings it has taken. This abuse was created by man himself, and it will take its

course until he realizes that he acted wrongly. There are scholars who have tried to persuade man of this fact, but they were just as uncertain whether they had found the proper link between man and the great Omnipotence which is God. In their ignorance people frequently stand up against God. Very often it's not their willful intention to resist, it's their ignorance and their vain delusion that play up. And they get ample support from the individuals who believe themselves to be little godmen, able to help the world ahead by some new science which is just as worthless, because its link with the spiritual is only minute. The words 'Man, lose your will in matter' apply to them too. Private little wills do nothing to further either the world or spiritualism, our great cause. Christ gave them the truth. Everything in simplicity, but people made all simple things complicated and obscure, so that no-one can understand things any more.

Spiritual truth has become distorted and nobody knows where it all began. People roam and err around. And where will it all end? Where will it lead to if they refuse to understand and won't take the trouble to give some love?

But come along now, my boy, the procession is moving off, but the two of us will go over to the crematorium. We'll get there soon, and before the others arrive we will have time to examine a few things.'

They floated towards the crematorium as if the wind were carrying them.

'Look, André, that beautiful building, over there on the hill, it's the spirit's rack. For those who misbehaved on earth, life after death takes on a terrible beginning. It is said to be a house of peace, but in reality it's a house of grief.'

Oh man, in spite of your ignorance, realize that you put yourself on that rack, and others too, and instead of honouring those who part from you, you torture them in the most terrible way you could possibly imagine. Trust us and take this warning to heart because in your ignorance you mock God's laws. We, who dwell in the land on yonder side of the grave, we want to show you the right track that leads to the truth. We have no selfish longings, we merely wish to help you. We want to bring you the truth, because we know how

terrible the suffering is, here in the house of grief. Again we call out to you: Keep onto God's roads. Don't build your own tracks which are mere matter and pass through darkness because the builders were blind and therefore couldn't see the spiritual light. We call out to you: Do away with these terrible conditions and return to nature which you left behind so long ago. Open your eyes and see that we want to support you. See how your friends are at your side, your sisters and brothers who went before you. We want to help you and we want to help those who are tortured in this way. We are around you, but your physical eyes don't see us because you have closed yourselves off and refuse to see the truth. Open your eyes and your ears and you won't only see us, you'll hear us speak too. We truly can, because we received the power to do so from God. We're at your side, to protect you when you need protection. Oh, don't seek in the wrong places, don't look for the sunlight that isn't there on dark days, but wait until the light reappears, and you will see us, because we are that sunlight.

And when we have helped you, and you come to realize that your tracks are material, then listen to our advice, because a spiritual wind will carry the truth along in all eternity. One day you will make it stall, and you'll receive the treasures it carries in its wake. Then begin by taking in the knowledge, and cast your ignorance aside. It will enable you to travel on, further and further, until all wrong deeds are amended and transformed into better ones that contain the truth.'

'Look, André, many friends are already present whose mortal remains were burnt and who were, to varying degrees, all made to suffer under it. They are praying with me: 'Father, forgive them their errors, for they don't know what they're doing'.'

'Where are we now, Alcar?'

'We're in the combustion chamber, André. Again we've entered without anybody noticing. You'll soon see a spiritual doctor who will try to alleviate the poor musician's intense pain with magnetic striking movements. Look, he's already here, because in the spheres it's known when an unfortunate person is to be burnt.

But cremation is not only to be condemned for the unfortunate spirits, the happy ones also suffer to some degree. This depends en-

tirely on the measure of their inner strength. But even if they belong in the first or the second sphere, they should still be advised against cremation. So it's all a question of their inner condition and their attunement to the spiritual. Their happiness and their strength will be in accordance with the light they possess. And their suffering will coincide with their sorrow and distress.

Cremation will hardly have any ill effects on a spirit that immediately moves on to the third or fourth sphere when he leaves the earth, but even though these spirits are no longer attached to their body, they will feel that something is missing when they arrive in their sphere, and this will trouble them.

Due to the terrible heat inside the incinerator the physical body is consumed with a violence which clashes with all laws of nature and opposes God's intention.

So we pray that before long this act of violence be entirely abandoned for the benefit of mankind, to be replaced by a normal burial.

I could go on speaking about this topic for a long time, and I could quote hundreds of cases. But we are now concerned with this poor sinner who is still linked with his body and will soon have to suffer severely.

We won't stay on till the end, André, I mean until the body has been completely incinerated, because this would be too much for you and too horrible for you to behold. Listen, the organ is beginning to play! So the procession has arrived.

Come, we're going upstairs. This is funeral music, André, and the people who want to attend the solemn incineration are entering from all sides. Afterwards they will tell others how beautiful it was.

Look, André, the poor man is already being placed on the catafalque which will take him down below. We call it the lift of the dead.'

A last farewell was called out by all those present, and the lift slowly sank down at the tones of the stately organ.

'We will follow, my boy. Be strong, because the torture will now start. Do you see him and do you hear him shouting?'

'Yes, Alcar.'

'He already sees and feels what is about to happen to him.'

André kept a tight hold on Alcar.

‘Come and stand close to me, my boy.’

Something terrible was going to happen. They heard the poor man shout: ‘You brutes, murderers, is this how you honour a person?’

But this stream of abuse didn’t trouble those upstairs, they all stood there with frozen faces and were full of pity without knowing how gruesome this poor man’s fate was.

‘He already feels the infernal pain which his spiritual body must endure, André.’

In the meantime the lift had descended into the combustion chamber.

‘It’s not bad to die, my son, because death is a mighty saviour, but to be tortured in a way which is unequalled on earth is horrible. The spirit feels, hears and sees everything, even after it has left the body, because it stays attached to it via the fluid cord. This only applies to those who are tied to their body, who forgot themselves during their life on earth. Other situations exist, in which the spirits are all cut off from their physical body. But this man remains riveted to his body until the link is broken off.’

‘How terrible for this poor man, Alcar.’

‘That’s how it is, and again it’s the result of his ignorance. He can’t focus his attention because he was too much in love with matter, and so he has neglected his spiritual side. If he had found God during his life on earth, everything would be different for him now, and he wouldn’t have to undergo this torture, because then his spiritual attunement would be different. His whole earthly life was to no avail. After all, he should have developed spiritually. This is true for everyone, for the rich and the poor alike.

But if his body were not to be burnt, he would have to undergo the decay of his material garment. You will shortly see this condition too. Is everything clear to you, André?’

‘No, Alcar. I don’t quite understand.’

‘Then first take a look, my boy. I will try to make everything clearer to you afterwards.’

André looked, and with his spiritual eyes he could clearly perceive the body in the incinerator. The heat inside didn’t obstruct their vision, as it was a material kind of heat.

The organ was still playing, but the people who had payed their

last respects to the 'deceased' had left.

André now saw the body cringing, turning to and fro and writhing like a living body, while the shouting, blaring and crying that he heard made him tremble with horror. It was too much to look at and to listen to. How dreadful this suffering was!

There were two bodies there in front of him, the physical and the spiritual. One moment they would be standing, then they would fall and writhe around each other.

'Oh Alcar, I can't stand this. Let's get out of here.'

Alcar put his arm around André's shoulder to give him support and they left. He could still hear the words in his ears: 'Hypocrites, bastards', and lots more.

'It's terrible, Alcar, it's horrible.'

'It certainly is. Come, my boy, I'll help you, otherwise you won't pull through.'

'Oh Alcar, how terrible. I never want to see anything like it again. Nobody can bear this. Oh, how that man must suffer.'

Alcar laid his hands on André's head to ease the terrible shock which the sight of all these gruesome things had given him.

'However bad a person may have been, Alcar, and no matter how many crimes he may have committed, this punishment is really very hard.'

'There are even worse. This is only one out of many punishments, which people bring on themselves. Never forget this, André.'

André prayed that God might be merciful on the poor sinner.

'That's what cremation is like for those who are tied to the physical body, my son. The spiritual body won't be released until after the material one has been entirely destroyed. You will now understand how necessary it is that people's eyes are opened in this respect too, in order that they prefer the graveyard to the crematorium in future. This procedure will take some hours, and when the sentence has been fulfilled the spiritual doctor will take him to a place in the spheres where he can repent. There he will be able to decide where he wants to go: upwards or downwards.

He will lose consciousness, because he can't stand up to this, but when he comes round again, he will want to follow his own way, and driven by intense hatred he will persecute people, because he

believes that they caused him to suffer like this.

Then the time will come for him to roam around with the terrible scars caused by the fire which cover his spiritual body.'

André was in a sad mood. It was a terrible form of torture. He had seen how the poor man was unable to free himself when he tried to get away. His body had to be entirely burnt before the fluid cord would break.

He had seen both bodies, the one was insensitive, whereas the other was all the more sensitive, and he had seen how these bodies writhed around each other, matter and spirit, down there in that horrible oven.

'You're right, Alcar. This is not a house of peace, it's a house of grief.'

'Nobody thinks about that on earth, André. The spiritual body must not only behold how its physical carriage is burnt, it must also undergo the pain and the grief which is caused by the incineration. This isn't phantasy but sad reality, a reality which is entirely due to a lack of spiritual feeling. But materialists don't believe this. How could this unfortunate man ever believe in a God after being forced to endure these pains! Try talking to him about God. He wouldn't bother to listen to you, and that's why he can't be helped yet. He is consumed by a hatred which has increased and become even more intense than it was during his life on earth.

If a person in his condition could really believe in God, he would be released from this torture and be able to go wherever he wanted, although he wouldn't be allowed to rise higher than the sphere he is attuned to within. Is the situation clearer to you now, André?'

'Yes, Alcar, I understand it all now. Where will this man go to after he wakes up?'

'His sphere lies down below. That's where the dark spheres are. That is where he will go if he doesn't repent. And once he has arrived there he will find enough buddies to support him in his vindictive plans. Then he will return to the earth with his new companions and exert a devastating influence on every person who is not steadfast in his love to God or who has no faith in good.

Evil must not be repayed with evil, but I fear that he won't take much notice of that in his state of mind. And so evil keeps on fester-

ing. Evil punishes itself. If he had been buried in the usual way he would, after fulfilling his sentence, have been given the opportunity to develop, as his hatred would not have been nurtured by this gruesome incineration process. And yet he will have to kneel down and ask God for forgiveness. That day will come, but it may take a long time yet, maybe even centuries.

But what are a thousand years compared to eternity? On earth people think that they are terribly old once they have reached an advanced age according to earthly standards. But what do these few years mean in comparison to eternity? Merely a flash.

We will now travel to the dark spheres, the place this individual is tuned in to. This you must see too, in order to get a clear picture. Remain strong, André, it's a tough journey for you.'

Hand in hand they floated away from the earth.

'Do you feel a little better, my boy?'

'Yes, Alcar, but without your great strength I wouldn't be able to manage.'

'We won't stay in the dark spheres for long. I will only show you the place where our friend will live.'

Again André saw the earth as a small disc, but now he had a better understanding of the things he perceived.

'Look, André, that's where we were just now and where we experienced all those terrible things. How trivial the earth is between all those big planets. How easy it would be for God to give it some help. Don't think He'll ever forget the earth. It receives enough spiritual nourishment. God lets people have their own way, since they have to learn. After all, they themselves incur all that misery, and they must find their way out again to get ahead, no-one else can do it for them. One day they will mature.

You notice how it's getting darker and darker. We've reached the land of twilight. This dull-grey heaven is the sphere which borders on the dark areas. But we've got yet another twilight land. That one borders on the spheres of light, where the higher areas commence. It's used as a purification sphere. This twilight land, however, belongs to the dark spheres, and after we have passed through we will find ourselves on the spot where our friend will go to. You will see how it constantly changes colour, André.'

‘This is very strange, Alcar. The heaven has got a constant dark colour although the various hues change their brightness from one moment to the other.’

‘This indicates that we are in the vicinity of the dark spheres. Everything intermingles here. The light keeps changing its colour but in the end it retains a constant shade.’

They floated onwards.

‘Well, we’ve now arrived at our destination. This dark brown sky which is lit up by a reddish glow is the light which this sphere, this land of hatred and envy, possesses. It’s the light which the millions who live here are tuned in to within.’

On our first journey we saw the light of the third sphere. So now you can compare both these radiations and derive how deeply the inhabitants of this spheres have fallen.

We have now reached the border, where the land of hatred begins. Come, let’s look for a spot on this high hill.’

André looked around. He made out a large town, right in front of him, in that deep, glowing darkness. There were many towers, sharply outlined against the red brown sky. From their viewpoint a splendid, yet also gloomy panorama reached out before them.

‘This big town only knows grief and misery. The people brought it on themselves because they didn’t want to get to know and love God. Many of them have spent hundreds of years down there and in all that time haven’t yet felt the urge to seek a purer light. They live on in the same humdrum they were used to on earth.’

The town stretched right upto the horizon, where André thought he detected a little more light.

‘Can’t this town be sized up in one glance, Alcar?’

‘No, André, it couldn’t be sized up in a thousand years, because it stretches out into infinity. I wouldn’t dare say ‘into eternity’ because I hope that these spheres will one day also possess the light from on high.’

You see how the spirits build their houses and temples there too, just as in the higher regions.’

‘Alcar, you said that this is the place where the poor man whom we saw being burnt this morning will live for the time being, didn’t you?’

‘Yes, André, this is the sphere that he’s in tune with.’

‘What will he do, Alcar, after he has arrived?’

‘That’s when his lawlessness will really unfold, and he will try to give full vent to his vindictiveness towards the people he assumes to have caused all the torture he suffered.’

‘Do they all live there together, Alcar? The rich and the poor?’

‘Yes, André. They are all one down there. Kings and queens, princes and princesses and the poorest among the poor. This is true for all the regions. But when someone arrives here who boasts about his former existence, what he used to be, he is scoffed at by everyone. Down here the person who can influence others and has control over the masses through his powers of concentration is the boss. I worked down there for a long time to help the unfortunate.’

‘Aren’t we going down there, Alcar?’

‘No, my boy, not now. Later on. Otherwise it would all be too much for you. And don’t think it’s so simple to get in there. Before you descend into that sphere of hatred, passion and violence you must take the necessary precautions. Don’t forget that you wouldn’t find the slightest trace of love down there. It isn’t an easy place to work in. Only those who are steadfast and possess a strong spiritual power, and who can find their bearings wherever they go and are also able to focus their attention are capable of that. They must be superior to these spirits in all respects, and that is saying a lot, because evil is a cunning opponent.’

‘Intelligences from higher regions descend into the dark spheres in many groups and columns to perform their work of love for three or four months, according to earthly time.’

‘But how do you find the unfortunate spirits amongst all these millions, Alcar?’

‘Their cries of anguish and their shouts for help reach the higher regions, and the helpers below are informed from there. Then they set off. They have to possess an infinite love for mankind, otherwise they wouldn’t be able to stand it for long. This work of love helps them to develop too and this makes them gain spiritual power. And when they have found someone who calls for help from the bottom of his heart, and begs God to be released from that dark cesspool, then that person is brought to a higher sphere which is, as it were,

set up for purification. A lot is done for the unfortunate, but it's hard work.

On one of my journeys to the dark regions I met a princess who bore that title on earth. She had arrived there only recently and she boasted about her beauty, which caused her to be ridiculed by everyone. But she didn't understand this and would have done anything to punish these scoffers. They didn't give her the chance though. And when they had laughed enough to their liking, they held up a mirror so that she could take a look at herself. You should have seen her, André. She screamed and covered her face with her hands. Then she fled, because it was an awful mask, a terribly mutilated face that looked back at her out of that mirror. So much for her spiritual beauty.

I saw her again, lonely and deserted, some time afterwards. She was lonely and abandoned. She no longer wants to show herself and for the time being she won't boast about the position she once held on earth.

But if she will ask God for help and forgiveness and wants to work hard on herself, then in time she will regain her beauty, which will be far superior to her earthly elegance.'

'All the same, Alcar, it's pitiful.'

'You really think this is pitiful, André? She had fallen even deeper than the woman we visited this morning. Creatures like that don't lift a finger, and wherever they go they bring sorrow and grief, where happiness and love ought to be brought. And in the life after death they still boast about their possessions on earth.

But what could worldly beauty and worldly possessions mean to her, after she neglected the spiritual and the condition of her soul! Earthly things are merely temporary and have no real value. When your aunt passed on, we saw how beautiful she became after she had left her physical body. In due time you will see how beautiful she now is in the spheres, although nobody would have called her a beauty on earth. But she was a believer, she gave love and she lived the way a child of God ought to live. Situations such as the one the princess experienced are pitiful because they bring on suffering and misery and because people won't see the condition they are in. Believe me when I tell you that there are thousands down there who

don't even know that they have died on earth.'

'They don't even know they're dead, Alcar?'

'That's right, André, and that certainly proves that people arrive in the spheres in the same soul condition they were in on earth. Afterwards they are brought to the place that corresponds with their inner being.

I'll explain these and other such soul conditions to you more clearly some other time, and afterwards we will visit the dark spheres together, but before you can stand up to this as disembodied spirit you must first get stronger. You will have to see other situations too, in order to understand everything in its full scope.

When we have returned to earth you will have a sure feeling what happened to you this morning. But I'm telling you, try to pull through, and pray frequently. Remember that, André. Everything has its price. Your gift is your treasure, you know that, and it's a mercy that you may behold all this. That's why you must want to put up a fight in order to help these poor human beings.'

'I'll readily do so, Alcar. I'm glad that you're willing to take me along and I promise that I'll do my best and try to understand everything.'

'Good, my boy, this will strengthen you and make you gain spiritual power. That's why we will continue to make other journeys.'

'I suppose this must be the hell as earthly doctrine tells us about, Alcar?'

'Yes, André, according to earthly doctrine this is hell and the millions it harbours would, again according to this doctrine, be damned forever. This is what people are taught on earth, but this hell looks quite different from what they are told and presented with. The unfortunate suffer enough as it is. Just imagine them burning forever! This morning the poor musicien was in hell temporarily, in the true sense of the word.

The dark spheres constitute hell in the hereafter, but the spirits that live there don't have to stay forever, because God damns nobody, so they too will one day reach the higher regions. No child of God is ever lost. This is all nonsense, and the clergy who, during their life on earth, continuously talk about hell, devils, purgatory and damnation will, after they have passed on, come to recognize

that they have been talking gibberish because they didn't know the truth. There are a lot of things they preach about as if it were the truth, and yet these are merely their own phantasies.

What's the use of these sermons about hell and damnation? Later on you will find many of these theologians down there too, because they weren't free of hatred and envy either, and they robbed many a person of his faith, his hope and his love.'

'Look, Alcar, there are some spirits over there.'

'I saw them a while ago, André, but I waited until you saw them. Quietly stay where you are. They can't see us because they aren't attuned to us.'

'What kind of spirits are they, Alcar?'

'These are sentries who guard the entrance to this sphere. They're on the look-out for anyone arriving here, and all they're after is to assault travellers who have lost their way and then drag them down. But this can't happen to us, contrary to spirits who aren't yet aware of their inner powers which consequently remain undeveloped. They can't see us. But you will understand that one can't just enter the sphere. Look, they're going away, André.'

You can compare this situation to that of the poor mother we saw this morning. She didn't see us either, although we were right behind her.'

'Is her situation just as unhappy, Alcar?'

'No, it isn't, because she no longer knows hatred. She now possesses pure love and gives it to others. That's something entirely different. Do you understand this, André? You must develop an accurate awareness of these soul conditions. Hers is already far beyond that of these sentries. She admits her mistakes and she knows what she has misdone. And because she is aware of it, she tries to raise herself by giving love. She can go wherever she wants to, whereas many of those living here remain chained to this place until they are released from the hatred that keeps them captive. The mother will soon see the light, because if one gives love one finds God. This will gradually further her progress.'

'How long will our friend have to remain in the dark, Alcar?'

'It could take years, André, or even centuries.'

'Will he remain in this place, even if he longs for goodness?'

‘No, of course not. I told you, didn’t I, that spirits who begin to feel a longing for higher things will be taken to other places through the help of those who work here. There they have to learn, and they will be shown what they did wrong on earth, providing they want to know. Up here everyone’s course of life is known. This is followed, sooner or later but without exception, by feelings of remorse. Often thoughts relating to reincarnation arise in these persons, as a form of help and mercy from God. They may, and subsequently can return to earth, and during their new earthly life they get the chance to make amends for all the sorrow and the grief they caused. Unconsciously they carry within themselves the urge to do good, because they have reached this raised condition on our side, after they have fought to get there, even though many mistakes still cling to them. It’s a great mercy when they sense a holy longing to remedy what they did wrong. This is one of the greatest amongst God’s laws because it illustrates His infinite Love.

A lot can be said about reincarnation. There are many who believe in it on earth, but they don’t know how it’s organized.

Some time ago an author passed on who, when he arrived, laughed at everything, and boasted about all the things he had achieved. Many years went by before he finally felt remorse and sensed a longing to do good. He was then shown what he had done during his life and he was startled that this was all known here. He could have been shown every letter he had written, because everything that is performed spiritually continues to exist. Our thoughts also continue to exist once we have shaped them. The contents of the works he had written were on a low level and also in direct opposition to spiritual standards.

When he returned to earth he accomplished his life as God required of him, because he had learnt to love God and to recognize Him in everything. It enabled him to enter into the light within a short earthly life, which could otherwise have taken centuries. This is only a small illustration, André, because there is so much more to be said about reincarnation.

I told you that it’s a great mercy for lower spirits to be allowed to return to earth, but those who possess spiritual power and who know how pure and how lovely things are in the spheres of light don’t feel

the urge to do so, because they no longer cherish earthly life. When our friend has reached that stage, the path will also be open to him if that's what he longs for. God has prepared many paths for His children and they all lead upward and all join onto the road that will take them to the House of the Father.

For the less fortunate we will quote a few words that come from out of the depths of our heart. I remember how my master once spoke the following words to me: 'I tell you, one person oppresses the other, but in the life after this life they will appear before the sole Judgement seat and then it will be revealed what one has sinned towards another. Woe him who deliberately causes another to suffer.

There are only few on earth who take this into account. That is why I come here, to all of you, and I will never abandon you, because you want what is good. In time you will understand what this really means.'

We were in other regions to perform work at the time, and I understood what he said, André. I keep on repeating these words, over and over again, because they have given me strength and I understand how they were meant, how I could reach God and how I must love man.

My master, who lived on earth more than two thousand years ago, descended down to us from higher regions and gave us these words which are meant for everyone.

It shows you, André: simplicity and humility in all things. It means strength and love. Oh, it is so vital for people to know this. Look at all the sinning and the way people live! There's no sensitivity on earth for spiritual warmth because people feel materially and think materially. Many whom we visited together scoffed at us, my son, because we were so full of all our spiritual treasures. Later, when they arrive on our side, they would like us to pay attention to them, but that is not possible any more, it will be too late by then. Our paths will have diverged too much by then, because we keep going, ever onward. I get my orders too, new paths are shown to us, and other people, those who do appreciate what this is worth, need our help. Their eyes will be opened one day, but by then we will have become invisible to them. The time will come for their clock to stop, and they will appear spiritually naked, and everyone will ridi-

culc them for boasting about a life that was lived totally in vain. Have pity on these people who pride themselves on their material possessions and who believe that this sets them above their fellowmen. There's an end to that up here. God rules here and they must bend their knees if they want to see the light. The time will come for them to be judged by a righteous power. Theirs they will lose and they will become subjected to God's Omnipotence. One day they will recognize the value of the spiritual treasures which they could have received on earth, but which they refused because of their love and approval of material things. Even their thinking focussed entirely on matter.

One day their selfish plans will be seen for what they really are, and their comedy will come to a final end. Everyone will see what kind of friends they were, what friendship meant to them, and the kind of friendship they preferred. All earthly things pass away, André. And shouldn't this gladden our hearts? Shouldn't we thank God that our love and our intentions will one day be seen for what they're really worth? When that time comes, our love and our intentions will no longer be insulted by jealous and ignorant people. Isn't it marvellous, André, to know that in due time we will stand before the righteous God?

One day we will see God, and He alone can help us. He knows how a person intended to live his life on earth. One day people will understand how much love we wanted to *give*, but *couldn't* because they refused to see our giving hands. One day people will yearn for spiritual truths. One day people will see the truth of everything that was given to them spiritually. In eternity our intentions will be understood. There only God rules, our mutual Father, because you must know, my son, that there is only one power that binds and holds everything together, namely God.

Nothing can be hidden that is performed spiritually, nor can it be destroyed. The true shape of all things will then be revealed in that great, holy, eternal Light.'

'People ought to hear this, Alcar.'

'They will, André. I will tell them through you.'

I will also try to convey these spheres in colours. When that piece comes over, you will recognize it immediately. But it won't be easy

for me to render it correctly. I'll do my best though. You will receive that piece.'

They had spent quite some time on the high hill.

'Take another look down there, André, because we won't be back for some time.'

'How great God's Omnipotence must be, Alcar, that He knows the soul condition of every one of His millions of children.'

'That's well seen, André. God knows everything, God sees everything, God is within everything. That's why He is almighty and knows every soul condition. God is power, God is love, God is light. To make it even clearer to you how He knows every thing and every soul condition I will tell you something that is related to this.

A long time ago I visited a circle on earth where séances were held on a weekly basis. I wasn't a member of that circle but I used to come as an onlooking spirit. It often happens during séances that we see yet aren't recognized, and that people don't know the purpose of our visits to the earth.

My friends brought spiritual nourishment which was received by the circle via a cross and board. Eight earthly persons took part in these weekly séances, including a mother who had suddenly lost her seven year old child after a short but severe illness. After the little one had spent some time in the spheres she was taken along to earth by her grandfather because her mother was constantly calling for her sweetheart. He took her to the sessions to bring her in contact with her mother. So through spiritism the mother was enabled to talk to her child again. This went on for some years and I don't need tell you, André, how happy it made the mother to be regularly cheered up by her child.

The little one soon got adapted to her new situation and she developed very rapidly. After four years, when the girl had become eleven years old according to earthly reckoning, the mother passed on and those left behind promptly thought: She's with her sweetheart now, and she'll be very happy.

After she had been on our side for a while she was taken to the earth to be present at the séances, as a spirit this time. They told her: 'You will have seen Rietje', this was her little daughter's name, but she had to admit that this wasn't the case. They immediately under-

stood the reason. She wasn't attuned to the spiritual state of her daughter yet. She suffered greatly under this sadness, even worse than after the little one had parted from her on earth. She had been allowed to contact her there from time to time, but now she didn't see her and wasn't allowed to talk to her. The poor mother suffered terribly, but she understood why she wasn't allowed to associate with her child, and she decided to search for the things on high.'

'Why wasn't she allowed to see her child, Alcar?'

'I'll tell you, André. I told you some time ago that one can't become a spiritual being merely by taking part in séances. One has to develop spiritually.

That kind of work isn't done for kicks, nor is spiritual nourishment given for that reason. It must serve to enrich mankind. Man must try to find God through this truth and to love everything He created.

Although she took part in scéances, she remained a person who felt more attracted to matter and tended to treat things lightly. Our side never puts pressure on anyone, André, one has to learn to sense things oneself. We want to help, out of love for the people, without wanting any thanks in return. But she didn't feel the great mercy which was bestowed on her when her child was brought back to her, and it didn't dawn on her that her time would come too and that on her arrival in the spheres she would have to shed the same light as her child to be able to see her. Now they are both in the spheres, though they're not together. But one day this will come about, and from then on they will be happy forever.

Do you understand everything now, André? Can you sense that this is convincing proof of God's Omnipotence? Is it becoming clear to you that everything is ruled and regulated by His Omnipotence? The mother wouldn't stand the slightest chance of finding her daughter here on our side without our help, because she lacks the spiritual light and the strength. *God is in everything*. That's why He knows the condition of every soul. God is *omnipresent*, in the highest heavens as well as on earth and in the dark spheres too.'

'How beautiful and holy this all is, Alcar.'

'It certainly is holy, André. One day our little clock will stop ticking and we'll find out whether we loved God in the proper way.

We're going back to earth now, André. Don't forget to pray for the unfortunate one who is about to arrive here.'

They floated rapidly towards the earth and again André saw our planet surrounded by the other planets. They got nearer and nearer and he saw how the colours in the sky kept on changing.

'Right, we'll continue on foot now.'

'Where are we going to, Alcar?'

'You'll soon find out. Come along now.'

André saw lots of people around, carrying flowers and wreaths and all going the same way as they were.

'Oh, I see, Alcar, we're going to a cemetery. There it is.'

'Exactly. This is a cemetery and you see how lots of people are going to lay flowers on the graves of their beloved. The bereaved don't find much consolation there, but an ignorant person can't imagine what reality is, he can't picture it. He thinks that all his beloved ones do indeed lie beneath the tombstones, and to visit them is his only consolation. He thinks he honours them and loves them in this way.

Come and stand beside me, André. I'll show you something sad soon. You have to see more, so be strong.'

They walked past many graves and Alcar suddenly stopped.

'Right, we'll stay here for a moment. This is the grave of a girl aged twenty-five. Take a good look around and listen.'

André saw an angel standing on the grave, hewn out of snow-white marble. It held a palm in his right hand and seemed to lean over as if to protect the grave.

André read: Here lies our beloved daughter, grandchild and sister, Anna Maria H., born in H. on September 14th 1901, died on August 7th 1926. She was our beloved child. May she rest in peace.

'Look, André, the couple standing in front of the grave are her parents, they put these beautiful flowers on the tombstone as a token of their love. I'll show you more, but don't speak.'

André had to restrain himself from making any sound because next to the parents he saw a young girl, as beautiful as an angel and dressed entirely in white. She held her arms around her mother who didn't seem to notice anything. Nor did she hear the soft voice that said to her: 'Mother, mother, I'm with you. Don't be sad, I'm happy.'

André looked from her to her mother, but she didn't hear this soft voice that sounded so clear and could be heard from afar by various spirits who had all come along with their beloved ones.

Again she called: 'Mother, mother!', and now there was a heart-rending tone in her voice. She tried to shake her mother gently to and fro, but she didn't succeed. Again she called: 'Mother, mother!' but the latter remained deaf to her words. Then she became very sad and when Alcar went up to her, André heard her asking him whether he could help her.

Oh, how beautiful she is, and how pure, he thought. Her complexion was even more beautiful than that of the white marble angel on her tombstone. It was just as if she had descended from heaven, in her angelic innocence and tenderness.

'Oh brother', he heard her say, 'how can I reach my parents? Can't anything be done about this?'

'Yes, dear sister, I will help you, but in a different way. What are you doing here in the earth's sphere? Your house lies in the spheres of light, doesn't it?'

'Yes, brother, it does, but I find no peace. They keep on drawing me back here. I have no peace due to all their sorrow and all their grief. Oh, if only they knew that I'm alive and that I'm well, then I could be happy in the spheres of light, happiness and love. But I can't be happy now because they don't know. Oh, help me, please help me. I beseech you. Your home is also in the light. Help me, brother, that I may reach them.'

'I would gladly help you, dear sister, but it's impossible for me, because you can't reach your father and your mother like this. Their earthly ears don't hear you and their earthly eyes don't see you. They don't notice that you are standing here next to them alive, that you are holding them, that you love them and that you are calling out to them: Don't be sad, dear parents, I am happy. They are deaf to your soft yet clear voice. Their physical ears don't hear you because they are closed off spiritually. But we will help you. My friend and I are determined to convince them of your life in the spheres. He is my instrument and will tell them, if they are willing to listen. I am showing him these situations and he will make it known on earth how terrible they are. You can't do anything for your parents like this

and you're not yet familiar with the way to reach them, my child.'

'Mother has been sad for so long now, brother. She can't get over it. She can't be helped. That's why I've come down to earth. I'm often at home with them and I've tried so many ways to get in contact with them. But they won't deviate from what they were once taught, namely that God will call me one day. In their opinion this will be the last judgement. Help me, please help me. They have to know that I am alive and happy. It would make life much more bearable for them.'

'I will help you, if that's what you want. Go back to your sphere, try to get help from higher regions, pray to God for help, and then return to your parents. Then you will be able to reach them with the aid of higher intelligences. That help will be given to you when you ask God. Now free yourself from your parents. You can't stay here, because certain unfortunate spirits will soon appear who would mock you and ridicule you and take pleasure in your suffering. Let go of your parents and try to reach them the way I advised you to.'

The girl looked at Alcar lovingly, took his hand in hers and said: 'I thank you for your dear words, brother. I will do my best and I see now that I should not have come here like this.'

Once more her clear eyes looked at him, then she left.

'Did you understand everything, André?'

'Yes, Alcar. How sweet she is and how beautiful! She's like an angel.'

'She's a spirit who belongs in the spheres of light and happiness, where harmony prevails, but the parents of this dear child, because she is, after all, still a child, keep on drawing her back to earth with their great sadness and she can't be happy in the spheres because their heartrending thoughts reach out to her. She keeps on feeling their grief and this forces her to come here, although her parents don't notice anything of her presence, nor do they hear her soft voice. They stand here at a grave where nothing can be found except a little pile of dust, while their child is alive and stood next to them without seeing her. Their conviction draws them to this grave, where they think they can find their daughter.'

It's terrible for a spirit that comes to give help and support when he experiences that he is not seen, and his consoling words aren't heard.

This girl does indeed possess the power to come through to her parents, but she doesn't yet know how to use it, and make contact through her influence on them.

She wouldn't come down to earth often if she weren't called or drawn back there.

Such cases are frequent, and if she does what I told her she will be helped. Her prayer will soon be heard because her plea is pure and she wants to approach God in love. Her prayer is pure because she only asks to be allowed to give love.

This is going to be a hard day for you, André, but be brave. When you're back in your body again I will help you to deal with all the sadness you absorbed and experienced as a spirit.'

They were now standing at another grave.

'Look, there's a young woman here standing at her mother's grave, but you also see that the mother, as a spirit, is standing next to her to support her and give her strength.

There are thousands and thousands on earth who don't hear and don't see, nor do they realize that these situations do indeed exist.

Look over there, André, a different sight again: a young mother at the grave of her child. The child is standing next to her, but he's not alone, he's accompanied by the grandfather who has been in the spheres for a long time already, as I can tell by his radiation. The boy wouldn't be able to find his way to earth on his own, but he undoubtedly feels all the sorrow the mother is going through since she can't forget her child.'

André saw a boy of about thirteen or fourteen and next to him his grandfather who was holding his hand.

'This boy will also learn to understand this kind of situation. And when some time has passed he will work at it and do his utmost to convince his parents of his continued existence, and to give them proof of his life in the spheres of happiness, love and life. He's happy there too. Come, he mustn't see us, I must prevent that.

Everyone from yonder side of the grave will try to reach his beloved. And after many, many years we will finally succeed.'

Now they approached a grave that had just been dug.

'I already see who will be buried here, André. It's a woman, still young, who passed on before her time. I see her, although she's not

yet visible to you, because her thoughts reach me from the place she's at now. She will be laid in this grave 'to rest' and who knows how many will visit her here again.'

'Do spirits often desire to see their buried bodies again, Alcar?'

'Certainly, my boy, but by no means all, because they know what they will see.

The garment they cast off and which in some cases they loved so much immediately starts to decay and is soon a repulsive sight. The spirits who nevertheless want to take another look at the body which they idolized on earth are so horrified that they flee in haste, never more to return to the cemetery where they willingly grant the earth what belongs to it. This is how this young woman will fare too.'

'Can nothing be done for such poor creatures, Alcar?'

'Certainly, André, if that's their wish. I'll show you what's behind it all shortly. You are deeply impressed by the misery we saw this morning, but you don't quite know yet who can be helped. When you've spent more time on our side you will soon get to know where you can really do good. You must still learn to detect feigned sorrow. Your love for everything that suffers is very fine, my son, but you must get a proper understanding where real sorrow is experienced and who is in real need of your pity. You must develop an accurate feeling for what is real and what is phoney. The foreign town where you once felt so deeply unhappy was charged with real despair and terrible suffering. Those spirits were indeed to be deeply pitied and the compassion you felt then was not out of place. Yet you will often experience the contrary and receive little thanks for loving assistance. If you had love work to perform in the dark spheres, you would be amazed. Yet we must all go through the mill. We receive lessons there in the knowledge of the human soul.

Now we'll proceed to the last spot I want to visit with you before we end our voyage. Hold tight, André, because I will show you a spirit that is still attached to his body. Such a person must also suffer enormously as he has to undergo the decay of his body in darkness and in the cold.

You're not allowed to ask me anything when we get to him and you may only look on.'

André saw the grave of an adult man in front of him but no mat-

ter where he looked, there was nothing else to be seen. Then he looked at Alcar and it seemed as if he were being told: 'Stay where you are.'

He stopped and no longer saw Alcar. But he did hear him talking. He was apparently in conversation with someone else because he clearly heard him say: 'For heaven's sake, man, look for God. Try to find God. Learn to pray.'

Now he heard how Alcar was jeered at. A demonic laugh sounded across the big cemetery while he heard a sneering voice say: 'Look for God? Go to hell with your God.'

André was terribly shocked. Who dared to speak like that? Who ever could forget himself in such a way? Hadn't he clearly heard: 'Go to hell with your God'? He didn't know in what kind of a hell he had landed, and he would have run away if Alcar hadn't told him before to stay where he was.

'Do you think', he heard, 'that your God would leave me lying here like this if He were so good? I tell you again: Go to hell! Go away and preach to yourself. Pray for yourself, man, and shut up. Go away I tell you, and go and fool someone else, you've never set eyes on God yourself.'

Now André heard Alcar's clear voice again: 'Just try to say: Oh God, help me!' and He will hear your prayer. God, help me! If you ask this honestly, you will be released from your physical body.'

Again that devilish laugh resounded and in-between he heard the voice shout: 'God, help me? Man, stop your nonsense, don't get me drunk on your sweet talk. I tell you again: Get lost, I don't need your help. I've never needed anybody, never yet.'

Then he heard the man declaring what he had been on earth. He had held a high office and had been widely reputed.

'Oh those rogues', he shouted again, 'if ever I get hold of them! I promise you, they won't get rid of me. Just you wait. I've already had a lot of your kind down here. Two-faced pious people, all of them. You're one of them too, I suppose. Go away, man, quick!'

Now André clearly saw a figure that moved a few metres away from the grave but couldn't get any further. He lunged as if he was being pulled back by an invisible hand.

Again he heard the voice: 'Aren't you gone yet?'

Then all was silent and at the same moment he saw Alcar whose fine radiation gradually became visible again.

He leapt towards him and felt overjoyed that he was reunited with his leader.

‘Oh Alcar, this is terrible. I can’t stand any more of this.’

‘Come on, son, be brave. Do you understand the essence of this?’

‘Yes, Alcar, what a terrible blasphemer that man is!’

‘I’ll explain to you on the way what happened here during the last few minutes. We will now leave this acre of death, and of the living too. You know enough now. I had to take on this appearance to make myself known. You probably saw how my own light disappeared.’

‘Yes, Alcar, but I didn’t know what this meant. I lost sight of you and everything turned dark around me. But I heard that devilish laugh and the talking and shouting very clearly.’

‘I wanted to go up to him on my own because you haven’t been informed yet how we must work to get in touch with such an unfortunate creature. He didn’t see me until I showed myself to him without my radiation. It can’t be done in any other way. If we had approached him in the usual fashion he would have quietly remained sitting on his grave, but I wanted you to hear how deeply this poor man is still tied down in matter, how infinitely far from perfection he still is. You heard his blasphemies. I’m not the only one who has tried to help him along in freeing himself from his body. If he wanted to, he could make his situation change within a short time.

After I had spoken a few words to him he wanted to walk away but the invisible cord, the silver thread, held him and pulled him back to his body which is already in a far gone state of decay.’

‘I saw how he couldn’t get any further, Alcar, but I didn’t see any cord. It was so dark around.’

‘You were outside of everything, André, otherwise you would have seen it. This wasn’t possible because I wanted to keep you out of everything. My strong will power and my ability to concentrate enabled me to show you that he is still attached to his physical body. He has spent considerable time on that graveyard, you can tell by the advanced state of decay. He won’t be able to move around freely again before that process has come to an end and then he will want

to take revenge for the alleged injustice which was inflicted on him. He will also try to carry out the devilish plans he has already concocted.

You probably didn't notice, but he has got a big hole in his head that was caused by a bullet. He still suffers unbearable pains due to this injury, which he temporarily did not feel because of his anger while I was talking to him.

He will stay in this condition until he has made enough spiritual progress and has outgrown matter. And it's precisely this power which he lacks.

Now he is forced to watch his body through the layer of earth and see it decaying. There are more such conditions, some of which even surpass this one in horror. You have witnessed all this misery as a spirit. More convincing proof cannot be given. And now I urge you, my boy, to tell your experiences to all who are willing to listen. Tell them, because they must know how terrible the consequences are when man forgets himself on earth. Tell them as often as you can. We'll help you in this.

We work everywhere for the great cause, and thousands will set out on journeys, just as we do. But it's such a pity that many of us lose their instrument because it lacks the courage to fight the good fight. We demand obedience from our instruments, and simplicity of the heart but above all love for God. And when they comply with our wishes, we can, in return, give them lots and lots of beauty, because we too receive our support from the higher regions.

There are also many who lose their instrument when it gets consumed by jealousy of other mediums. Never disappoint me, my boy, and together we'll accomplish a lot. God will bless us for this work which we hope to continue until eternity. Together forever in the hereafter. Won't that be marvellous?

Keep your gifts pure, André, especially your magnetic power, and pray often. God will be with us.'

The journey had come to an end, and André saw that Alcar's helpers had again kept faithful watch over his body.

Adonis came forward and greeted him warmly and asked: 'Were things better than the first time, my brother?'

André merely nodded. Again he was unable to speak, because he

felt the imminent parting, the farewell from his dear friend.

Adonis understood, took both his hands in his to bid him good-bye and left.

‘You see how we’re always prepared for everything, André. Early this morning Adonis received my orders. And now, for the last time, be strong, my boy. Think of me and call me whenever you need me. We’re always in contact with each other, and I will help you in everything. When you’re back in your body I will tell you what to do.’

Alcar pressed André to his breast.

The link of love between these two people was becoming stronger and holier and would always remain. Alcar the radiant being, and André the physical human accomplish the same work together, and pursue the same goal which they one day hope to reach.

André wept with joy because his friend, his brother, his good, faithful companion understood him entirely and showed him so much love.

‘Come on, son, it’s time. You must go now.’

Again André felt himself rising and getting dizzy, then there was a short moment of descent and he suddenly awoke with a slight start. He immediately felt the band around his head. He couldn’t think properly yet and he hadn’t enough strength to keep hold of his thoughts.

He sat on the edge of his bed for a few moments until he heard Alcar say: ‘You will feel sad today and maybe tomorrow too. Go outside, into nature, my boy. Pray a lot and try to overcome everything. Your brother Alcar is at your side and will support you.’

He went downstairs. He had been away for nearly five hours. He went outside to come to grips with all the things he had experienced that morning during his journey with Alcar.

Everything was quiet inside of him and around him. And after spending quite some time in God’s free nature he felt strengthened in body and soul and returned home.

CHAPTER XI

Summerland

FOR quite some time after the journey to the dark spheres André felt in a very low mood. It was like in the beginning when influence was exerted on him. Those had been sad days too. But now he knew what caused it. He was back in his body and had to come to grips with things he had experienced as a spirit, outside of his body.

He knew now what a fine instrument man can be, and what he can bear without knowing where he gets the necessary energy from. He had made good progress lately and he owed it all to Alcar, his best friend. His gifts he had received from God, but his leader had developed them.

He had done a lot of walking in nature the last few days and it really did him good. Oh, he felt so sad and on his own again. His father and mother were ready to help but they had no idea how, so he had to quietly cope with everything on his own. But he got a lot of support from Alcar, also from the beautiful drawings which he received from him again. Time went by.

He often thought of the poor musician and he still saw him clearly in his mind's eye. He remembered all the things he had seen with Alcar. Especially that evil woman and her poor mother, and the painter too. He intended to quietly send up a prayer for these unhappy people. It would help them to make progress. A fervent prayer for unhappy spirits who live in the dark spheres will always reach God. That's why he wanted to pray a lot for the poor mother, for the man who was burnt, and for him too who was still attached to his body. Their suffering was a heavy burden to him.

If people could see this and experience it themselves it would change their whole outlook on life and it would do away with a lot of jealousy and envy on earth. They would learn to adapt themselves to the circumstances which the great Guide of our existence put us in. They would also realize that wealth has just as much right to

exist as poverty, and that prestige and prosperity impose heavy duties. Everyone would fulfill his task on earth as a part of God's great Creation. During the last few days he had once again given people lots of proof and he had disembodied consciously various times. The strong link he had with Alcar had made this possible. The last disembodiment had been very special and it had greatly impressed his father and mother again, as always when great things occurred. It had happened while he was sitting in his room. Suddenly he was outside of his body, and he saw himself sitting in the chair with his left hand under his head as if he was asleep. He could walk through walls in this condition, because they no longer obstructed him.

On another occasion he had been set free from his physical body, and he had been walking down a street, near to his home, beside a lady whom he felt attracted to in a way, and he saw exactly how she was dressed. She was wearing a green coat and she carried flowers in her arm. He could clearly read her thoughts, and he observed that these all focussed on him. It revealed to him that she was on her way to his house. He asked her what she wanted but she kept on walking as she had neither heard nor seen him. So he accompanied her, as a spirit, for a slight distance and he found this very interesting. Suddenly he was back home and he woke up with a start. This had all taken no more than five minutes.

When these phenomena happened it seemed as if he had been asleep for a while and his eyes felt heavy. He immediately went over to his parents and told them what he had experienced.

'Listen, dad. I've got a great piece of proof for you. Come over here, mum, I want you to hear this too. Any moment now a lady will be calling whom I met while I was outside of my body through disembodiment. She is going to ask me whether I can help her with her scéances.'

He went on to tell them how she was dressed, and that she was carrying flowers.

'I couldn't properly recognize the flowers but I'm sure they're white. When the bell rings, dad, I want you to open the door. I would like you to do this to convince you that this is all true. She'll be here in a few minutes.'

His parents were anxious what would happen. And when after

five minutes the bell rang and his father went to open the door, he saw that it had all come true. He left the lady standing there and ran back as fast as he could. André had to laugh and the lady was entirely perplexed.

André told her that he already knew that she was coming and why. This impressed her deeply, and it presented her with even more proof of the purity of his psychic gifts.

But he was not allowed to help her. Alcar didn't want him to, because the people in that circle were very stubborn and dissatisfied with that which they received from the side beyond. Consequently nothing much would ever be attained. Alcar always warned him when something was foul.

One morning he left to treat some patients. He told his mother that he wouldn't be back before four o'clock. He first went to see a friend in the neighbourhood, but when he arrived there Alcar showed him that someone was waiting for him at home who wished to talk to him.

He told this to his friends and hurried back home where his mother immediately went up to him.

'What a coincidence, André', she said, 'that you've come back so soon.'

'Coincidences don't exist, mum. Alcar showed me that there's someone waiting here who wants to talk to me, so that I could convince a few more people of the guidance that is present in all things.'

He had performed spontaneous healings too and he had even healed from a distance.

A lot could be achieved, if only people would open up, have faith and leave everything to him.

Once he had been with people who had handed him a ring that belonged to a lady who lived outside of town. They requested him to diagnose her illness.

After he had held the ring in his hands for a moment, he was able to determine the illness the lady was suffering from. It appeared that the doctors had come to the same conclusion.

'But', André continued, 'she has got a swollen neck at the moment and pain in her throat too.'

They didn't know about that, but they phoned immediately and

discovered that André's statement was correct.

'I'll help her from here', he said, 'and you will find that she'll be freed from the pain in her throat within twenty minutes.'

After half an hour they phoned again. The pain had disappeared and the swelling had gone down considerably. It proved that André, as well as any other medium that possesses this gift, can heal from a distance, especially when the patient sits down quietly at the arranged time. There is no need for the patient to do anything else. Alcar takes care that telepathy and suggestion are excluded. The patient isn't involved in the process.

It's very remarkable how a person's radiation can remain attached to an object. Once a gentleman came to see him who gave him a photo and wished to know what the man on the picture was suffering from. He took it in his hands and suddenly his eyesight faltered. It frightened him.

Everything grew dark before his eyes, although it was bright daylight. Then he heard Alcar say that it was all right, and he heard the words: 'Blind, André, but he can be helped.' He immediately conveyed Alcar's words and said the man was blind.

The gentleman got a bit of a shock, but he realized that André had seen the situation very accurately.

'And', he said, 'the best part of it is, that his eyes were still perfect when the photo was made. So you couldn't have taken it over from his portrait. I'm busy studying these phenomena and that is why this case is of special interest to me.'

To André the whole thing was very remarkable too. He was very satisfied with the result. But he didn't quite know how to explain it to the visitor, and he asked Alcar for advice. His leader told him: 'Give yourself over and I'll help you.'

Suddenly he saw the whole situation in his mind's eye.

'Listen to me, sir', he said, 'I'll try to explain as clearly as possible how and why I was able to feel and see that this man is blind, even though he could still see when the portrait was made.'

He took it in his hands again. 'My gift enables me to make myself one with him. This is impossible for you because you don't possess this power. In order to do this you must be able to merge spiritually with another person, which means that you have to make yourself

one with him, with his radiation, also called fluid. Do you understand what I'm saying, sir?

'Not quite.'

'Then I'll explain it in other words. Everything lives, there's life in everything, and when I make myself one with that life, I will feel, think, in short I will be just as that other form of life is. This is spiritual, isn't it? Now this photo was taken many years ago when the blind man could still see. But this has nothing to do with his total spiritual condition. It only concerns his physical body. Matter is matter when it's stripped of life. As it is, his physical body is one with the spiritual body. Now I take hold of this photo, please try to follow me, sir, and because my fluid can merge with the radiation that he energies, we became one. If this link is genuine, I'm able to sense everything. This has an immediate effect on my physical body, which is the reason why my eyes began to blur and why I could tell you with certainty what the trouble was. This diagnosis is correct, isn't it, sir?

'Yes, it's a miracle.'

'No, it isn't. It's much simpler when we look at it the way I explained to you. Because that's how it happens. It's the spiritual power which a person can possess and everyone who has this gift can do this when he has reached this stage of sensitivity.

It's very easy for me to tell you more about this person, for instance how he is, how he thinks, what kind of character he has and so forth. When I am one with him, I take him over heart and soul.'

Now André heard Alcar say: 'Great, my boy, well done. We'll discuss and explain all these psychic possibilities to people at a later stage. Now go on.'

'I can help him, sir, but I already see that he won't believe this truth. But of course you can always try.'

The friend of the blind man did all he could to bring him round and to let André treat him, but he didn't believe in this charlatanism and so he remained blind.

The course of events continued, and every day André gave fresh proof to the people who came to him for help.

One morning a lady came to see him who brought along a photo of which a part had been cut off. He took it in his hands and he

immediately saw a girl of about seven years old, standing next to the lady on the photo. He saw the girl very distinctly and he asked his visitor: 'Where is the girl who was standing beside you?'

That made her sit up and she said: 'Oh, I cut it off, sir.'

André was very pleased that he had seen this so accurately and he quietly proceeded to diagnose the lady's illness.

These things helped to convince people, and prepared them to receive spiritual as well as physical help.

One day, while he was treating a patient, he suddenly felt a kiss on his forehead and he saw a very dear, beautiful spiritual child standing beside him, a girl of fifteen years old who had come along with her mother and had given him this kiss. She added: 'You're very kind to my mum.'

He got tears in his eyes and at the same time he saw a beautiful vase with roses, with one particularly large yellow rose in the centre that surpassed all the others in beauty.

'These are the flowers', the spiritual child said, 'which my mother put next to my portrait last night and I want to thank her now. But I want to support her in her sorrow too. She's very sad, sir, but she shouldn't be. She must give my little brothers all her love, because I am happy.'

It hadn't taken more than a second for this message to come through. Then he asked the mother: 'Did you put flowers next to your child's portrait last night? Roses, with a big yellow one in the middle?'

She didn't answer, but began to weep.

'Listen, ma'am, I don't know anything about you, but have you got two sons and did your little daughter die four years ago?'

'Yes', she answered.

'Your child has come here and kissed me on the forehead for the help I'm giving you. I'm very happy, ma'am, that this pure spiritual child did that. She asks you to give all your love to her little brothers who need it so badly here on earth. She's alive and happy in the spheres.'

The poor mother then told him about the sorrow that burdened her.

'Ma'am, I think it's marvellous that you have received one of the

most beautiful pieces of proof a person could wish for. Now you know that the 'dead' are not dead, they're alive. When you felt sad last night, you sought solace in your child's portrait. And while you were thinking of her she was attracted to you by your great sorrow and stood beside you like an angel from the spheres of light, where she is very happy, but you didn't see her, and you didn't feel her caresses. She saw how you put flowers next to her portrait.

Let this prove to you that your dear little one is still alive and wants to lend you support. She asks you once again to give your love to your boys and she tells you: 'Be strong, mum!'

'That's all I need', the lady said, 'this is convincing proof to me and I'll do my best to give the boys all my love. I'll also try to surmount my sorrow. Now I know for certain that my child is alive and that I will see her again.'

'You see, ma'am, how your deep sorrow pulled her back to earth. This proves that our sorrow and our longing draw those who live in the hereafter towards us. It displays the power behind the human thought. We ourselves aren't aware of the things we send out, and that's why my leader often tells me: André, be careful with your thoughts.'

Some time afterwards the mother received a message from her child telling her that now all was well. By this time André has proved to hundreds of people that life goes on after our physical death.

He nevertheless remained sad, and kept on thinking about Alcar because he couldn't get over the impressions he had undergone during his last journey. Alcar told him to have a little patience, and if his gloominess didn't ease off, he would soon take him along again to the higher regions.

And it certainly didn't, because it wasn't easy to deal with the sufferings of all those unhappy people. Now and then he would brighten up a bit and seemed to have mastered the situation, but afterwards a reaction would set in, which made him fall back into an even gloomier mood. It was all a tremendous burden to him. He had to handle it on his own, and nobody could help him. Then he craved to see Alcar, for a contact from spirit to spirit. In these moments no-one seemed to understand him and there was nowhere he could hold out. It wasn't only difficult for himself, but also for the

people around him. His father and mother saw the signs, but said nothing. He wasn't sullen, merely quiet, sad and withdrawn.

On the morning before he left together with Alcar he had been going around the house singing, but when he came downstairs a little later he had a feeling as if heavy thunderstorms were gathered overhead. Yet he wanted to be strong and not bother Alcar too much. He prayed to God for help. It made things easier for him.

Oh, that poor man! He couldn't forget him. He kept on seeing that dead body in his mind's eye. It had appeared to come alive again in that terrible heat. No, he never wanted to see anything like that again. It had kept him awake the first few nights and he needed rest to be able to do his work during the day. When his thoughts ran wild and prevented him from falling asleep, Alcar would step in and put him into a half-trance. He was very aware of this. Alcar would withdraw quietly and he would fall asleep. It was never the usual kind of sleep, he could always tell in the morning.

Many days passed by. He plucked up courage because he knew he had to weather it. He knew that it would mean a big step forward in his development if his spirit could stand up to all this. He also knew that everything has its price, wisdom too. It's all a question of will power. One evening Alcar informed him that they would be travelling to the higher spheres again.

'We'll have to move our journey forward a bit, André, because you're unable to break away from the things you saw. True enough, you had a trying journey. All the same, you've got enough strength to bear it. Get yourself ready, we'll be back in the spheres again tonight.'

Alcar had told him that he was accompanying him to see the heavy traffic between the earth and Summerland, and André was curious what it would be like.

He was still in a downcast mood when he got ready for bed early that evening. He pottered around a bit first, and he was surprised that he felt no longing at that time to disembodied.

His room was full of spiritual pieces of work that he had received from Alcar and the other painters. It had taken him quite a lot of struggle and will power to get that far. One has to persevere and be prepared to put up with quite a bit to achieve a certain thing. People

only saw the results and not the struggle and the sorrow it had all cost him. He had been scoffed at and ridiculed and even after he had got well underway, they had still poked fun at him. Yet he had decorated the walls with pieces from Alcar.

He slowly felt the sacred impact from the side beyond coming over him. His head got heavy and so he quickly undressed. Alcar had told him that when he wanted to disembodify during the night, he should lie on his back before he went to sleep, it would make it easier to set him free. So that's what he did.

It was only half past nine, but he turned off the light and after about ten minutes he was sleeping like a log.

'All right, my son', were the first words he heard, and immediately afterwards he saw his leader. With a cry of joy he threw his arms around his neck.

'Steady, André, we are one again now. The last few days have been tough for you, there was such a lot you had to cope with. In my presence you'll soon calm down again. On our side we're more capable of bearing such sorrow. It's hard for an earthbound spirit.

You notice how careful we must be. If I were to give you everything that can be experienced during such a journey in one go, how do you think that would make you feel? You would not be able to stand it. Come on, my boy, look me in the eye.'

With tears in his eyes André smiled at his leader.

He sensed Alcar's enormous strength and he saw that great white light around him again.

'You felt no longing to disembodify, but this was all my doing. All right, we can leave now. It's marvellous that God let us build this link. You can see how every bit of hard work finds support and nurture in the spheres. Those who seriously strive and who have the courage to fight will become wiser and can learn as much as they want. This goes for every human being on earth. Now you will soon be freed from your melancholia.

'Oh, I feel much better, Alcar. Most of it has already disappeared. I'm beginning to feel happy again now.'

Hand in hand they left the earth and moved away from our planet.

André had learnt to get his bearings by now. Again the earth appeared to him like a disc, and its radiation hadn't changed a bit.

That small, weak light was all it possessed in terms of spiritual value.

‘Summerland, André, is the sphere that’s connected with the earth. It’s located in-between the third and the fourth sphere. Summerland is the sphere where the earthly spirit is allowed to dwell in the night after disembodiment, if God grants him that grace. In Summerland he meets the loved ones who preceded him, he regains strength there and returns into his physical body spiritually invigorated.

We will go straight there because I want to give you back the peace and quiet which the cremation took away. You will soon be back to normal again, won’t you, my dear boy?’

‘Oh, I already feel much better Alcar, now I’m with you.’

‘Look, you can see the first streaks of light appearing from Summerland. It’s a beautiful land, André, a pure sphere. It would be difficult to describe.’

The light steadily increased in clarity.

‘We’ve gone through three spheres now, though you again didn’t notice it.’

André saw a beautiful landscape in front of him, with trees, water, beautifully coloured birds and flowers, such as he had never seen on earth, in ineffable hues. The heavens were pale violet-blue and sometimes they shone with a gold-yellow brilliance. He couldn’t find words to describe this splendour. The closest he could compare it to would be early one brilliant summer day when you feel nature touching your heart. But even if this were the most beautiful morning you had ever experienced, it would still be a poor comparison, because God’s holy Light and the radiant warmth that prevail in Summerland cannot be put into words.

‘In Summerland love, harmony and happiness prevail, my son.’

André saw many spirits and again he was able to distinguish the earthly ones from the astral.

‘Let’s sit down here, André, where we can observe everything.’

They chose one of the many benches that invited the tired earthly visitor to sit down and which were surrounded by the most beautiful flowers of the spheres. The birds were singing to their heart’s delight.

‘There’s harmony here in everything around, you’ll be able to see it and feel it. Now pay close attention. I will show you how I make

myself one with the little bird sitting over there in front of you.'

André had never yet seen any bird on earth that had such a golden glimmer. He saw how Alcar exerted himself, and when he stretched out his right hand the little bird immediately perched itself on top of it.

'Isn't that charming, André? He's in my power now and he'll do whatever I want him to. Now you concentrate for a moment on the four other ones sitting over there between those blue flowers.'

He did so and the little animals came over, just as if he had called them, and they sat on the hand he stretched out to them. But one of them wasn't quite as fast in conquering the place it wanted, because André had been concentrating on the palm of his hand and so they all wanted to sit there, but in the end the fourth little animal also managed to squeeze in. André was delighted. How wonderful it would be if he could achieve something like this with earthly animals too.

'We'll run a few experiments on them, André, and you'll see how man can influence animals through concentration and will power. By merging his radiation with that of an animal he can gain control of it and force it to do whatever he wants it to do. Remember what I told you about television and black magic. Now you stay here, André, keep those birds in your power and concentrate with all your might. We'll see who has the strongest will power and can concentrate best.'

Alcar moved away from the bench and the little bird that had come over to him immediately flew after him. Wherever Alcar went, the bird followed. Now the birds sitting on André's hand became restless. He felt there was something they couldn't resist and suddenly all four of them flew off towards Alcar who was standing some fifteen paces away. He collected them and then returned.

'You'll have to build up your ability to focus your will power a lot, my dear boy. Your thoughts weren't able to hold them back. Didn't you notice how they immediately got restless?'

'Yes, Alcar, I did.'

'My strong will led your attention astray. We'll try this once more and then we'll let them fly away.'

André stroked the beautiful feathers of the little animals. They

seemed to like it because they raised their little heads and arched their backs.

‘Now keep a tight hold of them with your thoughts, André.’

‘All right, Alcar, I’ll do my best.’

Again Alcar moved away.

André strained himself, but at a certain moment all four had disappeared again and were perched on Alcar’s hand.

‘You see which one of us is strongest in spiritual power. Now I’ll show you something beautiful, look carefully. I will release the little bird sitting on my thumb from my will power. It can then fly wherever it wants to. The other three I will keep in bondage. Look, it’s already beginning to feel its freedom. To the eye nothing has changed and yet the other little animals are still entirely in my power. Isn’t it fantastic, André? Now I’ll let my thoughts release it completely.’ No sooner had Alcar said it than the bird had flown away.

‘Now for these two, André. I’ll gradually let my will power diminish. Look, I’m letting go of them completely now.’

And likewise they immediately flew away.

Now you play about a bit with the last two birds, André. I’ll withdraw my thoughts from them.’

André went over and stood a few metres away from Alcar, focussed all his thoughts on the birds, then clapped in his hands, and the birds came over to him at once.

‘Perfect, André, this proves that you can work things with your thoughts.’

He felt great satisfaction that he had got that far.

‘Now try moving away a bit while you take them along.’

To his great joy this experiment also succeeded.

‘Oh, I wish I had little animals like these on earth!’

‘All in good time, André, one day you’ll do the same with birds on earth. But don’t forget that not all animals immediately listen to our will. You need more strength with certain animals than with others. Now let go of them. We have more things to do.’

André thought of something different and the birds flew away.

‘Take a look at all these radiant spirits, my boy. Don’t they look happy?’

They saw a man with his wife, a child with its mother, two broth-

ers together, then a child with other little children, a father and mother with their child. Many of them were quietly walking about, while others sought seclusion to be together for a while.

‘It’s night time on earth, and there are many disembodied spirits here. I know one who will be here soon. I have already seen his wife and his child.’

‘How happy all these spirits are that live here, Alcar.’

‘The people on earth can’t be told often enough how beautiful and how holy things are over here. And up in the higher spheres everything is even nearer to perfection. Once I was allowed to see the sixth sphere while a festivity was going on. Because of some good deed I had done, my master called me over, and I was permitted to dwell there for a while. It made the same impression on me as you are experiencing now.

So much beauty and holiness can’t be expressed in words, because it’s impossible to convey what you feel over there. They are all angels that dwell there amidst an indescribable colour splendour. Later on, after we have reached a level at which you can understand everything, we will visit the fifth or sixth sphere, and you will then be able to give even more beauty and sacred things to the earth. Look, there’s the man I mean.’

André saw a man, still quite young, who walked ahead of them beside a somewhat older intelligence.

‘This young man still lives on earth. When their child was born he lost his dear wife who took the little one along too. You can sense the deep sorrow he was immersed in when he was left behind all on his own.

But God provides in everything and He grants His mercy to those who truly love. That is why he may visit his beloved wife and his little child in Summerland from time to time, as his grief would otherwise be unbearable. Aren’t God’s laws wonderful, my boy, and isn’t His Guidance evident in everything?’

‘Does he disembody too, Alcar, and can he remember this afterwards?’

‘No, André, he can’t, because he isn’t a direct medium, although he does possess these dormant powers just as every other human being. In his case disembodiment takes places in a different manner,

which I will explain to you shortly. His dear child continues to grow up here and she will one day approach her father as beautiful as an angel.'

It moved André to see how the young man held his wife in his arms for a long while, and he also took the little one, who was about three years old, and lovingly pressed her to his breast. The man and the woman had tears of happiness in their eyes and both let them flow freely. The little one put both her arms around her father's neck and looked at him as if she wanted to say: 'Where were you all this time?'

'Such scenes occur here all the time and nobody feels ashamed of his happiness. When the short time has passed, which the young man must still spend on earth, these two people will be one forever, because they have begged God to bless their love. He will remain true to this woman under all circumstances and she will be his twin soul until all eternity. Eternal happiness! Do you feel what this means? Together forever, linked by God?

I was once allowed to take part in a spiritual wedding ceremony which Christ Himself performed. And one day, when you will have reached the stage where your spirit can deal with it, I will show you this marriage ceremony too. This is so sacred, André, such tremendous happiness for the person who may receive this on our side. It can't be compared to that celebration on earth under the same name. Spiritual love is a mighty feeling that blazes within a person's soul like a holy fire. Once I was allowed to sense it, for one short moment only. Then I became overwhelmed by the feeling which those two, who were spiritually one, carried within. And yet one day we will possess this too. A person who has experienced this holy power will always try to accomplish everything the way God wills it. He will want to develop, so that he may some day receive the holy love which God has in store for all of us.

The human spirit carries a tremendous power within, my boy. His unspeakable happiness enables him to move mountains, and he gets a feeling as if everything smiles at him, talks to him, is one with him. It's as if he's dreaming, as if he's raised to higher spheres by that divine feeling. He senses a yearning desire to thank God for this great mercy, and no sacrifice would appear too heavy to him.

People couldn't cope with this feeling on earth. It's something only the astral person is capable of, because matter cannot deal with this happiness. Material man isn't attuned to it.

What does marital love mean to people on earth? This pure feeling is scarcely understood down there, because man has become too materialized, and very often his kind of love has nothing in common with higher love because it only stands for material togetherness. They may be united from a material point of view, but spiritually they are miles apart. You see it everywhere. Lives are often destroyed because people thought they loved each other, whereas this love was nothing but selfishness or passion. Nothing is done to develop that higher love, and so man goes on living for years on end without really knowing the other person who has lived at his side for all that time, because he never tried to fathom the other person's soul condition, his or her feelings and spiritual power, or to understand them. Often these two people, who came together because they honestly believed they loved each other, never got to know true love. Only when two souls humbly bow before each other, will the pure love which God only once puts into man's heart, come to exist alongside human passion.

When a person feels this higher kind of love for someone else yet receives nothing in return, then his soul will cry out with lack of understanding. He senses the love which he prayed for so ardently, but without an echo a sorrow is born, so intense, so terrible, so movingly deep, that only God can fathom it. Woe to him who has no understanding for this love. He mocks God's greatest creation, the highest and the most sacrosanct which He created.

When two beings meet on earth who are blessed with this sacred fire, then everything around them will shine, because they are enraptured and will wish to give each other nothing but pure love.

Earthly love is usually nothing more than friendship. The love that is experienced in the spheres merges until there is one feeling, one life, one understanding. This love is eternal and the souls are united by God. On earth things are usually quite different. Down there man and woman wander through life and never consider this life as a path that leads to God, but as a road full of worldly pleasures. Simply one road out of many. They forget that anyone can

chose a road at random, but that the road they must take together is meant for them only. They must travel this road together in love, and the going will be easy for both. They can support and help each other. It's the road that will be shown to them by God's angels who watch over them, because they want to live in love. It's the road which God Himself will show them.

Yet there are very many who don't see this road, and they drift apart and go astray due to all kinds of interests, tendencies and habits. Sometimes they find each other again and try anew to climb the narrow path which must lead them back to that difficult road on high. But soon they stray again, because they lack the steady, serious determination, along with God's help, to show each other the way.

Many people go on living this way, without mutual understanding or love. They're like horses in a team, in which the strongest one chooses its track and pulls the other along, until finally the latter forcefully bears up and pulls apart the harness it has been tugging at for so long and goes its own way, free at last. Never try to lead such a team, André, because it can only keep onto the right track of its own free will.

'Oh, you people, use all your human intellect and ask yourselves whether your own road will lead to God's Throne or whether you must admit to yourself that it's not the road He has shown to you. And when you are united in pure love, then may God, who laid this love into your hearts and joined your hands together with His blessing, forbid that you depart from the road He showed you of your own free will, because the day you arrive on our side you will find your heavenly path to be even more beautiful than the worldly one, and it will guide you to your heavenly home.

Love each other with holy, pure love. Be each other's support and consolation, trust each other and follow the road which is strewn with the flowers of your love. That is God's will, and the spirits will cheer when they see such a happy human couple that enter Summerland side by side.'

Now take another look at that happy trio that was allowed to come together here, André. The young man's father has withdrawn for the time being and will soon take him back to his physical body on earth. We'll await this moment at some distance and then follow

them to see how he will get back to earth.

God's great mercy on people like him, who have been left behind in deep sorrow, enables them to stay close to their loved ones in this way and to maintain their inner contact, although they are unaware of this. Yet it remains their spiritual possession.

So much more lies dormant within a person, of which he is not aware. These powers and phenomena are subject to study and close examination by parapsychologists on earth.

Many spiritists believe that everything is based on the influence of spirits, but there are many things that have a deeper cause, such as the Divine mercy of togetherness in Summerland.

Here everyone can find happiness, those who love the mountains as well as those who prefer the wide plains. You can see what a beautiful land this is. We will visit the heavenly houses and their interiors at a later stage.'

'Oh, Alcar, I can hardly wait for that to happen! I'd be so glad to visit your house!'

Alcar smiled.

'Not only my house, André, I will show to you everything I possess. But have a little patience, my boy, there's still so much to see. We'll examine everything bit by bit so that I can pursue your development.

The beauty of our house in the spheres is in complete harmony with our inner being. The higher its level, the more sublime the beauty of our surroundings.

You're not able to picture this in your mind yet, and I advise you not to think about it, as none of your images would resemble the real thing.

In keeping with the Divine laws man shall reap what he sows. That's another thing you can't point out often enough to your fellow men. And keep on instilling it into their minds that social standing had nothing to do with all this. Even if you were born in a shack, you can still build yourself a mansion in the spheres while you're on earth.'

'It looks a bit like the Alps here, Alcar, and yet it isn't cold.'

'You would feel cold in the dark spheres though, that's somewhere we'll go to later on. There's also deep darkness.'

‘Here I find everything sacred, Alcar. I would love to stay here.’

‘I’m sure you would, my boy, but that must wait till later. Nature sings its song here and everything breathes peace and quiet. Here you feel how much God loves man and how infinitely good He is towards him. Here, in His Garden of Life, man is one with Him. Do you think I’m exaggerating, my son? Isn’t it a garden of life? The piece I gave you, with all those flowers in eternal splendour, was a small portrayal of this. The person who arrives here after a life well-spent and who sets foot in this sanctuary will feel unspeakably happy.’

‘These spirits are about to pray, Alcar.’

‘Yes, they feel the need to thank God for this great mercy.’

‘Oh, Alcar, if the people on earth could see this I’m sure they would begin to live as God wants them to.’

‘Certainly, my son, but they must reach that stage without having seen all this, because the Divine Spark, which makes him feel the difference between good and evil, is present in every person.

Let us pray too, my boy. I’m sure you also feel that need, don’t you?’

‘Yes, Alcar.’

‘Then come over here, close to the beautiful flowers that bear God’s life within. Look at the magnificent violet-blue colour this flower has. It looks as if it’s lying in a haze.’

Alcar took the flower between his hands and knelt down. André knelt before him and looked at him. In this sacred moment he sensed that his leader, who was giving him and teaching him so much in great simplicity, was spiritually even higher than he made out to be.

‘Listen, André, and try to understand me.’

Alcar bowed his head and directed his gaze at the beautiful flower, and he spoke:

†

‘This is a spiritual flower which grows and blossoms only by the grace of God. It exists in all things and feels its God in everything, to be one with God, to be surrounded by everything that is God. Enveloped by God’s love it will live, it will blossom, it will be beautiful, and in keeping with God’s sanctifying intention, it will fathom

infinite depths and enframe infinite vistas. It senses God's great Omnipotence, and will therefore retain this colour and this splendour in all eternity. It resembles the ancients, restored to youthful strength, it raises itself in this wisdom during the course of its life. But it will perceive any intention to destroy it and protect itself and triumph, because it gives love and is one with God.

Flower of the grave, living atom of the spheres, may God protect your splendour, your colour and your inner feeling. Glittering rays will light up your life with a heavenly glow. By the Light of the Creator man will try to know your light, and above all your feelings for God. Live, my flower, live. Lay your fragrance, your colour and your power on spiritual streams, and guide and strengthen man with your wisdom. Give your light, your power and the glow you bear within to many a person, so that they too may become attuned to all that surrounds them. Let the poor who come to you and must, alas, return to earth again, partake of your possessions. Give them your love and your sweet fragrance which strengthens them, and mingle your light with theirs.

Oh, help man in his grievous pain, because he got lost in falling debris. He comes staggering towards you, looking for healing and strength. His surroundings make him suffer, so don't let him call out in vain. Only the power, the spirituality of the person can help him. Oh, give him this support. You endure and know, you possess and feel God's sacred power in everything. May it strengthen us all. Amen.'

Alcar let go of the flower and André saw tears in his eyes.

'I prayed for you too, my boy.'

André felt an even greater stillness around him, and a mighty power within. This prayer had given him strength. He thought it over. Man could become one with everything. Man's surroundings made him suffer, also because of his ignorance. 'He comes staggering towards you.' He felt what Alcar had meant with those words. Man must fall and get up again in his earthly life. Either grief and sorrow would make him rise, or his spirituality would do it. This must be the spiritual power in man.

These thoughts went through his mind like a flash. Man could be

one with everything and then he wouldn't have to suffer as much.

'That's it, André. Man can be one with everything if he wants to, and if he lets his divine feeling reveal itself. He must live as he should, and be one with God in everything.'

'You caught my thoughts again, Alcar.'

'So I did, my boy. This spiritual flower senses me. I prayed by means of it. This flower bears and possesses the life that God put into everything. We can attune to this. Being one with that life. Do you feel what I mean? Give this some thought when you're back on earth.'

Come on, we're going back to the spot where we were just now. I've got another surprise for you. Look, there's someone coming over whom you know.'

André looked at the figure that Alcar pointed at to him and he cried out: 'Auntie, auntie!' He ran towards her and put his arms around her neck and embraced her tightly. 'Oh, auntie, what a surprise, what a blessing!'

'Why didn't you tell me before, Alcar?'

'I told you on our last journey, André, but you forgot. You stay with auntie now. I'll come back to fetch you shortly. In the meantime I've got some other matters to attend to.'

Within a few moments Alcar had disappeared.

André couldn't say anything, this blessing had come too unexpectedly and he felt overwhelmed. How good Alcar was. He gave him nothing but love. He would go through fire and water for his leader. He never put himself in the foreground, nor did he ever think of himself. Alcar always thought of others and did everything for others. He always made himself known through love.

'Look at me, my boy.'

'Oh auntie, forgive me, I was thinking of my dear leader, he's so good to me.'

'Look André, I'm no longer old and ugly.'

'No, auntie, you're beautiful.'

André wept with emotion. Here before his very eyes stood his mother's dear sister whom he had seen depart from the earth. She was alive, she was beautiful, young and happy, and everything that surrounded her was pure and charming.

‘Come on, auntie, tell me a bit about yourself. I’m so curious and I don’t know what to ask you first or where to start. Everything is so unexpected, so great, so mighty. You’re alive, you’re happy, you’re young and beautiful. Even more beautiful than when I saw you leave your body.’

André told her everything he had perceived when she passed on from the earth.

‘Everything is just as you saw it, it’s all real. My parents, my sister and my brother came to fetch me. I’m with my father and my mother in the fourth sphere. My sister and my brother are already in a higher sphere. They arrived there as angels after they left the earth.’

‘How did you know that my leader and I would be here?’

‘That’s very simple, André. Your leader sent his thoughts out to me, which I’m already able to pick up. I felt it too and I saw you from my house. I have an instrument there which enables me to perceive the things I wish to see, and that’s how I saw you and your leader coming. I knew long beforehand that we would see each other again. Oh, there is so much I have to tell you, my boy, but our present meeting will only be short. You will be back later on during your life on earth and then I’ll show you everything I possess.

Tell your father and mother that I’m alive and happy and that I’ve got a house of my own which I already built during my earthly life. Oh, André, those first moments after waking up in the spheres! When I woke up and saw all that beauty, when everything smiled at me and I knew that I hadn’t lived my life on earth in vain, then I knelt down to thank God. There’s a lot I’ve already seen and learnt. I got work too. I was given a beautiful task which I wanted to accomplish when I was on earth, but I never got a chance down there.’

‘What kind of work, auntie?’

‘I’m looking after spiritual children, André, and I’m bringing them up with love. That’s my task.’

‘Oh, that’s beautiful! I’ll tell mum and dad everything, especially that life after death can be so beautiful and how young and happy you are.’

‘You do that and don’t forget to give them my blessing.

Do you know who your leader really is, André?’

‘No, auntie, I don’t know yet, but I do know that he possesses a

great love and that he loves all mankind.'

'You sensed that correctly, you're under excellent guidance. He, who is constantly at your side and who is instructing you spiritually, is a spirit of love, who is honoured here. Be strong and persevere in goodness. It will grant you spiritual happiness.

What a treasure one can possess when he unites with all this beauty, with life everlasting. This is something one possesses forever, and it's sacred and true. Oh, I'm so happy. Here I can give myself as I am deep down. Here I'm understood. Here love prevails, here all is one and everyone is happy.'

'When you awoke, did you know where you were?'

'Yes, I woke up in my own house, André. Those first moments after my birth in the hereafter were grafted into my soul for all eternity. They are indescribable. When I awoke and saw all that beauty around me, and all those flowers in a multitude of colours, when I saw and felt eternal life in everything, I kept on weeping, I wept with happiness, because I felt that the place I had been brought to from the earth was my very own possession. And I thanked God and begged Him to grant this great blessing to all spirits. Afterwards I was overcome with a deep sense of pity for all those who had to stay behind on earth.

Rejoice, André, rejoice when someone passes on who loved God while he was on earth. Look at me and feel how happy I am, now I have discarded my material body. So rejoice when such a person passes on and don't be sad because we're a thousand times better off than those who mourn us. Our passing on should be seen as a journey to a higher place, and people should try to prepare themselves to set out shortly on this journey for the eternal land and they should make sure to be received with joy by happy spirits. Tell everyone how holy everything is here, André.'

'I promise, auntie.'

'Look, there's your leader, you must leave now. Our meeting didn't last long. Be strong, André. You will keep on returning here, again and again, so you'll be able to give the earth a great deal. By the way, do you know that you are an exceptionally gifted boy?'

'Yes, auntie, I know, and I'll never abuse my gifts.'

'And later on, André, when it pleases God to break off your life-

thread too, you will come here and we will be together forever. Isn't that true, brother Alcar?

'Auntie! You already know Alcar?'

'Who doesn't, André? Where love is needed, he can be found.'

André looked at Alcar in humble admiration and felt very insignificant compared to these two spirits. Auntie already knew so much more than he did after the short time she had been in the spheres. Where did she pick up this knowledge? How could she get to know this in so short a time?

Alcar read his thoughts again and asked: 'Does my son think it strange that a spirit who is in the light *knows*? Auntie went through the gate, my boy.'

André understood.

Auntie embraced him and kissed him and they both thanked God for this reunion.

'And now it's goodbye until we meet again, André.'

He wanted to add something but auntie had already left.

'I would have liked to ask her just one more thing, Alcar.'

'In the higher regions people act immediately. This has to do with order and harmony. Here no-one lingers on after a decision has been made. But come on, the young man whom we want to follow is already on his way to earth.'

André cast a last glance on everything he could behold in Summerland.

'I would love to be one with the little birds again for just a short moment. Haven't we got time for that?'

'No, my boy, later. We mustn't lose any more time now.'

'But I find it so hard to part with this bliss, Alcar. I hardly can.'

'Then I'll use my will to give you the strength you need. Is it better now? When the temporarily disembodied spirit arrives here and sees and feels eternity, parting is always hard for him. But don't be sad. In time we will pay the higher regions frequent visits, and you will behold more than you have seen up to now. I promise you that this will happen soon.'

'Alcar, I don't want to be ungrateful, but parting from Summerland is harder for me than the farewell to all the other things you have shown to me. Everything is holding me back here, everything is

alive here, everything means blissfulness. Who wouldn't feel a constant yearning for this?

They left Summerland and slowly its light began to get dimmer. They were both withdrawn and floated towards the earth in silence.

André thoughts were with all the things he had been allowed to behold, the birds, the flowers, nature, the valley, the mountains, the houses, his aunt. It made his mind reel and he couldn't break free from it all.

'Is it that hard for you to leave this place, André?'

These tender words his leader spoke warmed his heart and tears welled up in his eyes. He took Alcar's hand in his and pressed it lovingly.

'Yes, Alcar, it's very hard indeed. I would gladly do without all the treasures in the world for all this, for this great blessing, even for the sake of a royal crown.'

'I believe you, André. Worldly treasures can't be compared to heavenly goods.'

'I would gladly die, Alcar, yes, gladly, now that I have set foot in Summerland. I honestly mean what I'm saying and from the bottom of my heart I say: I want to die for this, Alcar, young though I am. I would have gladly remained there but I feel that this is not yet to be. But I will give as much love as I can to the people on earth, so that I may live in this holy sphere later on. I will work for that goal, Alcar.'

'Yet there are thousands of people who cling to worldly life, who hang on to the last threads of life in order not to die, because they fear to pass on.

Nothing they call their own on earth, not even whole continents can be compared to the beauty the spirits possess who live in Summerland or in other happy spheres.

Now store everything you saw in your heart. It will give you strength for your daily life. Do your work with love for God and for your fellow men, and you will see the value and the purpose of everything and you will know how to accomplish life on earth. Remain superior to all material things, since you know what awaits you after you pass on.

All the happiness the earth can present you with, cannot be com-

pared to what you experienced during this short time. These moments have an infinitely higher value, my boy.

The worldly person doesn't want to see himself as he really is, and yet one day he must. Only then will he begin to work on his spiritual level. That's where we want to help him and that's why we come to earth. We want to open up his soul so he'll feel this himself. But he still rejects us when we approach him full of love, nor does he want to give us a hearing. And yet we live for him and we feel his worries, his sorrow and his grief. But he doesn't understand that we are all around him, that we want to lend him support and help him in everything.

I'll tell you something that's closely related.

In the days when I still frequently came to earth to find out how man acts in his ignorance, my attention was drawn to a family consisting of a man, woman and two boys. The father owned a business and worked day and night for his family. But when the children got to the age of nine and seven years he suddenly passed on.

The business was still in its infancy and it was a big shock to the poor mother when her husband passed on so unexpectedly. It was a terrible time for her. Yet she gave her best and kept on working on the things they had built up together. This went on for some years. The boys grew up successfully and reached the age of sixteen and fourteen. The business prospered and even expanded. At that stage the mother told her children: 'If only your father could have witnessed this!'

She wasn't aware that her husband, who loved them all so much, was influencing them and that the business had flourished so well due to the impact he had on them.

He was in constant, direct contact with his eldest son without anybody being aware of it. So everything happened according to his will. This enabled the father to help his loved ones and he gave them support from the spiritual realm. He quietly surrounded them with his great love, and the time will come for him to receive his reward. I would therefore like to tell all mankind: Seek contact with those who have preceded you. They live beyond the veil and will keep on loving you and supporting you.

Now we're going to look for the young man, André.'

‘How will we find him, Alcar?’

‘That’s very simple. The power of our thoughts will take us to the spot where he is, as we have a clear image of the place in our minds. The only thing we must take care of is to hold on to that image. Do you feel what I mean?’

‘Yes, Alcar, I understand.’

They came closer and closer to the earth and had soon reached its sphere.

‘I must concentrate more intensely now, my son, because it isn’t very easy to penetrate the earth’s radiation. It’s coarser than that of the higher regions.’

They arrived on the earth and once more passed straight through lots of houses without experiencing any hindrance.

‘Look, my boy, there he is.’

André noticed that they were in a bedroom again, and that the man whom he had seen in Summerland was lying peacefully asleep. There was nothing about him to show that his spirit had left the body that night. The intelligence who had taken him to Summerland was with him and made magnetic striking movements over his body. This spirit saw them as soon as they entered and greeted them in a friendly way.

After he had finished the treatment Alcar spoke with him and then he moved away.

‘This spirit will be returning soon, André. He is his son’s protector. After sorrow and fatigue had sent him to sleep last night, his father came to fetch him and take him along to his wife and his child, something he had already been permitted to experience on various occasions because of his deep love for them.

When he wakes up in a little while he will remember quite a lot, but he’ll think that he dreamt it all and he’ll be amazed that he saw his wife and child surrounded by beautiful flowers. Yet not all dreams are phantasies, as you have noticed.

When someone is aware of this, and on awakening his mind is filled with thoughts of those he lost, then the deep sorrow will ease off considerably, and he can be sure that he was in the spheres during the night. The pain in his soul will then turn into a quiet longing.

After his return to earth he will always carry within what his spirit

consciously experienced in the hereafter, and so the supernal happiness which he was granted can release him from much suffering, even if he is generally unaware of this. That is why he will not easily accept this holy truth. The material human being can't easily picture himself in spiritual situations. Do you feel what I mean, André?

If he focussed his thoughts on the things which occupy his mind in the morning, and let them ascend from out of his subconscious, then he will remember a lot and become aware of the subconscious. It will make him more sensitive and his life will differ from that of the coarse material human being. He will make spiritual progress. Can you follow me, André?

'Yes, Alcar, I think it is beautiful and yet it's so simple.'

'All spiritual truths spring from the source of simplicity, my boy. Everything God created is marked by simplicity. Everything is simple when it is seen through spiritual eyes. But man acts, sees and compares everything from a material point of view and he will be hindered by matter.

But his innermost depth contains the holy Spark of God which nobody can take from him and which attunes him to God and which he must use to test, feel and see through everything.

It will gradually further his development and he will sense the marvellous power he can possess. The intuition that is attuned to his subconscious will then emerge and raise this to awareness. His spiritual attunement will make him consciously feel everything in all its existential forms. You must try to understand me, my boy, because it's very difficult for you to become one with what I'm driving at. I want to show you how far down this truth usually lies buried in man's soul, and how easily a person can lose everything he received during the night through disembodiment. Even a sensitive person has great trouble when he awakens, to retain what his spirit experienced during the night.

The spiritual rapport lies deeply hidden in man's soul, but one day this feeling will come forth, develop and possess great power. Then man will shed light, he will give love and follow God's commandments and he will no longer be subjected to evil.

Do you understand how difficult it is to let this feeling emerge, as it is ruled by material intuition?

This is a problem which preoccupies science too, but only spiritual intuition and attunement to the Divine can tackle it. It will inspire man to travel the right track that will lead him to the truth. This is what man needs in order to sense things that he cannot see. Is this clear to you, my boy?’

‘Yes, Alcar, I understand you perfectly.’

‘Good, then try to digest it all deep-down. We’re far from your home here, André. Yet you could be back in your body and awake again within seconds. We can move about, take any action or do our work with the speed of our thoughts. We could also, if we wanted to, go straight through the earth to reach your body because that presents no problems to us either. It would enable us to see what forms of life the bowels of the earth contain.

There is still so much, such an indescribable amount of things which should interest man, and which can give him progress if he looks up to God Who rules everything and created everything.

And if there are people who long for this wisdom and want to enrich themselves spiritually, would God let them yearn in vain? No, my boy, never. In His unspeakable Love for all his children He has allowed us, disembodied spirits, to help man in everything that will make him and us rise spiritually.

We want to bring people to places where happiness, harmony and love prevail for all eternity. We want to make them one with everything which God created. This will further the earth and make its light shine more brightly and in more beautiful colours.

Look, my boy, we didn’t even notice: we have landed on the spot where your material body is lying.’

André was back in his room. It was six o’clock in the morning.

‘Now life will be easier for you to bear again, because everything you were permitted to behold in Summerland this past night will stay in your memory and strengthen you. Now we say goodbye, my son. We will have to part for a short while.’

Alcar released him again from his strong will power and withdrew his fluid from him. But before André returned into his material casing they thanked God for everything they had been allowed to receive during this journey.

‘Now you must be strong, son, and capable of bearing everything.’

These moments were always the hardest, having to say farewell to his beloved leader who had by now become his brother and his most faithful friend.

‘I’ll do my best, Alcar, my very best, just as you want me to.’

He felt himself rising and then descending. Then he awoke with a start and immediately remembered the beautiful journey together with Alcar to Summerland.

He told his parents what he had been allowed to experience during the night and they were delighted at their boy’s happiness and were grateful that their dear sister was permitted to live in such a high, pure sphere.

André returned to his earthly life, enriched with new wisdom, with new impressions from the life after physical death.

The journey had done him good. All the worries, all the sorrow and everything that had weighed him down had been taken off his shoulders, cast off by the blessed influence of Summerland. He could work again and was prepared to take on the most cumbersome task that lay on his path. Deep-down he thanked God simply and humbly for everything he had been allowed to receive through Alcar, his beloved leader and master.

He will always take care to remain a good instrument, open only to the things on high.

He keeps his eyes directed towards God and prays for help and support for every human being.

Alcar, his leader, a spirit of love, calls out to you through him:

‘Your dead are alive!’

They live on our side, in the land of eternal love and eternal peace.

You must not stop them in their evolution towards higher spheres because they cannot reach them if they are constantly drawn back to the earth by those they leave behind and keep on mourning them.

You must therefore think of them as loved ones whom you have indeed lost, but whom you will see again some day’

THE END OF VOLUME ONE