

Jozef Rulof

A View into the Hereafter II



A VIEW INTO THE
HEREAFTER
Volume II



Joseph P. ...

1933

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 1935.

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', Apeldoorn, 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 Dematerialization	9
II How Alcar watched over a young life	22
III The purpose of healing mediumship	40
IV Physical and psychic healing	48
V A miraculous healing	53
VI Heaven and Hell; disembodiment	62
Holding séances	72
Spiritual help on earth	80
Can a mother be clairvoyant?	86
Sorrow and grief due to others	92
Dark areas	101
Cremation	118
Feeling, and the spirituality of the earth	125
The Living Dead	137
The first, second and third sphere	152
The sphere of the children, and reincarnation	163
The fifth sphere	176
A spiritual consecration, and back to earth	196
VII One with the life that God has laid down in all things	206
VIII The spiritual and the material body	214
IX Man proposes, but God disposes	234

*'That in which you live is everlasting,
yet can be reached only through Love.'*

MASTER ALCAR

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, 1935.

Jozef Rulof

YEARNING FOR GOD

*One and indivisible, great is God.
On Him our destiny is founded.
In His Love He enfolds us.
Utterly forlorn is he who does not know Him.
Great is the Light He radiates
that descends upon mankind,
on all, down to the smallest child.
Keep that glorious Light burning,
and should it kindle a flame in your life,
then life's end will see no trembling.
Then your spirit, filled with yearning,
will hereafter be received by God with joy.
Live, Brethren, all who read these lines,
to be united with the Spirit Divine.*

CHAPTER I

Dematerialization

IN the first volume of this book we read how André's mediamic gifts were gradually developed by Alcar, his spiritual leader. For quite some time André had longed to perform dark séances. However, he was told to be patient and first learn more about the occult sciences. So he quietly awaited the moment when Alcar would summon him. And he felt overjoyed when, after some time, he received permission to begin with the dark sessions and to watch the phenomena which his own power would bring about.

He had known for quite a while that spirits can make themselves heard by means of a megaphone, a kind of trumpet which will amplify voices in the presence of a direct-voice medium, and that this great event can even take place without that instrument if the mediamic powers are strong enough.

Alcar informed him that he possessed powers which could bring about direct-voice, materialization as well as dematerialization. But these had yet to be developed, and that would take quite some time.

What a revelation this was to him! And he felt an enormous gratitude for the ability bestowed on him to convince people in this way too, as well as through his own powers, that life goes on beyond the grave.

Soon he and some friends formed a circle, and Alcar told them that they should all be patient, and peacefully and submissively await the things to come.

Several sessions went by before the first phenomena appeared. These consisted of tappings, sometimes on furniture and walls, but mostly on the megaphone which had been placed on a small table in the middle of the room. The tapping sounds were followed by apports. Flowers were taken out of a vase and laid on the laps of those present. And the keys of a closed piano were struck.

Phenomena of this kind kept on occurring, on some evenings there would be more than on others. Yet André neither heard nor saw any of these things, because the gramophone music which had to be

played to obtain the direct-voices would immediately send him into a trance, and he never awoke until after the séance. But he accepted this patiently too, and he felt happy when he learned that everyone had enjoyed a beautiful evening.

But finally the moment came when he too was allowed to observe what was taking place.

One evening, when the 'trumpet' was once again floating about in the air, Alcar was asked if 'he' – his name was not be pronounced while he was in trance – was permitted to see this. And Alcar complied by letting him awake from his trance.

High above him, in a corner of the room, he saw the 'trumpet' floating, along with two luminous bands. What a sensation that was!

It suddenly swept sharply through the room and made a circling movement in order to land on the floor beside him. A cold shiver went through him. He saw how it kept on descending and then he fell into a trance again.

It was quite usual for these impressive phenomena to manifest themselves during their weekly sessions, but one evening something different and very special occurred. Alcar had spoken to those present through the megaphone, which he and other intelligences frequently did, and he requested them to switch the light on or off as soon as he told them to do so, and to act on any further instructions he would give. The person who was to turn on the light should not hesitate, because otherwise the medium would be in jeopardy. Alcar's orders were to be carried out immediately.

At a certain moment the light had to be turned on, and to their amazement they saw that André had slipped through the rungs of the small table on which the megaphone had been placed, although his chair was about five feet away from the table. He was lying there on the floor, as white as a sheet. How he ever got there was a mystery to all of them. Suddenly Alcar's second order sounded: 'Lights off!' Followed a few seconds later by: 'Lights on!'

Great was their amazement when they saw that André was quietly asleep in his chair again, as if nothing had happened. He was still in a trance. After the session, when he was told what had occurred, he tried to crawl underneath the little table, but he didn't succeed as there was far too little space between the rungs and the floor. He

asked Alcar what had happened to him and was told that he had been levitated and had partly dematerialized.

Nobody had seen this process come about, in spite of the bands of light around his arms and legs. Alcar explained to them that the swiftness of the action had prevented them from seeing these bands.

Apart from the séances, another very strange thing happened to him one day, quite unexpectedly, just as all vivid pieces of evidence are passed on spontaneously.

Late one evening, while he was standing in front of his home talking to a friend, two ladies came up to him and asked if he would help them to open their front door, as a bicycle had fallen over in the corridor and was now blocking the entrance. The door could only be opened a few inches and there was nobody home. Maybe he could lift the bicycle and move it with a broomstick or some other long object.

André was immediately willing to lend a hand. He said goodbye to his friend and went inside to get a stick of some kind. He returned, armed with a piece of gaspipe and a broomstick to try and raise the bicycle through the gap in the entrance, and he accompanied the ladies to their house. But try as he might to squeeze either the broomstick or the gaspipe through the narrow gap, the experiment wouldn't succeed, since both objects proved to be too thick. Finally the door began to crack ominously, causing the ladies to fear that it might split apart.

Alerted by the noise, the neighbours came to see what was happening, and André asked them if he could reach the back of the ladies' house via theirs, which turned out to be impossible. Nonetheless, they had to try and enter.

Suddenly, André himself didn't know why, he pushed his left hand between the door and the jamb as far as he could, while he held onto the door knob with his right hand. At that moment, with the door serving as a kind of contact, a current passed through his body which was so strong that it made him feel dizzy and exhausted and it nearly knocked him down. A feeling came over him not unlike the one he felt when his spirit parted from his body, or when he was put into a trance.

He awoke as from a deep sleep, unable to remember what else had

happened to him. He rubbed his eyes to get a clear view and looked around, yawning all the time. He found himself standing in the corridor next to the overturned bicycle. Stupefied he picked up the bike, placed it against the staircase, opened the frontdoor from the inside, greeted the ladies and the bystanders without a further thought and rushed into the street, leaving them all terrified.

When he was outside again, it began to dawn on him what had happened. Suddenly, he felt as if someone was pushing him on, and he started to run, while he heard a voice telling him: 'Run, André, run; you have to, my boy.' It immediately dawned on him that it was Alcar trying to reassure him. 'Run, son', his voice sounded again. It looked as if he were taking part in a competition, running into one street and out another. He felt that he wouldn't be able to stop, even if he wanted to, because he was being driven on against his own will.

Finally, after having run in and out of several streets, he found himself in front of his own home again where he was brought to a standstill. How strange this all was! He felt like a clockwork that had first been wound and then stopped again by some unknown force. Yet he understood that this must be the power and the will of one of his spiritual helpers who were in control of this process, even though he couldn't see anyone. But he knew it wasn't Alcar, because he could always distinguish the latter's influence from those of all other intelligences.

All the dashing and running had made him feel quite hungry, and again he heard Alcar's voice saying: 'Eat, André, until you've had your fill.'

He quickly rushed into the kitchen to make some sandwiches as it was already half past eleven and he didn't want to disturb his mother in her sleep. He became aware that this condition, which was completely incomprehensible to him, had now lasted for about half an hour.

Thinking about nothing else but food, he suddenly realized with a shock that he had just started on his eighth sandwich. Whatever was happening to him? Where was this all leading to? What was behind it all? Was it Alcar and his fellow spirits who were using him for these strange purposes? He suddenly felt scared.

Once again he heard Alcar's voice: 'Don't you worry. You're in my

hands.' The words moved him deeply. This was his Alcar! Alcar, the spirit of love, replying to his unuttered thoughts. He had been allowed to experience this so often.

Alcar knew him, he knew everything about him, and he had more ways than one to reach him. And the most beautiful thing of all, the strongest evidence of Alcar's love, were the answers to his unspoken thoughts. He always cherished this, and it surprised him each time anew.

There was a ring at the door. Maybe they had come to fetch him for a patient.

To his astonishment the two ladies were standing outside. He had completely forgotten about them, which showed him once again that he should always fully concentrate on the things he was doing, and that he was still the instrument of his spiritual leaders and unable to hold on to his own affairs through the power of his thinking.

'You certainly gave us a fright, sir, we felt so scared', one of the ladies started, 'anyway, what happened? You can't shake us off that easily. We want to know what kind of miracle took place. Is it the devil we're dealing with?'

André had to laugh. Him a devil, whatever next!

'Do you think this is something to laugh about?' the other lady asked. 'We screamed our heads off, it made people all around opened their windows to see what was going on. They must have thought that someone was being murdered. Please tell us what this was all about or else we won't sleep a wink tonight. You suddenly disappeared before our eyes, opened the door from the inside, ignored us and ran into the street as if the devil were on your heels and you were scared of us.'

'Calm down, ladies', André answered, 'I'll try to explain to you that at the time a so-called dematerialization must have taken place, an occult phenomenon which I believe can only be brought about with the aid of a medium, through the agency of spirits, who – though I don't yet know how – dissolve the body of the medium so to speak, and afterwards put it together again.'

In this case I was the medium, and by no means a devil, as you feared. What happened was just as much a surprise to me. After all, you couldn't exactly call this kind of phenomenon an everyday event.

God granted me mediamistic powers, which are sacred to me, and I regard myself as an instrument in His hands, first and foremost to practice the gift of healing by means of magnetic powers.' He turned to one of the ladies and continued: 'Your back is aching, ma'am, it's been troubling you for quite some time, and I see a gentleman at your side who says he's your father.' He described the intelligence who according to him bore a great resemblance to her, and he named the illness which had caused him to pass on, but he immediately sensed how this made her anxious.

She looked at him as if he too were an apparition and said: 'It's true that my back is aching, sir, but that my deceased father should be standing at my side sounds like nonsense to me. You're a strange person, and all your stories are making less and less sense.' She was on the verge of tears.

After the ladies had left, André heard Alcar say that he should hurry and go to bed, and he realized that it was high time to do so, since he felt as if his head would explode.

While he was lying in bed he felt a prickly current going through his body that lasted for half an hour. After that he got very warm and started to perspire enormously, and his heart began to beat violently. But after a quarter of an hour he felt dried out again, which seemed very strange and unnatural to him because this would not have happened if he had been ill. It made no sense to him at all. Then he turned cold and shivery, but finally a pleasant feeling of soft, lovely warmth came over him. This process lasted for two hours. Then his leader said: 'Now go to sleep, my boy, because you're very tired. But after a good night's rest that weariness will disappear. Tomorrow I'll inform you about everything you experienced and I'll explain this successful dematerialization to you.'

André felt himself sinking deeper and deeper, but just before he fell asleep he felt how a hand gently laid itself on his head. It was Alcar whose magnetic flow had such a positive influence on him that he awoke the next morning feeling fresh and in high spirits again.

His first thoughts were with the two ladies, and he immediately remembered what had happened the previous evening. He naturally told his parents all about it. They had already experienced many miraculous things with their son. They were already acquainted with

quite a few of their son's miraculous experiences, but never had they heard of anything like this before.

The ladies returned in the course of the morning; they had calmed down slightly and wanted to hear a bit more about the 'miracle'. André sensed that they regarded him more as a conjurer than a medium, but nonetheless he told them again that such a supernatural phenomenon could only be accomplished with spiritual help and advised them, if they were interested, to start reading books on Spiritualism and Occultism. That would give them a better understanding of these matters.

At that moment he felt that he oughtn't to pursue the matter any further as they wouldn't understand or believe him anyway. Spiritualism and life after death still presented his visitors with too many mysteries, and they wanted nothing at all to do with spirits. These were thoughts which he picked up from them, and Alcar let him feel that he would sound them out. But these poor mortals didn't show the slightest depth. They slept their deep sleep and it would take them quite a time to rouse themselves spiritually and show some interest in the things that would happen to them after their earthly existence. They were afraid of death, and therefore they wouldn't be able to accept the fact that the 'dead' are alive. But fear of death means fear of life, because the saying 'dead and gone' is *an enormous lie*. The so-called dead are alive, and they go on living forever and ever.

How rich those like him were who held this same conviction. How fortunate that he, as an instrument in God's hands, was allowed to help the 'dead' in their physical and psychic support of the people on earth. The 'dead' help and cure physical man. The 'dead' had transported him through the solid wooden door. *They* alone are capable of this feat; to mortals made of flesh and blood such a thing is impossible, however learned they may seem to the world. The 'dead' use him to paint, they speak to him and let him perform miracles.

Poor, poor mortals! When will you finally awaken? You who have experienced a miracle of this kind, think it over. It was a lesson to you which God gave to you to awaken. No more need for you to remain a doubting Thomas, because you received proof. 'Awaken, you who are asleep, and arise from the dead', our common Master

calls out to you, because countless human lives are wasted on earth due to man's spiritual sleep, and so many lives are lived in vain. So wake up and think about your eternal happiness, your eternal spiritual welfare. Material death is the transition to the spiritual world, birth into the spheres of the hereafter. Open your eyes and behold. Your time is precious because your earthly end is approaching and then you will be left staring blindly, spiritually blind, into eternity, into eternal life.

In the afternoon, quietly thinking things over, he once again rejoiced to hear Alcar's loving voice.

'Listen, my boy', he said, 'our dark sessions served to bring about dematerialization and must be seen as a preliminary investigation. Some of my friends were involved in this, and one of them is an intelligence who calls himself 'Physica'. This spirit, 'Physica', who studied mathematics and physics on earth and received a doctorate with distinction in chemistry, has continued his research since he arrived in the spheres. He has been in our midst for about thirty years now, and he was the one who took charge of the phenomenon that happened yesterday evening. It deserves our full attention, as he can link up with the cosmos in order to extract the powers for an event such as this.

I will now explain to you the main things which your body experienced. When you didn't manage to open the door more than a few inches, we put you into a semi-trance. This was the moment you unwittingly stuck your left hand through the gap, while you kept hold of the door knob with your right hand. This built up the contact which enabled us to link up. In an dark session we would have done things in a completely different way. These meetings must always be held in soft, dark-red light, otherwise the ectoplasm that links us up with the medium would dissolve. There were various opposing forces which we had to take into account. However, 'Physica' had made his calculations in advance to ensure that your body would suffer no permanent disturbance.

After the dematerialization had taken place we noticed some irregularities in your blood circulation and in order to correct that we used our strong will power and our concentration to make you run up and down a few streets. During our journeys to Summerland and

other spheres you experienced how strong these powers can be, and consequently all you could do was to carry out what we required of you. After all that running and dashing, about you suddenly developed an abnormal appetite. This proved that we had surpassed your normal energy consumption. You felt exhausted, although this only concerned your active consciousness, not your total source of energy.

Subconsciously man has enormous powers at his disposal, which are only set free under abnormal conditions. For instance, imagine someone driving a car on a busy road. Suddenly another car drives straight at him, but by veering to the left or to the right he manages to avoid a head-on collision. However, this exertion wears him out completely, because he used up more power and energy in this brief moment than he would have normally spent during an entire day.

Does my son sense what I mean? Is it clear to him that he was drawing his energy from a source which we call his subconscious power?

So we used up more power than you normally have at your disposal, and your physical body reacted strongly to this. Hence your feeling of exhaustion. But a good meal and the necessary rest soon made up for the spent energy. Then, while you were lying in bed, we got the chance to relax your nervous system with cosmic rays. You urgently needed this, because the slightest disturbance would have harmed your body, especially your heart which, as you will recall, was beating madly at the time. This treatment was also intended to stabilize your blood pressure, as it kept on fluctuating from high to low. You probably remember how you felt terribly hot at first and then cold, and finally your temperature returned to normal again. The sudden feeling you had of drying out after that heavy spell of perspiration was caused by the cosmic ray treatment which we carried out to nourish your body.

Until now the people of your earth don't know how to make use of these most profitable forces. However, the day will come when science turns to nature to extract all these healing forces. Countless powers still lie hidden in the universe which, as I told you before, will be given to man if science is willing to turn to *the eternal realm of the spirits*. Universal consciousness must be roused, but before man can open up the cosmic reservoir, he must first develop his

intuition and learn to understand. Only then will man be capable of handling the blessed powers within the cosmic rays to nourish a sick body. Not until the scholars of the earth humbly bow their heads, will they become linked up by intelligences from the higher areas and be filled with inspiration. Only then will cancer and tuberculosis cease to exist, because nature alone is capable of helping them to suppress these dreaded diseases.

The dematerialization process was successful, because we cancelled the process of gravitation by reducing this force. Your body was dissolved and within a flash it became reintegrated again. This process of dissolution and reintegration, which is a science in itself, consists of various stages which require a certain degree of cosmic development before it can be sensed on all its existential levels. You won't be able to understand this until you're one of us, because by then your sensitivity will have developed, and become attuned to all this. In the spheres dead theories are put into practice and come to life.

After his transition 'Physica', who was a scholar on earth and a quiet and diligent worker, had to admit that his knowledge, like all earthly science, had hardly any meaning. Earthly scholarship doesn't rank as wisdom until it has been developed in the spirit.

'Physica' is now pursuing his studies on our side, spiritually as well as materially. Our scholars visit the earth to make its inhabitants sense the spiritual laws, and if the latter possessed spiritual eyes, they would be amazed to see how a spirit, the human being of the spheres, continues his study of matter in order to lead them on to a higher path, the path to perfection, the path that points the way to God. That's why man must learn to use his intuition and to understand the meaning of spiritual life; the spirit will make him live, just as every form of life must be truly lived, because all life has its source in God. Life is the knowledge which is boundless, and so it will remain forever.

Know, my boy, that all knowledge is life, and that it stands for Love within each and every shape it takes. And all of life will have to be experienced in harmony, because cosmic disharmony is spiritually impossible, since God is Love and His Creation is perfect.

After we nourished your body with cosmic rays, you felt my hands

magnetizing you. You needed my vital fluid to get some restful sleep.

You undoubtedly realize that while you dematerialized, your spirit left your body to which you remained connected via the silver or fluid cord, as you have experienced before. The same thing happened during your first disembodiments, as you will recall.'

Again André was profoundly grateful to his leader for everything he had done for him, but at the same time he deeply regretted that this important event had taken place for no reason at all. What an effort Alcar, 'Physica', and other spirits must have put into this phenomenon to make it a success! What a lot of energy this must have taken!

'Don't worry, my boy', he heard his beloved spiritual friend say, 'that won't do any good. However, it wasn't our wish to let physical manifestations take place; it was the longing to be of value which played up in your mind. That's why we wanted to show you what it means to be a physical medium. Can this make man happy? Is physical power an eternal quality? Can this force make man beautiful and radiate? Is that why he is linked up with God? Does this signify life? Does it enable one to save mankind from destruction? No, never in a lifetime. It's the *psychic* forces which we possess now and forever, and which stand for eternal happiness, whereas the *physical* powers exist only temporarily. All this will soon become clear to you, and will make you understand that last night's phenomenon didn't happen without a reason. You know that physical and psychic powers lie dormant within you. Which are the greatest, which of these are the most essential which should be developed first of all? Which of these are the most sacred of gifts one can receive from God? Which of these serve best to help mankind? Which of these will on a higher plane of existence become your possession forever onward? Physical powers are a gift from God too, certainly, but these must serve to convince and rouse those who cannot be persuaded by psychic powers. And once they have been roused, we arrive to support them spiritually, to develop their feeling and to teach them how to give love.

Rest assured that we know the reasons why we come to you. I allowed you to hold dark sessions. Once again: not for our sake, but for yours. To increase your powers, maybe? No, once and for all: to

nip your longing in the bud. You, my boy, you have a different, a more beautiful task. We have other things in mind for you than to let you become a puppet in the hands of those who have nothing else to do. The task which has been assigned to you is a very very sacred one. You must therefore be humble and quiet, and let the influence of the Holy Spirit take effect on you. Your task concerns the spirit. That's why we want to show you the most beautiful, the most sacred part of all your gifts. It's true, we can't do without physical mediumships on earth, but there are already enough mediums who possess this power. There are thousands of them, you can find them in every town, every village. We could develop them along various lines if we wanted to. But would that get us any further? There's enough excitement on earth as it is. But would this would help us along? Even the very first tappings, these simple phenomena, were too profound to be grasped by science. And yet these tappings will forever remain the most important phenomenon in the history of mankind. These simple tapping sounds were clearly audible as direct-voices for those willing to listen. And thousands did, and they became convinced of the continuous existence of life after physical death.

But the clearer the evidence which mankind receives from our side, the less people believe, because these physical phenomena bear no human traits and so they become incomprehensible. That is the way things on earth turn into a sensation, since everything is of this earth.

We have no lack of physical mediums, but only one person in thousands is a psychic medium. We on our side are always on the lookout for instruments of that kind, who are prepared to serve us, to help mankind spiritually, because only if the inhabitants of the earth rise spiritually will they and the earth attain happiness, and this can only be brought about via psychic powers. That is why we want to develop your gifts, for all that is spiritual, to make your love grow and to link your feeling with all that is alive. Last night's experiment made it clear to you that we're unable to offer help to people if they refuse to accept it, and that even the greatest miracles won't change the attitude of these doubting Thomasses.

I wanted to guard you from this kind of mediumship which doesn't

lead to eternal light, even if it has its beauty and its purpose.

Your path is a completely different one. You will accompany me on my visits to the spheres and there you will behold things which can only be seen with *spiritual* eyes. I will develop you according to the spirit, and this will soon, up above, lend substance to your happiness, your love and your eternal light if you ask God for wisdom, strength and love.'

In keeping with Alcar's wish, André sent a few prominent spiritualists to the two ladies to inform the latter about the miracle they had witnessed, with the intent to have it mentioned in some magazine. It might rouse others. But the ladies had gone back to sleep again. They had gone to see their clergyman and he had told them that they were not to meddle with such sorcery. It was all the devil's doings. Then André asked Alcar what he should do now. And he got the reply: 'Nothing, my boy, nothing at all. You realize how people cannot be convinced if their time has not yet come.

There are thousands of clergymen on our side who would be most willing to make it known how everything here is *life*, something they didn't understand formerly, and that spiritualism is not a thing of the devil, it's from God.

So our task will consist of helping those human beings who want to be helped. These people will receive nourishment for their soul, their eternal body.'

Later on André came in contact with the wife of the spirit called 'Physica'. She still dwelt on earth, and he was glad that he was able to prove to her that she was continually in touch with her husband who would be waiting for her in the spheres after her earthly life had reached its end.

CHAPTER II

How Alcar watched over a young life

EARLY one morning André was woken up by Alcar who informed him that at noon he was to go and treat Doortje, the one and a half year old daughter of his friend Jacques.

‘That’s strange’, he thought, ‘whatever could be the matter with her? Only yesterday evening she was playing happily in her little chair.’

He could make head nor tail of it, but he naturally took care to be at his friend’s home at the appointed time.

Nel, Jacques’ wife, opened the door and told him that her husband wasn’t home yet but that he would be back soon.

‘I’ve come to help Doortje’, André replied.

‘Doortje?’ Nel asked with surprise in her voice. ‘Is anything wrong with her?’

‘I don’t know yet, Nel. But this morning my leader ordered me to go and help her.’

‘I see’, Nel said, ‘yes, it’s true, she has been looking a bit pale lately and sometimes the colour in her face seems to fade away. Children can catch things so easily.’

While they were talking Nel had lifted Doortje out of her little chair to hand her over to André. But the little one wanted none of that and tried to push him away with her little hands as if she already knew what was about to happen. However, he had expected her to resist, and had brought along some sweets which soon brought the little one to a willing surrender. Nel put her back in her little chair again with her sweets, and just as André was about to take advantage of this opportunity to magnetize her, he heard Alcar say that he should primarily treat the right side of her little head. His leader would help him to do so.

He was suddenly overcome with fear. Had he heard properly? Alcar was going to help him? This only happened in serious cases. Was Doortje’s condition that serious? What was wrong with her anyway? He still hadn’t the faintest idea.

He laid both hands on her little head, although she did her very

best to prevent him from doing so.

The fear that had suddenly beset him induced him to focus his concentration with more will power than he had ever done before, because his intuition told him that Doortje's illness was far more serious than he could ever imagine.

While he was busy magnetizing her he went into a trance, but in this condition he was merely able to perceive a dark-grey haze on the right side of her head.

Alcar informed him that he had seen correctly, and that he should treat the little one again in a quarter of an hour. This made him realize that she must be very ill indeed.

'Is this true, Alcar?' he anxiously asked in his mind, to prevent Nel from hearing.

'Yes, my boy, but all will be well. You'll have to give the little one another treatment.'

Nel asked what he thought of it, but André who didn't yet know this himself, answered that he had discovered she had caught a cold. That was why he wanted to treat her again.

Nel was set at ease by his answer. She wasn't aware that two consecutive magnetic treatments pointed to a serious case.

What did this all mean? Was this grey haze the illness? Why two treatments in such rapid succession? Fortunately Alcar didn't keep him waiting in his anxiety for long. 'Just you help, son', he heard in a whisper, 'later on it will all become clear to you.'

The second time he treated the little girl with even greater intensity than before, and he also fervently beseeched God to give Alcar the power to save this young life. He kept on with this prayer during the entire treatment, and meanwhile he also attempted to transfer the illness to his own body, which he succeeded in. He gradually absorbed all the painful spots, and afterwards he was able to diagnose the illness through *clairvoyance*.

All he observed now was a feeling of stiffness in the right side of his head, and a shivering sensation in his back.

After the treatment he returned home, and on the way he met Jacques whom he informed of everything that had happened in his absence. This quite surprised Jacques because he hadn't noticed anything abnormal either about his little daughter before he left for work.

‘Maybe Alcar discovered something yesterday evening, while we were over at your home. Anyway, the treatment won’t do her any harm.’ His friend had no doubt about that, because after his own doctor had once declared him to be incurably ill, he had, with Alcar’s and André’s help, been healed completely within a short time. So he was profoundly grateful to Alcar for his intervention and felt very moved by this proof of love towards him and his family.

That afternoon André got a message from his leader that Jacques would come to fetch him, and at nine o’clock sharp his friend rang the doorbell.

‘Please come quickly, André’, he said, ‘Doortje’s in a terrible state. She’s got a large swelling on the right side of her head, one of her eyes is completely closed, and there’s a blue streak running from the middle of her head down to the swelling. What ever could that be, André?’

In a flash he heard the words: ‘Tell him it’s a cold that has now broken through.’

He passed this message on to his friend who felt slightly relieved.

On the way he was linked up again with Alcar who told him: ‘Have no fear, André, the crisis is over. We were allowed to save Doortje out of the clutches of a dangerous children’s disease. But you’re not to mention anything of this to the parents without my permission, because they’re not yet allowed to know the truth. Just give them some reassurance.’

They soon got to the little patient. She really looked dreadful. No wonder his friends were worried to death. But André set their minds at ease and told them they ought to be glad that the cold had broken through.

Doortje was sitting on her mother’s lap quietly looking around, and he carefully tried to take her little head in his hands. But it was no good, she couldn’t be handled. So he gave up and waited for Alcar’s orders.

Her little face was terribly swollen and the blue streak was an alarming sight.

Suddenly, thank God, he heard the well-known, loving voice whispering: ‘Give her two more turns, no matter how hard she screams.’

These words made him suspect a terrible truth. Yet he kept a grip on himself in order to remain calm and magnetize the child with

the help of Jacques and Nel.

After the second treatment he had to focus his power of concentration. So he opened up and Alcar passed on his facts via inspiration. Doortje was pampered and put into her little bed, and afterwards André arranged with his friends that they should call him whenever he was needed.

‘Do you mean something might happen?’ Nel asked.

‘No’, André replied, ‘luckily there’s no danger involved.’

When he got home he spent a long time thinking the whole case over. The condition seemed to have improved considerably after two treatments. But if there was no more danger lurking, then why hadn’t he been allowed to tell Jacques and Nel the truth? He still didn’t know for sure what was troubling the little one. Alcar had only told him that her life had been at stake, but that they had been allowed to save Doortje. Deep down he didn’t feel at peace; there was something about the course of events that troubled him. Finally he fell asleep, only to awaken with that same disconcerted feeling.

His first thoughts went to the child, how terribly sick she was. The night had gone by and nobody had called for him. It was strange. It made him feel anxious. Hadn’t he been listening properly this time, and then done something wrong? But surely that must be out of the question? He had never doubted Alcar’s words before. So why should he now? Could he have allowed himself to sleep? What might have happened during the night! How could he ever justify his behaviour? Had he really given enough care and attention to his friends’ greatest treasure? They must have slept through the night too, since they weren’t aware of any danger. How could he have been so heedless to keep the child out of the doctor’s hands! It was irresponsible, and a lot about him would have to change if he really wanted to become a loving instrument for higher intelligences. What should he do next? Go over to Jacques and Nel’s? But it was still very early. Wouldn’t just that make them realize how seriously ill their sweetheart was? No, this was out of the question. He was engulfed by an intense feeling of sadness. How could he ever make up for this? He beseeched God to forgive him, and he prayed: ‘Father, I fervently want to serve You as a true instrument. So let this be a lesson to me, Father, one of life’s deep lessons.’ He already pictured his friends

brokenhearted with sorrow. They had lost what they cherished most on earth, and it was all his fault. Plunged in grief for the rest of their life. And whom would this hurt most? Alcar of course. He had cut him out completely, due to his unforgivable negligence. Who would still believe in his Alcar, whose instrument had now proved to be a failure? Oh, how fearful he was. And where was his leader now? Didn't he sense his sorrow? He always used to console him whenever he was sad and troubled. So why didn't he do so right now?

His head was close to bursting point, and he felt numb after all that thinking. As long as he hadn't lost Alcar and destroyed his work!

If only he could see something! Maybe he had already forfeited his gifts. How poor that would make him. Poorer than the poorest, who have nothing to eat, because what does lack of money and goods mean compared to spiritual poverty?

Time and again Alcar had pointed out to him that worldly riches could never match spiritual, eternal property. What is earthly gold worth, compared to spiritual possession? What do worldly things mean, compared to his gifts? Nothing at all. He would rather starve himself than do without his gifts, his spiritual gold, his eternal gem, in which the spheres twinkle in all their splendour and all their beauty. And now he might have destroyed Alcar's work, his task of healing the inhabitants of the earth, and convincing them that life continues forever on a higher level of existence.

He ought to have spent the night at Doortje's bed to watch over this young life with care and attention. And now he had, one by one, torn apart the links of love that connected him with Alcar, and so he had thrown away his trust.

God had granted him the mercy of working for spiritualism, and of helping and consoling suffering fellow human beings with his gifts.

He was allowed to support those who had had to part with loved ones, by pointing out to them that death means *life*. He was permitted to heal the sick, and to visit the spheres as an earthling. But was he really convinced of the magnitude of all this? Had its sanctity really got through to him? Did he realize that he could never express enough love towards Alcar, who had left the earth centuries ago and who knew infinitely more than he did?

God had placed all these sacred things in his hands, and if he wasn't sufficiently aware of the immense value of this divine gift, then some day he would be very unhappy. Thousands of intelligences, who left their loved ones behind on earth whom they protect while they live on behind the veil, are now watching him. Is he really and entirely aware of the fact that he must live his eternal life right now? That he must turn his back on everything that belongs to the earth?

If he had done his duty, his friends would have loved him even more than they already did. He could have done even more to convince scientists of the fact that high-minded, loving mediums are capable of assisting them with their talents such as clairvoyance, magnetic powers and other gifts.

What a lot of useful work he had already been allowed to perform. He had been able to assist doctors, and he had, within minutes, diagnosed illnesses which they themselves would not have been capable of without the aid of *spiritual* colleagues, since he was able to see inside the human body with Alcar's help.

Everything would have turned out differently if only he had listened properly.

People don't readily submit themselves to a magnetizer. Would mothers still entrust him with their children? Wouldn't they now much prefer to see their little ones pass on under a doctor's treatment than to have to idly look on how he withheld all forms of medical help from them? Wouldn't it be much better for them to know that they had done everything they possibly could, instead of putting their illusory trust in him? He fully realized how stupendous his omission had been. This could never be justified.

Hanging on the wall were all the pieces of work he had received mediumistically, which Alcar had painted through him, as his instrument. Did he still dare to look at them, after rewarding his leader with such ingratitude?

In the spirit things aren't done halfheartedly. It's all or nothing, this he had learnt over the years. He must either strive to become a properly developed medium or he would lose his mediumship, because this is a gift from God, and the Almighty is not to be mocked.

How quiet everything had turned around him! It seemed to be

the same peace and quiet which had prevailed in Summerland at the time when he and his spiritual leader had entered there.

The silence intensified and after a while he seemed to hear the breath of life. It did him good. It calmed him down and made his nerves relax. His anxiety ebbed away and his head felt lighter. A pleasant feeling flowed through him. How was this possible! He thought he heard a sound above his head. It seemed as if words were being whispering. It sounded melodious to him, like music that drifted towards him on the wind; heavenly music that made him feel happy. He couldn't recall the state of fear he had been in some moments ago. Where had that miserable feeling gone? His feeling of happiness increased even more. What was happening to him? The walls of his room disappeared before his eyes and made way for a vast, sunny, mountainous landscape. He saw trees and the colour of their crowns was either dark or light. There was a large pond right in front of him, with lots a birds such as he had never seen before, splashing about in the water. Around the pond an abundance of fragrant flowers bloomed in magnificent hues, with a splendour unequalled on earth, while a path wound its way along that heavenly garden of flowers and through the entire mountain landscape and stretched as far as the eye could see, all the way to the horizon. There it vanished from sight.

He looked around inquiringly, but there wasn't a human being to be seen. What a pity that no-one lived here, they would have been so happy amidst all that beauty, in this Divine garden of life, just like the one Alcar had already shown him some time ago. An abundance of harmony, of glorious peace and quiet spread out across this golden, sunlit landscape!

He saw something stir at the end of the winding path. It wasn't more than a dot, yet he could see how it moved along. It slowly came nearer and nearer. It looked like a figure dressed in white. Could it be a human being after all? What an untold bliss it must be for that human being to be allowed to live in this paradise.

The figure came closer and closer. Now it stopped and reverently took some flowers in its hands. The lonely figure stood there for a while and did exactly what he had once seen Alcar do. So this person also loved flowers and the life that was present in everything. Would

this person be able to sense life in all things, just as Alcar could?

It was a tall, slender figure. Seen from afar it appeared as tall as his leader and its movements bore a great resemblance to Alcar's. What a pity, the figure now disappeared behind some flowery bushes. Would it return? The young life kept it hidden from his eyes. But thank heavens, it reappeared, he saw a glimpse of it through the bushes. It showed great peace in its movements. Now the figure was clearly visible again, but he was unable to clearly discern its face, it was still too far away. It slowly advanced again. Its entire being expressed harmony, and he thought he saw a smile on its handsome face. Was it a man or a woman? The locks of hair of the fine figure fell down to the shoulders, yet all its movements pointed to male beauty. Yes, it must be a man.

Now he could make out the white garment more clearly. The sunlight shone on it and made it glitter in innumerable shades. At times it seemed like a mellow rose-coloured haze, and then it would change into pale blue or wine red against the light green background. All the heavenly colours of the flowers that surrounded him seemed to reflect in this white garment.

The stranger stopped again, and once again held some flowers between his hands. He bent deeply over them while he enveloped them with both hands to caress them. Was he praying, like Alcar, who prayed to God via the flowers? Via the life which He put in everything? Would this handsome stranger also be capable of that? Was his attunement the same as his leader's?

He tried to link up with him, and with all his strength he tried to focus his attention. But he was unable to penetrate. When his thoughts approached the stranger he felt a restraint, something which drew him back, and in spite of all his efforts he was unable to accomplish the same thing he found so easy to do on earth. What a lot of energy and effort it took him now! Was this person impossible to fathom? He clearly felt his powers of concentration diminishing whenever he drew closer. There was something shielding this stranger which he was unable to penetrate.

Could it be the stranger's radiation which was stronger and more beautiful than his? Couldn't his light be linked with that of the other? Perhaps it bounced off. All his senses told him that the stranger was

superior to him. Was he unwilling to be reached? Was he impervious to influences from outside? Did he possess such a self-assured power?

André understood. He was bouncing off, just as oceanwaves beat against the rocks. This man would stand up to hurricanes and move mountains. God alone could tumble this man from his pedestal. But God granted him his peace and his happiness, because he loved life with a love that was in keeping with God's holy Love. So he lived in harmony with the Infinite, and could perform miracles, merely through his love. André understood this too, Alcar had taught him. And if he took care to be a good instrument, then one day he would also be allowed to possess that power.

He sensed that he wasn't allowed to proceed any further now, and that he should stop wasting his powers needlessly. What was the purpose of this? Was he allowed to intrude upon the tranquility of the spirit? Was this love? Could he simply disturb this sacred tranquility which had nothing earthly about it? Wouldn't it be better to patiently await further events?

He regretted having gone too far already. He had to learn, to curb his curiosity, because curiosity is really only self-love.

There was so much peace in the expression of the lonesome stranger's noble face. He looked like the Angel of Peace himself. Slowly, step by step, he moved away from the spot where he had been standing for some time, and peacefully walked on. His face was turned to the left, as if he perceived something there that held his attention. But... suddenly he turned around and disappeared.

André realized that he must be the cause of this. Had it been right for him to spy on the stranger while he was praying? He had to admit that his attitude was, as yet, rather deplorable and that he was still an uncouth inhabitant of the earth, who was far from being attuned to the spiritual, since he clashed with the things he was allowed to behold here.

He ought to have looked upon all the stranger's actions with great love; then his attunement would have been perfect and his spirit would have been in harmony with eternity. But a crudely material earthling doesn't possess that delicate, that spiritual and ever so pure feeling. Wouldn't it be better to withdraw, instead of looking on into this spheric splendour which made his heart thump with emo-

tion? Did he deserve to behold all this? And all the time the landscape lay spread out before him in its total serenity and beauty. Who might that fortunate man be who was wandering along so blissfully? Surely the spirit of God, the spirit of the Father must dwell in him.

There he was again. This was odd. Whenever he thought of him with love, he would immediately reappear. Was he able to catch his thoughts? Only Alcar could do that. Nobody but Alcar.

He slowly approached. If only he continued on the track he had chosen, then he would soon be able to see him more clearly. But he suppressed his ardent longing because it would break his heart if the stranger withdrew again on his account, due to his disturbing, disharmonious thoughts.

What a long time it will take before man may call himself *spiritual*, and how many millenia must yet go by before better conditions prevail on earth, and love amongst mankind becomes spiritual, pure and honest.

Only love could link him up with the fair stranger. This was clear to him. For the third time he paused amidst the flowers, a sea of flowers, and stretched out his arms towards them. Then his well-shaped hands enclosed a large blue flower and he humbly bowed his head that appeared to gleam in a heavenly light.

He began to speak, and it was a solemn, sacred moment. The tones reverberated in André just like that beautiful music he had shortly heard, and the voice, as soft as the music, sounded just as melodious to him. It was a prayer which the stranger sent up to the Creator:



‘You, my flower, who bear within you the life which God put into you and me, through you I send my love to Him. I link myself with you and so I link up with God, since He bestowed life onto both of us, vested eternal life in us.

Your beautiful colour will keep me in harmony with Infinity, your sweet fragrance will strengthen me. Your colour, which is spiritual, will cover fields of eternal life.

Whoever inhales your fragrance will be strengthened, since the breath of the Father lives within you, lives within me. Because our Father is Life, and bestowed life upon us.

Sweetness will mark your odours that strengthen the powers within man's soul. It will make him feel life as it is bestowed on us, since God has only one life to give, which to him will signify: blissful tranquility, eternal peace, and sanctifying love.

I therefore merge with you, to approach the Creator with love and in humility. I merge my light with your light so that we may jointly sense God's Light, His eternal, holy Light.

Our love which is one and eternal, which is life, will remain with us because God gave us eternal love, eternal life. God gave you life, your blue radiance and your fragrance.

God gave me intelligence and vested me with wisdom and strength.

But He gave us one life and one love. That is why God made us one. Life has created an eternal bond of love between us.

We live with love *for* God; in tranquility, in peace, in happiness and in harmony *through* God, because we carry one life within us.

Could the people on earth, where I once dwelt and where I once again have a task to accomplish, understand that we are one? Or would they believe us to be fools? If they could experience a mere fragment of the happiness we possess and bear within us, it would suffice to make them happy, and peace would prevail on earth.

Oh beautiful flower, if only they knew that love is strength and means life; that love can make the seas dry up. Yet its source must be Divine. If only they could sense what universal love is, it would enable them to help and support others like we do.

But we will help them to use God's holy Power to rouse others who don't sense life yet, who lack the experience, who are not yet alive. We will teach them to trust God's holy Power. We will build up their trust in all things. If only the people on earth could have more confidence, it would make them steadfast in their struggle.

Oh fair flower, have confidence; that is why life is yours, why your life became feeling, your feeling became love and your love is your life.

If only the people on earth knew that their self-confidence would enable them to perform miracles; that their self-confidence would

make their love grow and blossom and turn it into beauty.

Self-confidence is the driving force within every form of life. Self-confidence is that sacred power which God calls life. Self-confidence connects man with God.

Why does man doubt that life is eternal? Because, fair flower, he doesn't sense his eternal life, nor does he understand it, because he isn't aware of it. Though it's his possession, it still remains subconscious in him. That is why we call him alive yet dead. He gets angry, fair flower, when he is told the truth, when it stares him in the face. Oh, I could tell you countless things about earthly man, but I don't wish to disturb your peace.

Man on earth isn't acquainted with the peace we possess, because he lives in disharmony and feels no harmony, because his life is in disharmony, because he is in disharmony with his heavenly Father.

There are so many beautiful things we could tell him about ourselves. But he would find that too sweetmouthed, completely out of this world. It shows how materialized his feeling for spiritual things has become.

When we wish to educate man through our instruments, and request them to act in accordance with our way of seeing and feeling, since we are alive and awake, then he believes that we have made those mediums our slaves. Those who profess to have some knowledge of spiritual attunement are the very first to think along these lines.

If only they would put more trust in us, then we could point out their mistakes, lead them back onto the right track and link them up with our life which is eternal life. We have so much to give to them. But, fair flower, even those are lacking in self-confidence who see with spiritual eyes and carry the gift of light within. They still falter and are prone to influence.

I am now drawing strength from you, my flower. Your juices made me nourish and strengthen young life.

Now I must part, but I will return to tell you more about mankind, if this doesn't disturb your peace. But your love will be strong enough, as God is its source.

On earth I will make the incomprehensible understandable and I will develop the human spirit. I will guide the people and attune their feeling to God. All their fear and doubt will then be trans-

formed into self-confidence. Live, my flower, live. Let the life that is in you live. Let it remain your eternal happiness, your eternal life forever.'

André's heart was pounding. He had heard enough by now and understood the entire situation. The shining figure ahead of him could be none other than his own leader, his own beloved Alcar. He had seen him now as he had never seen him before. Yes, he understood it all. His fear had been unnecessary, and he had faltered in his trust. He hadn't yet been strong enough to face the danger. He should have recognized Alcar immediately and ought never to have doubted his help.

He felt as if he were paralyzed, and he hardly had the strength to bear all this.

Then he heard the well-known, beloved voice whisper: 'André, my boy, he who wants to accomplish everything with love will be inexhaustible, because Love is God and God is inexhaustible.'

André looked up. Right there in front of him stood his leader. How beautiful he was! Never during their journeys to the spheres had he ever shown himself in such radiant beauty.

'You will only see me in this way when you're completely attuned to me, and when you approach me with great human love, as you do now. The love which you gave to me due to your anxiety, because your anxiety was love which is attuned to this sphere. This proof of your love made me decide to end, once and for all, the lack of trust within you. I knew about this distrust, my boy, and that is why I kept everything away from you, and why you were merely my instrument. However, this wouldn't have taught you anything, but your deep feeling made your love tune in to mine. That is how we became one, and I was allowed to link you up with that love, with that sphere where you felt the peace which induces harmony into everything, and which means spiritual life.

I wanted to strengthen your self-confidence during Doortje's illness, to show you that only love can further self-confidence. No longer will you be kept on the outside of the truth, because now I know that everything is sacred to you, that your love will grow and blossom and that we will perform miracles in the name of the Fa-

ther, as He is the Life of all life. Everything will have become clear to you by now. But take care never to become a plaything of your feelings, and above all: don't ever imagine that you know best, because that would spell self-satisfaction, something we cannot warn you against enough. Don't let yourself to be put under an evil influence again, remember that. Disbelief has poisoned the whole of mankind.

Now I'll show you a different scene.'

André saw Doortje before him and he could have jumped for joy that the child was alive. So his worries had been needless, he simply hadn't put enough trust in Alcar.

'Now do you sense, the latter asked, 'why Jacques and Nel are not to know anything? If they were aware of the gravity of their child's illness, they would take it away from us and, in their fear, entrust it to an earthly physician. But in our hands it's safe, and two magnetic treatments permitted us to cure the little one of meningitis.'

This information no longer startled André, because from now on his trust in Alcar could no longer be shattered.

'All the poison will now leave the little body; you'll soon notice that. I'm watching over it, André. Trust me, just keep on trusting.

And another thing. Don't hold yourself in too high esteem, but certainly not too low either, because how then could you ever be aware of your own power and convince others of *our knowledge*? And also let others see the love you radiate, because love works wonders.

Your friend won't turn up, and the child will be a lot better tomorrow.'

Alcar had gone and André was on his own again. He had learnt a lot during the last few hours and he had understood the vision perfectly. How fortunate he was to have been allowed to help his leader in saving a young life for the parents.

The next evening he went over to see Doortje. Nel went to meet him in the corridor and called out to him: 'Doortje's much better, André, but you wouldn't believe how much badness came out of her ear! The abscess broke at three o'clock this afternoon; it had an awful smell about it. The little dear must have suffered terribly.'

The little tot was sitting in her chair again and she looked at him with her smiling little face as if she knew that now all was well.

There was no more need for him to help her. The two treatments had brought about the miracle. Nonetheless, she was in for more discomfort, because her left little ear slowly began to swell and the skin around started to redden until finally a swelling appeared at the back.

André treated her twice a week, just as his leader had instructed him, who also informed him that this process would repeat itself five times and that the second swelling would be somewhat smaller than the first. The last one would have the size of a marble.

He passed this message on to his friends who were very upset to hear this. They thought it was terrible. This swelling was now as large as a nut and it could burst at any moment.

One evening Alcar said that this would happen that very night and that the little one ought to be bandaged properly as a lot of badness would come out. The next morning Jacques came over to tell him that Alcar's prognosis had come true. The swelling had vanished.

However, the little ear still remained red and swollen, and from the moment the swelling had started, her urine was containing blood, which, according to Alcar, would stop after the last swelling had disappeared.

Gradually the second one appeared and it vanished just as the first one had. And after this process had finally repeated itself five times, the little girl regained her colour and no more blood could be detected in the urine.

'Doortje is healed now', Alcar said, 'and she won't fall ill again for a long time, as we have caused all the badness to be drawn out of her body, which will prove very important for her entire life.'

André then told his friends how lovingly his spiritual leader had watched over their little sweetheart and he also let them know about the dreaded illness he had saved her from. Of course this message touched them deeply, and they were profoundly grateful for everything Alcar had done for them in his great love.

'We can help the people in every way', Alcar said, 'and in the case of a serious illness we wouldn't lose a single minute if earthly medical help must be called in. I will always keep watch, day and night, because the spirit no longer needs sleep nor does it know fatigue. But it's up to you to accomplish everything according to our wishes.'

Then nothing can go wrong. Then people will readily submit themselves to us and science will accept us because they will have gained confidence in us. Doctors will call in *our* help when they are powerless in the face of a serious illness. They will bow their heads and shed their false modesty. They are often confronted with problems which don't exist for the spirit, because we link up with matter in order to see right through it.

I will prove to science – mark my words – I, named Alcar who formerly lived on earth, will prove that we go on living. Centuries ago I lived on your earth and still the name I bore at that time is pronounced by many in veneration. In the prime of my life, at the age of just over forty, I was called forth. But prior to that I was already convinced that my earthly end wouldn't end my life. And when I became aware of the situation in which I had left many brothers and sisters behind, I thanked God that I was overcome by an intense longing to convince the people on earth of a life after material death.

All my friends have been here on our side for a long time now, and they lend me their help and support to accomplish this task. They had outstanding names on earth that still live on there and which haunt the people's thoughts, whereas they themselves attach no more value to them because we have learnt that only the spirit adds value to life.

If people could accept that we are working behind the veil with deep-felt love for mankind, and that we are trying to help them in all possible ways, then our task would be much easier, and they would act according to our wishes. However, since people consider death to be the *ultimate end*, they close their eyes for *life*. That is why I and many others along with me, have returned to earth to rouse mankind and convince the people that we live because God, Who is Love, granted us and them eternal life, which through constant evolution, will one day rise to perfection, just as the Father in Heaven is perfect.

I was allowed to save a young life, I, the disembodied human being with my developed intelligence, whereas nobody on earth knew the nature of the dangerous illness it was suffering from, so that nobody could have taken prompt and effective action, and consequently merely matter would have remained.

I told you this to demonstrate that we can help man solve his problems through a high-minded healing medium and that we always want to give him love. If only he could understand that the 'dead' live on. We call out to him from the hereafter: We are alive, we live in great happiness on this our side. We live in eternal, pure love, a love which no-one on earth ever knows or senses. Eternal life cannot be destroyed, but only after material death can it entirely unfold in the spirit. It is indestructible because Life is God and He will never destroy His own Life.

But when the time has come for God to call him, and he meets his so-called death, then man merely has to shed his material casing, just as he often sheds a worn-out garment. The spirit casts off its shackles to ascend to unknown realms, higher, and higher still.

We, who have shed our material garment long ago, come to the people to tell them this because we know that we will keep on developing in order to take on ever higher forms of existence, until we finally reach a level of such high sensitivity and high attunement that we can no longer link up with the inhabitants of the earth.

Finally I demonstrated how magnetism is the sacred power which will help mankind to heal its sick, because it is a pure, natural healing power, and everything which is natural and pure travels the road that lead to the things on High.

I, who lived on your earth long ago, saved a young life because it was the will of God. I can only do this if my power doesn't clash with that of God.

We who sense the spirit more intensely than mortal man, we know what we are able and allowed to do in attunement to God.

Spiritually man is still plunged in deep sleep from which he will not really awaken until he is one of us.

Doortje was saved by us. Doesn't this offer people the proof that we returned to them to do our work in their midst? God granted us the mercy to allow us to return. Because we possess the light, we see them in their darkness, and *our* light will brighten *their* darkness. Man on earth, accept the light, because this Light is God. We will supply you with a spiritual lifebelt. Know, that no storm on the sea of life can destroy you. You will stay afloat, because eternal Life will keep you afloat.

You carry the holy Spark of God within you, the rescuing power which tunes you in to Him. We will continue to watch over young lives and also over lives that are still in their infancy, and could be said to be in their spiritual infancy, even if they have already reached the age of seventy or even eighty. We want to help them, and the young ones too. Therefore I call out to all those: now is the time, you're still in your earthly body, you still possess your earthly life. Friends, make the best of things, yet waste no thought on matter, save the spirit and purify your soul. A life of eternal Love, of eternal happiness will await you in God's Fatherly House when your earthly pilgrimage comes to an end.'

CHAPTER III

The purpose of healing mediumship

ONE afternoon André was visited by a gentleman who asked him if he would come and take a look at his son who had been in bed for seven days with a high temperature, while the doctor who examined him daily was still unable to diagnose the illness. In a flash the following words came in his mind: 'The right lung is infected'. And when he then asked Alcar how he could give this diagnosis without the slightest contact, his leader answered that he would explained it all later. 'But tell him now', he continued, 'that the cause of the illness is known to us.'

André passed this message on to his visitor who thought this very strange and nearly incomprehensible.

That evening he rang the bell at the given address and immediately examined the seriously ill boy. He took his hand in his to subsequently diagnose the illness in trance, which the seventeen year old Wim patiently consented to. Then he asked him, while he simultaneously touched the spot, whether he felt any pain to the right, underneath the shoulderblade, but the patient felt nothing there and hadn't had any pain there for all those days. But André felt, when he held him, a piercing, burning, sometimes stabbing pain in his right lung and afterwards he clearly saw that it had become infected, as Alcar had already told him that afternoon.

He now told this to the startled parents who requested him to take on their son's treatment as they had gained confidence in him because he had been able to diagnose the illness within ten minutes, something the doctor had not been capable of in seven days.

Of course André gladly wanted to comply with this request and he asked his leader what he should do.

'Listen, my boy', he answered, 'if the doctor had been able to make his diagnosis a week ago, he would immediately have started by applying Priessnitz compresses, but due to his omission we will have to wait a bit with that as the inflammation has in the mean time turned inwards. Now it's up to us to give the boy a strong magnetic

treatment. The illness will surface after three or four treatments which will make the doctor also see that his patient has got pneumonia. If Priessnitz compresses were to be applied now, the process would develop too rapidly; we can achieve much better results through our strong magnetic flow. Submit yourself completely, my boy; there are many intelligences who help us.'

After a treatment of about twenty minutes Alcar made him stop and told him what would happen. 'First of all Wim will start to perspire heavily after this treatment, which will help the healing process. This perspiration will set off the inflammation and in two days time he will feel the pain you just felt. That will be the moment the doctor will begin to hear something.'

Again André passed on the message to the parents who immediately the next morning told him that their boy had perspired heavily during the night.

Two days later he started to complain about pains and when the doctor again carefully examined him, the latter found that his patient's right lung was affected, just as Alcar had said previously. He wanted to ex-ray it in the evening.

When Wim's parents told this to André, he heard Alcar say: 'Before the photo is made we will give them a drawing which will clearly show where the lung is inflamed.'

This highly pleased André and he found it interesting to be allowed, as a clairvoyant magnetizer, to convince medical science once again of spiritual help from higher spheres.

After he had treated the patient again, Alcar took possession of his arm and drew the promised drawing which clearly showed that he, André, who knew nothing about illnesses, was capable all the same of making a correct diagnosis by clairvoyance.

That evening the doctor took the ex-ray and later he came to tell them that it had shown how the right lung was inflamed. As he hadn't brought the photo along, the mother asked if he could make a drawing of it. She would like to compare it with André's, which of course the doctor didn't know.

After he had complied with her wish, the first drawing was brought forward and the parents requested him not to get angry for also having consulted a magnetizer in their anguish, after the boy had

been suffering for seven days from an illness of which the cause could not be determined.

The doctor who carefully examined the drawing found it very remarkable that both drawings matched completely and he didn't understand at all.

'Yes, doctor', the father said, 'we think it's very curious too, because when I was over at the magnetizer's home, who had never set eyes on our son before, the cause of the illness was already known to him. I can't understand it, but it's the honest truth. And later on, when he examined him in our presence, which only lasted for ten minutes, he pointed out the spot where he would begin to feel the pain after two days.'

The doctor could only repeat that he thought it was very remarkable. 'But', he also asked, 'that magnetizer isn't going to turn up again, I suppose?'

How narrow-minded can people get!

Of course Wim's parents had gained great confidence in André and they safely left the treatment of the patient – who, as he said, preferred the young doctor to the elderly – in his hands. The young doctor would surely heal him, Wim said, because he placed his hands on the exact spot where he had the most pain, and that did him a lot of good.

One morning he greeted him with the words: 'Hello, doctor', but André who wanted none of that, said he wasn't a doctor. For him he was and remained *his* doctor, whom he had put his trust in and who had assured him that he would be completely cured as long as he took things easy.

Four days passed again and the boy had grown very weak during his illness and he had lost weight; the high temperature still hadn't gone and it had worn him out considerably. For nearly twelve days this young life had battled against it and still the doctor hadn't been able to say when to expect the crisis.

So André put it to Alcar and immediately received his clear account.

'We've now been busy with him for five days', he said, 'so the crisis will set in coming Tuesday and will last until Thursday afternoon. Get me right: Thursday afternoon the crisis will be over.'

Not doubting this for a second, André accordingly passed on this

message. And on the Tuesday the temperature rose to such a degree that the patient became very restless and finally lost consciousness. He kept on raving and pulling at his blankets so that on the Wednesday morning André found his condition very alarming. But Alcar, who made him feel his great love and yet again watched over the young life day and night, instructed him to concentrate with all his strength and to treat the boy intensely. What a holy, universal love there was in all of this. If only people could sense it. If only they felt just a bit of the enormous power that enabled his leader to attract every life and link up with it.

During the treatment André felt and saw various intelligences standing around the bed. 'What could this mean?' he thought. He wasn't comfortable about it, as he knew that the presence of many intelligences around a seriously ill patient usually signified the latter's passing on. They come to guide the spirit, who is about to leave the body, to the place in the spheres to which he is attuned due to his earthly life. He therefore asked Alcar why they had shown up at the sickbed. He immediately set his mind at rest and said he would explain later.

So he wouldn't worry needlessly again, because he would never forget the lesson he had received during Doortjes illness. Nothing could ever scare him again; he should be as steady as a rock and even the heaviest storms could no longer shake his self-confidence. Nobody could influence him, not even if he had to face ten doctors, because he could trust in his Alcar for all eternity.

He therefore firmly assured Wim's parents that however grave the situation may seem, they must trust that their son would stay alive.

After he had treated him that Wednesday evening and repeated his reassuring words, he went home to return the next morning, on the Thursday. By then the parents were so happy they could have embraced him out of gratitude, as the temperature had gradually gone down to 38.4 degrees*) during the night.

After the treatment the thermometer showed only 37.9, and in the afternoon the fever had completely gone. The crisis was over, just as Alcar had predicted, and this young life had been saved too.

His parents didn't know how to thank André for this and even less

*) Celsius

how they could ever show their deeply felt gratitude towards Alcar, the spirit they had already read about so much in 'A View into the Hereafter'.

But Alcar wanted no tokens of gratitude. 'Listen, my boy', he said, 'give them this message. That afternoon, when Wim's father came to see you for help and advice, he was accompanied by his own father who had long since passed on and who watches over the ups and downs of the family, and so he was familiar with the serious illness his grandson was suffering from. By contacting him I learned the cause and so I was able to give you the correct diagnosis before we had any contact with the patient. The grandfather also told me that he had been busy for some days exerting influence on his son, which he fully managed by evoking a feeling of fear in him.

I will explain this to you later by letting you experience, after you have consciously disembodied, how influence is exerted on man from our side.

The grandfather who already loved his grandson dearly while he was on earth, retained this love for him in the life after material death and was allowed to help him. So he is the one whom thanks is due, but he won't accept it either, as spiritual love is universal and is granted in abundance by every intelligence who is in the light.

We don't claim gratitude and it already makes us happy when a person wants to submit to us in complete trust to receive our love. We live for him, to reveal Life to him through proof, and to convince him that mediums who heal in good faith perform useful work, while they work through us and for us with their magnetic power, their vital force, a natural human tonic.

Through them we are able to cure his illnesses and his complaints without failure; we who died on earth, as they say.'

'You, children of the earth, who are spiritually still asleep, doesn't this set you thinking? Do you find the thought so terrifying that the 'dead' save a nearly dying for the sake of his loved ones, let him live? The 'dead' help you in every way, with everything, but those 'dead' are indeed alive, whereas you believe that they cannot return to you and convince you of their nearness.

The word 'death' ought to be erased from your dictionaries; it

merely evokes disharmony because truly, we disembodied spirits are with you, in and around you, we see through matter and are watching over a young life right now. Is this not proof that we possess intellect?’

‘And what did you do, physician, engaged in studies on earth which do not stand for wisdom of the spirit? You, whose task it is to try to save human lives? You who sought but could not find? You attempted to drive our instrument away from the sickbed after we had taken all the fear and unrest away from you, which had caused you sleepless nights, so that you regained your peace and self-confidence. Is that true charity?’

For sure, your time has not yet come. But know that there is only one power that links all things, that makes all things come alive, that guides you and us, that gave life to all of us, and that will melt down your science and your learning when you will be shone upon by its light. Then all your possessions, your wisdom, your power, all earthly knowledge will fall apart because God knows only one power: the power of love. And that love you sought to drive away from the sickroom, the pure love which you don’t yet sense, but which you should amply possess should you want to come to life, the life that is God, the life that helped us to spare the young life for its loved ones.’

We generally seek our instruments amongst those who haven’t accomplished some study or other, because if this were the case, then they could become unmanageable and pretend to know better than we do. Their earthly learning would clash with our knowledge, since the former is not developed in the spirit and therefore isn’t wisdom.

We have no use for pseudo-learned instruments, because if they ever climbed a pedestal, they would fear to be pulled down again by us, because their structure contains no strength of the spirit and the slightest storm would make their pedestal collapse like a house of cards. It’s the truly simple at heart who serve us best for our sacred task, because we can work next to them, in them, and through them.

Therefore accept our instruments, you men of science, because they are the funnels through which we can reach you. Examine those through whom we speak. Test them as often as you wish, but except them when they come to you in love. You need to sift the wheat

from the chaff, because there are still far too many mediums, or so-called mediums who won't fully discover until later how much harm they did to our work. Don't oppose us, but examine seriously and without prejudice because in time, when you are one of us, you will exert all your strength to reach your loved ones, just as we do now, to convince them of your undiminished love. Imagine the happiness you will feel when you are allowed to offer help and support to the loved ones you left behind.

The many intelligences our instrument saw standing around the sickbed were once scholars on your earth, who are now, in the life behind the veil, being taught like children how the spirit exerts its influence on the physical human being. Don't you understand? Then wait until you too have arrived on our side. We will then prove it to you. All the things you were taught on your earth will only turn into wisdom on our side, because earthly things lose their value in our domain. These intelligences are now fully convinced of this, and that's why we are deeply grateful to God that they may now learn how they can influence their own instrument and use it to reach their loved ones, once they themselves search for an instrument. They impatiently await the moment this will be granted to them, and they in their turn may spread their message.'

'Friends, your time will also come. It may take long, but may also be very soon. When God calls you, you must come. So take care that you are ready and commend your spirit into His hands. Life is eternal, remember that and learn to know your own life. Free yourself from all selfishness and crush your own ego, because there is only one I and that is the Supreme Being, the Almighty Creator of heaven and earth; He alone. Let yourselves be roused by us. Our spiritual nourishment is poured out over the whole earth and gradually we see the light getting brighter. Thousands who were allowed to reach and develop their instruments come to you to help you. Climb down from your pedestals, friends, bow your heads deeply, spare God a moment of attention and trust, and think of your eternal salvation, your eternal bliss.'

'It's Wim's serious longing to become a physician one day. May he then be a blessing to many and may he always fulfill his task with

great love. Let us call out to him: Let everything that happened to you during your illness remain a lesson to you from which you can always draw wisdom. Devote yourself entirely to suffering mankind, spiritually even more than physically. Lend support to the magnetizers who work for us and link up with them. We will then link up with you, which will make you gather knowledge, possess feeling and bear life within you. And because you will bear life within you, you will be steadfast and mighty in your abilities. You will perform miracles, because life will lend you a hand. Give yourself in love and always show that you are worthy to receive spiritual help from higher spheres.'

CHAPTER IV

Physical and psychic healing

ONE day someone came to see André who wished to consult him about the health condition of his seven-year-old son Louis. He went into a trance and within ten minutes he was able to determine that the boy was backward and wet his bed during the night.

This father was just as surprised that André was able to make a correct diagnosis so quickly and he asked whether he could possibly heal the boy.

He said that he could, as Alcar didn't warn him that this might be impossible. Then his visitor asked how much time he would need.

'Listen carefully, my boy', Alcar then said. 'After we've treated him for two weeks, the ailment will come to a temporary halt, but after a month the same symptoms will reappear. Eight months will then go by before total healing sets in, and during that time he will have to be treated regularly. In that period his feeling will also have developed, so that his ability to speak and learn will have improved.'

André passed this message on to the father, who was very glad to hear it, and he implicitly put his child in André's hands.

After he had magnetized little Louis four times – twice a week – Alcar's prediction naturally came true. The symptoms disappeared, only to return again after a month. He continued treatment at his own home, and after he had helped the lad for four months his father accompanied him on one of his visits to ask him what he thought of the situation.

'I already told you, sir, how I see and sense the situation', was his reply.

'Yes, the things you told me the first time I came to see you, have come true, but for us that's not much to go by, because every night it's the same old story.'

André, who was concentrating intently on Alcar as this situation was beyond his understanding, quietly awaited what his leader would want to tell him and very soon he heard him say: 'If they have no

trust in our judgement, they should consult earthly science. Our work takes time.'

'If this is taking too long to your liking, sir, then I recommend that you consult a regular physician', André therefore continued. 'People have medical treatment for years on end, and they don't care how long it takes as long as the patient can be cured. But how often do they finally have to give up because the recovery they're hoping for fails to set in? And yet you now expect me to bring about a rapid improvement, although I tried to make the course of events clear to you.'

But his visitor hadn't meant it like that. 'We have', he said, 'doctored around with our child for years, but medical help was to no avail, whereas from the very first day you treated Louis – even though the complaint hasn't been cured yet – we have been able to observe a change for the better in him. Because formerly, when he used to play outdoors, he would always be ill in bed for about four days. He was never a normal healthy child, like my other children. And now he's constantly outdoors, come rain or shine, and it doesn't affect him any more, even if he comes home drenched. That's enough reason for us to continue the treatment.'

'All right, sir, but then you must keep on trusting me.'

Shortly afterwards he heard Alcar say: 'I've got another prediction for him. We've been working on his little boy for four months now, so I need another four months to heal him completely. He'll find it hard to believe when I tell him that for quite some time little Louis has already been physically healed, even if he still wets his bed. I admit that this may seem rather unlikely to earthly ears. And yet it's the truth and I'll explain to you how this is possible.'

We must first of all keep on magnetizing him on a regular basis. This is essential for the development of his feeling in the spirit. We must raise his spiritual level because if we failed to do that, we would be unable to remedy the unpleasant symptom, as he is unaware of any lack of spiritual feeling on that issue. It still lies locked up in his subconscious and will have to be roused at a later stage.

After the eight months of treatment the symptom will not only suddenly disappear, by that time his feeling will also have developed and have been raised to a higher level. By then his ability to speak

and learn will have improved and his powers of concentration will have become stronger too. However, this enhanced condition, this awakening consciousness won't only bring the good but also the less favourable characteristics to the surface.'

'That's not something to look forward to', Louis' father remarked.

Again André didn't know what to answer, but Alcar immediately prompted: 'consciousness in a normal child awakens simultaneously with and in proportion to its physical growth, and the less favourable characteristics are just as prevalent in a normal child without these necessarily showing up, because spiritual and physical growth are one, which ensures the normal development of the process of awakening consciousness; and this is where the being's power of feeling is rooted. I could go on analyzing thousands of others conditions in the same way.

Now the part of this process of development which takes a normal child a year to go through must be dealt with by this boy in a few months. And he will have reached that stage as soon as his feeling awakens within the normal level of consciousness. So he will experience everything within a much shorter span of time than a normal child, and this sudden change will make him lose his balance because he lacks experience in life and has insufficient power of concentration and will-power. But as far as I can sound him out and sense his spiritual condition, I wager to assure you that his less favourable traits won't surpass boyish mischief, which anyway will wear off soon enough. I can determine this because I feel his love. So he won't go to ruin, because there is enough love and a sense of goodness in him, positive traits which will guide him and lead him onto the right path of life. His father hasn't the slightest cause to worry about his spiritual condition. All will be well.'

He was very happy to hear this.

'How simple everything seems at heart', he said.

'Certainly', André heard his spiritual master reply, 'everything is simple if man is able to link up with life. Everything stems from the source of simplicity. Problems aren't problems, miracles are no longer miracles as soon as we realize that everything is life. However, mortal man can't yet sense the life which lies embedded in everything, and he doesn't yet know how to link up with it. Life is love; that's

why his feeling will turn into wisdom once it is attuned to the spiritual.'

André continued to treat Louis, and five days before the eight months had elapsed the said symptom suddenly stopped, and he changed into a completely different child that had much less difficulty in learning.

However, one day his father mentioned that he couldn't keep his hands of other people's property and he brought home everything he could get hold of. This was a strange symptom, because in the past he would never have dreamt of doing such a thing. He often even came home with cigars, and it was a mystery to his father how he got hold of them.

But fortunately this symptom disappeared too and little Louis turned into a dear, well-behaved, sensible boy as Alcar had predicted.

André asked his leader how it had been possible for the magnetic treatment to heal the child not only physically but also spiritually, and he received the following reply: 'Magnetism is vital fluid, and life means feeling. During the period in which this vital fluid was applied to invigourate his feeling, the boy was subjected to high spiritual pressure, which in turn caused his spiritual powers to increase. If your fluid had been coarser than his, no connection could have been made and the treatment would have been useless. However, I saw what we were allowed to achieve, which is only possible for an astral spirit.

There will be sick people calling on you or asking you to visit them, whom you will believe you can heal, but this will prove impossible as they are unable to assimilate your vital fluid and therefore no connection can be set up. This will prove that you cannot help everyone, unless the patient submits himself unconditionally and with complete trust, which enables a strong tie to be laid between the magnetizer and patient.

By providing spiritual nourishment for the lad's psychic condition, his *subconscious* power had to surface and *become conscious*. And this sudden rousing of his consciousness made him lose his balance. I already made it clear to you how this can come about. Our medication had to be spiritual in order to develop his feeling. Your vital forces enabled us to produce this result. This wouldn't have been possible

by administering earthly medicine as these are capable in certain cases of curing matter, but never the spirit.

So you share your own vital force, your spiritual gold, with others, my boy, which you could compare to bloodtransfusion. If people could only realize that you give them your spiritual blood, they wouldn't treat this so light-heartedly.

Don't waste it, because it's precious and should be valued for what it's worth, although every loss of vital force is replenished from the cosmic reservoir, depending on the power of love within you. So you can give as much as you wish, because if your love is pure, you will never become exhausted as love comes from God and is therefore inexhaustible. So whoever develops his sense of love, simultaneously develops his vital fluid.

There are however also people who do not live as our common Father requires of them, and yet they possess healing powers. They too have their spiritual leaders, but these only regard them as material channels through which they are able to perform their work.

Give your vital fluid to those who suffer physically or spiritually, my boy, but let your love, which should be attuned to God, keep it pure; because only then we will be able to help the latter.'

Once again André had gained vital wisdom and received new spiritual richness.

CHAPTER V

A miraculous healing

IN this condition André experienced some very strange phenomena that made him familiar with the psychic powers of those who have shed their physical body.

‘Listen, André’, Alcar said to him, ‘this is what the prophet Joel meant when he spoke: ‘And it shall come to pass afterward (God said), that I will pour out My spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and daughters shall prophecy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.’*)

André experienced miracles and was therefore able to understand the meaning of these words, and it became increasingly clear to him that when a medium commits himself, body and soul, to higher powers, miracles can be performed through him.

His help was called in for a twenty-year-old girl who was extremely ill. The diagnosis which Alcar let him make, said: paratyphoid fever. When he asked if he was allowed to help her, Alcar answered, ‘We can ease her pain and reduce her temperature, but in this case earthly assistance is indispensable.’

So her family called in medical help and after a few days the practicing physician decided to have his patient taken to hospital.

Afterwards André experienced wondrous things of which he couldn’t grasp the meaning. No matter how much thought he gave it, he couldn’t shed any light on this situation which seemed so obscure to him.

Whenever he had been allowed to heal a patient, or when the treatment was stopped for some reason or other, he would always unburden himself completely in order to dedicate his entire self to other sick people, because a correct diagnosis can only be made if the mind is free of all disturbing thoughts. But he was unable to do so now, because her image kept appearing before him, and he felt obstructed in his work. Day in, day out his thoughts went out to the sick girl, and he often wondered what this meant, because he had

*) Joel 2:28; Acts 2:17

never felt such closeness with a patient whom he had been obliged to abandon. The girl must surely sense this too, he thought, as these powers are often highly developed in sick people. He neither heard nor saw his leader but he felt that this must have some meaning which would sooner or later be revealed to him.

A week went by.

Annie's cousin, Cor, whom he was treating at the time, kept him informed of her condition, and one evening she came to ask him on her behalf if he would come and visit her some time. That assured him that she too felt the affinity, even though she might not be aware of it. Her body was stiff all over, Cor told him, and she had a high temperature. Her mouth was numb and her blood was poisoned. She could hardly talk because her throat was very swollen and her face was as blue as lead. The doctors had no more hope that she would recover and so the family had given up hope too.

After André and Cor had agreed to go to the hospital the next evening, he felt how the bond lessened and the tension turned into an ardent longing to once again be allowed to help to save a young life; because Alcar, the high spirit, was of course also watching over this life, even if he didn't show himself.

So he decided to wait in confidence, and sooner than he had dared to expect, this problem was also solved for him and he got to know even more about the great, sacred love of those who, behind the veil, exert all their powers for the sake of mankind to perform the task assigned to them by God.

It was during the following night that he suddenly awoke because he heard his name being called. He looked around but saw no-one and so he decided to go back to sleep. But after a few minutes he heard his name being called again, and at the same time he discovered that he had been released from his physical body, so he had evidently disembodied. This had never before happened in such an unexpected way, because until now Alcar had warned him beforehand so that he could prepare himself.

For the third time he heard: 'André!' and when he looked towards the spot where the sound was coming from, he saw two spiritual beings he had never seen before, one of whom was beckoning him to follow them.

Should he comply with their request? In his mind he asked Alcar and immediately felt a salutary peace come over him. This felt like the answer to his question, and he knew the power behind it. His leader was keeping watch; he was the only one with whom he could be linked in this way. And when they dwelt in the spheres together, Alcar would converse with him in the spiritual language which is used by those who have preceded us, the language of the mind.

Alcar naturally knew what was going on and let him experience this problem in his own way. So he decided to go along, and together with the two intelligences he went downstairs and followed them outside at a few paces distance.

It was a pitchdark night, not a single earthly living being did he meet and not a word was spoken to him.

Would anyone believe him if he told them later that he had walked around during the night as a spirit, following intelligences who were unknown to him? Wouldn't they all call this mere phantasy, even though it was the perfect truth?

He felt blessed that his spiritual body was able to release itself from the physical one and could move about freely in this condition. And after the lesson he had received during Doortje's illness, he had become so firmly convinced of Alcar's invisible presence, that he now felt able to submit himself in full trust to those who walked ahead of him, even though he didn't know why they had come to fetch him.

As if to reply to his train of thoughts, the spiritual being who had called him turned around and looked at him in such a loving way that he felt a flow of warmth surge through him, and he would have gone through fire for these spirits of love who maybe needed him for their task on earth.

Suddenly they glided into a street that led to the hospital where Annie had been admitted. Did this nightly disembodiment have something to do with her? In that case he could understand why he was so intensely linked up with her.

When they had got to the entrance of the hospital the spirit who had called him beckoned him to come closer.

A heavenly being was standing in front of him, young and handsome, that smiled at him and told him: 'We have come to fetch

you, André, because we need your help as a medium. We came and disturbed you in your night's rest, because this was necessary, as you will shortly understand.'

The other being moved a few paces away from him and then the speaker put his hand on his shoulder and continued: 'Look towards the entrance, my son. Those whom you see going in and out once lived on earth too and are now trying to help the dear ones they left behind, and others too, in every possible way, while they also guide those who recently passed on towards the place of their attunement, which means great happiness for some, but for others unfortunately it spells deep darkness, depending on the way they spent their earthly life: either for a good or a bad cause, since no mortal who arrives in the hereafter can escape God's righteous law of cause and effect. He will reap whatever he sows.

You will visit the spheres with your leader again at a later date, the higher areas as well as the lower ones, so that you will be able to inform the people on earth of even more things that awaits them on our side after their earthly training has been completed.

Mediums who understand that the messages we convey are sacred to us, are able to perform blessed work, as they can be good instruments in our hands, merely by giving love and by being fully aware of their task.

Remember that the treasures of the spirit are eternal and cannot be compared to those on earth. Your leader wants to make that increasingly clear to you. So follow the path we are taking without lingering. We will help you.'

After this speech André heard loud cries. Someone called out: 'Life will awaken, life is eternal.'

'Do you hear them, my boy? They are sisters and brothers who have already left the earth and live on our side. They want to convince those who stayed behind of their eternal, sacred happiness. This will urge you on to use all the power within you to help us make them happy.'

Again voices could be heard. 'Man must awaken', he heard someone say. 'Help us, help us, you mediums, who possess the power to do so. Help us to make those happy who are ignorant. It is God's will.'

This moved André to the depths of his soul, because he felt the

intense longing of those who had passed on to be allowed to convince their loved ones of their continued existence.

‘Now look upwards, André.’

He looked up into the dark sky, yet couldn't discern anything at first, but then, after a few seconds, he thought he perceived a faint ray of light. Yes, he had seen correctly; a light appeared in the darkness. Everywhere around he noticed flashes of light that set the heavens aflame. It was a mighty spectacle but it didn't scare him because he knew he was in safe hands.

Suddenly he heard a bang; the heavens seemed to split apart and opened up on a beautiful light-blue sky. A radiant white light broke through and lit up the earth in a golden glow.

‘The Light’, he heard again, ‘the Light, God's holy Light!’

‘God's Light’, the intelligence beside him repeated. ‘We will heal her with this Light. Trust, my boy, trust. God is Love. It is His will that the spiritually dead will be raised to life. Let them live, shake them till they awake.’

Suddenly he saw a small white light – it looked like phosphor – floating towards him in the shape of a globe. It was close to him, but then floated away from him again, which it repeated a few times. It seemed to ask him to follow. And when he had decided to do so, it floated ahead of him, into the hospital and along a few corridors into a room where the door had been left open.

He carefully entered too, but to his surprise he no longer saw the light. Yet he felt how an invisible force guided him along.

‘I wonder if Annie is here’, he thought. He carefully looked around the corner of the screen that had been put around the bed and got a terrible shock, because yes, there she lay. How old she suddenly looked. He wanted to dash over to her, but he felt how he was being pulled back. So he stayed behind the screen and immediately became aware that his invisible companions were lessening their powers of concentration.

Poor Annie! She seemed to be suffering intensely. How else could she have aged that much within a couple of days. This was a matter of life and death. Her colour really was like lead, and her eyes lay deeply in their sockets. He heard her moaning softly.

Thank Goodness! He saw the light appearing again, with its

beautiful, pure radiation. It remained floating above the patient's head and then merged with her. Then tones sounded. It was like a sacred song. It was miraculous to be allowed to experience all this.

'André', he heard a voice whisper, 'look at the light. It's alive and it's God's will that she shall be healed. Help us to accomplish this miracle. God granted us His holy power for this purpose. *His* will be done.'

Then the light disappeared and he felt himself being lifted and returned into his physical body. Then he fell asleep again.

The next evening he went to fetch Cor to accompany her to her sick cousin. When he arrived at her bed he had to keep a grip on himself not to show his feelings and he had to exert himself not to let her notice how her appearance shocked him. She looked at him enquiringly, grasped his hand and tried to speak. But she couldn't manage because her throat was too swollen. Then she tried to convey to him with looks and gestures that she wanted to hear from him what he thought of her condition. She looked at him with the expression of a dying person, a look that moved him deeply and which forced him to give her hope for recovery and to give her courage, although he sensed that a miracle would have to happen before there could be any thought of recovery, because her eyes were misty and were already beginning to break. They lay deeply in their sockets and yet looked at him pleadingly. The look with which she tried to fathom the truth was terrible.

This lasted for a few seconds, seconds which seemed an eternity to him. It really was torture, because if he was unable to withstand her gaze, it might speed up her end. At last she let go of his hand and remained lying in her cushions, completely exhausted.

At that moment her father entered and went over and sat on her bed, which fortunately soothed her a bit. But this didn't last long, because after a few moments she managed to ask her father in a broken voice if he had a mirror on him, which to André's unspeakable relief was not the case.

But imagine his shock when he heard Cor say: 'I've got one.' It was unbelievable. Couldn't she understand what this meant? That a look in the mirror could prove fatal to Annie? Stupid, stupid people! Annie's earthly life was hanging in the balance as it was. And now

she snatched for the little mirror that Cor held out to her, her misted eyes beheld her reflection and with a stifled scream she fell back into her cushions, trembling.

At that moment André felt how a strong influence was being exerted on him. An enormous power went through him, which could have moved mountains. Then he perceived a beautiful white light above Annie's head that kept shining upon her. His whole body vibrated. Then he felt himself being lifted and put down again beside the sick girl while he heard a sonorous voice asking: 'André, André, have you forgotten everything? Put your left hand on her head and keep hold of her right hand to build up a contact. Watch out son, remember the vision and all the wisdom you were granted.'

Full of awe he listened to that voice from a higher World, which went on: 'Heal her, André; God wills that she be cured. It's His holy Will. In you He put healing power. Help her.'

Deeply moved by these words, he took Annie's right hand in his, put his left hand on her forehead and glanced upward. Again he saw the radiant light merge with her. The room disappeared before his eyes and a beautiful blue heaven became visible. 'The Light of lights', he heard a voice say, 'the Light of God. Heal her, André.'

He concentrated strongly and so, through thought power, he made his will penetrate into her consciousness. 'Listen Annie', he bade her in his mind, 'I order you not to remember anything about that mirror and to go to sleep peacefully, because it is God's will that you be healed.'

After three minutes he let go of her hand and moved slightly away from her. It was an anxious moment; but fortunately the tension only lasted for a short while, because within those three minutes the miracle had come about. Annie was peacefully asleep and had become young and attractive again. A miraculous change had occurred. How happy her father was. He silently gave thanks to God and let his tears run freely.

The next day André went back to the hospital, where he found Annie in the best of health. She was very glad to see him and pleased with the bunch of roses he had brought along for her. She apparently remembered nothing at all of the things that had taken place the previous evening.

‘How terribly ill I’ve been’, she said. ‘I really thought that I would never get better, and now I suddenly feel healthy again.’

That evening, quietly sitting in his room again, he was overjoyed to hear Alcar’s voice.

‘Well my boy’, he said, ‘I’ve got quite a bit to explain to you again. You were allowed to witness another miracle. I linked you up to Annie in order that my master could accomplish this.

We knew what would happen and were allowed to intervene at the very last moment. I remained invisible and wanted to see whether you could distinguish the good from the evil; your complete submission was required. I let you disembodify because my master wanted to show you the sanctity of your mediumship, which will inspire you to make every effort to reach this heightened attunement. The purpose of this was to keep on increasing your confidence because the problems you will be faced with will get bigger and bigger. Know that we will return and that you will then act consciously and convince science.

Believe me, one day we will convince countless people of the existence of the sacred powers which the masters possess. My master has spoken to you; the small light you saw, that was me. On our side we are able to take on various shapes. I was with you the whole time to lend you support. We had linked up with you when we took you over to the hospital, and you obeyed our will. We were standing beside you but kept ourselves invisible. We were able to follow your train of thoughts and we owe you gratitude for your love and your trust. My master is happy, and so am I.

Now I will explain the miracle that was performed. The moment you took hold of Annie’s hand and put your left hand on her head, you were both connected with the universe. The same condition occurred when you were dematerialized, and accordingly the same forces were applied. Is this clear to you?

It was God’s Will; otherwise we wouldn’t have been capable of performing this miraculous healing. First of all we showed you in a vision how tremendous these forces are, these cosmic rays, God’s own radiation, which penetrates His entire Creation and without which nothing could exist, and no life would be possible.

The people on earth don’t yet know how cosmic rays function,

because they can't yet understand their origin or touch upon their meaning.

I'll tell you more about this later, and you will be allowed to experience more miracles if you humbly keep on trusting the guidance of spirits from higher areas who return to the dark earth to try in various ways to reach its inhabitants so that happiness, and peace and quiet may be their share.'

CHAPTER VI

Heaven and Hell *Disembodiment*

ANDRÉ received a message from his leader, stating that he would be allowed to disembody, to be together with him in the spheres. He had been waiting for this message for quite a time. On his last journey to Summerland Alcar had promised him that if his gift had developed sufficiently he would visit the dark spheres with him. Now the time had come.

He was extremely pleased because it was marvellous for him to be together with his leader. Alcar would explain lots of situations to him, so that he would learn a lot about life on the side beyond. He would also show him how the higher spirits try to convince the unhappy ones of the deplorable state they are living in, of which they are unfortunately totally unaware. Alcar would also show André that it is possible to ascend.

Accordingly he had gone up to his room at an early hour and waited for the things that would come. He had calmly lain down and soon he felt he was being influenced and that the disembodiment was about to begin.

Did he already hear something? Was that Alcar's voice? He listened attentively. 'André!' His name was being spoken softly and he recognized his leader's loving voice.

André now knew that the big event was about to start. He was conscious of everything that was happening around him. He clearly saw a blue haze hanging in his room which got denser and denser. It floated above his head and remained suspended there.

He felt a strange sensation in his feet which made him understand that Alcar was about to release him from his physical body. It tingled at first and then he got a feeling as if something was being removed out of his body. He felt something slowly rising within and drawing upward. Then his heartbeat increased and his blood-circulation speeded up. This was very different from his last disembodiment. When his spiritual body had moved upward beyond his

knees, he sank away into unconsciousness and was unaware what was happening to him. He awoke beside his physical body.

Is Alcar going to explain everything to me and make me experience this consciously? he wondered. If that was possible, it would mean wisdom in the spirit to him. What was really known about those who left the earth? What did they feel when they passed on? It would be marvellous if he were allowed to learn about this.

If man became convinced that dying meant going to a land of greater beauty, then it would be easier for him to part.

What a terrible trouble many people made out of passing on. He had often stood at a deathbed and seen a person suffer in a way that made his heart bleed. If he were allowed to consciously experience the release of the spiritual body, it might prove a support for many and they could then peacefully give themselves over to those who came to fetch them. That would do away with the fear of death, as he could tell the people that dying means no more than shedding the material garment that had served them all those years.

He already felt how comforting this would be to many people, because the transition to that other world often bore a terrifying aspect. Sometimes they floated between two worlds for days. They were unable to release themselves because it was all unknown to them. It would be wonderful for him to inform them of the truth.

Now he heard Alcar who requested him to listen.

‘Your complete concentration is required, André’, he was told, ‘Listen carefully and don’t forget any of the things you are about to experience. When you tell the people all the things you’re about to experience, it will make it a lot easier for many to depart from earthly life. I want you to consciously undergo and witness all the emotional states and transitions, as well as this disembodiment.’

André’s heart started beating faster and faster. He also felt how his spiritual body kept drawing upwards, which made his heartbeat sound far away. It was a strange and very remarkable sensation to him. He presently heard Alcar’s voice who had caught his thoughts on this.

‘This, my son, is because the separation between the spiritual and the physical body has begun. While man still lives in his material garment, his sense of feeling is located in the spot we call the vital centre: the solar plexis. But now the spiritual body has crossed this

point. The heartbeat, which is audible at quite a distance, increases because the spiritual body has passed the conscious vital centre. And from this moment on the power of feeling is transferred to the spirit. Is that clear to you?

André understood it all, because he felt, heard and saw.

Alcar continued: 'Only those can disembodied in this way who possess the necessary sensitivity. Besides, this needs attunement to spiritual conditions. All this will facilitate and speed up the process of disembodiment.'

Again André felt himself ascending. Alcar continued: 'We have now reached the height at which we can leave the physical realm and enter the spiritual. However, you will remain in this condition for a short while because I want to make a few things clear to you. You will have noted that feeling is the essential aspect of man as a being. Feeling is life and life is love, enabling man to be one with God, which makes him Divine. From this moment on, my son, look around, your feeling is transferred into the spirit. You will now be able to perceive merely through the power and the radiation of love, because love is light on this side. So love is feeling and therefore man will possess light and happiness in accordance with his inner feeling and his attunement.

At the moment you're afloat between two worlds; your spiritual body is still connected with matter, but already feels and lives within the spirit. That is why you still hear your heart beating from a distance, which makes its beats sound like echoes in the spirit. This is a mighty happening André, which only few who still dwell on earth experience. Now try to see and you will perceive how matter is enveloped in a dense haze. Everything looks different from the way you perceive it normally. That's because your senses belong to your physical body, but this will present no obstacle to the spirit. On this side feeling encompasses all the senses. The sense of hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting; in short, everything is one in the life of the spirit, and that oneness is feeling. That's why man's spiritual body having this sensitivity, is fundamental. This is what he ought to develop in order to pass on to a higher state of existence. All matter is now blanketed in a grey haze. You can perceive this best by looking at the walls, the paintings and all the other objects. They consist of a crude

spiritual substance which you can't yet see through because your feeling of awakening consciousness is half-spiritual and half-material. So the transformation of all matter is caused by you floating between two worlds, which makes matter take on a halfconscious state of life, and reduces your power of perception into matter. My concentration and also your power and attunement enabled me to keep you on this level. We will now cross the point of awakening in the spirit. Pay attention, André, you're passing on to a different condition.'

André got the feeling that his spiritual body was being pushed upward, but also that something prevented him from rising. He felt this clearly and thought it very strange.

'What you feel now, my son, is the opposing force in this process. It's the force of attraction of your physical body, which is caused by the fluid cord that connects both bodies. It's also clear that your feeling is more material than spiritual and there's the additional problem that you still live on earth. These are factors which oppose earthly man in his endeavour to transcend this turning point from matter into spirit. The fluid cord possesses that power in accordance with the attunement which feeling finds in the spirit. So, man passes on in compliance with his feeling. Every creature has his own attunement and that's why no transitions are ever alike. Is that clear to you? You wouldn't be able to disembodify without my help, because your powers aren't adequate. So you would get no further than a departure in the mind. I already spoke to you about that. We will now pass on to a different condition. Here you will learn to understand that the fluid cord is the opposing force in this process. I will avert my concentration from you which will make you return to the previous state. Watch carefully, André.'

André felt himself returning to his previous condition. He clearly heard his heart beating and all the material objects became visible to him. He was also able to distinguish his spiritual perceptions from the material ones.

Nothing could ever convince him more vividly of everlasting life than this. If ever an image could convince him of intelligent thinking after death, then this did. It was magnificent. For the first time he felt how immense spiritual powers are.

'Now, my son, I will revert to the powers of feeling within the

human being, which is what I wanted to explain to you. For those on earth who pass on, these powers cease to exist because the fluid cord is broken during their transition. They will all transcend this condition of feeling, but they will be unaware of this. For some this will entail a battle, for others it includes nothing but love and happiness. Everything takes place in accordance with their inner attunement. Do you understand all this now? The cord of life connects both bodies, and it keeps the spirit wrapped within an infinite number of filaments. These form a soft fluid in which the spiritual body exists, and which is only visible to us. This fluid will develop when the person's feeling becomes spiritually attuned. In other words: the higher a human being's connection reaches, the easier and finer his experience of passing on will be. So everything is very simple.

But others, who have disgraced themselves on earth, arrive here in an unconscious state. It takes them a long time to awaken. Their feeling is attuned to the dark spheres and their transition will therefore cause a shock. I could tell you much more about all these conditions, because man is attuned to the cosmos. But one has to be cosmically minded to become connected. I will set up my concentration again, which will raise you to a higher level.'

André felt himself ascending and a different feeling took hold of him.

'We have now reached the point where the separation starts and your material consciousness passes into the spirit. You'll be able to feel this clearly. All the same, your spirit is still connected with your material body; but now take a look at all material things.

Everything that belongs to the earth is transparent. You can look straight through things, the grey haze has lifted. This is because, as I just told you, your feeling passed into the spirit. So we're about to leave the physical body behind. You perceive according to the power of love within you because, as you know, on this side love is light. For those who feel no love in the spirit or don't possess it, everything will be darkness. I hope, my son, that you understand everything now. It's impossible for me to make these situations clear to you in any other way than you just experienced. But you will understand everything because you see, hear and feel it. And this experience is granted to only a few on earth.

Therefore I ask you fervently, my boy, not to forget any of the things I will yet show you. You're going through all this for the sake of thousands. I want to try to reach the people on earth in this way. I want to make it clear to them that the transition to this world means only happiness, if he develops himself in the spirit. It's in his own hands. It's for him to decide whether he will find either happiness and love in this life, or deep darkness. On this side we only know of one law, one proverb, which says: 'To own a lot of love means wisdom in the spirit.' This applies to you too, André. If you didn't possess this power, it wouldn't be possible for me to show you all this. Love is knowledge, nothing but happiness in the life after death. No being will be able to enter a higher sphere if it knows no love. This is what I will teach you and let you experience on this journey.

The blue light you perceived is the radiation of your love. It keeps matter enveloped and so it also tells you that you still dwell on earth. Those who pass on withdraw everything from matter because they're about to depart from that life. I will now release you completely.'

André felt how he was freed from his body. He was now floating above his own garment. He had consciously left his body, received more wisdom in the spirit and he had got to know life. How mighty love was. This could only be achieved through love. His material body was lying there as if he had already died. Yet it was alive. The fluid cord kept both bodies together. One day it would break for good and he wouldn't have to return again. He felt a pleasant feeling flowing through him. It was the peace on this side, and it made him happy.

He heard Alcar say: 'What you feel now, André, is your link in the spirit. Your sense for eternity has awakened and become conscious.'

André descended. Alcar caught him in his arms. 'A mighty process has been accomplished, my boy. We'll be together for a long time yet. There's a lot I have to show you and explain to you during this journey.'

'How can I thank you, Alcar, for all the things you've given me on earth.'

'Don't thank me, André, our life belongs to God, it's Him we owe everything to.'

Alcar wanted no gratitude and André thanked God for everything he had been granted. Great was the blessing to be allowed to experience this.

‘Take another look at your garment, André.’

‘What’s this, Alcar?’ He could no longer see his material body. ‘How did this happen?’

‘A moment ago you were still connected. The blue light will envelop your body during our absence. During our previous journey Adonis kept watch over everything; this is no longer necessary, because your radiation has formed a wall and now hides your body. It will remain within the haze until we return. It is hidden to unhappy spirits. We can leave this spot with an easy mind. Now concentrate on your garment, it will become visible again.’

André did as Alcar told him. The blue haze tore apart and his body became visible.

‘Beautiful, André! It shows you that you have progressed and that you know how to use your powers. Now we’ll move some distance away from your body. At the moment we’re afloat in space. It’s incredible for those who feel materially, but the spirit moves about by the power of its thought.’

On earth man must first think before he can act. On our side we act instantly when we apply our concentration. Is this clear to you?’

‘Yes, Alcar, I understand all of it.’

‘We’re on the move as soon as we begin to focus. I’ll divert my thoughts away from you, because there is something I want to explain.’

André felt a very strange power taking hold of him. If he didn’t resist with all his might, he would be drawn back to his material body.

‘What is this, Alcar?’

‘It proves that you still live on earth. The fluid cord is pulling you back towards your body. That’s why I showed you the opposing force and let you experience how this cord links the material body with the spirit. It’s invisible and yet you feel its impact. It also shows how ethereal our life can be. So the extent to which man will sense the counterforces involved in this process depends on his attunement. It’s all so simple. It’s the spiritual attunement of every living being. Use your powers well, and you’ll move along any way you want to.’

Another experiment, André. Concentrate your mind on me, wherever we may go.'

Alcar moved away at a terrific pace.

'I just told you, as I also showed you during our former trips, that we can move about in a flash. Where does my son believe he is at this very moment?'

André looked around but only saw a grey mass. After a long thought he told his leader that he couldn't find his bearings.

'Then listen to me. We're in the innermost parts of the earth.'

André looked at his leader and thought this was impossible.

'Is this incredible to you too? I'm showing you that the spirit can move through all matter and that nothing can block its way. If you had focussed your attention on me correctly you would have known where we were going. You now know that everything is possible to us. All the same, it must be marvellous for you as an earthly human to be allowed to experience this. We can move up or down as we please. We have our intellectual thinking capacity just as we once had on earth.

We own a body which is more beautiful than man possesses or knows of on earth. We can link up and tune in with all the things our inherent powers, which is love, allow. We can link up with everything that lives. We are life and can be one with all of life, with God, because God means life. We could point out minerals to mankind which it has no knowledge of, yet needs most of all. Even things within matter hitherto unknown, and all other things the earth holds hidden. We could show what causes earthquakes, why these disturbing effects manifest themselves. We who are without a body are capable of everything. And all of that in accordance with attunement in the spirit, the power of love which is in us. We cannot rise higher. We will possess wisdom according to our feeling.

But how will a person, dead yet alive, understand life on other planets if he neither understands nor senses his own life? If he doesn't want to accept that he lives forever, and neither senses nor hears his clear yet soft inner voice? What's the good of flying into unknown aerial strata if they forget their inner life? Here it's known how far they can go. Here they know that there are parts where earthly life ceases to exist, where everything will melt down if they insist on

penetrating those areas in space. Their pathetic flying habits are known to us here. Man must act in accordance with his inherent powers. These form the basis of his existence on earth. Thousands will arrive here ahead of their time and only then will they cease and understand that those areas are out of their reach. Here we know of atmospheric layers where earthly life ceases to exist. Material forces cannot stand up to them. The cosmologists of the future will demonstrate this. They will prove that it spells destruction to raise themselves to such heights above the earth. One day these secrets will be revealed, but by then things will have changed on earth. The scholars will tune in to us, their inventions will serve mankind. The way everything is used up nowadays, the result will be violence, the destruction of mankind. Is that God's intention?'

Inventions will be made to serve people's happiness. One day they will visit other planets, but only to benefit mankind. Happiness will be the sole source of their spiritual development and their cosmic attunement. Yet thousands of years will elapse before such beings can be born on earth. Then they have happiness and possess love, and the earth will be transformed into spheres of joy.

Now let us return to the place where your body is resting. On this side, my son, powerful concentration means connection. Before we set off on our journey I have something to tell you.

First of all, André, ask me as much as you want. I will reply to the best of my knowledge and my power. There's another thing: Everything you will experience as a disembodied spirit is meant to convince mankind of our continued existence. Pay attention to everything and remember everything you see, everything I will show you in the spirit. When you return to earth you will spread the message. Bear in mind that your gift is not your personal property, so call forth and exert all your necessary powers, because our time is precious. You will make good use of your life down there. Don't idle away a single hour. Let others make what they want of their lives, and don't let yourself get dragged along the dark paths that messed up their lives. Don't listen to their professed wisdom which they draw from books and never put to practice. Get the feel of them, and take care how you use your powers. Don't deviate an inch from your course and don't waste your time filling in their evenings. They're sleeping

their deep spiritual sleep and they'll take a long time to awaken. Beware of those who wear masks and hide behind spiritual walls. They are the ones who would make Christ's blood feather their nest. They're like empty vessels without bottoms, soiling our spiritual nourishment. They float about in this space, and the earth serves them as a fixing point to support them. They are the ones, my boy, who regard life as a stage act, and hold séances for the sake of a thrill. I must warn you against them.

I'll explain to you on this journey how puny we human beings are, and when you've entered the higher areas you'll get to know our life.

All these things you will experience on this journey. Once again, pay attention to everything. Know that it's God's greatest mercy He gave to man to allow him to link up with us.

Look, we're back on the spot where your body is at rest. Our journey starts from here and we will ask God for support.'

André was back in his room and together with his leader he knelt down beside his material garment.

Alcar prayed to God.

'Almighty Father.

We ask You for strength and support to nourish our faith and our trust in You.

Great Father.

There's a holy longing in us to be allowed to convince mankind that life continues forever. Only Your power, Your mercy enables us to do this, and we ask You to help us. We ask You for light and love, for Your protection. Make us into simple instruments. Put Your holy power, Your knowledge into us and guide us so we may keep on following Your way.

Your power alone will enable us to sail the seas, to weather the storms, Your mighty power which we bear within us, because we bear Your life, indeed we are and have our being in Your life. Father, support us on this voyage. Amen.'

Holding séances

'Now, my boy, no work will ever succeed without God's holy blessing. Only God's will can bless man's happiness and ours. Our journey is about to begin. We won't be back for quite a time. There's a lot I must make clear to you. We'll first remain in the sphere of the earth, and from there we'll go on to visit the spiritual spheres. We'll glide along. Keep your concentration focussed on me André, you'll be able to follow me in everything I do.'

They glided through lots of houses and other buildings. There was nothing to obstruct them and everything was visible to André. He saw people, many of whom radiated light. These he could clearly perceive. Around others he could see a grey haze, and he understood what this meant. They felt no love and lived an earthly life. It was strange to him. He understood now how difficult it was for the clairvoyants on earth to be able to perceive the astral human being. It was even harder to see, feel and understand something of their life. Everything was so totally different from the material life on earth. To be able to perceive on earth, the link had to be perfect. But what a mercy it was to possess this gift. How great his happiness was, to be allowed to see behind the veil, to get to know their kind of life. It made him see how difficult it was for the astral spirit to reach material man.

'We will stay here, André. I want to explain to you how séances function on earth. Look, a few beings are gathered over there who have formed a circle.'

André saw that they were in a living room. An old lady who had a beautiful radiation, was busy writing. A young man was sitting at a table, opposite to a woman, both holding on to a wooden cross.

He immediately understood what this meant. They were awaiting messages from this side. They were all clearly visible to him. None of them sensed their presence. They were enveloped in a haze. A light emanated from one of those present towards the mother who was busy writing. It was the attunement of her who was her child. Thoughts of love for the being with whom the young woman was deeply linked. The young man, he saw and sensed this clearly, wasn't attuned to her. His love wasn't strong enough to be one with her.

André touched him, but he didn't feel anything. He was dead to him.

He now tried to link up with him, which he fully managed. He could clearly follow the man's thoughts. It was a very remarkable sensation for him to descend into an earthly human being. He was inside of him and yet he felt nothing. This clearly showed him how sensitive man must be to empathize with an astral human being.

A person on earth was like an open book to a spirit. Here everything was known about him, because their souls had been opened. And man was unaware of this happening. It made him see that an earthly human being is never alone. He couldn't hold anything back, nothing could be hidden here. Their inner condition was their possession, their light, and every being could read it.

'Come over here to my side André, I will show you something. You will understand that they are sitting at table, as they say on earth, to get in touch with their loved ones. The grey haze you see is the power that serves to close off, by this I mean that not just any spirit can simply barge into their situation. If they continue in complete submission it will change into a brighter substance, the connection with those who check their séance from this side. However, it hasn't got that far yet. This needs development. It may take years before a circle can be closed off. I'm showing you these situations to convince you how everything is being done on our side to come into contact with the people on earth, and tell them primarily about eternal life.

If people will seriously investigate, their loved ones will come to them to bear witness to their happiness. It will urge them to avail themselves of all their inherent powers for the sake of their inner self. Then these séances will be set up for other purposes. I'll show you which. Look over there, André.'

André looked at the spot his leader was pointing at.

'What is that, Alcar?'

'It's a spirit, my son.'

'But I didn't see him before.'

'You couldn't have, as he lives in a different condition from the one we're in. Yet he has been here for quite a while. You'll get acquainted with those situations too later on. He has been brought here because they wanted to convince him that he passed on on earth.

‘Doesn’t he know that then?’

‘No, he doesn’t and neither do many others. To him these séances mean nothing else but happiness. He will be in their midst for a few hours, which offers him some warmth in his dark and cold existence. The man has only recently come over to this side. His wife and daughter and son-in-law are here together.’

André saw a being of about sixty years old. There was a terrible expression on his face. He looked like a maniac. His eyes protruded out of his head and he uttered pitiful sounds. But nobody heard him. He felt his way about the room. The man acted very strangely.

‘Why is he doing that, Alcar?’

‘Isn’t it clear to you? The man can feel them but spiritually he is blind. He will be unable to perceive anything at all. He disgraced himself during his earthly life.’

André saw a terrible truth.

‘He possesses nothing that resembles that holiness that makes one see and feel warmth on this side. His attunement is deep darkness and he wanders around in this infinite space. Do you sense what it means when man forgets himself on earth? To him and to many others the séances are a chance to become connected with their loved ones. This is one truth amongst many thousands of situations which I will show you on this journey. On earth people know nothing about this, at least he who wants nothing to do with a continued existence. When he has become convinced, he will return to his attunement as a starting point for a different kind of life. Someone with a higher attunement will speak for him to make it clear to him that he is in touch. This will make him feel that he has shed his material garment. It’s not so simple to pass on these messages. Man closes himself off to astral human beings and no other connection is possible. We need their powers to be able to manifest ourselves.

I’ll try to make it clear to you how difficult it is for us to come through and to convey what we know. In the first place this needs attunement. When a spirit takes part in a séance, it’s man who enables him to do so. But from this side they can only get in touch if they possess the powers. These are: Love, light and happiness. Without love existence is impossible. By that I mean a happy condition, a sphere of light on this side. Anyone wishing to conduct a circle on

earth must possess a strong power of concentration in order to manifest himself. When a third person sitting at table is in tune with him, the spirit soon becomes connected. He makes himself one with the person who is attuned to his power of feeling, enabling him to manifest himself and convey messages. But even then it is difficult for him to pass on his knowledge.

The difficulty is this: The spirit must be able to ward off the thoughts that are being sent, in other words: he must be able to dominate their thoughts. If this is impossible to him, then the thoughts of some of those sitting at table will come through. So their own thoughts will be spelt, and these are meaningless, because then our truth can't get through. That's why mere trivialities are conveyed, merely the thoughts of those who are impatiently waiting for messages in order to be linked up with deceased. Do you feel what that means, André? If astral man can cut out the thoughts which they send off, then he will be able to convey his own insights. Those sitting at table must be passive. Even their longing brings forth disharmony on our side, and this blocks the development and hinders us from giving candid messages. That is why it may take years before a séance can be closed off so that we are genuinely able to come through. We require full submission, and if they aren't capable of that, many a circle will be broken up. But that's not our fault. There are many waiting here, as I told you, to bring spiritual nourishment to earth and to convince unhappy spirits of their eternal life.

Another thing. A spirit who lives in the sphere of the earth and who senses that he is unwelcome because his knowledge is of no value to man on earth will do anything to maintain the connection once he gets it. He will speak of God and love and tell tales about an eternal life which he has no knowledge of. They are the ones who have returned to earth and amuse themselves and urge man to take part in séances. Nothing of what comes through has any value in the spirit. That can clearly be felt on earth. Sooner or later people will sense this, and they will then put an end to their séances. But once they have got far enough for leaders on this side to be able to check everything, then it has become sacred because they have established contact with their loved ones. You will understand their abundant happiness, here and on earth. Everything is pure love, happiness

and wisdom in the spirit. Spiritualism then stands for the spiritual life, which will make many happy. It will support them in their difficult earthly life, in which they are supported by those who are on this side, who make it clear to them that they will soon be connected forever. These evenings bring pure happiness to both sides. If people on earth are willing, many will come with me to help.

Come André, we'll go on now. I will explain another situation to you, in which our sacred spiritualism is soiled. It's known to me and many others how people on earth are cheated. They are the ones who use spiritualism for their own purposes and make the spirits appear according to their will. But this is not possible. I want to make clear to you how many people act counter to everything that represent the highest and most sacred things God created. The more their urge for sensation is stepped up, the deeper they fall.

Come André, we'll quickly move on.

I want to show you how a clairvoyant can lie to an uninformed person about the things he pretends to see. It's all pure conceit and big talk to impress others. But they are mainly out to make money from spiritualism. They think that they can reach God with their pitiful doings. The clairvoyants and those who take part in their séances are all beings who attune to a dark sphere. They don't realize that this is God's greatest mercy to man on earth. This mercy from God is love, and all they do is blemish it.

Look, André, the high society has gathered. Their light is the light of Land of Twilight on this side. Everything is cold, as cold as their hearts.'

André saw various people sitting together in a circle.

The room was richly furnished, beautiful paintings decorated the walls. It was their séance room. Some radiated light, others were enveloped in a grey haze. In their midst he saw some spirits who were present as invisible listeners, watching over the ups and downs of their loved ones. Spiritual protectors who supported their loved ones in everything. He could clearly distinguish all the beings in this room by their radiation. It made him sense their inner attunement, their longings and passions. These people were only after sensation. That's what spiritualism meant to them. Wasn't it terrible? They wanted to be connected so the spirits would protect their property.

That is all this sacred happening meant to them.

‘Look, André, that’s our man over there. This clairvoyant is busy destroying our sacred message. He thinks that he perceives, yet he feels and sees his own thoughts. He is the medium here. The lady invites others to take part in her evenings. This clairvoyant knows how to influence them in his way. His visions rival each other in beauty. That’s what he gets his fee for. This doesn’t concern me, it only serves to show that everything he sees is wrong. You’ll soon understand how terrible this man is. And they all think that he sees, because they aren’t without vanity and hallucinations either. This will soon come to an end. The spirits who are present will break off everything from this side. You see how one busies himself to teach them something and another has a job breaking everything off. Nothing will be left over from all their sanctity.’

André saw a man of about fifty years old. He was the clairvoyant. How great he thought he was. He was the one who was linked up. There was nothing about him that resembled the power that characterized clairvoyance. His seeing was nothing but a figment of his own imagination which they believed in. He sat there in full regalia, looking around as if he could perceive something. They all gazed at him as if he were holy.

‘I believe’, André heard him say, ‘that it’s about to happen.’

‘What’s going to happen, Alcar?’

‘Nothing will happen, my son, nothing at all, he believes he sees.’

How could he ever cheat them all in this way? What a hypocrite he was.

‘Listen, he’s about to see!’

Life’s making its appearance. Life serves him. The life that is God.

‘I see’, he began, ‘how high spirits are bringing flowers. These are heavenly colours of such beauty.’

André looked around, but there were no flowers, nor were there any higher spirits. There was nothing, nothing at all.

‘How beautiful this is’, he heard him say, ‘they are being laid in your lap.’ He meant their hostess. This is going to be great, André thought, you just couldn’t beat it. ‘Flowers keep on coming and now I see two spirits dressed in beautiful garments, with flowers which they are spreading around you. Oh how beautiful this is.’

‘What a liar that man is, Alcar.’

‘Now’, he continued, ‘I see two nuns who are also bringing flowers. Everything is holy. Something beautiful is about to happen this evening.’

They all stared at him and believed that they had been admitted into heaven.

‘More flowers are being brought. There’s no end to the flowers, all in different colours. Oh, how beautiful this is. What I see now is superb. A white dove is flying around in the room, trying to find a place. Oh, what do I see now? She’s carrying something in her beak. Maybe it will be shown to me. There she goes. What a pity that you can’t see all this beauty. It’s wonderful.’

They were all trembling with emotion.

André looked at his leader, his face was tense. He wondered what Alcar must be feeling. His concentration was focussed on the man. It must hurt him, him who wanted to see mankind happy. Everything was getting messed up here.

‘There’s more to come, André, just listen.’

‘The bird is now settling on your head. Don’t you feel it?’ Again it was the lady of the house who was to experience all this beauty. No she didn’t feel anything yet, but she blushed with happiness. Total happiness was inside of her. She was being connected with the most sacred of all.

‘Now I see what it says on that little note. I can read it word for word. A spiritual child will be brought for you to take care of. The child left the earth not long ago and doesn’t feel happy in the spheres. It can’t yet find peace there. You have a task to fulfill which only few receive.’ Trembling with happiness they all followed the great miracle.

‘Now two spirits are approaching, dressed in white garments. They are carrying the small being in their arms. They are standing in front of you and you must stretch out your arms. There they will lay the spiritual child. Yes, it’s happening now.’

The lady of the house felt that she had a child in her arms. A being from the highest heavens. They all had tears in their eyes. This was undoubtedly the most beautiful thing one could receive from the side beyond. Touched by this sacred happening they prayed and gave thanks, together with him who was making this all up. They

prayed that God would grant her the power to be able to take care of this pure being. She was truly chosen. God was with her and with them all. She stood there like a marble statue. But even more was to follow.

‘Now I am being told that you must always think of the child. Then you will grant it peace and it will grow up with your help.’

André felt a cold shiver passing through him. What a hypocrite he was.

A few sticks of incense were lit so that the room soon looked like a steaming incensory. If this lasted much longer she would swoon with happiness. Her arms outstretched towards the invisible being, panting with emotion, while the veins on her forehead swelled up, she looked at the clairvoyant as if he were an emissary from God.

He was even greater than God’s holy Child. A second Christ. He looked at her, swathed in his long black coat, sensing his greatness. Tears rolled down his cheeks. It was too much for him. No normal person would be able to deal with this. No greater actor on earth than him. He possessed this greatness without knowing it himself. The gentleman of the house, enchanted by the great event, believed to see an angel in her. All were overwhelmed with emotion. Money could never repay this clairvoyant. He was taking them all into heaven.

Suddenly Alcar stepped towards him and focussed his attention.

‘Oh’, he heard him say, ‘I’m under some great influence.’

André saw an enormous white light appearing. The spirits who had been watching in silence also stepped towards him and focussed their powers of concentration. How difficult it was to reach a human being. Yet he felt it. Now he was a medium. It was incredible how much power it took from this side to reach him. It must surely make his mind reel. He went all quiet. They were all deathly quiet.

‘Right’, he heard Alcar say. ‘We’ll leave it at that, but the fear which is inside him now will cleanse his thoughts. Maybe he can still be saved and will stop his reputable practice. If God were to grant him the gift of seeing at this very moment, he would flee from these surroundings and would not dare raise his eyes to heaven. Isn’t there sensation enough on earth? Come my son, we’re moving on, this ‘holy’ influence makes me sick.

Is everything clear to you? It bothers me and many of my brothers to see our spiritualism being soiled in this and similar ways. The others who take part in this are also unhappy and attune to these conditions, driven by their vanity and their delusions. The self-conceited clairvoyant sees only high spirits and flowers. To make things even worse, he lets the Holy Spirit make Its appearance. Isn't it terrible? God Himself descended in their midst and perched Himself on a material head. It couldn't have been acted out in a more spectacular way.

Isn't it true then, that more is destroyed than is set up? Their disappointment will be great once they get to see the truth. Those who accept the idea that spiritual children are brought to them are not only unhappy, their minds are dazed with vanity, just to stand out as something in the spirit. When he arrives here, he will be able to develop his talents in the dark spheres. Nothing but selfishness. Everything is so terribly sad. That's the way séances are held on earth. This circle is only one out of thousands. Only here will they see how wrongly they acted, how sad and how pathetic they were.'

They glided along for some time. Both were deeply in thought. André felt that his leader was sad.

'I prefer to dwell in the dark spheres which I know to be bad, than amongst those who cover their walls with religious objects and place the Christ to their right and their left, who burn candles and carry spiritual emblems to cover up their dark souls. I'd rather be with the unhappy ones than amongst those who wear diadems, who radiate on the surface but are cold inside, and poor in spiritual feeling. One day they will find out.'

Spiritual help on earth

'We'll do the rest on foot, André.'

They were in a big city now. They had passed through many streets. André had already experienced this on his previous journey, and again it was all very remarkable to him.

A lot of people had gathered on a street corner.

'I wonder what's going on over there, Alcar.'

'Let's take a look. There's no danger in getting a little closer. No-

body can see us. An accident, André. A human being, fatally injured. This sort of thing happens every day, but what takes place on this side is unknown to many. The man who has just been run over is about to pass on. He is unconscious. As far as I can see, it will still take a few minutes and then his spiritual body will free itself from matter. Look, André, his relatives are coming to fetch him. In the spheres they know about his arrival.'

'How can they possibly know, Alcar?'

'I'll tell you more about this shortly.'

André saw a luminous being that was taking care of the man.

'Who is that, Alcar?'

'A spiritual doctor, my son. He'll make it easier for the man to pass on.'

André saw a grey haze around the physical body. He had perceived the same kind of cloud around his aunt when she was about to leave the earth. Hers had had more beauty, she was spiritually very high. Here he perceived a dense mass. It slowly drew upward. A human being was about to leave the earth. It was something quite ordinary and yet he shivered. Was he prepared to die? He immediately thought of the man's inner condition. Had the time really come for him to go on his last journey?

Alcar looked at him and said: 'I will answer all these questions shortly.'

André thought: How great Alcar is that he immediately knows what I'm thinking of.

'You see, my son, that spiritual help is present to fetch him. Look, his spiritual body is about to part from matter.'

'What does that haze mean, Alcar? Is that the same as I was allowed to see when auntie passed on?'

'A similar situation, but a different attunement. Is that clear to you?' André understood.

'He won't be able to enter higher spheres. His place is in darkness. It would have been better for him if he had been allowed to live on on earth, to work at his inner condition. He's still far removed from the higher spheres.'

Come, let's continue, I'll make everything clear to you on the way. It's the Land of Twilight that borders on the dark areas where

he will awaken. After a long period of unconsciousness due to his sudden transition he will, also as a result of his own attunement, live on this side in accordance with his inner feelings, and find his attunement. There it will be made clear to him that he died on earth.'

'Isn't he aware either that he has passed on?'

'No, how could he know? He isn't aware of anything and believes to be on earth because he sees life. Not until you have become familiar with their life, will all of this take on meaning for you. A heathen won't suddenly be an angel during his life after death. There won't be the slightest change in his situation either. God calls all His children in His time. In the spheres they know of his arrival. They bear this knowledge within. Those who don't sense this are warned by others with whom they are linked up. This is not always possible. It depends on the many attunements which man possesses. Those who are connected by links of love bear this knowledge because they sense it beforehand. So it's simple to understand that the crudely material spirit will know nothing about its arrival. A master from the first spiritual sphere*) knows of every being that leaves the earth when and how it will pass on. I will explain more about this to you during this journey. Man's arrival on this side is neither a second too early nor too late. It's God's holy Will and nothing can be changed about that. And when a spirit in the spheres begins to sense that a loved one will arrive – which he often knows years in advance – he returns to earth to support him during his last years and to urge him to develop spiritually. It will make them happy on this side. However, they cannot reach the human being who senses materially. That is why spiritualism is sacred, a great mercy and a holy power given to man. That's how they can reach them. We know no other way, and when they have been roused by elements of proof, then they have reached their goal.

That is how those who have already been here a long time go about to help their fathers and mothers, their sisters and brothers.

Everything is in God's Hands, André. So accept that they pass on in good time. However, there are also conditions which are not in keeping with God's laws. Many arrive here too early, they are sent on by others. Oh, woe unto them who cause this to happen. Their

*) The fourth sphere.

misery is terrible. For thousands of years they live in the dark spheres to pay the penalty for the sins they committed within a short earthly life. Isn't it atrocious? Must man disgrace himself in such a way? They live in the Valley of Sorrows and they are unaware that they're alive. You will see them too on this journey. There are people on earth who believe that the countless beings that populate this planet ought to be cruelly destroyed.

Look, now we've reached the spot where I wanted to be. Come André, we'll descend here. I want to show you that help is also present for those who pass on together in greater numbers. Give me your left hand and remain linked up with me. This serves as a contact, enabling you to perceive in visionary attunement. All your powers of concentration are required. We're in a kind of subterranean hell on earth here, in the corridors of a mine. What I will show to you has already happened, and it will also prove to you that whatever man experiences on earth, continues to exist. I was present when the accident happened.'

André saw nothing. There was no-one present in the mine. Suddenly he felt a strange current passing through him. This put him into a different condition from the one he had just been in. He thought he saw something take on shape and after a few seconds he saw various people gathered. They were at work and he clearly felt the awfully hard life they were leading. How could they possibly recall this image? Yet everything was just as alive as it had been at that time. He saw something else which he thought was very strange: there were a lot of astral beings, whom he could distinguish from the earthly ones. What was going to happen? What was this image that was being shown to him?

'What's the meaning of all this, Alcar?'

'First look over there, my son.'

André looked at the spot his leader was pointing at. Hundreds of spirits were gathered. It looked as if they were waiting for a certain thing to happen.

Immediately afterwards he heard a tremendous rumbling sound and he understood what this meant. The accident had happened. All the spirits spread about.

'You see, André, that this too is known to us. Spiritual help on

earth. Some of them could be saved, but most of them passed on. Now there is sorrow on earth, but only happiness in the spheres, as they will be linked up with their loved ones if they are attuned to them. Others will be brought to places where there is even more sadness than during their miserable life on earth. Here they ascended, on this side they can't. Here they were together with their loved ones, on our side they live alone, in darkness and in the cold. There were those among them who had kept their inner light burning. They were the happy ones who now live in a light and happiness such as they have never known on earth before. This subterranean hell is not to be compared to a hell in the life after death. The hell in which they dwell at present will cease to exist when their inner condition finds attunement to a higher level of spiritual existence.

It will be clear to you that they knew about this accident on this side. Come, let's go up to the surface again, where I will show you some other images. Man should not forget his inner life on earth. The end can come very quickly. Then there will be a need for possession, for the love to possess light and happiness on this side. If someone on earth thinks he will live for a long time, then the end is near.'

'Keep your light burning, man on earth; God calls you unexpectedly. How soon your earthly light will be extinguished and then your spiritual light will mean happiness to you on this side. Here they live in darkness and they won't surface until their battle has been fought. With an intensity and a fathomless depth such as you could never possibly imagine. Their horrible existence on earth was a heaven compared to their condition on this side. There is still time. You are still in possession of your earthly life. Make good, friends, of the things you still have, but don't make good of matter, save yourself, save your inner life in order to possess the light on this side which marks your eternal life.'

André saw another sad image, it was nothing but misery. Hundreds of people were standing at the gate of the mine, waiting for those who would not return.

'To those, André, who have lost their husbands and children, I call out: 'Pray that God may give you the strength to bear all this. Pray that your eyes may be opened and that they may return to tell

you of their new life. That they may give you the truth so that you will start a different life. Pray that God may convince you that they live on, in an existence without end. One day they will come to fetch you and then you will be united forever, eternally.'

Come André, there's another condition I will explain to you. I could show you thousands of similar conditions, and they will all convince you that no being on earth is ever forgotten; everywhere on earth where man travels his last journey help is present. The image which I will show you now also belongs to the past. I could do this in some other way, in your room for example, but I want you to experience this. It will, above all, make it clear to you that when we link up with the earth, everything comes alive for us, so that we experience it anew. Now try to link up to the earth. You will then clearly sense the present condition of nature.'

André did what his leader told him. At that same moment he heard a terrible noise. It was the howling of a hurricane which he thought would destroy him. He looked for his leader's protection, who regarded him with a smile.

'Are you anxious, André?' How can matter destroy the spirit? Is that possible?'

André understood. No, it wasn't possible. He was one with matter. He felt it all because he had linked up with it. It was strange to him, he hadn't felt as scared in those subterranean corridors as he did now. He had experienced it down there too. So how could this be?

'You experienced everything due to my powers.'

André thought it was marvellous how Alcar had caught his thoughts again and made everything clear to him. Now he understood everything. He hadn't been linked up at the time.

'Is this clear to you, André? In that mine I made you look at things from within our condition. At present we are one with matter. Nature is rising in revolt, something you clearly sense. It shows you that we can link up whenever we want to. Reduce your powers of concentration and return to your previous attunement. Look at the image I will now show you. I was allowed to witness this scene too, where many passed on.'

André saw how he was floating above the ocean. Below he saw a large sea-castle that was at the mercy of the waves. It would soon be

going down. Above the ship he saw a white cloud in which he could clearly distinguish beings, enveloped by a spiritual haze. He immediately understood what this meant. Spirits who would lend their help to those who would soon pass on. Here too help was present.

‘No matter where, as I already told you, helpers from our side will be present everywhere to fetch the human being who is about to pass on. There is nothing I need to add to this. And now on to another situation.’

Can a mother be clairvoyant?

They glided along for a long time.

André thought of all the things his leader had shown him up to now. He had a lot to absorb. How little the people on earth knew about this. Nobody sensed anything of their presence when people passed on in this manner. And yet they were there. The life that existed between heaven and earth was tremendous. And there was love in everything.

This life was nothing but love. How mighty God was, that He knew all these attunements. No child was ever lost. God governed everything, knew the attunement of every soul. Help was present for every being. Sisters and brothers of love, they came to fetch them. Everything he got to know on this side was love. How pathetic earthly man was, compared to those who lived on this side. What was earthly scholarship compared to the significance of God? What does wealth on earth mean, in comparison to this wisdom? How great this life was.

He sensed the tremendous gap which man had to bridge. Everything possessed depth. That gap was their sorrow, their grief and pain, it meant nothing but misery; this is what man had to overcome. No being could escape. It was the attunement to a higher life which would bring happiness the day they passed on. It was love which one could learn from all this, merely love. One had to possess love, otherwise one dwelt in deep darkness. Wasn't this difficult? Wasn't it a struggle? Didn't it mean misery, suffering and grief? He sensed how terrible it would be for many, but they refused to advance, even if their earthly life could last a hundred years. But it had

to be, nobody could run away from it. Man should show tenderness, like a spiritual wind, like life itself.

This is what man ought to learn on earth. Here love was the prevailing power, nothing but happiness, eternal happiness, forever. Sitting beside him was one who possessed love. Great was the power he possessed. Yet they were still so far apart. How long would it take before he had progressed as far?

Again and again he had to experience this, and yet he called him his son, his brother. He called himself a child of love. And how big was he compared to him? His mind reeled when he thought of his greatness. It would take him a lot of struggle to get that far. Yet he wanted to follow the road he had taken.

Now Alcar was showing him that this was the only road man should travel. Learning to give love, that was the road. How simple it was, and yet – how terribly difficult. One should love one's enemies. He considered himself still so puny, so very small.

Alcar was like a father to him. And in his heart he thanked his leader for all the beauty he was allowed to experience. Alcar laid his hand on his shoulder, looked at him and said: 'If my son continues in this way and keeps on treading our path, his love will continue to grow for the benefit of mankind.

Here we are once more on a spot I chose to be at, and again I want to show you a few things. Look, here in this house people are born. Man begins his earthly life from here, and from many other places. Often little ones pass on and return to the place from where they came. By this I mean the life that returns to God. It's terrible for the mother to have to lose her child. But when she knows God's intention she will submit everything. In this condition I want to show you that everything is God's will, but also how sacred this happening is, which only few understand. Then I want to show you that a mother can be clairvoyant but above all that she can acquire this enhanced happiness and possess it.

Come on André, we'll enter without being asked. This is only possible to the spirit.'

They entered a large hall where André saw lots of mothers gathered together.

'Look my son, some of them are in possession of their motherly

happiness, others are about to receive it, or are in a state of grief and sorrow. We will sit down here.

In the spheres we very often feel the piercing sorrow which a mother sends off to her lost child. 'Is that necessary?' she asks. 'Why does God take away my possession, while others don't want theirs? Why hurt me in the deepest depths of my soul? How can God tolerate this? After all, I love my child. Oh, God, give me back my child. I so much want to keep it.' Yet the little ones pass on. Then they think that God is cruel and that He isn't a Father of Love, and they wonder how God can be so severe.

All these pleas reach us because the sorrow and the grief, just as much as the love of the bereaved ones, reach us. In their eyes God then seems terribly coldhearted and He isn't understood. We know their deep sorrow to have to suffer, and then to have to return home with empty hands. Their sorrow is deep, too deep to put into words. I have witnessed terrible scenes during my tour on earth. Mothers, spiritually and physically broken who had no more courage to go on living, no strength to bear their deep sorrow which God placed on their shoulders. Struck blind by this sudden happening, all their hope and happiness destroyed. All their plans torn to pieces, their love, their trust and faith changed into hatred. How can God torment a person in this way? Is that a Father of Love? They rise up in revolt like never before.'

To those I call out: 'Man, do not forget yourself. Be aware of the things you say, think and feel. If God takes your love away from you, it means that you will learn, however difficult that may be. The struggle which is imposed on you can be borne, as God burdens you in accordance with your strength. We know that this is necessary and that God is a Father of Love for all His children.

Man, accept, because your little ones are alive. They live on this side and are raised and are lovingly taken care of. One day they will come to meet you in radiant beauty.'

'Soon, my son, I will show you angelic spheres where the little ones of the earth live. I will now try to explain to you how great the happiness is which the mother receives, but also how the mother can become clairvoyant due to this happening. But above all how she can acquire this enhanced condition, which means nothing else

but spiritual development. The mother who expects her child with love is truth, others cannot be reached. Science on earth is investigating the possibility whether a mother can be clairvoyant, something we have already established. However, they are unable to determine the spiritual condition because they lack the necessary feeling. We know that a spirit can link up with a spirit. This feeling become attuned to feeling, which means love.

When the mother is expectant, a link has been established with another being, a separate force of feeling. Is that clear to you? This link lasts for nine months. So she's in a state of enhanced spiritual power due to the being she is carrying. I will shortly come back to this.

When the child is born the mother feels that something is taken away from her; she can't determine what it is, she can't put it into words. But we know of this, and we know what is being taken away from her. Many believe that the birth of a child, the strange thing they miss, is their own force of feeling. But it has a different meaning, it's the enhanced force of feeling which was within her all the time she was connected with her child. So it was the force of feeling of the being, which made her sense this feeling. Do you understand what I mean? It's the happiness, the great spiritual power of the being. When this power within her finds attunement in the spirit, the mother reaches an enhanced condition which may enable her to be clairvoyant. So the extent of clairvoyance is attained by her own power, and that of the being she bears. She can acquire this enhanced power which she has sensed all the time, but this power, the Divine gift, is lost in many cases. This happens when the mother keeps her concentration focussed on the being that is being born, and thereby returns into her own attunement. The mother who possesses a spiritual attunement may become capable of a certain degree of clairvoyance through the power of the child she is bearing. But this condition also encompasses different kinds of attunement. These are attunements of life in the spirit, and this stands for the power of the being. Some mothers live in an earthly fashion, others may be very sensitive and will find attunement to direct mediumship. And it depends on all these powers of feeling whether the mother possesses this degree. Now for the spiritual power of the child. If the inner attunement of the being that is born is spiritual, then mother

and child will form a link and attune to each other's power of feeling. So what the mother misses after childbirth is the enhanced feeling she was aware of when she was connected. And she will be able to acquire this power of feeling, the most sacred aspect in this great happening. We know what the feeling of love means, and that feeling can make a person see; it means that while she is connected, the mother possesses an enhanced love which she received due to this event.

Now I will return to the force of feeling of the being. So I want to prove that the mother who understands this great miracle and can sense the link with another being, can acquire this love within this short period of time, whereas another life may need years of struggle. If they focus on their inner condition, they know that God alone can bestow this on the mother. Do you sense what I mean, André?

'If I understand you correctly, Alcar, a mother changes during the time she is one with the child, which is love and which causes her to become a different being.'

'Very good, my son. It will, above all, be advisable for her to continue to live in their initial condition of feeling. This event enables the mother to develop her love. As I just said, another being needs years of struggle to achieve this whereas the mother is a blessed creature, whom this sacred happening may rouse.

And this is what I am concerned about, even more so than clairvoyance. Motherhood is the most sacred thing which God can grant a woman on earth. Many mothers soon feel released from this oneness and go on living their life as they did before. In that case everything was experienced subconsciously. Therefore only one mother amongst thousands will understand this great and sacred happening of motherhood.

There are mothers on this side who only now realize what a mercy God granted them on earth. But as their lives were material and they knew nothing of an eternal life, they fell back into their previous lives from which they awakened after much sorrow, strife and grief, although they could have acquired this in a short time. Only here did the mothers understand the miraculous power of this material happening. Only on this side does man sense and see that many situations were experienced materially. Here man awakens,

but then it's too late, it has to happen on earth. Here all the past suffering is understood. But first they have a path to tread through darkness and coldness if they want to be able to enter the spheres of light. There are those who acquire this love and they sense the great importance of this happening and live in submission and accept what God gives them to bear. All the others attune to the being, to the possession of their child. And when this possession is taken from them we hear and sense their pleas and then they think God is severe, coldhearted and cruel. They don't realize that it is all to their own benefit, to attain a deeper insight.

Yet another situation. When a link has been made, the mother will remain connected with her child forever, and she will see it again in the spheres when she too passes on. Her child grows up, as I already told you, and will approach the mother in radiant beauty.

Now for an experiment, André, to make all this even clearer to you. There are many beings gathered here, and that woman over there possesses this enhanced spiritual power. We will now link up with her. Now focus your powers of concentration on her.'

André tried to link up with the mother. He slowly felt an enormous happiness overwhelming him. It was a mild feeling of longing for the unknown being that lived within her. He felt one enormous power of love surging up within him, which could be compared to the power he had felt in Summerland. There he had been allowed to feel and experience that same peace. He looked at his leader who was smiling.

'Wonderful, André. I linked up with you and I know what you felt. She is temporarily attuned to Summerland. So while she is waiting, she lives in an enhanced sphere. I hope that everything is clear to you now.

Yet another situation, André. Should this mother now pass on, together with her child, she would first of all not see her child and second, she would not be allowed to enter Summerland. For the following reason. It's the spiritual power of the being which she is carrying that brings on her this enhanced attunement. But when the child is born, she returns to her own condition. Now the child, that has not seen the light of the earth and hasn't lived in matter, is an angel in the spirit and therefore has a different, a higher attune-

ment than the mother. And now that we know that one must possess attunement in the spirit, it will be clear that the mother will enter a different sphere than the child. Is everything clear to you?’

‘Yes, Alcar, I understand everything.’

‘I will tell you more about these situations in the spheres. Will the earthly mother accept all this?’

This is the truth on our side. We know no other. Many are clairvoyant, many understand the grace of God, yet there are few who are roused by this sacred happening. They sleep their deep spiritual sleep from which they cannot be awakened.’

Sorrow and grief due to others

‘Come, my son, we must proceed to make other conditions clear to you. I want to show you how many must suffer due to what is inflicted to them by others, but also how terrible many transitions are. I will show you those who must look on how their loved ones with whom they were linked for many years on earth are brought to dark spheres, and I will make you sense the poignant sorrow they feel because they know what darkness on this side means.’

They had passed through many streets.

‘Come, my boy, we will enter this house.’

André saw a large building that looked like a hospital. He saw astral beings going in and out. They were invisible to people on earth. It was quiet in this building. It was the power of death that reigned here. A house of sorrow, nothing but misery. It made him feel cold inside. Shivers went through him now that he was entering the palace of death. He kept close to his leader who seemed to follow a set course. On and on they went. They had traversed various corridors. Here too he saw many spirits passing him by.

Didn’t they see him? None of them even glanced at him. Strange, he thought. After all, I am on this side. He immediately heard a clear but soft voice from which he gathered that he was linked up with Alcar: ‘But in a different condition.’ He immediately understood the meaning of the things he perceived. It was clear to him that he dwelt in Alcar’s attunement and that they therefore did not see him.

Alcar stopped in front of a room. Would they be entering there? Yes, here he would experience other conditions.

It was a large ward, where various beds had been placed together. Everywhere sick people were lying, poor human beings.

Alcar was waiting for him. There, in front of him, he saw a sick young man. Beside the bed he saw the astral being who had descended from out of the spheres to help the sick one, he was the invisible helper. Love, nothing but love. André saw how the spirit made long magnetic striking movements along the material garment. His powers of life flowed into the material being; spiritual radiation, power of love given to man on earth. It was a mighty image to him. If only the people could see this. This would convince them that links of love are eternal. It was a male spirit and he who was ill could be his child, as he perceived a certain resemblance.

‘On earth, André, they know very little about these conditions. Nor do they know the powers of them who live on this side; by that I mean science. But it shows you clearly how we from our side can act upon material man, can help him.’

‘Is this boy passing on, Alcar?’

‘No, his time has not yet come. He will live, he will be cured of this illness.’

The spirit laid his radiant hands on the patient’s head. He gave the boy all his powers of love. It was great to be allowed to experience this as a human being. It was the love of a father for his child. Oh, how beautiful it was. How mighty love was. They believed him to be dead but the dead one was saving the life of his child. The dead one was feeding life. How little people knew of this on earth. Tears rolled down André’s cheeks at the sight of all this beauty. Silently the person who lived behind the veil was helping. There was nothing but peace, happiness and love in his condition. No-one heard him or saw him. To man he was no longer alive. Here he witnessed the great miracle, life that went on forever after death.

Oh, man, accept this! Oh, how sacred this science was. And how great God’s power was, bestowed on man in the life after death.

Alcar was standing a few beds away, waiting for him. What would he be seeing over there? He was standing in front of the sickbed of an old man. He was seriously ill. Beside the bed he saw a young woman

who radiated a beautiful light which lit up her surroundings. She kept her eyes fixed on the patient who lay there, plunged into a deep sleep. He hadn't long to live. His death-struggle had already begun.

Nothing was visible to earthly man. Yet André sensed his heavy battle with death, death which meant life. A battle which wasn't necessary but from which he couldn't escape. He neither felt nor knew anything about a life that continued forever. And in his struggle, the struggle between life and death, she descended from within her high sphere to help him. Again he saw how great love was. Links of love could not be destroyed. Sacred love of the spheres, as pure as she sensed it, as she radiated, as she herself was, as life itself could be.

'Is she his child, Alcar?'

'No, his mother.'

'What did you say?'

'His mother, André. She is a spirit of light. Young and beautiful, whereas her child is old, physically old and spiritually old.'

André understood: His mother was young and beautiful, whereas he would be an unhappy spirit when he shortly arrived on this side. The man had messed up his life.

André now understood the grief and sorrow caused by others. She, the happy one, suffered because her child had forgotten himself. What a misery. Deeper still than he had just perceived. It was bearable over there, here it was inhuman. The mother suffered because of her child; because she was a mother she suffered. He would soon be taken to the dark spheres. She had to part with him, she could change nothing. It was his attunement. He had wanted this himself.

Grief by the hands of others. Did they know this kind of sorrow on earth? No, they didn't know this on earth. It was icy cold. Darkness and poverty. Terrible it was. It was her child and it would remain her child, even in the life after death. That is what made her suffer. His suffering, his pain, which he would not feel until later, and which was so different from all material pains, she sensed that. Now already, now his end was yet to come. She knew what it meant to have to descend into the dark spheres. They do not return for many years. His grief would be indescribable. What a sad truth he saw here. She had come to say goodbye to her child. That is why she had come to the earth.

Oh, he sensed it as if Alcar himself was telling him this. That is what life was like in the spirit. There was nothing one could change about it.

‘Is everything clear to you, my son? I could show you thousands of conditions like this. Months ago she was already at her child’s side to take care of him, and now the moment has come that she must part with him for a long time.’

‘Look over there, André, a young girl at her mother’s sickbed. Beside her her father. Both have come to fetch her. Soon they will be together forever. All are happy because she was a mother who gave a lot of love to all who came to her. She has possession in the spirit. They are happy, my son!’

‘Can’t they see us, Alcar?’

‘No, that’s impossible. We are in a different attunement. But I will link up with her.’

Only now did André properly understand how simple his leader was. Immediately after Alcar had linked up with her, she came up to him and asked him: ‘Will it take long yet, brother?’

André gathered from this that Alcar possessed a higher attunement than she did, and he heard his leader say: ‘No, you will soon be together.’

She looked at Alcar with her radiant eyes in which there was love, nothing but happiness. That look contained eternal understanding which was the love they both felt. They were all spiritual children. People who understood in a wink, in a glance which contained everything. The spheres were one, wherever they might live. Whosoever sensed love, understood this silent power. No more was said.

Alcar went back to him and said: ‘Is everything clear to you?’

‘No, I don’t understand why she doesn’t know when her mother is passing on. After all, she’s happy, isn’t she, Alcar?’

‘Well sensed. Keep going like this. I will explain this to you. She, my son, can’t sense the moment either when the separation of spirit and matter will take place. She feels that she will soon pass on and yet only those can determine this who possess the first spiritual sphere*) and live in that attunement. She is happy, beautiful and young, but still lives below the first happy sphere, which I will show you on this journey. When her end approaches the spiritual helper

*) The fourth sphere.

on this side will say so. I made that clear to you when your aunt passed on. It's visible in her radiation. That's how one sees on this side whether the person will pass on soon. All these conditions are spiritual laws. A law ceases to exist when we acquired those powers which are the attunement in a higher sphere. So we can't sense those psychic powers until we possess that sensitivity.

They can link up from within the first sphere and sense various transitions. In the case of your aunt's transition I was able to calculate this. And this is possible here too. But it is not my job. On this side every happy spirit has his own task. Both dwell in the third sphere. You have already been there. On this journey I will tell you more about all these attunements. When we get there you will understand more about all these sensitivity conditions.

The first spiritual sphere is the condition where man has cast off all matter. Only there does one sense transitions, because they possess this wisdom and have the corresponding attunement. So it's possession, nothing but love in the spirit. All beings that live within this attunement are happy, from the first existential sphere in the spirit onward. So he who has reached the first happy spiritual sphere knows and feels when the end is near, because he has passed on into the spirit. To possess spiritual life on this side means casting off all matter. In other words: free from everything, to be able to act according to one's own insight and powers. This needs a doctor, a being with a higher attunement. Is everything clear to you now?

'Yes, Alcar, perfectly.'

'Marvellous, my son, then we will continue and visit another ward.'

They entered a little room. André saw a lean, old woman lying there alone, awaiting her end.

'Wherever man may be, André, spiritual help is present. Spiritual beings are there to help their loved ones, which is becoming clear to you since I let you experience all these conditions. No sick person without spiritual beings around him to alleviate his pains. There are more beings on earth from our side than there are physical beings. Where people close themselves off, spiritual beings who have attuned themselves to them, close themselves off along with them. Wherever man is, spiritual beings are present, which I will show you on other journeys after this one, when we will experience life on this

side. So there is much more awaiting you; everything will mean wisdom in the spirit.

I now want you to focus your concentration on me, because I want to make some other situations clear to you with which you are still unfamiliar. Look over there, André.'

André looked towards the spot which his leader pointed at and saw two radiant spirits standing next to the bed of the patient.

'Now look over there, my son.'

André got a terrible shock. He saw an old spirit enveloped in a dark haze. He heard him lament and shout, which he hadn't heard before Alcar had drawn his attention to it. The being was fierce. It was terrible for him to have to see this.

'What does all this mean, Alcar? It is attacking those other beings. Mustn't they be protected?'

'No, they neither feel nor hear him. I will make everything clear to you. We are standing at the sickbed of their mother. Both the beings passed on a long time ago and now they come to fetch their mother. The father who lives in a dark sphere, has been brought here to convince him of his earthly life.

'So those are different spiritual attunements in the spirit.'

'The condition of the father I will shortly explain to you. He is calling them and cursing, but they don't hear him, which means that they live in a higher attunement. They know nothing about him because they are still children in the spirit and it is kept hidden from them. Now they are linked up with their mother and their concentration is directed towards her, so that they won't take in any other conditions. So they could link up with their father but they are too delicate to endure his cruel powers. They won't see each other again before he has entered a spiritual sphere. So this condition encompasses three different attunements, that of the mother, that of her children and that of the father. And all the attunements include intermediary conditions which I will make clear to you later.

The father has been brought here to witness the transition of his wife which will induce him to begin a different life. The experience of this situation will make him develop because the longing has been aroused in him, as he knows that she dwells on this side too. Is this clear to you?

The father was brought here by happy spirits who skilled themselves for this task. They are letting him experience this just as I have made various conditions clear to you by showing them to you in visionary attunement. In this way you were also able to perceive the life in the mine.

The sight of his loved one makes him want to link up, which however is not possible to him. You heard how far he is still removed from this height. My son, do you feel the great significance of all this?

The mother will be with her children and live with them in one sphere because she too possesses attunement in the spirit. Now look over there, André.'

'Who are they, Alcar?' He saw two spirits dressed in a spiritual garment.

'They brought him here. Spiritual helpers on this side.'

They looked at him lovingly as if they understood why he was present here.

'Spirits of love who are fulfilling a task in the sphere of the earth. They will open other peoples' eyes and teach them how higher happiness can be attained.'

'Do they know what I am doing here?'

'They know that too, because they see your radiation and that enables them to determine everything. Another thing: those spirits are from the fourth sphere where they possess nothing but light and happiness. But in order to work in the sphere of the earth they will link up with that condition, which means that they pass on into that life. They are spirits of love, even though they wear coarse garments. How will an angel of light be able to show himself in the darkness? That isn't possible, is it? Linking up on this side means passing on into a different condition. All this will also become clear to you on this journey. Spirits from within the light bear their power within, they bear the order of truth to which they are connected. We see all those situations daily, André, because every second thousands*) pass on. And everything means sorrow, induced by others.'

On we go, my son, I have still more conditions to show you.'

They passed through many other wards.

*) As the saying goes.

‘Now I will let you experience a truth which only we know. Come, we’ll enter here. There lies a young life that will be sent to this world prematurely. They operated on her, which is simple on earth, but in the spirit it has a different meaning, which only we are familiar with. The operation failed. Others are waiting.’

Many people of the earth stood around the little bed and cried. A young life was about to pass on and all were deeply sad.

‘We’ll go on, my son, we won’t find the meaning of this premature transition here and we will visit her. I have seen hundreds of similar transitions happen, when I made my tour on earth. All these happenings concern those who wield the scalpel. And yet this too harbours conditions which point to the truly guilty.’

‘Where are we here, Alcar?’

‘In a staffroom of a hospital. Look over there, an instrument in our hands. He too is a medium and is guided and helped by us. He owes his abilities to our help. His honour and his fame pertain to the spirit. What he learnt was merely material but his feeling has been attuned by them who serve humanity through him. He wielded the scalpel to perfection until a different factor destroyed his infallibility.’

André saw two men gathered together. One of them, the elder, was sitting bent forward with his head in his hands. The other one was walking up and down in an overstrung condition.

‘The one who is walking up and down is his son and he will never equal his father’s talents, even if he grows to be a thousand years. He cannot be reached by us. And yet he must succeed his father by hook and by crook, that is what the father wants. And this young doctor must learn the handicraft his father is so excellent at, but dozens pass on; they are sent to this world too early. Due to the will of the father he sent this young life here. He had to wield the scalpel, no matter what, so that when the father passes on his work can be continued by the son. His calculations went amiss because it takes feeling to do this kind of work. This is feeling, and it cannot be learnt. The father looked on how a young life was destroyed. He is convinced that everything would have been different if he had wielded the scalpel himself, and yet it happened because his vanity and hallucination played up. He is guilty of this premature transi-

tion and he will have to make amends. He pours grief and sorrow over others, which would not have been necessary because he happens to be a medium in our hands. Listen, they are talking.'

André saw how the young doctor went up to his father and he heard him say: 'Come on, dad, don't let it upset you, after all we did our best.'

'No', he said, 'I should have done it myself. I should have listened to my inner feeling, I shouldn't have allowed this to happen. You'll never learn it, never!'

This proved that it was his fault, which showed beyond a shadow of a doubt that the child should not have had to die.

'It drives me mad', André heard him say, 'the child is dying. There is nothing we can do about it. You are not fit for your work.'

'It's remorse, my boy, remorse, nothing but sorrow which would not have been necessary. But if he doesn't know how to free himself from this influence of his own will, then more will be sent here. In this way life is destroyed, grief and sorrow, taken on by others. This is not God's will. God had a different intention. In this way one will bring sorrow onto an other just to tickle his vanity, to increase his property. Many will pass on, but then everything will be different. Then it is God's holy time, the time of passing on. I experienced many of these horrific situations during my tour on earth as an invisible human being. I perceived that people destroyed animals, so they would serve man. One life is destroyed in order to heal another.

I could name thousands of horrors, even worse than this one. In this way one life is destroyed in order to preserve another. I have witnessed revolting scenes.

In a laboratory I saw a dog being tied to a table. They had starved the animal for some days, to torture it afterwards. I saw how they cut into the animals throat to collect the gastric juices.

This is how they went to work. The ravenous animal was shown a piece of meat, causing an enormous activity in the stomach. The gastric juices which the animal spat out were collected and then made into a serum in order to be able to heal man. It's true that the animal received a local anaesthetic, yet it was consciousness of everything that was happening. That's what science on earth is like, carried out by man and his Divine feeling!

Woe to them who lend themselves for such things. Animal juices, used to lengthen people's lives! However can man forget himself like that! A macabre kind of science. They don't feel the dirt they're wallowing in!

I saw other conditions too, which made me happy. One of our instruments had to perform a difficult operation. I followed him together with many others on this side. He was worried about the young life, whether it would die or stay alive. He thought he had everything under control. He lost his self-confidence and returned home. The next day the operation was to take place. He was convinced that life goes on and was aware of his talents. He still had that power in him which preserved him from a lot of sorrow.

In the middle of the night he knelt down and besought God to help him keep his self-confidence. He prayed for a long time. And he was helped, by those who dwell on this side. While he was praying he received the image and he saw that the operation was successful. He clearly saw what he had to do to achieve this. He fell asleep and awoke feeling in high spirits and remained linked to his vision. He was supported by spirits of love that watched over him; these were his beloved. They prayed together with him for a long time afterwards, to ask God to give him strength. The operation was a complete success. He felt God's holy Power and humbly accepted his task. He was famous on earth, thanks to them who acted upon him on this side. How very far removed that other doctor is from him, and yet he is the one they pin distinctions on, and whom they declare an honorary citizen. One day he will be shown what was right and wrong in his life on earth.

Many who accomplish holy work will be warriors for the benefit of man and all his needs. On this side those are awaited who are sent here too soon. This is all sorrow and grief due to others. And now we will leave the earth, to visit the dark spheres.'

Dark areas

'Come, my son, there is more sadness awaiting us. Gather all your strength, we're going on a difficult journey, but it will mean wisdom to you in the spirit.'

They glided away from the earth.

André was deeply touched by all the things Alcar had shown him.

‘Don’t you feel well, André?’

‘No, Alcar.’

‘Well, listen. I already made it clear to you that you cannot bear all the grief and sorrow of the world. At the moment my son is in a similar condition. It’s sad, but what you feel is pity and pity is self-destruction. That will become clear to you too shortly. Feel love and remain in your own condition, only then will you be able to act with deliberation.’

André understood.

‘Look, there’s the earth below us. That’s where we were, that’s where you live, that’s where all that grief and sorrow is which you were allowed to see and experience. I already showed you this mighty image. You see how puny it is compared to its larger sisters that all occupy a space in the universe. But its sorrow is tremendous, and mankind that populates it has fallen deeply. And God wants everything to be different. He has happiness in store for all his children. If they could see the earth from here, many would change their way of life.

How puny we are, and they too, compared to God’s Creation. And yet man believes himself to be something! Every being does. And what does man really signify in this awesome, eternal space? Nothing! And yet the spark of eternal light is within him and he finds attunement to God. That is why spiritualism is sacred to us. Everywhere on earth spiritual nourishment is poured forth so that man may change his life. Here happiness awaits him, nothing but happiness, if he develops within. Fratricide will stop when they know that life is eternal and cannot be destroyed.

Come on, André, we will continue on our way. Do you feel a little better?’

‘Yes, Alcar, thanks to your help.’

Hand in hand they glided towards the dark spheres.

‘There in front of us lies the Land of Twilight which borders on the dark areas. But we are familiar with yet another Land of Twilight, where the light is different too because it borders on the first sphere, which we will also visit on this journey. The light in the sky will keep on changing until it has taken on a reddish brown colour:

the radiation which the people here possess. So the light in which they live is their own inner condition. We will travel through the Land of Twilight and get there soon. Once we are there we will pause on the border of this land to make a few things clear to you. Afterwards we will descend.

Look, André, we're on the spot where we were during our first journey, but now we will descend.'

André saw how the light in the sky kept on changing. It had finally changed into a reddish brown glow: the light of those who lived there. Oh, what a sorrow that darkness would mean to him!

'Correct, my boy, the hell in the hereafter. Nothing but misery. On earth people imagine a different kind of hell, at least those who take everything literally. Here hell is so totally different, and it harbours the fire of passion and violence which they all radiate. Here we will sit down before we visit them.'

'Soil, Alcar?'

'Soil, my son, in its spiritual substance.' André took it in his hands. Yes, it was soil. Just as they knew it on earth. But it was strange and felt very peculiar. He couldn't describe it in words.

André looked at his leader who replied: 'Strange, my son? There is no life here, no warmth, no love, no sun, nothing of all the things which life offers us. Likewise this substance has been robbed of all power; because here things have no existential condition, everything is in the same attunement. Whatever man feels will determine his possession on this side. I'm sure you feel how sad it is. Here nothing grows or blooms because life is unnatural. They lack the vital juices which make life grow, they have no existence and that is why everything is barren and cold. Is it clear to you?'

'Yes, Alcar. Are you going to visit him, the man we saw burning? Because you said that this is where he would arrive.'

'Yes, I want to look him up and I'll find him, wherever he may be. He will be down here, because his attunement is an unhappy one. In such a short time he will not have worked himself up enough to enter the spheres of light. We will find him here. I will show you lots of attunements, all of them are human conditions. Their attunement in the spirit matches the love they possess.'

A dark town lay spread out before him. The spires were sharply

outlined in the reddish brown glow, and things in the distance were clearly visible to him.

‘Is this the town which I saw last time, Alcar?’

‘This is the place which I showed to you; but it’s not a town, it’s a country in which you could roam around for thousands of years. There is no end to it, until they sense their own end. I told you at the time that this area is infinite, at least for them because they don’t see where it ends; and they therefore close themselves off within their own condition. People here live in a dark pool of passion and violence, and they will only ascend after they have cut the ties that hold their inner self, which entails the development of their love. They are all guilty of their own unhappiness, because they messed up their earthly life. They will get to know themselves, which will make them perceive the terrible situation they are in. Afterwards a change will set in and they will pass on to a different attunement.’

It was quiet around them. Suddenly André saw a few beings who were scrambling about nearby. It scared him.

‘There are people over there, Alcar. They’re coming towards us. Isn’t it dangerous?’

‘Stay where you are, we are in a different condition, they can’t see us. These beings are the happy ones amongst them, because they have freed themselves from the Land of Hatred in which they dwelt for quite a time. They have gone a long sad way to free themselves. Their sorrow has been great and they’re still suffering. When you get to know their life it will be clear to you how far they have already advanced on the path to perfection and how sad their situation still is.

But they will have to beseech God even more for forgiveness if they want to enter a higher sphere. They feel that they messed up their life, but their remorse is not intense enough for their prayers to be heard. They’re slowly continuing on their way. On and on, until they start a new life.’

‘Will their condition change immediately, Alcar, if they want goodness to prevail?’

‘But of course. The changes show them that it’s possible to ascend.’

‘Do they get help too?’

‘Their loved ones, who dwell in a higher condition, pray for them to God, which will help them.’

‘Are various conditions exist down here?’

‘Yes, André. This comprises seven different conditions. In other words: seven depths of passion and violence, of sorrow and grief, of terrible misery. Lying before us is the Land of Hatred. Then the demonic sphere, followed by the animal-like attunement and then one enters the pre-animal-like condition. Next is the Valley of Sorrows, and below these are two other attunements which we can’t visit on this journey because your powers are inadequate. The deeper we descend, the worse the people are that live there. You will shortly perceive that there are people who live on this side who can no longer move about. In the Valley of Sorrows they are no longer aware of existence.’

‘Are they brought here from the earth?’

‘Yes, my son. You witnessed one trivial image, within the sphere of the earth. There are many other situations, all of them even sadder than this one. I have been able to witness terrible transitions. In the hospital where we were you saw one image, and there are thousands more which are even sadder, and much more intense. They all messed up their earthly lives.’

‘Then the separation on earth is not as terrible as this one, Alcar.’

‘Very well sensed, André. Those who are brought here are separated from their loved ones, with whom they were united for many years on earth. It’s sorrowful for those who possess a higher attunement to mourn them. Here their love lives in darkness and in the cold. Lives on earth go by, then suddenly they meet their end and then this truth.

They all wanted it this way. On earth the amenity of matter could have helped them to develop, but their possessions caused their downfall. Only here do they realize what kind of a life they led down there. But it’s too late then. But if they free themselves from this way of life the conditions will change, the spheres will be more beautiful and their wisdom and their strength will develop.’

‘Isn’t it curious, Alcar, how one can still see in this darkness.’

‘Nature down here, or the light they possess, cannot be compared to the light of the earth. Man sees by means of his physical senses, but he is either lit up within, or deep darkness prevails inside of him. Now the inner light is the radiation, the light they possess. So

you can perceive because it's alive, yet in this attunement. Is that clear to you? When we descend into the deepest depths of their life, we will still be able to perceive, because it's life and it remains life.'

'How simple everything is, Alcar.'

'So the light down here is a constant condition, until they all begin a different life.'

'Do they all live together here, Alcar?'

'Here they all live together. Kings and queens, princes and princesses, the nobility and scholars, in short: all are gathered here, including the poor. Here they experience the life they lived on earth. Later on you will get to know their lives too, because on this journey I want to make situations, attunements and connections clear to you.'

'Are there any rulers here too?'

'They are the ones, my son, who can influence the masses. The weaker ones must suffer, but they bring that on themselves, because they follow them in everything. Here you find intellectual prodigies, demons, rulers and masters of evil live, and millions of other beings too. Hundreds, thousands of years go by before they awaken, and during all those centuries they must suffer terribly. They themselves know of no other life, they perished in their deeply unhappy existence. For many, wealth on earth meant their downfall. On earth they held the highest ranks, and then descended into this life, into this darkness. Beauties of the earth had to exchange their glory, their gold and emeralds for darkness. Here they live together like beasts, as disfigured human beings. They all drank too much of the poison of life, and it made them all go to ruin.'

'We will now descend. We'll go on foot here, André, and if necessary we will glide along. But we will remain in our condition. No being will see you, unless we were to link up. If I think this is necessary, I will warn you beforehand.'

André was afraid. Where did Alcar intend to take him to in this darkness?

'Afraid, André? Nothing will happen to you.'

The path they had to follow went down deeper and deeper towards the unknown that was awaiting them. There before them lay the Land of Hatred. People lived there. A grey mass loomed up ahead of them, right up into the sky. It was impossible for them to look through.

‘What is that, Alcar?’

‘The separation between the two conditions. I let you see this separation, you wouldn’t have perceived it otherwise. It’s like a stronghold for them, to hide behind. Walls of spiritual substance. Matter in the spirit, radiation, is that clear to you? This condition, or substance, is coarse material. As we travel towards the higher spheres their density decreases and they intermingle. There the transitory states, in other words: the spheres, can no longer be perceived. But it’s noticeable when you look at nature, how it has changed; and at the people too who live there. On this side all things blend together, all the spheres are connected. Likewise the highest and the lowest spheres are connected in the spirit. This also applies to man on earth, he bears light within, but deep darkness too. This barrier is only visible to those who dwell there because they possess this attunement. Others, who bear a higher sphere in their possession, sense and see these connecting spheres and can enter them whenever they wish. So I linked up with this transitory condition to show it to you.’

They slowly proceeded. André felt at ease now.

‘Will this ever come to an end, Alcar?’

‘Yes, one day these spheres will cease to exist, because man will then possess a higher attunement. One day holy people will live here and these spheres will have changed into spheres of happiness, because man evolves and is attuned to God. So everything is simple, man builds his own heaven to be happy in eternal life. Every being holds his happiness in his own hands. We have now approached the gates of hell in the life after death. Look, André, I will show you a mighty image.’

André got a terrible shock. There before him lay a burning city. The flames leapt up towards heaven in reddish yellow, green and light red colours. It was demonic. His heart beat wildly when he saw this ghastly image. He couldn’t breathe, he thought he would choke.

‘What is that?’

‘No more and no less than the power of their radiation. Radiation of love, my son, in an animal-like attunement. Nothing but passion and violence. It will be clear to you now that a different kind of power is needed to be able to link up with them. Their blazing glow will destroy those who are unaware of their power. On we go now.’

André saw the first creatures in this terrible town. He was entering the Land of Hatred.

‘Are those human beings, Alcar?’

‘Indeed, my boy. Once upon a time they too lived on earth and were young and handsome. Then they grew old, because in their subsequent life they disgraced themselves and entered this place.’

André stared at them and couldn’t believe his eyes. Wild and shifty they looked. These were no longer human beings, they were beasts of prey. Their bloodshot eyes protruded out of their sockets. They were distorted, body and soul. Human beings transformed into monsters. Their gaze was scathing. They were consumed by the fire of their passions. How deeply they had fallen. He saw men and women together. Beauties of the earth dwelt here. How terrible they were now. His thoughts went back to earth, and saw them there, dressed in beautiful garments. How beautiful a woman could be. But what were they like now? What kind of a life had they led on earth? What had caused their deep downfall? Had they been able to hide their dark souls on earth? How could this ever have come about?

‘Oh, how terrible this is, Alcar.’

Poor people. How deep your sorrow is, how you strayed away from life!

‘It is not even comparable to the situation of those you will meet shortly. We’re in the second attunement right now. Come, let’s go on, into their kingdom.’

André thought he was dreaming. He saw a beautiful city, erected in an artful way. He saw beautiful buildings, yet they were adorned with sculptures that depicted horrible scenes. But everything showed their mindful thinking: the feeling of an artist.

‘How is it possible, Alcar, to be able to create in this darkness?’

‘Nothing is impossible to them; with the exception that they’re unable to enter a higher sphere, nor can they change their darkness into a radiant state. Their powers are limited. Here genii dwell, masters of evil. There’s a saying on earth: ‘The greater the man, the greater the crime’, and that applies here. Masters in all arts and sciences dwell here. They shape their feelings with razor-sharp insight, but it’s all for the sake of evil. Infallible, you would think, but they know that they cannot conquer goodness, which is God. On earth

they didn't grasp the blessing of their gifts. Here they can give full vent to their passions. It shows in everything, it's their life. It's all their own doing. One day all their concoctions will fall to pieces, their skyhigh buildings are worthless in the spirit, like everything they possess, like their own life. Don't you meet these beings on earth too? Aren't people a curse to one other on earth? Don't they kill in order to possess? All these beings gathered down here once lived on earth. Here it hits you, because on earth they can hide behind masks. Here nothing can be hidden, they're all naked, this is their attunement in the spirit. On earth they can conceal themselves, that's what they have their palaces for, but here they can't. There everything is possible, their masks cover up their dark souls. Here they play their bestial games, but those who have a higher attunement see and know their inner condition. Here they live together and return to earth to influence others. And woe to those who attune to them, they are lost. When they die there they will be dragged down here and will serve them on this side. Those on earth who seek the things on high will be helped by higher spirits. Do you feel, André, how terrible these beings are? They still have human shapes and know that they are alive. But those down below no longer have any knowledge of existence.'

André saw many beings moving past.

'Are they celebrating something, Alcar?'

'They have festivities here too. Shortly, when we experience life on this side, I will show you their life. But that's for later. Everything is malicious, my son, just as their life is.'

The streets and squares had been planned in an artful way.

'What's that over there, Alcar? Is that a bridge I see?'

'You saw correctly, they have bridges here too.'

However was it possible. A mighty river flowed through the landscape. They had built a beautiful bridge across. It was fantastic. It was like being on earth. In the life after death he saw a replica of the earth. But here evil was gathered. On earth good and evil lived alongside, here attuned beings dwelt in one single condition. On the far side he saw lots of buildings with turrets that protruded above the houses like ghostly profiles. It was a capricious image. There was a certain stillness; man lived here in gloom and ghastly silence. André

sensed the sorrow of life that was being lived here. Hatred and destruction prevailed all around. The river flowed along like some mighty ghost, ready to devour him. Death and doom lurked everywhere. The monster called hatred lay in deep rest, but oh, when it awakened. There before him, erected in a beautiful style, lay the town, the monster itself. Everything contained hatred. He shivered. All this should be destroyed, and the hatred would then cease to exist. That's how far hatred had penetrated into life, they even built towns out of it. It was a mighty land, this Land of Hatred. No, this was unknown on earth. So many things they would have to make amends for. Everything would have to be torn down, which would mean fighting against their own will, in order to transform their inner condition into light. The higher their buildings were, the deeper their sorrow, their misery, and the more intensely they could hate. Yes, he understood and sensed it all.

‘Oh, people, change your way of life. Work on your inner condition, but in the spirit. Work on yourself and break down your own pedestals, behold how everything is approaching its fulfilment. Behold this truth, the same kind of life awaits you.’

‘We have been busy for ages, André, and many with us, to tear all this down. Thousands will help us to convince the people of all this, which will make them turn over a new life. I will now link you up with this sphere while I remain in my own condition. Now focus your powers of concentration intensely, you know how strong their powers are. Try to hold on.’

At the same moment something terrible welled up inside of him. A terrible fear came over him that it might be the devil himself. He had no more feelings. He glided across hills and valleys and it seemed never to end. He wanted to call for help but it was impossible, he couldn't utter a word or make any sound. He resisted with all his might, but it didn't help. He felt himself falling deeper and deeper and he was unable to resist; he sensed that he was near to losing consciousness and he collapsed. When he opened his eyes he looked into those of his leader.

‘Feeling a little better, André? It's as clear as crystal what happened. You sensed their powers, they destroyed your concentration. I let you handle this yourself, so you would feel how terrible their hatred

is. But nothing could happen, I was watching over you, André.'

'Where was I, Alcar? It was just as if I was floating across hills and valleys. They dragged me along; how terrible these beings are.'

'You were nowhere at all, André. We were standing here on the bank of this river. You were gazing in that direction. The power of their influence forced you into their condition. So that floating sensation was only the fierceness of their inner attunement. It was like a vision but it took your breath away. Everything is simple. Your powers of concentration were overruled, which however wouldn't have been necessary because you possess an attunement which differs from theirs. I will let you sense various conditions during this journey. This will enable you to receive a pure impression of these human conditions. This wandering across hills and valleys also means that you are still connected to your body. We, my son, are prepared for everything. You will get to know all these powers. Come on now, let's proceed. It will be clear to you that one cannot simply enter here without further ado. To be able to work here, to be able to stand up to this, one needs strong powers of concentration.'

André noticed darkness steadily creeping on. They continued to descend until they arrived in another condition. Here everything was in deep darkness, not even a sparkle of light, yet the amazing thing was that he could still perceive everything.

'The area we are in now is an intermediary sphere connecting the other two spheres, the Land of Hatred and the animal-like sphere.'

André only saw caverns and grottoes. People lived there. Everything he saw was in a slimy condition. There were no houses or buildings here. The streets, if you could call them that, were torn and everywhere around he saw crevasses like deep abysses. One had to be careful here not to fall into a depth which appeared to have no end. Thick masses of mud and sludge covered the ground here. The area above was holy compared to this. Here they lived in caverns and got their fill from their own animal-like lives.

'We will link up and become one, André, then you will perceive. Give me your hand, this takes a lot of strength.'

André knew that when Alcar took these measures, it would overwhelm him. He already trembled with emotion when he imagined what he would see.

‘We will maintain this contact until we link up with a higher sphere.’

Hey, what was that he heard? It got louder and louder, it developed into a hurricane that made life tremble in all its power. It was heartrending. Now it turned into an agonizing wailing in which he sensed murder and passion, as if one life was destroying another. It sickened him, he wasn’t up to so much misery.

‘It’s horrible, Alcar, what is that?’

‘The power of their life, their spiritual attunement; doom and destruction. Nothing that lives here still possesses the slightest spark of human feeling. They have all turned into beasts. You hear their beastly game of passion and violence, but at half power. We can’t link up, you wouldn’t be able to stand it. No human feeling is up to it. Look, André.’

André tried to penetrate the darkness. Suddenly he saw various beings crawling around. Were these human beings? Surely this wasn’t possible. These were animals, a thousands years old. He didn’t see any hands or feet.

They had to crawl to get along. Their human feelings had been transformed into an animal-like emotion. And yet they lived and were people of the earth. Once they had been beautiful and had felt motherlove. No, it was all too much for him.

‘Where are we now, Alcar?’

‘Didn’t I make it clear to you where we are? You see, my son, that they are alive. Soon you will see those who live in an unconscious condition. I wanted you to hear and see. Come on, let’s continue. Our path leads down, deeper and deeper, until we get to the attunement where life has sunk into a slumber. They are no longer aware of any existence. Come, André, on to the Valley of Sorrows.’

Again André felt how he descended. It seemed never to end. Finally they got to the spot where Alcar wanted to be. André stood at the edge of a vast, immense valley. Deep down there people lived. It had grown even darker. But here too he could perceive. There were no streets or plains here, it was a deep crevice, and there life would also be present.

‘This depth is endless too, until it passes on to a different attunement. It goes down even further, but we will stay here. Noth-

ing but misery, my son, nothing but sorrow, indescribable sorrow. In the condition which we just left, man crawls about, and that is how he tries to find a different condition of life. When those, whom you are about to see, awaken, they will try to escape from this condition. This condition is connected to the animal-like attunement and that is where they pass on to from here. There they live in caverns and there they will prepare to get to the Land of Hatred where their real life begins.

‘Who are they, Alcar?’

‘Human beings, my son. They who have awakened.’

These beings were even more terrible than those up above. Their movement was sluggish. They could hardly drag themselves along. After every gait they remained lying for some moments. These were supposed to be human beings! And yet this beast is Divine too. Life on earth can be beautiful, but all these creatures perished in matter.

‘Whatever did these people do to get into such a situation? Is man capable of so much wrongdoing?’

‘What do you know, my son, about the life so many people lead? Thousands of human lives have been slaughtered and their hearts were torn to pieces. I could mention many other ferocities which could never enter your mind because you cannot think up such evil. We will not link up here, it’s impossible for you to digest all this.’

André kept a tight hold on his leader, he didn’t want to let go of him in this darkness. It would be overpowering.

‘Come, we’ll descend. We don’t need go very far, we’ll find them soon enough. Look, there’s a human being lying there in front of you.

André looked at the spot that Alcar was pointing at. He only saw a grey mass that merged with its surroundings.

‘Come, we’ll sit down here.’

André felt himself going all quiet within. There was something here which he couldn’t describe in words. It deprived him of the courage to pursue all this misery any further. He lacked the strength to continue. He felt dizzy, he was sad, utterly sad about everything he had been allowed to see.

Alcar looked at him and said: ‘Are you unable to go on, my son? Shall we go back? If it’s too much for you we will return to earth.

You know I always help you, don't you?

'What is it, Alcar, that came over me?'

'It's only the influence from this sphere which my son senses. Exert all your strength, André, you won't be returning here soon. Try to ask God for strength, you must want it, otherwise my powers will not be able to reach you, and then I can't help you. You will have to wait a long time, because your spiritual powers will have to be developed first. If you can endure all this, it will mean wisdom in the spirit to you. I will support you, my boy. Know that you will have to convince many people on earth.'

André silently prayed to the Father for strength; after a while he felt refreshed and with fresh courage he put himself out to follow his beloved leader.

'Do you feel a little better, my son?'

'Yes, Alcar, I received fresh strength to be able to follow you.'

'You're the only one, because many who were taken along had to return. But I already told you that you're unable to bear the sorrow of lots of people. Connection means intuitive feeling, but feeling life doesn't mean one has to perish. It proves that your concentration is only at half its strength. But you will learn all about this yet.'

After all, this was so very much beyond his understanding. Nothing but sorrow, sorrow and grief did he see around him. However could a person commit so much evil. It would send him mad if he didn't get an answer to this. Now he knew why it had taken hold of him. His mind reeled. Could a person wreck himself to that extent? These were problems he was faced with. What kind of evil could a person ever perform on earth to have found attunement to this condition? Did a murder bring about this attunement? Sad it was, and he was hardly able to still think. After all the places he had visited. Now he stood before a human being who lay there, smitten like a heap of dirt, unaware of his own life. Was there no end to this? He looked at his leader, who regarded him full of love and said: 'Be strong, André. You're up in arms. Soon it will all become clear to you. God knows all his children, no child of God is ever punished.'

'What's that you said? No child of God is ever punished?'

'Does that sound so incredible? Man punishes himself, he wants it that way. Is everything clear to you? I will try to link up and tell you

what I perceive. Maybe that will make everything clear to you. Now listen to me.'

Alcar concentrated and André felt terribly anxious. What would his leader see? Oh, how curious he was.

'The one lying there before us, I see him on earth as a small child. He is young and handsome, surrounded by lots of riches. I'm in the Orient. In a beautiful country place, that's where he lives. I see many others around him. They're dressed in beautiful garments. Now I see another person; it's his father. Decorated with the colours of his country he sets off for battle. He holds his child in his arms. It takes a while before he can leave. He doesn't return. Now I see him, young and handsome, dressed in a beautiful garment. A different image. He's on horseback now and he too sets off for battle. He is an Arab. Many accompany him to war. He too will perish. I see him back on the battlefield. Various images, all presenting the same condition in which he commits one murder after the other and destroys others. He emerges victorious. His terrible hatred drives him into this condition. Murder after murder. It's still not enough. I see him killing hundreds in a despicable manner. Hate and dominate, that's his life. Now I see a camp. The image is blurred. This being, André, cannot be roused. It will take hundreds of years before he awakens.'

'Do you see anything more, Alcar?'

'I will try to link up. Again I see a camp. And I see him too. From a distance he looks on how his warriors murder the unfortunate ones who live in that camp. It is all his will. All is quiet now. The camp is being set fire to. Hundreds are burnt like living torches, not one can escape. These are the wounded. Their end is terrible. He doesn't only murder, many of the wounded are slaughtered on his orders. He's a beast, André. This human being has passed beyond the animal-like attunement. Have no pity on him, but feel love. I only saw images. What will his entire life on earth have been like? Here he lies and isn't aware what he accomplished within a short earthly life. Isn't it horrible? He was a hero, a master of evil. But just think how many there are who destroy humanity in silence, who plunge mankind into doom and destruction inside their quiet rooms. I see some more beings over there.'

'Do you see anything about them too?'

‘I’ll try, my boy.’

André saw how his leader concentrated anew.

‘This being is a man too, a scholar on earth. I see a small village, surrounded by mountains, hidden from the view of the world. It’s lonely, as if it were dreaming. It’s misty. Now I’m entering a laboratory. I see him there again, accompanied by a second person. I hear a terrible bang, everything is flying apart. The little village has disappeared from the face of the earth, along with hundreds of people, including children and old people. They were inventors. They had accomplished a great deal in their lives. Masters of evil, my son. They were destroyed by evil. His talent was abused to finish off mankind. No, that’s not why God gave man those powers. They must serve to support man. But just look how everything is abused.’

‘There’s another being lying over there, Alcar.’

André saw how his leader concentrated again. It was quiet. What would Alcar see now? Poor people, who ruined their Divine gift. How great it was to receive something so beautiful, and how few understood such a gift.

Alcar spoke to him: ‘A woman, André.’

He shivered. A woman? Could a woman forget herself to that extent? God gave a woman the most beautiful and sacred gift which a human being could receive on earth. Could this be true? Surely it wasn’t possible for a mother to be capable of so much evil?

‘Listen, my son. She once lived in a palace, crowned and honoured. I see her consort too, but he lives in a different condition. They arrived on this side a long time ago. Her life on earth was a life intent on destroying people. Everything around her is death and destruction. Thrown into dungeons, as a prey for wild animals, just to satisfy herself. Hundreds obeyed her and complied with her fancies. She had people tortured to get her fill from their torments. The sight of blood flowing made her experience her animal-like life. She had turned into an animal. Her passions were mightier than the ocean storms. Her human intellect covered up her passions. Her sensual life, her delight in destruction brought her into this condition. A mistress of evil. She passed on too, just as the many she had ordered to be killed. The image I see is horrible. Her crocodiles were fed by sacrificing hundreds of lives. This is heartrending, André.’

She killed a lot of women who equalled her in her beauty. Her power made man serve as food for the animals. Could anyone surpass the things she contrived?

Look at the earth, these terrible beings are still at large. Later, on our other journeys, I will show you all these things. Even now a single human being destroys thousands of others. Haven't they fallen deeper than animals? An animal satisfies itself and then goes its way, man possesses a thinking capacity and goes on destroying. A human being never gets his fill.'

André now understood the extent to which a human being could forget himself. Everywhere he looked he saw human beings who had brought nothing but sorrow and grief onto others. This truly was a valley of sorrows.

'In the sphere following this one, André, man lives his own criminal life. I don't want to show you these conditions. What I will let you see will be sufficient to make you realize how people can forget themselves.'

'One ought to have pity on all of them, Alcar.'

'Pity, my son? Does my son feel pity again? How often did I make it clear to you that pity means destruction? On this side we know no pity. Here we only know love. To feel pity means to link up with another being. Linking up means passing into an other life. When you keep on lamenting for that life, you will perish together with that life. Pity is weakness, nothing but weakness. Pity means being lived by others. Feeling love means following the path which God shows to all of us. It means submitting everything, which will enable man to develop. Feeling love for life means supporting it in all its conditions. But that means battling, nothing but battling. Sorrow and grief will make man attune to higher conditions. Pity means handing over everything, their own life too, which they themselves have ruined.'

'What do you feel for these people, Alcar?'

'What I feel, what I would like to do for them, is this: If they would listen, I would show them the path which we must all follow. This is the path that leads to the light, which all have travelled who dwell in the higher spheres and whom you will meet on this journey. But they are the ones who must really want this, otherwise my

help is superfluous. But if I were to lament for them because things are so difficult, what would become of our lives?

It's love which enables us to sense the sorrow and grief of others. Those who possess no love cannot be wrecked by others. Do you feel what I mean? I'm ready to help, no matter where, but that person must feel the urge himself, otherwise he cannot be reached. That is love. Follow your path and when you see that they are unwilling, then let them go, the day will come when they will need your help. But don't return to them before they fervently beg for help, as otherwise you will find yourself in the same situation. Therefore you must feel whether they can be helped, otherwise it will always be the same: pearls before the swine.

André understood.

'You said, Alcar, that no-one dwells here who was poor on earth. Why is that?'

'Didn't I tell you that they don't possess those forces and powers on earth? Their poverty on earth is their fortune on this side. So they aren't able to fall that deeply. They may forget themselves spiritually, commit a murder, and some of them are even here, and yet it's impossible for them, even if they wanted to, to send thousands to war. They aren't scholars, genii or rulers of the earth.'

'What would they do, Alcar, if they did possess that power?'

'They would act according to their feeling. Yet there are many poor persons who would exclaim: 'My spiritual feeling gives me more wealth than those who abound in property.' These beings exist on earth and we know them. And all those conditions signify the cycle of the soul, because man has attunement to the cosmos, which I'll tell you about later, when we have reached the higher areas.'

Now on to a different condition, we've spent enough time down here.

Cremation

'Don't forget to pray for them, André. They need our help too, yes, those people in particular.'

In silence, both withdrawn into themselves, they left the area of the animal-like attunement. André felt better again; now that he

understood that they had wanted this themselves. Not one of God's children is ever lost, even if it has transgressed the animal-like condition.

They glided on to a different sphere, where new wisdom in the spirit awaited him. And all this wisdom meant sorrow, sorrow and misery. Yet he wanted to experience everything, because it would help the people on earth to know something about the life on this side.

Finally his leader spoke to him: 'We will now try to find the man whom we saw burning on earth.'

'Is that possible, amongst all those millions?'

'To us everything is possible, André, if we possess the necessary forces of love. We know him, don't we, and because I have known him, I will find him.'

If this were not the case, then it wouldn't be possible for me either, unless I possessed some influence or other which would enable me to link up with a different radiation. But since I met him before, I can link up by focussing my powers of concentration and strong will-power. You will experience this too. By adapting myself I follow the way which links me up with him. It will become clear to you soon enough.

Another thing. I can link up with anything which is lower than my own attunement, a higher one is beyond my reach too. You will get to know these forces too during this journey. Is this clear to you?'

'Yes, Alcar.'

'But these also encompass many other conditions, because we too are bound by laws.'

'I'm very curious Alcar, where he will be. Is he living in the Land of Hatred?'

'We will soon see, come on now, we must go this way. I can see it now, he's in an intermediary sphere, beyond the crowd. We will find him back in an unconscious state, due to the burning of his physical garment.'

André saw how his leader was following a set target. It was remarkable to him how a spirit could find its bearings. No matter where they went, Alcar could find his way about in this darkness. They entered something, it seemed like a cavern. These were subterranean corridors, and yet he was able to see. There were scores of

creatures about. They passed through lots of corridors and caves. In the darkness he discerned others who had fallen asleep, they were lying there, expressionless. He saw these creatures everywhere; they slept the sleep of the dead and were alive, they lived in eternity. Everything was misery, nothing but grief and sorrow. These were wasted lives. To the right and the left he saw coves where they had been laid down to rest. From the earth into this darkness. Oh, he understood everything. And yet they hadn't fallen as deep as those in the Valley of Sorrows. He understood every attunement and knew the conditions of feeling of all these various beings. He saw all the races of the earth. Here all was one, no matter which faith they had professed. Every creature knew and felt motherlove. They were all God's children, forever. Others roamed around and behaved like savages. They didn't see him, so he gathered that Alcar was still in his own condition. Now his leader stopped. Had he found him? He was very curious.

'Look, André, there's our man, we've found him.'

André saw a creature, lying separate from the others, huddled up.

'Do you recognize him?'

Yes, it was him, the man he had seen burning on earth.

'He's in an unconscious state. My presumption proved to be true. I'll leave you on your own now, because I want to link up with him. This will make it clear to you that he's alive. Do nothing and remain in your condition. I'm going to link up with him just as I did in the cemetery. You know how that's possible, don't you? So listen carefully, André. Nobody will see you. Those who can, are higher spirits who work here to help the unfortunate. You have nothing to fear from them. So remain in your own condition.'

André was alone. His leader had been swallowed up by the darkness. Strange, he thought, I could see Alcar while he was with me, now he has gone too. What could be the meaning of this? He kept on experiencing different situations. There were thousands. Hey, what was that he heard? He thought he heard someone moaning. Where did it come from? Again he heard it. I'll move a bit closer, maybe I'll see what it is, he thought. Was there someone in need of help? He heard it even clearer now than before. He went over to where the sound came from. What was that? But he had no time to

think, he felt that he was being attacked. A terrible fear took hold of him. He felt how he was being grabbed and lifted up to be flung down somewhere. He shouted for help and then he felt that he was losing consciousness. He couldn't remember how long this had lasted, but when he came round again, he was lying in Alcar's arms.

'Well, my boy, awake again? You were overpowered by evil. Things will be getting through to you, now that you're becoming familiar with their powers. By now you will have grasped how dangerous this place is, and that it takes a lot of concentration to work down here.'

'What happened to me, Alcar? Who attacked me?'

'I'll explain it all to you. Are you feeling a bit better?'

'Yes, Alcar.'

'Listen, my son. You just heard someone moaning? It was our friend. You thought you ought to move over a bit closer and then you were attacked. Isn't that so? The moment you wanted to take a look where the sound was coming from, you abandoned your own condition. It's a similar attunement to the one I showed you in the hospital. But now you've experienced this kind of attunement.

So when you leave your own condition you enter a different one. The creatures you were able to perceive just now, those who roam around here, attacked you. They saw from your attunement that you didn't belong to this sphere. You felt their powers and that's what broke down your concentration. If you had kept on thinking of your powers, they wouldn't have had the chance to attack you. They were able to, due only to your curiosity. Experiencing a different condition means that you pass on to a different sphere. Is that clear to you? So this shows you that we, on this side, act in accordance with our inner condition, our force of feeling, and also that the spiritual body stands for intelligent thinking on this side. When I was standing next to you, in other words before I left you, everything was visible to you, wasn't it?'

'That's what made it all seem so strange to me, Alcar.'

'Everything went dark around you, but this wouldn't have been necessary if only you had been attuned to your own inner power. You acted involuntarily, and that should never happen here, as it spells destruction. When I passed into that other state, the one our

man was in, I let you return into your own attunement, and I warned you about that. My powers enable you to see and hear everything that's going on in the dark spheres. No matter where we were, I always adapted myself to you, because otherwise you wouldn't have been able to distinguish anything, you wouldn't even know where you were. So here it's not possible for you to descend into a sphere you are not acquainted with. You need to know all these transitory conditions. You wouldn't be able to work here yet, because you don't know how to make use of your powers. But rest assured, one has to experience all these spheres, which means being lead by able guides to get to know them.

Those who possess a higher sphere within, can, with the help of competent leaders, descend in order to accomplish tasks. Even those who dwell in the higher spheres were obliged to follow this training. But others who have lived here know all the transitions in the dark areas, right down to the deepest depths. So this needs experience, the training school of life. The man we wanted to visit is in a deeper attunement than those who attacked you. When he awakens, he will come to live in that attunement. So he and I disappeared from your view because he lives in an even deeper state, which was imperceptible from within your attunement. So these are two conditions which flow into each other, just as I already showed you down below. When he awakens and also enter this attunement. I withdrew you into my sphere and released you out of their hands. Before the very eyes of those who attacked you, you dissolved, which will seem to them like a miracle. This will make them realize, if they possess that conviction, that a higher spirit dwelt in these surroundings. Everything requires exertion and strength on this side. Over here nothing can be left out, like on earth. Life in the spirit is experience, which means development of love. An angel of light cannot descend here unprepared. They can descend, but if they don't want to link up, everything will be invisible to them too. In that way we will be able to acquire everything, if we experience it. Those who have lived here are the leaders for these conditions. Are you feeling a bit better?

'I'm prepared to follow you. Did you once live here, Alcar?'

Alcar smiled.

'Because I am able to explain all this to you? I never lived here,

André; but I dwelt down here for many years to help others. I accept that all of us, no matter who, once lived under these conditions. Evolution enables us to live in a different attunement. But the road we have traveled will lead from darkness to the light. The saying goes: 'They who never saw darkness, cannot appreciate the light.' I worked here to help my friends. When we have reached the higher areas, I will tell you about this. Come, follow me now.'

For the second time André saw the poor man.

'I will now link up with him.'

André saw how his leader focussed his concentration. He sensed how he was linking up in order to make the unfortunate fellow return to consciousness. After a few moments he gave some sign of life. Did he hear correctly? It was just as if he heard him crying. Yes, he was moaning. Poor fellow. Alcar withdrew his powers from him and the moaning stopped immediately.

'I suppose everything is clear to you, André? I made him become aware, so that he began to feel his condition. At the moment his sleep is still deep. His present awakening will only be the start of his life on this side, and he will begin to feel the pains which were brought on by the cremation. So apart from the agonies due to the cold and the darkness, he also feels the piercing pains inflicted by his cremation. His body was burnt during a material condition of feeling, his attunement to matter. Spiritually he disgraced himself during his life on earth. They don't want to accept this on earth. The sensitivity of his spiritual body was attuned to matter. He will therefore experience everything in the spirit too, because he was not set free from his body. The cremation drove him into this condition, because the shock was too great for his spiritual attunement. If he had been buried in the usual way, he would now experience the decay of his material garment. But that condition is much to be preferred to cremation, because certain powers, which we call the aura of life, are withdrawn from the person being burnt. This aura serves to support the spirit upon its arrival here, during the first period of his life. This applies to all beings, even those which are in a higher attunement. After five to seven days the parting spirit withdraws the aura of life from the material body, at a time when matter enters into the first stage of decomposition. This may last longer, it depends on the

attunement of the human being passing on. In other words the aura serves to gain awareness on this side. The happy spirit isn't tied to time, because he exists in a higher condition. For those who enter a higher sphere cremation offers no hindrance because they are released from matter before the body is burnt. I just told you that every creature that arrives here will withdraw his aura of life, but the happy spirits do this as soon as they are about to leave the physical body. Is that clear to you?

'Yes, Alcar.'

'Perfect. Another thing: On earth people think that it's better to burn for an hour and a half than to experience years of torture. Because, they reason, didn't the spirit get released? Yet many cannot sever their ties, and to them burning is a spiritual shock. The one who is now lying there, like a living corpse, has experienced that shock. They err when they sense a spiritual condition as if it were material. Of course this is wrong. Those who pass on and still show rosy cheeks, which can often be observed, are in this terrible condition. Matter has been abandoned by life, in other words: the spiritual body has cast off the material garment, and the aura of life keeps that garment alive. Not until the first stage of decay has set in, will matter take on the deathly pallor. At that moment it's all over and the spirit had taken on its new form of existence. So the aura of life keeps the body intact and when matter is burnt this will cause a tremendous shock. Ask anyone who lives here what cremation is like, they will all tell you that it ought to be discouraged. It's nothing else but a torment. A torture in the spirit. I therefore advise those who want to be cremated not to do so. Think this over and rather be safe than sorry, choose to be buried. Those on earth who are learned and believe cremation to be beautiful and clean, bear darkness in their soul, because this 'beauty and cleanliness' entails material darkness on this side.

To man on earth I call out: 'If you have followed everything so far, then put an end to your foolhardiness and try to develop yourself in the spirit. There's still time. You will soon pass on and then only those things are of value which you bear within. Develop your feeling and make up for the wrong you did. We who dwell on this side, all of us who have left the earth and have dwelt here for hundreds of

years, were compelled to accept this truth. We have learnt that love is the highest and the most sacred of all, and that they stand for light and happiness in the life after death. Here, my friends, you cannot hide. Only here does love bear value. Develop that power, your life, learn to love. Learn our language, the language of love, which you will have to understand on your arrival here, or darkness will be your fate.

Before we leave the dark areas, my son, I tell you: When we come together again on this side, you will get to know this life. I will show you how those who rule, the masters, the genii, live in evil, how they work and will destroy others who attune to them. That is why I want to reach man on earth. You will experience how they too continue the festivities they had on earth. In short, you will get to know their life. What I showed you upto now, and will go on showing you, are conditions, attunements and connections in the spirit. Now we will part from the dark areas, the hell in the life after death.'

Feeling, and the spirituality of the earth

They glided along.

André could breathe again. He was glad it was all over. All the same, he felt happy that he had been allowed to experience all this. To him it meant wisdom in the spirit. How true all the things were which he had perceived until now. How great God's Power was, Who governed all this, Who knew everything about man, down to the very deepest depths. God fathomed His children and knew them all. This was impossible to man.

André saw a light that was different from the one he had seen in the dark.

'Where are we now, Alcar?'

'We're in the Land of Twilight and we've passed into a different condition. The human being who dwells here is in a higher condition of feeling, and as we get higher we will see the spheres and the people, in short, everything changing. We'll keep on seeing different attunements of feeling. That's why feeling is the essence of man's existence, as I have explained to you so often.'

'Could a scholar of the earth analyse feeling?'

‘Certainly, if he possesses attunement in the spirit. But there are those on earth who have operated on people and say that they have yet never seen the soul. That’s very sad. They’re poor in feeling and yet they’re learned. Their own power of feeling is dormant and they are living dead. Feeling is life, it’s soul and it means love. And now that we know that love is God and that God means feeling, it’s evident that they won’t perceive God in an earthly body. I can already hear the first scholar calling out: ‘I have seen God.’ Others will say that he’s gone mad. Life cannot be seen, life can be felt. Over there, after matter has been cast off, life has nothing in common with the earth. It returns to the Source of all life and that is God. God put life in all matter, which is feeling. On earth life is one in matter, yet it’s a separate body. That’s why we call it the spiritual and the soul body. Life is protoplasm, the proto-power: God. It cannot be destroyed, it cannot be perceived by material senses, because man perceives the things that belong to matter, because he himself is matter. But man, as a spirit, is the centre of sensitivity, enabling man to find attunement to God. Hence feeling, life and the soul will return to the Father, because feeling is Divine. After having passed through the proto-animal-like, the animal-like, the crudely material, the material and the spiritual condition, man, at least life, will return to the Divine. In earthly life man is already attuned to God, just as he is in all the other transitions and conditions. Let those who want to find the soul within the body attune to us, only then will they be on the road we have all travelled and will continue to travel on. Feeling cannot be analysed scientifically. When we possess cosmic attunement, we will be able to analyse the body of sensitivity. The masters on this side are the ones who can sense feeling as a Divine power in direct attunement to life. And everything, my son, is love. Love is feeling, love is God.’

Meanwhile, they glided along. André saw a strange country. The twilight had changed and he sensed more viability in nature. It felt as if everything was awakening.

‘You sensed that perfectly, André. The sphere we’re in now is where man is roused. The human being who dwells here has finally made his way through the dark and has awakened. It’s already a different attunement, but it can’t yet be compared to the first spiritual sphere.

Warmth enters his life, which it needs to develop. Yet you won't see anything growing here, no greenery, no trees, no blooming life can be perceived here. Nothing of that until we enter the sphere that lies directly above. The human being who dwells here is still attuned to the dark spheres and he may fall back again if he doesn't fight this with all his might. That's why many fall back into their previous state.'

'Look, Alcar, over there, a lot of beings gliding by.'

'They are the helping spirits from higher areas. They descend for long spells of time in order to help the unfortunate. Fathers and children, brothers together, they're all from higher spheres and they have to be strong to be able to help down there. You know their powers by now. They travel on until they reach the border of the Land of Hatred, where everyone gets his assignment. They're all under one leadership and will be divided up into groups. Many of them haven't been there yet, and competent guides will help them to get to know life.'

'Will the unfortunate ones they find, be brought to these spheres?'

'Yes, my son. If they fervently beg for help, they will be helped, but they must want this themselves.'

'What happens afterwards, Alcar?'

'They are told how they can ascend by longing for goodness, and if they're not aware that they passed on on earth, they will be convinced of that too. They are taken along to the earth. This is where the seances prove their purpose, which I showed you. Afterwards they are brought back to this condition to train themselves in the spirit. If they're able to hold their ground they will soon enter a higher sphere. They can qualify to ascend by helping others. In this way man continues on his path and returns to the Father, to God.'

'Where are we going to now, Alcar?'

'To the sphere of purification, a crude material condition. It borders on the first existential sphere in the spirit. We'll see light there, yet in a grey mood, like in autumn, to use an earthly comparison. Over there everything lives in a crudely material attunement, just as the human being who dwells there. They have died on earth, yet without knowing it. Man only becomes aware of his spiritual life after he has passed on to the first spiritual sphere. Is that clear to you?'

'Yes Alcar.'

André saw how everything was changing. He saw a sphere below him, but they kept gliding on. Slowly the spheres changed. The further he got, the more he felt life, it showed in nature, and in the light in the sky too. Everything was about to awaken, he could clearly perceive it. Life was flowing into nature and into man. The cold, dark spheres were way behind him now.

‘Are we going straight there, Alcar?’

‘Yes, my boy. We will try to make a few change their minds. We might succeed. I want to try this to convince you of their lives, how they feel and what their life is like. It’s cold and bleak there too. It has the feel of autumn on earth, when everything is dying. It’s the likeness of their inner power of feeling. They don’t feel the warmth either which a happy spirit feels. Their crude material feeling dominates everything.’

‘Do they all live together there too?’

‘This oneness applies to every condition on this side. Wherever you enter, all ranks and classes live together. Those who possess the same attunement, which is love, will be one. This has nothing to do with earthly learnedness or titles. Here love is the only thing of value, the feeling which finds attunement in the spirit. If their love isn’t spiritual, everything is worthless.’

‘The things they teach on earth, is that all worthless on this side?’

‘But of course, André. I’m telling you clearly: if their feeling is developed in the spirit, they can put their earthly learnedness to use here too, or when they return to earth. They are precisely the ones who can reach the people on earth through their knowledge of various conditions and sciences of the earth. Many are sent there to help physical man. Then they act upon them and convey to them what they know about eternal life. They are the ones who didn’t forget themselves on earth. But they cannot return before they have reached the third sphere.’

‘Is it harder to work on earth than on this side?’

‘On earth it’s harder for us to reach physical man. The problem is, that people on earth live like spirits in matter. They consequently see everything through their physical senses. The problem facing us is to make them sense the spiritual within matter. On this side we convince them by letting them experience a condition. On earth

that's not as easy, because most of them possess a material attunement. How can man sense spiritually if he doesn't possess that power of feeling? Therefore he can't, and we have to keep on returning. But here we can show them images and when they see, they submit themselves voluntarily.

So it's easier to act upon the spirit in a spiritual way than on matter. It's not easy to exert influence on matter, as man perceives materially. Man must want this. If this is not the case then we're unable to convince him. On earth people must believe, whereas here we no longer believe, we know. This is the great and mighty difference to achieve something on earth. Our task down there is simplified when man knows about life that continues forever. That is when our actual work on earth begins. Man sees his own world, the sun, the moon and the stars, and all this belongs to matter. They have to look beyond all this if they want to penetrate the veil and perceive in the world we live in. That's the difficulty with exerting our influence on earth. Is that clear to you too?

'Yes, Alcar, I understand everything you say. Are the beings we are going to now all from the dark spheres?'

'Yes and no, André, in other words: both. There are many who arrive here from the earth, others have travelled the long road from darkness into the light. Those who have come from the earth live in an unconscious condition, so they're living dead, because they think they still dwell on earth; so their development begins here. Is this also clear to you? One other thing: ask me as much as you want to. Your question, you must understand this correctly, is my link.

I'm keeping to a set plan without any side-tracking. Now, if you would like to know something, don't hesitate to ask, and I will reply to the best of my abilities. The deeper you're adjusted, the more wisdom it will mean to you in the spirit. So you will ask according to your feeling and I will answer you. So ask on behalf of all the people on earth who would like to, but yet can't, because they don't possess this gift. Never forget that your gift is and will remain their gift.'

'You told me just that they who live right above don't know that they died on earth. How terrible that must be, after all, they're in eternity, aren't they?'

‘These conditions are terrible, but it’s the truth. They didn’t want to raise themselves on earth, and that’s the attunement in which they arrive here. Feeling is the spiritual body, they arrive here in the condition which coincides with the way they feel. So when man reaches this sphere, everything is and remains just as he feels. Nothing will change. It’s impossible. They will possess light and happiness in accordance with their feelings.’

‘Will they get help too?’

‘Spiritual help is found in every sphere, no matter where man happens to be, everywhere, in every condition, right upto the highest heavens. Those we’re about to visit now dwell in eternal life but still want to pay with earthly money for the things that are done for them and for many other things.’

‘What did you say? With money?’

‘Yes, André, after all, they believe they’re still on earth. Their feeling, nature, everything is attuned to the earth. After all, it couldn’t be otherwise. It proves how true our life is on this side. It couldn’t be true if it were at odds with nature. There are many other conditions which are even sadder than that innocent habit of repaying things with money. We know of others. There are clergymen from earth here, who even in the life after death keep on talking about hell and damnation and confront others with this. Right here, while they’re in eternity.’

‘You really mean that, Alcar?’

‘What I say is nothing but the sad truth. They have thousands of followers. You will get to know them when we arrive. They set up their parishes and preach eternal damnation.’

‘It’s hard to believe, Alcar.’

‘Unfortunately it’s the truth. On earth they got stuck in their doctrines and they follow their preachers implicitly, whatever they proclaim. People of other confessions are looked down upon and if they had the nerve they would tear them to pieces. Including the clergy, they’re all cold and barren. And now that we know that man feels in accordance with his utterances and the deeds he performs, they are all unhappy, coldhearted beings. How could it be otherwise? If they acknowledge a God of violence, they neither want to see or sense a Father of love. Hence they will possess the same

attunement here as they had on earth. That's the way they feel and that's all they want. Is that love? Is God a Father, could God be a Father if He damned His children? No, fortunately not, we know a different God than they feel and know. They spent their whole life on earth just preaching about damnation. Does that give man the warmth which makes him happy on this side? What is their possession worth if their God is a God of violence? Their belief and their knowledge lack spiritual power. The way they feel, my son, makes everything cold and barren, and this applies to the clergy on earth too. Those who speak of hell and damnation, they're all cold inside. They pray their entire life, yet it's void of any power. Their prayers are cold and stripped of life. Everything about them is dead, just as they are themselves. That's why we here call them the living dead. They're dead too, because they don't feel life, as life doesn't damn or murder and knows no violence, because life is God and stands for Love. Their smooth sermons are worthless too. Their discordant singing is just a moanful plea for warmth and light, and merely betokens their weakness. It sounds like a storm, but it's a howling hurricane, it's destructive because it's a fake. Deep within they sense a God of vengeance, so everything is phoney, nothing is real, not even their own life. Everything will be as man feels and that's how he will find attunement here. Their prayers will become powerful only if they're in harmony, one with life. They're fine-sounding words, lacking the feeling and the power which will offer warmth to mankind. These are the sermons of those who preach about a God of vengeance, about hell and damnation. That's why their attunement equals a crudely material condition. One day they will know that God is a Father of love. One day they will feel it, André, in this life.'

'So there's no use in praying, Alcar?'

André looked at his leader and sensed that his question had been wrong. How could he ever have been so stupid?

'You didn't understand what I said, my son. I meant only those who recognize a God of vengeance, they had better stop praying. But if man simply kneels down in humility and sends off a prayer from the bottom of his heart, then a prayer like that will be heard. Then a prayer has power. Then a prayer is worth something and will penetrate to the core of all truth, because the being senses God and

approaches his Father in love and humility. The devil on earth prays to God, the devil that lives in a human shape. He cries out and hides behind his mask. They are the hypocrites of the earth, those who pray and don't live accordingly. One life curses the other, one life prays for the downfall of the other. Just because they pray. One prays for destruction, an other to win a war, and they all recognize one Father. Is that love? They are devils because they adorn themselves with holy crosses and hide behind their prayers. Doesn't it all clash? Doesn't it run counter to God's holy life? There's a curse on everything. How will they answer to all that? They pray to win a war and yet they profess one belief. Isn't it terrible? They ought to be covered up under their crosses in order to nurture that other kind of life which doesn't possess mindful thinking and yet bears God's life within. Here they will get to know life. Thousands will be awaiting them here, those whom they destroyed with their prayers. But those who understood their task on earth dwell in the spheres of light and are happy. That's why you can't call every priest spiritual. Those who serve the Father of Fathers and approach His holy Power with love in their heart will give warmth to the children of man, because they sense His holy Life.'

'What do you think of the clergy on earth?'

Alcar looked at André and said: 'Whether they're holy, André? No, my boy, there are no saints on earth. Those who pass of as such ridicule God's holy Power and abuse His Sanctity. On this side nothing is known about saints on earth. They don't live there and are yet to be born. Not in a thousand years to come will saints be able to live there, because they killed the Holy One Who once dwelt there. I will try to explain to you why this is impossible. Listen.

First of all: Once there was a Holy man who dwelt on earth but, as I said, the people nailed Him to the cross. They tore His flesh from His body and flogged Him. His holy love, which served to nourish their dark souls wasn't understood. The people destroyed that holy Life because they recognized a different kind of love. His holy feeling was the spiritual truth, because He was one with all of life and in contact with God. God was in Him, God lived in Him. He was one in everything. He was holy and found attunement to God's holy Power and He possessed that holy love. He wanted to give that holy

power to material man for them to get to know God's holy Love too. But what did they do? They drank His blood and stained Him. His holy heart was torn apart. However puny life on earth may be, however young the life on earth still is, it senses the holy power of Jesus Christ, our Master. His holy radiation gave warmth to millions. His love healed. His touch made miracles happen. The sick were cured, the lame and the crippled returned to life. His holy life was in them, His love healed everything, beamed forth over the entire earth. And those who call themselves saints, what do they do? Their holiness is nothing but self-love and vanity. It's crude human selfishness, it's endazement with silver and gold. They're the happy ones of the world, my son. It has no meaning on this side. Their holiness is the pedestal they place themselves on. They're the lepers on this side. Their feeling contains the core of this terrible disease. Here we acknowledge one law which every happy being knows and which says: whatever man acquires on earth belongs to the earth, and he will leave it behind when he parts from earthly life. They will have to shed everything. They will enter here naked, because it has no value on this side.

Second, no-one from the earth can enter a first spiritual sphere, and they will undergo their purification on this side. This implies that they aren't holy beings. Again, God has no representatives in a human body on earth. Who would dare to say of himself on earth: I and the Father are one? Here they await their arrival and they too will be subjected to a sacred happening. Here they stand naked, lit up by God's holy Light. This is a holy moment which no human being, no life can escape. When I still lived on earth, my son, I also thought that saints dwelt there. But on this side I got to know their sanctitude. Here it is known that their pedestals are erected by intrigues and the blood of others. We know here that their mentality signifies deep darkness. I, my son, and thousands with me have more respect for a mother who is left behind with her eight children and has to work herself to death to keep them alive. We feel more respect for a salvation army soldier who is ridiculed for singing his songs on the street to support others, than for a saint on earth.

Third, I want to show you that saints could never live on earth. Listen carefully and try to understand me. On this side the mental-

ity possessed by the earth towards cosmic attunement is known. So this is the power of feeling in the universal attunement of the life which lives on the planet earth. There are seven degrees of spiritual love in the universe, which is the universal attunement. Now the life that exists in the seventh degree passes on from there into the Universe. But more about this later. There are thousands of other planets and bodies in the universe which harbour life, in other words the life that possesses a higher, but also a lower degree of spiritual attunement and in which all are one, which means finding attunement to God.*) All this denotes the cycle of the soul. It's the course which life takes to return to the origin of all life. So each life has its own attunement, which means that it's in one condition of feeling which is one specific spiritual attunement, but it's attuned to God and can therefore be Divine. So these are different spiritual conditions, in cosmic attunement. The earth, meaning the life that lives on this planet, has reached the third degree of development. So there are two lower degrees, in other words, there are beings in the universe who possess a first and a second mentality and exist below the power of feeling of the life which prevails on earth. Is that clear to you, André?

‘Yes, Alcar.’

‘On the other hand there are four higher attunements, that all lie above that of the earth and have therefore reached a higher degree of spiritual development. Now the life that exists in the fourth attunement, they are holy beings with a spiritual attunement. They may call themselves holy because they possess these powers and are therefore spiritual beings. Their love is purer than what life on earth senses and possesses, in short everything is different from what life on earth possesses. The holy beings who live in this condition do not return to earth, because it would destroy their cycle, and as this is impossible they will consequently not return to the life they already lived. They keep on evolving until they have reached the highest degree of cosmic attunement, and then return to the Divine state. So the reason why it's not possible is because life continues on its way up and will not exist beneath its attunement of feeling. I will come back to that in the higher spheres. It will also be clear to you

*) See the book: ‘The Origin of the Universe’.

that the earth is populated by people that possess a lower attunement; since life evolves they rise to a higher state which induces them to visit the planet earth. Is this clear to you too, André? ‘

‘Completely, Alcar, but everything is too profound, too mighty for me to be able to digest it.’

‘Everything is too far away for us too, André, but it’s a source of happiness to us to know that a higher form of happiness awaits us. Thus the earth will change until the beings that live in a deeper state have passed on to other planets, so that those mentalities cease to exist, because they have passed on to an other, a higher form of existence. Only then will the earth change, since the proto-animal-like attunement will have dissolved and no longer pass on to the planet. From the first and the second mentality life comes and goes to the third, which is the planet earth. And all the other planets have a certain location, and possess one spiritual attunement which is the love of all the life that exist in the universe, but everything is attuned to God because it’s God’s own life.

Another thing, my son. On this side it is known what the masters are, that the life that exists in the fourth attunement can become hundreds of years old before it dies there too, which means passing on to the hereafter. The higher we come, the longer man, or life lives, thousands of years even, before passing on. The highest mentality then passes on into the Universe and life has fulfilled its cycle. On this side powers are known, André, which could rejuvenate an old earthly person. Powers even that could put an end to all existing illnesses. But we also know that man on earth, or the life that lives there, ought to be happy that it is allowed to die there. So get me right, that it’s allowed to die. That sounds like a bolt from the blue in their ears, but we know what God put aside for life on earth, not only earthly happiness but the spiritual, yes even the universal happiness that it will one day enter the Divine. What a sad existence life would be if it had to continue forever on earth.

Once again: man, rejoice that you are allowed to die there, a higher happiness, a higher love and bliss awaits you on this side!

It will also be clear to you that saints cannot live on earth, nor will they ever set foot there, unless they have a Divine mission to fulfill.

Now for a different condition. We’re in the hereafter, aren’t we?

This is where the human beings live who died on earth, as they say. Is that clear to you too? Now listen. Where are or where does my son think all other mentalities live? I mean those who possess a higher attunement than the life that arrives here from the earth.'

André reflected but he couldn't solve it, and he said: 'I don't know, Alcar, it's too deep for me.'

'It's wonderful to hear how honest you are. I'll make it clear to you. The masters on this side possess the cosmogony, the teachings of the universe. Psychology too, the knowledge of the soul, but in cosmic attunement. My boy, I was permitted to follow their teachings for a while, so that I could get a clear picture of the life which exists in the cosmos. I'll try to explain to you how all these attunements are one and are linked up.

Listen, André. We're in the hereafter now, aren't we? You've experienced it because I made various conditions clear to you. It gave you an accurate image of our life. It enabled me to show you that we are invisible to those who live in the dark spheres. This means that we possess a higher attunement than they do. This is all clear to you, isn't it?

'Yes, Alcar.'

'Good. As long as I live in my attunement, I can't perceive the life of even higher levels, because they have reached a still higher degree of development. That's clear to you too? So when they who live in the mental areas pass on to other planets and die there too, they arrive here on this side and go on living in this condition until they pass on to other bodies, which denotes the cycle of the soul. It means that all the attunements live here, right upto the highest mentality, because this is the universe. Now in our condition the highest mentality is also present: The seventh cosmic attunement. So, when you sense all this, we live in and with God, we are together with God, yet still far removed from His Divine Life. Here, and wherever man may be, the deepest and also the highest attunements are gathered there. It tells you that good and evil are one, constitute one condition: Man. God is within us, but so are the darkest powers, which we must conquer in order to approach our holy Father. God lives within us; we carry the light within us, but deep darkness too. So it's clear that man can be Divine. Also that happiness awaits us if we are

willing to attune to God. It will mean nothing but eternal, yes, everlasting happiness. Is this clear to you?

‘Yes, Alcar, all of it.’

‘Do you understand everything, my boy?’

‘Yes, Alcar.’

The Living Dead

André thought it all over, but his mind reeled. What a wisdom his leader possessed. Who was this man who was able to link him up with the cosmos?

He had asked Alcar what he thought of the spirituality of the earth, in order to be allowed to receive this wisdom. How great Alcar’s feeling was, what an enormous respect he felt for love.

He couldn’t thank God enough for being permitted to visit the spheres. He compared himself with all these powers which life could possess. What was he, amidst these millions of forces, compared to all this? Nothing, he was nothing at all. What a lot he still had to learn. How insignificant the things were which he possessed and which stood for his ego.

And what about man on earth? What was earthly scholarship, what was left of it all in the light of this truth? It was still nothing and nothing of it remained. The life that existed on earth didn’t even know that it was alive; how faraway they still were from that knowledge. Now he understood that pure love could not be given on earth. We hadn’t got that far yet, we neither sensed that warmth nor knew these powers, which such a love would possess.

Everything man, himself included, ever felt was selfishness, nothing but self-love. The human level was a third degree of development. That degree meant power of love. What did man know of degrees, of spiritual degrees? They knew nothing, they neither knew nor sensed the cosmic degrees of different mentalities. That was all invisible to man, just as Alcar’s powers of love were invisible and intangible to him.

What was universal love? Could that be encompassed on earth, or described? It couldn’t, because they didn’t even know their own life. There they spoke of fourth dimensional conditions and didn’t even

know their own attunement, nor did they understand what it meant or what it represented. They gave it a guess, just as those who wanted to calculate the universe and were faced with figures they couldn't even utter. Thousands, even millions of digits which they could go on expressing for years without ever reaching the end. That's how faraway this science was removed from them, and yet they were able to come up with figures. That's how faraway universal love was from man on earth. He didn't know any of these conditions either and Alcar told him that he was still a child in matters of love.

André understood that the greatest study man could undertake was to get to know himself. Alcar had held up a mirror before him, in which he had got to know life. And what a life that was! It made his head spin. And wasn't it the truth? Didn't every creature sense that this was how it could be? Wasn't it a viability which life could sense? Did life feel something else? But what? Could there be a different theory? He sensed and believed Alcar because everything was holy to his leader and because he loved all life. And those who loved wouldn't ridicule other lives which didn't yet sense that level. No, he still had a long way to go, yet it made him feel happy too. But he also felt thousands of other conditions entering his mind, conditions which ran counter to him. Because what was the meaning of property on earth? What was man? An atom within the greatness that was God. How insignificant he was, yet how great he could be, and wished to be. Alcar told him that man on earth should rejoice that he was allowed to die there. Do you hear? We ought to be glad that we're allowed to die there. Isn't it dreadful for so many to have to hear that they must be happy to be permitted to die? Should one be happy to be permitted to pass on? Had he understood Alcar clearly and correctly? Yes, because he said: God had a different kind of happiness in mind for the life that exists on earth. And what did people do? They would cry, many were even heartbroken if an elderly person passed on and left them behind. They were broken with grief and their sorrow ruined them. How long would it last before they had got far enough to joyfully and gladly let go of their loved ones who were bound for a higher life? To lose all feeling of self-love, how long would that take? When would there be people on earth who bore this wisdom within? When would people be able to call out:

Greet those who have already passed on? When, for heaven's sake? It would take thousands of years yet, and meanwhile they are tormented by the thought of death. All that time they would keep on nurturing their pre-animal-like inner being with their sorrow and tears and their grief. It robbed them of all their vital juice until they were empty. It was an animalistic thought. Death made them shiver and shake.

André knew better than that by now. The word death was a swear-word in the dictionary. It defiled all other thoughts that had to do with life. The word death smothered everything and robbed the living of the strength to go on living after they had lost their loved ones. No, there was no death, death had never ever existed. Death was a fiction. Death was nothing and everything, death was life. Death lived, how could that be? Here he beheld life after death; there it was again, that word death! In the life after this life people kept on living. Eternally, forever together with those who were already here and lived anew.

To him death meant life. This life was majestic. Oh, how beautiful he found death. He had made friends with him, it was his greatest compagnon, apart from God and from Alcar. He was next, but most of all, yes, most of all he loved death, because it gave him life. To him death was God, one with God, that's what death was. Very often he silently spoke to him. He envied everyone who passed on. He wasn't jealous of anything, only of those who were allowed to pass on.

Oh death, you beautiful life, hidden behind you. You mighty liberator. I love you because you are and signify life. Everything within me I give to you, you feel my longing for the moment you come to fetch me, which to me will be nothing but happiness, nothing but eternal happiness. Death, oh precious death, your life I know, because I was allowed to accompany him to get to know you. The people of the earth gave you that name because in you, oh death, they neither nor feel life.

How often had he sung this song, standing at a deathbed, and envied those who passed on. Then he felt their sorrow, their grief in those moments, but in a different manner, and it made him one with those who were about to get to know life and death.

Oh, when the moment came in which he too were allowed to go, then his power would allow him to live as he wished to live, then he would give his blood for others who wouldn't accept it from him on earth. If only it wouldn't last so long, he already yearned for it now. It was the greatest present he could be given on earth.

Alcar looked at him and said: 'It will take a while yet, my boy, before the great happiness will come to you. There are still many people whom we must convince that dying means nothing but happiness. The people's minds will be dazed when they hear this, but then let me call out to them that we too recognize powers which make us bow down before Him Who governs all this. We're underway to develop ourselves, including those who dwell in the highest heavens. And only after we have reached the mental areas will we sense and absorb many things which are as yet still incomprehensible to us, and we will act accordingly. Then everything will be wisdom in the spirit. All the other things are still obscure to us too. At the moment we're in a different sphere, there where the living dead of the earth dwell.'

André saw a country that resembled the earth, just as his leader had explained to him. It was enveloped in a grey haze. The atmosphere here was cold and bleak. There was more life here than in the other spheres, but everything was still in an unnatural state. On earth everything was green, here all of nature seemed to be clothed in grey.

He saw people, they were all old, with bent backs. They bore the sorrow of the earth. It weighed on their shoulders. It was turning them into wrecks. He didn't see any young, fresh-looking people here, they were not to be found in this place. Only old people dwelt here, deep-down they were all old and beaten. There were no children here either. It was strange to see only old people. Where people lived, surely everything lived, children too and young people? It was very strange to him. How had this come about, how was this possible? What was the meaning of this? It was terrible to see them like this. Now he thought of Alcar's explanation of all the other spheres. They bore this old age within. It was their spiritual attunement. He also saw many houses and buildings. And churches too, and in the distance he saw a small town. Everything was barren and old. On

earth everything had more beauty, and to think that he was in eternity. It was a sad situation. On earth they were a hundred times better off than in eternity.

‘Where are the young people, Alcar? I don’t see them here.’

‘They live in other spheres; I will tell you shortly what all these attunements are like. They have all got a different attunement.’

André met the people who lived here. They looked at him as if he were a miracle to them. He noticed this clearly.

‘What does this mean, Alcar? Look how they’re staring at us.’

‘This is simple too, my son, do we look as old as they do?’

André understood.

‘We’re in an attunement which differs from theirs. If we were to show ourselves in our own powers, they would believe they were seeing wonders, as you will witness shortly. It illustrates what I told you about all other planets. As you see, they build their houses and churches here too. They do that in accordance with the powers they possess, but they lack the means to accomplish something beautiful. Come on, let’s go this way and avoid that little town. We won’t find them there.’

There were many creatures wandering about, their heads bent as if they thought they would find something. It was sad to see them like that.

‘What are they looking for, Alcar?’

‘They’re not looking for anything, André. They are the ones who will soon go on to another sphere. They feel unhappy. They feel remorse and want to make amends for all the wrong they did. They will soon be offered an opportunity to do good. They keep their distance from the others, they’re sick of their lives, they sense a higher, a different kind of life. Spirits will come over here to help them and to show them how to pass on. But others live in complete happiness, which clearly demonstrates that they aren’t aware of their own life, nor are they convinced of their own sorry existence.’

The heaven lay enveloped in a grey haze, and there wasn’t a cloud to be seen. Where was that beautiful blue colour one could see in the skies on earth? All the things he perceived in this sphere looked sad. He saw mountains too, and plains. Everything lay waiting for warmth; no sun here that could awaken life with its rays. Everything

was waiting for those first rays which would make life come alive and change into warm, softer hues. Everything was shrouded, everything seemed dead, just like the creatures that dwelt here. Poor people they were. It was pathetic to see them like this. He wouldn't be able to feel happy here, it was even better on earth. There were people on earth whom he had spoken to about the hereafter and who had so often said that they would prefer to stay there because they knew what they had right now, but they would have to wait and see what they would get in return, well, these people were right. If they were put in this situation, they would feel better off on earth. Many felt happy there. They didn't sense the monotony of their existence. They were satisfied, longed for nothing else. And that's why they were dead. Only now that he perceived them, did he understand their condition of being alive yet dead.

'Look, André, the inhabitants of this spheres, they're over there.'

André saw a big valley where hundreds were gathered. What were they up to? He saw men and women gathered, all of them old and shrivelled.

'We're lucky', Alcar said, 'they're holding meetings. They do that on earth too. You see how natural their life is. We will stay here, maybe they'll listen to us. I want to try to speak to them and you, my boy, will help me in this, won't you?'

André looked at his leader as if he wanted to say: Must I really address them?

'Yes, André, don't you want to tell them what I have shown to you and will yet show you. If we succeed, then open up, I will help you. I want to see whether you learnt anything during all those years. Also, whether you can conquer your difficulties. If we can convince one single creature, then our work will have been rewarded, because in that way we show how grateful we are that God granted us all this beauty. So put everything you've got into it, André. Exert your influence on them and try to link them up. Let them sense your love, raise them up and connect them with life and try to melt their cold hearts. Remember, André, it all depends on your conviction, your concentration and your strong will power whether you can give something to others. Above all: do not fear. Let them feel what you feel, see what you see and hear what you hear.'

André felt nervous. How would it all turn out?

Alcar told him: 'My son, right now you are already under their influence. Let them think as they choose, embrace them in your heart, enclose them in your feeling, feel love for them, love works wonders. If you're in doubt, then we must travel on, because they will regard us as intruders and will attack us too. Why fear, André? Can they teach you anything? Don't overestimate yourself, but above all don't belittle yourself. It would mean your downfall. There is nothing to fear if you feel more love than they do. I leave you to it.'

André was alone. Down there, facing him, hundreds of creatures were gathered and he could see even more in the distance coming towards this meetingplace. Would they be gathering here? They were living corpses. He, a man from earth, knew more about eternity than they did. In Summerland he had met his aunt, who had left the earth as an old woman and had arrived there rejuvenated and beautiful. Immediately after she had cast off her material garment she had taken on her spiritual state. She was beautiful and young in this life, but what did these creatures look like? They had bent backs, they were old and all of this merely due to their lack of love.

Oh, he already longed for the moment he would be allowed to begin. He longed fervently to open their eyes. He felt himself growing calm inside, a wonderful feeling of peace came over him. There in front of him he saw a tall human being, dressed like a clergyman on earth. Was he one of those who preach about hell and damnation over here too? He moved away from all the others and took a seat on a raised pedestal. Would he be speaking too? And where was Alcar? He didn't see his leader anywhere. The clergyman looked at him and André sensed how the other one regarded him as a stranger who didn't belong here. He seemed to demand to know what André was up to, all on his own in this place. His gaze was fixed on him as if he wanted to pierce him. He withstood the cruel gaze and sensed the man's coldness. There he saw Alcar, his leader appeared right out of their midst.

Alcar went up to the clergyman and exchanged a few words with him. He clearly heard Alcar say: 'May we address your congregation?'

The clergyman looked down defyingly from his raised pedestal at his leader, his arms across his breast, and a few seconds went by

before he replied. André would have liked to charge at him and cry out: 'Don't you see who is standing in front of you?' Did that man have to treat his leader with so much contempt? Surely this wasn't necessary. Oh, what would Alcar feel like? Finally he spoke, and his question had a gruff intonation. 'Who are you?'

'We', he heard Alcar say, 'are your brothers, and we come to you from a different country, with love in our hearts, in the true sense of the word.'

The clergyman smiled sarcastically. He was still standing there, gazing down on him, like Nero must once have looked while he surveyed Rome. His old face was creased with wrinkles. At last he spoke. It was a tense moment. How simple Alcar was, waiting in all simplicity for his decision. André sensed a lesson in life in Alcar's attitude, things could only be achieved with love.

'Are you here in the name of God?'

The words lashed at his soul, because of the chill in the voice. This unfortunate man was asking his leader whether he came in the name of God. It typified the man and his arrogance. Alcar looked at him respectfully and replied: 'We come to you in the name of God, as I already told you, in the true sense of the word.'

'I'll give you half an hour', was his reply.

That's not much, André thought, his leader would need all that time for himself. Anyway, he agreed, the ice was broken, and Alcar went up to them and addressed the crowd: 'Sisters and brothers. Your leader gave me permission to speak to you. If you would all please be seated then we can begin.'

The creatures looked at Alcar as if he were a miracle. Even the clergyman had changed noticeably.

Alcar addressed them in his soft, yet sonorous voice: 'Why, dear friends, is man to blame for his own misfortune? Why, I ask you, does man not know himself, although God has given him intelligence so he can think. God placed man above the animal, and an animal feels where it belongs, yet man does not. An animal doesn't fall back, it will always live in accordance with his feeling. His feeling shows him the way and tells him how to travel. And how does man act? The love of the animal is a love which is given in full. But what do we do? Do we always give our pure love? Do we give it at

full strength? Of course not. Is there not a power in us which always brings us back to ourselves? And isn't that our very own self? God put man above the animal and gave him a Divine power, a mind to a greater or a smaller extent. And do we use this mind to follow the track? Not one of us does. Don't we keep on wandering away from our intention to do good? Then doesn't an animal offer a more beautiful kind of love than we humans generally do? Did I say too much? Doesn't an animal know itself better than we know ourselves? Doesn't an animal live more consciously? And are we aware of our own situation? Isn't it terrible, isn't it sad that we are so often unable to approach an animal? Don't we very often sense these shortcomings, aren't we to blame for this ourselves? God gave us intelligence to think, a power such as He Himself is. God gave us the mercy to have our very own personality, a Divine mercy which every human being receives. But we must watch out that we don't perish. God gave us the power of reason. And does this power serve to cultivate our own ego? Does it serve to shape an aura of self-love and selfishness? Isn't that our very own downfall? Doesn't it tell us that we don't understand life and that we put ourselves in the limelight too much? Don't we feel the urge to be the person in the centre, which makes us lose our balance? We will be led back to the truth in accordance with our experiences. It helps us to get to know ourselves. Wouldn't you admit that God granted this power of reason for other purposes? We very often say: use your brains! And these brains serve to connect us with God. God intends you to make use of the Divine gift you received to find your way to the light, to His holy land of eternal love. God gave us our thinking capacity and placed us above the animal in order to mean something to others. But isn't our elated feeling a misfortune to ourselves? Man, feel your divine mercy and use your life to really be alive. Don't use your brains for yourself, sense your own situation and act according to your higher insight. Man, be alive. Awaken, friends! God granted you that great mercy to attune to Him, which is only possible through His holy Power that lies within us.

Friends, sharpen your mind towards everyone, towards everything that's alive, try to raise yourself above the animal. Don't hold on to your brains for the sake of your own selfishness, but become altru-

ists of mankind, to serve life. Use your powers to save your soul, your human selfishness of passion and violence, and try to emerge as victors. There is strife in every life, a struggle to get to know yourself. The urge to rise must make itself felt within you. It's your spiritual life to bring you closer to God. It's the battle to be able to enter the higher spheres. Man must keep on rising. But many have chosen a road that leads to deep darkness. They made wrong use of their brains. Their road doesn't lead to God. They go around in circles and their brains won't help to get them out. But the more you practice and learn to use your brains, the more your feelings will develop, which will denote happiness and light to you. Man, use your brains to develop your feeling in the spirit. Clear the way for yourselves, friends, without flinching, and know that God placed all those hardships on your path, and that you must conquer them.

Know, friends, that in the end there will be spheres of greater beauty awaiting you, which my brother will tell you about afterwards and which you can reach if you know how to use the powers God gave to you. Fight, my friends, for your own sake, but don't submit to the struggle. Try to conquer yourself. Know that God's holy Power is in you, that He gave you His holy Life. Awaken, for your life is eternal. Awaken from your deep sleep, God is within you. Call out for help, ask God for strength to help you to find your way. And when you bow down humbly and lay down everything at God's feet, then everything will be allowed to change for you. Pray, my friends, pray often, ask to get to know the powers which are in you. Pray that God's light may forever shine on you, which you will one day see in all its glory. It is God's will that His love be used to help others, to give warmth to those who don't yet feel His love. Know, friends, that it's possible to rise. God gave you intelligence, the mercy to live forever. Learn to use your brains in the service of God, difficult though it may be. Learn to trust that God, in His infinite goodness, will help you all to partake of eternal happiness. Amen.'

Deep silence prevailed amongst them. They all looked at Alcar in amazement. They felt deep respect for all he had said.

In a flash it came to André: 'Talk about nature and link them up with life.'

He began immediately and he sensed that he was being helped.

‘Sisters and brothers! We come from a different country to tell you about the beauty there and we invite you to visit our land. Our country is full of beauty, even nature shows itself in a different way than here. The colour of the heavens is bright, and everywhere flowers grow and bloom and they remain fresh forever and never wither. We build our own homes, in the way we wish them to be. None of them look alike, just as every creature is different and possesses his very own personality. As we imagine our home to be, so it will be. We can build wherever we want to, between mountains, in the plains, on the waterfront or on riverbanks. But we cannot obtain the necessary materials from other countries. We can use anything that grows and lives in our own country. We also know that in other countries where people also live, building materials cannot be obtained from abroad either. We are tied by laws. Those laws correspond to the inner condition of the person who lives there. This means that we may not and cannot transcend our own powers. We can’t put any materials from other countries to use, for the simple reason that we have a different climate, and everything would fall to pieces. We live together like sisters and brothers. We live for each other with love in our hearts, and we would never lie to each other or deceive one another, not even in our thoughts. You will think this strange, but we would immediately be aware of it because we can follow each other’s thoughts. That’s why everyone is honest and why a brother or sister is open, entirely open, to all others. When we see a sister or a brother, we see ourselves because we possess one love and are one in love, which means that our life is nothing but happiness.

We practice the arts as we wish, and we play games with each other like children. We enjoy ourselves and have fun, that’s how beautiful our life is. We attend festivities dressed in beautiful garments and go to concerts where various masters are gathered and perform. They don’t play from written music, but according to nature, which radiates various hues. The masters are one with nature, and the masters reproduce the feeling of all of life with their beautiful instruments. It’s marvellous where we live, and compared to your land ours could be called paradise. We have beautiful temples and buildings and you will find this unbelievable, but our temples echo.

This means that sound is spread around so that you can follow the concert without being inside. It spreads out for thousands of miles because everything is one and means life. We know and possess many miracles which we all understand, because deep down we sense the miracle. Therefore there are no secrets left for us, because a secret is a different life, and when we experience that life we will acquire it and it will belong to us.

We keep on advancing in this way, ascending all the time, and thanking our God for everything given to us. Fortune smiles us in the face. We pray in the open, never inside buildings or in temples, because nature is God and because it is easier for us to approach God through the life that lives in nature, because it's God's holy power which is inherent in everything. And we link up with it and nothing will disturb us because our togetherness is one, and we want to unite in simplicity and candor. That's how we feel God and we try to approach our Almighty Father with love. To us love is the holiest, the most beautiful and the mightiest of all of God's creations, which He gave to us. It's the holy power which is God Himself, and if we can love others, we approach God because God is nothing but love. Then everything will shine on us and we will remain happy forever. We will never grow old. We don't know old age in our country. Old age, such as you possess here, is unknown to us. We're like flowers, forever fresh. Let me tell you about another miracle, but I tell you beforehand that you will think this is incredible, but I also say that it's the truth, as sure as you're alive. We, and many others with us, are already thousands of years old and yet we're young, yet we're handsome, and we can be children, in the pure sense of the word. Isn't it unbelievable? Yet what I say is the truth. We can no longer grow old. We are old within, but on the outside we are young. Our old age is our wisdom which every creature in our country possesses. No matter whom you see or speak to over there, they all possess wisdom which they carry within. Our wisdom is our feeling because we sense the life that is inherent in everything and we therefore understand everything. I could go on and list thousands of other miracles.

Many strangers came to visit us, but they didn't want to return to their relatives. Our beauty held them captive. They simply couldn't

understand why we were all so young. And they wanted to know how that could be attained. Our masters who govern everything in our land told them how they could be enabled to stay with us and possess a young life. They told them: 'All of us who live here once lived in a different country. There we were visited by strangers who convinced us that a country existed of greater beauty which they called the land of love. They told us that we should all set off on our pilgrimage. They made it clear to us how we should travel and with their help we set off in thousands to reach their land of love. They also told us that it would be difficult because underway we would have much to suffer from. But once we had reached that land there would be nothing but happiness.'

Thousands of us headed for that country, only a handful turned back. We asked God for strength to support us on our difficult and heavy journey. And so we steadily moved on, further and further, and the miracle came true: the nearer we got to the land of love, the younger we became. We shared everything on the way. We travelled together with love in our hearts and helped those who were unable to continue, and we supported them with all the powers that were in us. After a while we awoke and understood what the strangers had meant, because we were to get to know ourselves. Many already understood how they felt within, what their attunement was and that they hadn't known themselves because they hadn't sensed the life which God has put into everything. Now we got to know life and our own life, through grief and sorrow and by overcoming hardships. It was a struggle all the way, nothing but a struggle, but we followed and understood that a higher happiness was awaiting us. This was evident by everything that surrounded us, because we were getting younger in the midst of the battle. So we arrived in another country, but this was not the promised land of love yet, where the strangers lived. We were all happy that we had left our own country. How cold everything had been compared to the things which surrounded us now. Yet the land of love was even more beautiful. And with renewed courage we moved on, further and further, until that beautiful morning when we finally entered the land of love. How happy we were. Oh, those first moments, it was as if we awoke, it was like a dream when we felt the greatness of God's powers, how

much beauty God has in store for all His children. When we were allowed to behold God's holy light we all knelt down and thanked God for all that beauty. We prayed for a long time, our heads bowed down deeply, for all that beauty that was given to us. We all earned ourselves that land of love, through battle, and through grief and sorrow. We all understood that God is nothing but love. God is light, God is life. We were all young, fresh and beautiful. All of us, without exception, we cried out at the top of our voice: God is love, God is light, God is life, eternal, everlasting life. They were all happy.'

André had spoken passionately. They were all linked up with him in their thoughts. Even the priest beamed, his old face reflected the happiness and the longing to be allowed to possess all this. Their yearning looks moved him deeply. It made him aware how they were all under his influence, and he himself sensed that he could, at that moment, move mountains. He continued with fervour.

'Our masters told us: 'Go back to your country and follow the path which we and many others have trodden. Show them the way, how they must follow it, and support each other on this difficult journey.' You hold your fortune in your own hands. And if you persevere in spite of much grief and sorrow, you will soon be here, where thousands will await you, and we will take care that everything is ready to receive you. All those who follow our path can enter here. There is happiness here for everyone, nothing but happiness. Eternal, holy happiness awaits you. But do not forget that you can never enter this place if you haven't traveled your way in love and haven't loved everything you encounter on the way.'

André saw how the priest descended from his pedestal and went over to Alcar.

André continued: 'The strangers returned to their country and thousands set off to reach the land of love and start their pilgrimage. And you, my friends, to all of you I call out: you too must leave this barren land behind, a different, a higher happiness awaits you. Leave this valley of tears and follow the way they travelled and all will travel because it's the road which God shows us and will always show us. Stand up, my friends, follow the path of love. Follow the path which will take you to the land of eternal happiness, where your friends already live.'

André felt that he was allowed to go on for the moment, and fervently he called out to them: 'Friends, I will tell you even more, it's the truth, as everything is true. Listen, listen carefully and never forget it. You have all lived on earth and died there. You are living in eternity but you wasted your earthly life because your life was centred on matter, which caused you to get into this situation; you have no knowledge of a spiritual life because you closed yourself off to that life. Pray that God may open your eyes. Where are your children? They too live on this side, but in other countries. They are purer and more beautiful, which is why you can't see them, because they possess a higher attunement. Sense your unnatural state and compare your life with a higher, a spiritual life where you will one day live forever. At present you are at odds with everything in that country, even with your own children. You won't see your children again here, never ever in this region. Over there, where there is nothing but happiness, there you will find them again, in heavenly beauty. It is God's will, my friends, that you follow His path. God is love, my friends. God is light, happiness and life.'

They had all changed by now. He heard the priest call out: 'God is love, we want to follow the path of love.' Their shouts mingled: 'God is love, we want to go to the land of love, we want to see our children again.' It was a memorable ending which he hadn't dared to expect. Many were crying, the tears flowed down their cheeks. They had all loosened up, their hearts had melted. Love flowed in, the coldness had to give way to a warmer, a more beautiful feeling. This was the new dawning, in all its beauty.

Alcar told him to stop, he said they would now disappear before their eyes.

In a flash it came to him: 'I will convince you too what love can do, what the powers of love are. Prepare yourself, André, and give me your hand as our link-up.'

André felt only happiness within.

'What I talked to you about in the dark spheres will now happen. Focus on me, all your powers are needed.'

The priest was standing in front of his congregation and a hundred voices sounded: 'God is love, we want to go to the land of love and happiness, we want to see our children again.'

They looked up at them for the last time; then André was told to be ready, he felt himself being drawn into a different state and they were gone before their very eyes. They could still hear the voices: 'A miracle has happened, Christ was in our midst, Christ was here, Christ showed himself with an apostle. God is love, nothing but love.'

'Hear them, my son. They believe that God's holy Child was in their midst. It was the power of love which a human being can possess and which enables him to make himself invisible to lower conditions and attunements. So it's nothing else than the power of love, in a spiritual attunement.'

Hand in hand they glided on, towards another sphere.

The first, second and third sphere

'I don't know how to thank you, Alcar, for all the help you gave me.'

'Don't thank me, my son, thank God, Who granted you this mercy and allowed you to experience all this.'

'How can one ever perform these miracles, Alcar?'

'These aren't miracles, André. Didn't I make it clear to you that it's nothing but attunement to love in the spirit. This is the way Christ manifested Himself on earth to His apostles. Christ made Himself one with matter, He Who was able to link up with planets and stars. The people on earth also believed they were witnessing a miracle, but actually it's the power of the being who feels and possesses love. If this is something we are capable of, then how great must the power be of God's perfect Child. And He was the one they nailed to the cross because the people didn't know these holy powers and didn't understand them. The things they don't know they reject. Many truths, holy truths are lost in that way. Everything is very simple. There are no miracles here, all miracles are to be found within a human attunement and condition. So it's we who are the miracle, that holy love lies within us, can be found within us. It enables us to perform miracles for those who aren't that far yet. We left them behind in a wondrous condition, but what are things like when one knows? The power of love, the spiritual gold in the life after death, to others it will appear wondrous to possess this, and nothing but happiness to those who bear it within.'

Now we will go over to the first spiritual sphere in the spirit. Those who live there, André, know that they have passed on on earth. They know that they dwell in eternity, even though their feeling is material. Therefore this sphere is identical to the earth, yet as spiritual substance. That's why it's the first existential sphere, which means that they truly attune in the spirit. So here we have a natural condition. Everything that lives there is true, is real because it's an existential condition. Is that clear to you? So that's where they start their development in the spirit and they follow the road which everyone who now lives in this attunement must follow. Men and women live there together, and young people too, but no children. The children live in other spheres, where the little ones find attunement, and later on they will enter into an existential condition when they have reached the appropriate age. The children's spheres are situated in the higher areas which we will also visit. But others, I mean the younger beings, have reached the age of fourteen and arrived here from the earth. Those who are younger, meaning from the age of seven upto fourteen, live in different spheres again than the even smaller beings that have left the earth. In other words, we have different conditions for the small ones, namely the connecting spheres which lie between the third, fourth and fifth sphere. The youngsters who live in the first sphere are together, as far as their parents aren't in the same or other, higher spheres. So when their parents possess a different attunement they're alone until they have won themselves one single attunement and possess one love, which is their attunement in the spirit. But we know that there are mothers who are alone, and fathers and children who are alone, just as various friends and relatives, who will be united later on, to remain together in all eternity, in happiness, in love, in perfect holy happiness. But not before they have reached the first happy spheres in the spirit. Many are therefore impatiently awaiting the moment of their reunion. Accordingly, man arrives here from earth and believes he will meet his loved ones, only to find that they dwell in other spheres. It makes them very sad and we witness doleful scenes. There is nothing more gruesome for man than to have to descend into the dark spheres. Yet they cannot be together.'

'Then don't they see each other at all?'

‘Certainly they do; the higher attunement can link up with a lower one. This is possible, but we too are bound by laws.

You will have noticed how the light in the sky keeps on changing, until we enter the first sphere, where the same light shines as on earth. Look, we’re already in the first sphere. You won’t notice the slightest difference from the earth. It’s the earth, but in the spirit.’

André saw a country, as Alcar had said, which resembled the earth. The sky was clouded and a stiff breeze was blowing. He saw birds and flowers and trees, and greenery, he saw all the things that can also be found in nature on the earth.

‘How is this possible Alcar, we’re on the side beyond and yet on earth.’

‘Exactly, André. Man knows that he lives in the spirit, but his feeling finds attunement to matter. They are in the first stage of spiritual development. They are convinced that everything that belongs to the earth has no spiritual value. They are all trying to reach a higher sphere where they can and will arrive but only if they help others to mean something to their fellowmen, which is the love that gives. Is that clear to you?’

‘Yes, Alcar, all of it.’

‘Shortly, when we enter the second sphere, it will become clear to you how strenuous their life is, to be allowed to enter a higher sphere.’

He saw many old people gathered, and young ones too. There was nothing strange about them. They wore garments of a coarse material and some amongst them were already wearing beautiful garments. He sensed what that meant. These individuals might soon enter a higher attunement.

‘Well sensed, André. They already dwell in the second sphere and are waiting until they’re permitted to pass on. They all fight their heavy spiritual battle to ascend, they won’t rest until they have reached Summerland, the first happy sphere. That’s why the first, the second and the third sphere are purification spheres where man casts off his material feeling. Not until they’re in the third sphere will they feel free from matter and there they prepare themselves to enter Summerland which you visited during your previous journey. So their battle is the battle to conquer themselves. You must feel how hard it is, because they have to dismantle themselves bit by bit. All

the earthly pedestals crumble down on this side. First they must demolish what they thought they possessed. Their earthly possessions are nothing but a hindrance in the life on this side. Many return from here back to earth to help loved ones they have left behind. They convince them of their life that continues forever, and they urge them on to develop themselves in the spirit. Others descend into the dark areas to help the unfortunate and in that way they take themselves in hand because they want to mean something to others. On this side man can only develop by giving, which is the love that serves. The development of those who merely demand comes to a standstill. So life on earth cannot be compared to this life, even if the outward appearance of this sphere can be compared to the earth. Don't forget that earthly conditions are meaningless in the spirit. Here people live for each other. On earth man serves man. Those who have lots of property let themselves be served, but there's an end to that here. So all who have reached the first sphere are convinced deep down of their spiritual life. This sphere also encompasses other conditions, which are also intermediary spheres where the people dwell who closed themselves off on earth to live in solitude. Here they live the same kind of life, because the attunement of their feeling is one and the same. But when we point their situation out to them, they reply: 'I'm happy, don't you see my light?' Of course they've got light, but what is their light compared to the light of those who live in higher spheres? But if they continue in this way, then hundreds of years will pass and they will remain living in this same attunement all that time. Their development will be at a standstill because they close themselves off to life. You see from all these conditions that only those will be happy who are one with all of life, which is the path of love they must follow.

'You told me, Alcar, that someone with a higher attunement may descend into a lower sphere; aren't they allowed to stay there?'

'They may and can do as they wish. But if they mourn along with them about not being one, both will perish, in other words: their development is hampered too because they feel pity with those who live on a lower plane. This again signifies that pity can lead to one's downfall. Occasional reunions with their loved ones will urge them on to take themselves in hand. They too must rise and will free

themselves from their situation.'

'In that case a spiritual separation will be harder to endure for man than an earthly one, won't it?'

'Well sensed, André. On earth man lives temporarily, here they're in eternity. The separation on earth may be short, here it can last for hundreds of years.'

'Can people develop faster here than on earth?'

'On earth it's easier to develop spiritually than on this side. For the following reason: on earth, in a material condition, it's a heavy battle to acquire spiritual happiness, and it demands a lot of power and effort. Matter is the means, through matter it can be attained. Life on earth isn't hard when one possesses everything that makes life more pleasant. Matter can enable one to development by helping others. This means freeing oneself from all existing material conditions. But matter is the downfall of many people. Cutting oneself loose from the earth, in other words enriching oneself spiritually in a material condition, that's what we're after, that's what God wants from all His children. The lives of many, as I said, are ruled by matter. During one's life on earth a single deed may suffice to make a person happy. One deed, performed in love, entails a development in life. The earth is in deep darkness, and it takes power to emerge out of the darkness into the light. Those who are capable of that will see light when they pass on. They see the light which they carry within, and will find their attunement here. How is life lived on earth? We know all about that here. Why do they visit the earth from here? To help others. On earth it's very difficult to reach man. I already made that clear to you while we were in the Land of Twilight. We will now go on to the second sphere.'

'Look, Alcar, a lot of spirits are gliding past. Where are they going to?'

'They will visit conditions to get to know the laws of the spirit. They are all students. Here they can continue the science they started on earth and acquire further skills. But first they must learn how connections are brought about. They are all happy spirits. On earth one can acquire the skills of one's choice, but here that's not possible. Here one must possess love and have reached a certain grade before one can qualify for some study or other. They wouldn't be

able to sense the psychic laws. So all the wisdom is love on this side, nothing but love. And love is wisdom in the spirit. Life here cannot be compared to that on earth. Here attunement is needed. On earth one learns to possess, here one learns the ability to give, to make others happy. That is why the goal of life on earth is not understood. To many people study and scholarship mean honour and destruction. However learned the scholars may be, on earth possession means sensation to many of them. Here one qualifies to serve life. To regard life as happiness, that is what the study, the wisdom of many is all about. On earth one can train to become a physician to comfort suffering mankind, to obtain a quality which will alleviate its misery. But how many sense their calling? Amongst those you just saw there are scholars who once lived on earth, and now they are guided along by those who weren't learned, who never studied. What does that tell you, André? The latter possess love, and love is wisdom. No material competence can be applied to that end. So it's worthless if one doesn't possess love. The scholars of the earth submit to them because they are beings with a higher attunement. Here one bows one's head before love. Here one is filled with awe for love, because love is light and wisdom on this side.'

'How beautiful it all is, Alcar.'

'Everything is foreseen, my son. God has hidden nothing for His children. We will meet many of these groups. Every being has his or her task in order to serve life.'

'Are these guides invisible to the first sphere too?'

'Not only to the first, but also to the second and third sphere, because they are beings who live in Summerland. Only there can they join up to form an order.'

'Do the scholars visit the earth, Alcar?'

'Certainly. You saw, while you were sitting at Wim's sickbed, that they too had been brought there to experience how the physical human being is acted upon and how he can be helped. They visit the earth in order to be of help there soon. There are many other ways too, which one can follow to accomplish something on earth. Everything is simple, André, if we possess the necessary love. Only now will you be able to really understand the poem you were given. Do you remember how it went:

'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.'

Now you will understand love even better than some time ago. It will be clear to you why one must possess love on this side to be happy.

Look, we have entered the second sphere now.'

André saw yet another country. Everything was different from the sphere where he had just been. The sky was like a taut blue sail, and not a cloud could be seen. The heavens were like a full balloon that might explode any moment. He sensed this clearly. This same power was inherent in nature too, which he found very strange. A curious feeling came over him. He saw temples and buildings everywhere around, erected in a most beautiful style and made of a finer substance than in the first sphere. It was just as if everything sensed more life and therefore existed on a higher level. He saw many beings too, and it caught his eye how the garments were very different from those they wore in the first sphere. They were all younger than there too.

'What does this tension mean, Alcar, that pervades everything? Does it mean something? It's just as if everything is about to explode.'

'You sensed this well too, André. Everything that lives here has reached a transitory condition, and man senses a link with a higher attunement. Nature, and man, will open up to a higher life, and to possess this brings about the enhanced power of feeling in every-

thing. They focus on enhanced possession, this is to test their inner condition. You sense their struggle to reach the third sphere from here. Here they must battle the fierce attacks of their own ego. Here they will have to dismantle themselves to get to the third sphere where they enter the spiritual life for good. The higher man rises, the harder his battle will get, because the conditions become finer and more beautiful, the spheres are less dense and deep down they must attune. So the big battle concerns entering the spiritual out of matter. Do you sense how hard their battle is, how strained their condition, and how vividly they focus on this higher possession? I could explain a lot to you about this sphere but some day you will get to know their life too. We will go on to the third sphere now. Later on, when we return, you will speak with them, you will see them at work, busy with their art, and in many other conditions. I must now keep to a rigid plan, it would prove too much for you, because there are still other conditions which we must visit. You will receive a great deal on this journey, André, and it will all mean wisdom to you. The further we get, the more beautiful the spheres, the art, the beings will be. Everything will radiate, just as the life which lives there, feels in accordance with the power of love they possess.

At present we are in a connecting sphere which links up the second and the third one, where the children of the earth live who have passed on at an early age. But we'll move on and will visit these spheres later. We will visit the sphere of the angels too, because I want to offer some comfort to the mothers who have been left behind in grief and sorrow, and make it clear to them where their children are. And don't forget that a child that has reached an age between seven and fourteen passes from the earth into a purification sphere, just as every being that has entered a state of awareness on earth.

Look, my son, the first rays of light from the third sphere are shining on us. Beyond these lies the third sphere where you were during your previous journey. The tension you felt in the second sphere has changed into a soft yearning longing to be able to reach the fourth sphere. We have passed the border of the third sphere.'

André recognized it all. The warmth and the great happiness which they bore here as their possession, he had already felt this once, and

it had made him return to earth afterwards in perfect happiness. He saw the beings, dressed in exquisite garments and surrounded by the most beautiful spheric flowers, which radiated light. Everything was alive, nature sang its pure, sublime song, the people who dwelt here were young and fresh like everything that lived here. Life was beautiful, stripped of all the things that was reminiscent of matter, the earthly element had been destroyed: They had entered the spiritual life. Here man was happy. Love was what he saw, nothing but love. Everything bore the elated feeling of the mindful being. Now that he had witnessed the darkness he understood how great their possession was and how terrible the battle to reach this attunement must be for those who dwelt in the dark. How distant they were from this sphere. He didn't even dare to think of the Valley of Sorrows and all the other conditions Alcar had told him about. How many years would have to pass? Would it ever be possible for them to enter this place? Poor human beings they were, how terrible their attunement was. Could they still be helped? Alcar had told him that they too were Divine and would one day dwell here. He could hardly accept it. In his mind's eye he saw all those dark spheres passing by. One sorrow after the other. He saw himself in that Valley of Sorrows, were he had been up in arms, at the edge of the bridge, peering into their infinite misery.

Now he saw and felt the depth of their miserable existence with even greater intensity than when he had experienced it. How great and mighty the difference was when he compared these conditions. Here he sensed happiness, down there its terrible impact took his breath away. A mighty sight it was to perceive this difference in colour, in happiness. He saw before him that formidable gap which they wouldn't be able to bridge in a hundred years. Here their loved ones lived in prosperity and happiness while they dwelt in deep misery. Wasn't it terrible? Down there parents and children lived in deep darkness. There were children whose mothers had fallen below than the animal level. Borders had been drawn, immeasurably deep and far, which man himself would have to abolish. It was the border of the attunement of their feeling in the spirit. It was a poignant truth, life was nothing but grief and sorrow down there. It was heart-breaking. Yet he felt happy to have been allowed to experience all

this. It urged him on to make something out of life on earth which would attune him to a happy sphere on this side. That's what he would put himself out for. They were still children*), those creatures who lived there in darkness. Why did you mess up your inner condition during your short earthly life? Whatever for? The images which Alcar had shown him were clear proof of their bestial life on earth. How true everything was. No-one would ever be unduly punished. They punished themselves; how just God was. Yet man rebelled. What else could one expect. He too had rebelled when he had experienced it all.

Look how beautiful those creatures are who live here. Look at their rays, their oneness with life. Look how great, how uplifting everything is, how pure their love is, and their inner attunement. How gentle their feeling, they're like children in the spirit. Now, here in the third sphere, he really began to understand the meaning of conditions, attunements in the spirit. Now he understood what spiritual possession meant to those who felt love. Here he became convinced of all those truths. Here he understood what darkness and light could signify in the life after death. Only here he had begun to understand the meaning of heaven and hell. And in the deepest depth of his soul he thanked God for everything he had been granted. He was a blessed earthly being.

Oh, people of the earth, I would like to call out to you from here: Develop your love.

And you, mediums, you who see and hear, develop your feeling, it will enable you to help others, because you too will perceive what lies behind the veil and makes others happy.

From here I call out to you: Only through love can they who live in these spheres reach you. Love and happiness await you, if you yourself wish to become the truth.

André looked at this man who had shown him and let him experience all this beauty. 'How can I ever thank you, Alcar?' But his leader wanted no gratitude and André knew why. He called himself merely a child of love, and that child carried him along to unknown areas and was able to perform miracles. Everything in the life of the

*) At the time when this book was written young people were often still called children. Accordingly this refers to youngsters and not to children.

spirit was simple and denoted humility towards Him Who reigned all, their Father in heaven, their God, Who was nothing but love.

‘Before we leave here’, Alcar said, ‘I want to perform just one experiment to convince you how fast we can travel about and link up. You know how far away we are from the dark spheres, how terribly deep the Valley of Sorrows is and how distant all other conditions are from here. But we can move along in a flash and link up with the Valley of Sorrows.’

‘It seems to me like years away from here, Alcar.’

‘Give me your hand and hold on to me tightly, and don’t forget to link up with me with all the powers of concentration you possess. Nothing, and I mean nothing at all, is allowed to interfere. No other thoughts may occupy your mind, only think of me. Is that understood, André?’

‘Yes, Alcar.’

‘Get ready.’

André felt an enormous power surging up within. At that same moment he felt himself being taken up and swept away in a flash. He awoke from a slight trance and saw to his dismay that he was in the Valley of Sorrows. A miracle had happened!

‘Concentration and a strong will power, my son. There, in front of you, are the ones we linked up with. We arrived here in a flash and can return, right through all the spheres I showed you. That’s the way we get to earth and link up with everything that lives. Wherever man may be, we will find him.’

What a strength, what a power of love. In the third sphere he had seen the dark spheres pass him by, and now he had returned to this misery in a flash.

‘We will return in a flash too.’

Again André felt himself sinking, yet he was aware of everything. They had soon reached the third sphere, on the spot they had just descended from. It was wondrous what he experienced on the side beyond. To a spirit in the light depths and distances no longer existed, they were one in everything.

The sphere of the children, and reincarnation

'And now for the higher spheres.'

They glided onward.

'The fourth sphere, my son, is Summerland. You met your aunt there, and it's where the people of the earth are in an unconscious state, to visit their loved ones. I already made this plain to you during our first journey. But there is another Summerland too, it's situated in the mental regions. When man passes on into that land, he cannot return to this sphere, or any other. One passes on to it. It's the sphere where the spiritual body and that of the soul split up and the soul continues on its way. Man has reached his spiritual attunement and passes on into other conditions. We won't stay in the fourth sphere, we'll go straight on to the sphere of the angels, which is an intermediary sphere, connecting the fourth and the fifth sphere. That's where the little ones of the earth live, from the still unborn baby onwards until they reach the age of three. The child that has experienced the process of awakening consciousness in matter grows up on this side, even if it never saw the sun rise on earth. All the little ones are brought to this sphere and raised by spirits of love who possess true motherlove. It wouldn't be possible for other beings to care for the little ones; this will become clear to you when we arrive there. Their peace is taken care of. When they're seven years old according to earthly measures, they pass on to other spheres, depending on their attunement.'

'Don't those little ones have the same attunement?'

'No, that isn't possible. Not until they have reached the age of fourteen, do they take on their true attunement to further their own development. On earth people suppose that those young beings will possess a heaven, and their situation is indeed heavenly, but it's not the heaven they have in mind. I'll try to explain this to you. When children pass on before birth, in other words, when they're stillborn, they are spiritual children, but not angels in the true sense of the word. They cannot enter an angelic state, for the simple reason that they lack this attunement. There are beings between the seventh sphere and the mental areas who may call themselves angels because they possess this attunement. I also told you that it's the place where

the soul and the spirit split up. It's therefore impossible to enter an angelic sphere from the earth, even if one hasn't sensed matter, like the child that passes on before birth, because they have had dealings with the earth. That life would never have set foot on earth. Is that clear?

'Yes, Alcar.'

'Now for another condition. Those who have a task to fulfil in these spheres, and this applies to the earth too, remain living below their own condition because if they were to possess a higher attunement they would no longer return. Not until they have accomplished their task will they pass on. So all creatures, in other words, each life that dwells on earth and arrives there, lives below the seventh sphere; otherwise it wouldn't be possible for them to work here. My master is in charge of all these areas, including the earth. When he passes on to the mental regions, another spirit will continue his work, and he cannot return because his spirit and his soul split up.

Now the angels who live in the mental regions have awakened cosmically. They are angels in cosmic attunement. Those who dwell in the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh sphere are angels in spiritual attunement. This attunement cannot be compared to a cosmic mentality which they possess over there. My attunement corresponds with the fifth sphere, so it's not an angelic sphere, but all those who live there are children in the spirit. Children who love spiritually. We're still far removed from those who can call themselves angels. Is this clear to you too?

So they are children of the spheres. Spiritually attuned creatures. If this is all clear to you, then you'll understand that when a mother believes her child to be an angel, she proves she doesn't understand the attunement.'

'Is the link between mother and child kept intact?'

'I already explained that to you too, and affirmed it. This link is maintained because the parents wanted this connection and established it themselves. Yet they bear the heavy task of attuning to their child if they want to become linked when they arrive here.'

'That's a sad truth, Alcar.'

'It certainly is, my son. They don't get to see their little ones, not

even when they arrive on this side. It's a spiritual law which says that the parents must attune, and only when they possess this power of love will these laws cease to exist. Look, that's Summerland over there.'

Again André saw a mighty light break through. It was the light from the fourth sphere.

'You already know this attunement, so we won't stay here but rapidly continue until we have reached the angelic sphere, where we'll stop for a while.'

In a flash Alcar had moved on.

'Look over there, in front of you, an angelic sphere, in spiritual attunement. The little ones dwell here in the peace of the spirit.'

André saw a beautiful country. He hadn't seen anything of such beauty in the places he had visited until now. Nature appeared Divine. He couldn't have found the words to describe it. Perfect peace prevailed. The sky was swathed in a silvery haze, mirroring nature. Everything around was reflected in the silvery firmament. It was a mighty sight for a creature from the earth. It meant nothing but happiness to him. What would the higher spheres be like if this was already paradise? All this was Divine. The little ones dwelt in heavenly beauty. Flowers everywhere, surrounded by young life which nature displayed in all its glory. It formed a symphony of colours. Nothing but life, their happiness was inherent in all things.

There were benches all around, surrounded by flowers, where the little ones could abide. He saw them far off in the distance, together with their spiritual mothers. He saw them wandering about everywhere and everything breathed happiness, the inner state of the being. Beautiful they would be, pure and immaculate. He couldn't believe himself, there they were, the children of the earth. Oh, if only a saddened mother could linger here for a short moment, she would forget her sorrow. He saw beautiful temples, made of snow-white marble. They lived here like royal children. He also sensed that no prince or princess on earth could ever possess this happiness. Happiness on earth couldn't be compared to this.

'Can't we draw up a little nearer, Alcar? Maybe I could get a better view of them.'

'No, André, we can't. We're not allowed to approach them, we would disturb their peace.'

André understood. Why wasn't he satisfied? Alcar could of course link up, but he didn't do so for him. He hadn't got far enough yet to make himself become one. But he felt happy that he was permitted to take a look within this beautiful sphere.

'Come over here, André, we'll sit down.'

They sat together in an abundance of beauty. He inhaled nothing but happiness, pure happiness, the happiness of a child from the spheres. He had a feeling of well-being and it invigorated him deep down.

'What a lot of happiness God has in store for all His children, Alcar.'

'There is heavenly happiness for everyone, but man destroys his eternal life during his short earthly existence. To be allowed to inhale this will strengthen the powers of your soul. However, we aren't linked up with a holy spirit yet, like they thought they were on earth. You know where we've been. Yet I would rather dwell here than amongst those where the holy spirit descended. Now you understand that spiritual children cannot be brought to earth to be raised by a physical being. I wouldn't have said anything more about it if it wasn't so terribly sad. All the things that live on earth are far too crude for this condition. Those who live here can't manifest themselves on earth. It's impossible. Aren't earthly human beings too coarse for these little ones? Shouldn't we stay far away from them too? Only a pompous clairvoyant could convey this falsehood, others would consider everything too sacred and be awestruck by this truth. He won't know until he too arrives here one day what a mess he has made of his life.

I want to talk about the mothers now, who stay behind in grief and sorrow. The little ones live in happiness, the parents bear the grief and sorrow. For the little ones it's marvellous, and so it is for every other creature if it may leave the earth at an early stage. It has a meaning in the spirit to be allowed to die young on earth. It's God's intention and man on earth must accept all this. Possession on earth isn't really possession. To know this and to live accordingly, that's what God's intention is. But man will not relinquish the things he believes to be his own, and this is especially true when he must part with a loved one. He then lives in grief and sorrow, whereas they live in heavenly happiness. To know this and to act accordingly,

in complete submission, that is God's will, and it makes man come alive. But how little this is understood on earth. If they accept this, sorrow is no longer sorrow. That is how we know and feel that they don't possess pure love. God calls all His children, and that happens in His time, which no creature can or will ever change. Here they live in heavenly happiness but their ignorance disturbs them in their happiness. Their grief and sorrow extends throughout all areas and reaches them who feel the peace of the spirit. If people accept all this, they live, and life on earth is understood. They put everything into God's hands because they know that their little ones live like royal children, which will make them happy too. One day their loved ones will approach them; in spheric beauty, in happiness, in love they will await them. Then they will be united forever, provided they possess love and are attuned to them. When they have been roused on earth, they live as we all live too, which is God's intention. Such is the development of mankind on earth. Then man will live, and possess a different mentality.

However, we are aware of the present situation on earth. Isn't it all at odds with God's holy laws? Do people understand that great happening in matter? Did God intend this sacred event to become defiled? Didn't I make it plain to you that it's done out of passion? The mother is heartbroken when she loses her child, but they can claim nothing, nothing at all for themselves. The churches lay down laws stating that the greater the amount of children that are born, the more happiness they will receive. And how this takes place is of no importance, as long as they submit. The way in which they multiply isn't given a second thought. No-one asks whether it's done out of passion or violence. And when God takes their possession away from them, motherhearts are broken. What kind of morals is this? Nothing but earthly, material conditions which have no meaning in the spirit. What's the use and what's the purpose of multiplying like this? If the feeling is material, then how can the spiritual core develop? Can a material condition, which isn't wisdom in the spirit, awaken the core, even make it grow and bloom, when the conception happens in passion? Is this possible? Do you feel, my boy, what I mean?

I want to make it clear to you that everything is earthly and, be-

cause they experience the spiritual in a material way, that they will be destroyed by matter too. None of these conditions causes life to be in harmony with God. None of these parents will see the light which a sower of light reaps. Those who experience this sacred event in an earthly manner will, because they are material, live in sorrow and grief, because they oppose God.

‘But’, man asks, ‘then, what does all this mean?’ The meaning of it all is to live just as all things in nature live, and life will then prosper in happiness, in beauty, and everything will mean wisdom. When mankind is one in love, nothing but a blessing will rest upon that union. Then they follow the way God has intended. If they ask God to grant the being they will receive wisdom, strength and love, then everything will show itself as a blessing for them and for the earth, because God’s blessing will rest upon their lives. Their longing will cause the child to be blessed, as their union took place in love, and so the young life will grow up and later on it will even offer warmth to others. Then happiness will prevail on earth because the people will know that life is eternal. Their possession, born in love, will give love, and thereby change the mentality of the earth. Then there will be no more war because every creature will understand earthly life, because parents have united in the spirit. Love will make life perfect. Man lives on earth with the sacred goal of accomplishing a task, which makes life worth living.

That is why I call out to parents: Pray that God may bless your possession, that God may install His holy Powers, wisdom and love, into the young life, making your life worthwhile, letting you gain spiritual powers, and that He may one day grant you happiness on this side, forever and in all eternity. Only then will a link have been established with a sacred goal, and the marriage will know nothing but happiness. Then life on earth will no longer be frightful, there will be no sorrow or grief, nothing but happiness. Then the holiness of this event will be understood and the mothers will awaken, because they have become linked in the spirit. There will be no more violence, because man lives.

No more will people ask ‘why’ and ‘for what reason’, they will put everything into God’s hands, because they know. Their lives will change from a surging whirlpool into a straight path, leading up-

ward towards higher regions, to God. Their passing on on earth will be a journey to an eternal land, and they will envy others who passed on before them. Then there will be no sorrow and no grief because they know they will meet up again on this side. Death will not mar their lives, death will no longer mean dying, but living. Then everything will be different and on earth a God of love will be known. Then they will bear the cross which God gave them to carry. Now they weep like little children when they have to part with their possessions. Isn't their love merely having their child? They will have to follow our path because it's God's path which all who dwell on this side have followed.

Another thing, my son. When a child, or any other creature, leaves the earth, this passing on has a meaning. But these situations cannot be fathomed on earth. Early transitions in the spirit mean that life has made the experience of awakening consciousness in matter. Those who experience this will have to give up everything. It's God's will. We on this side know the attunement of the life that lives on earth. We know why a life visits the earth. It is known here why a child leaves the earth before it is born. We know and understand both these situations because the masters possess this cosmic attunement. This is reincarnation.

'Do you accept this law, Alcar?'

'Absolutely. It signifies the cycle of the soul. Later on we will follow the psychic laws and you will get to know these conditions too. But more about that soon. Is it clear to you now that when man leaves the earth at an early stage, that it is God's will? And that the parents were temporarily granted this happiness in matter? And that it's matter in which man will develop spiritually? Isn't everything simple?'

'Alcar, as you explained to me on earth, a mother doesn't live together with her child if they pass on together, but is this true for everyone?'

'Unfortunately it is, for every creature. The mother who enters the third sphere from the earth will soon see her little one. But to become one, no, that's impossible. This will not be accepted on earth, but it's the truth. I'll make it even clearer to you.

The mother enters the sphere which she is attuned to. This is

clear, isn't it? We know that no form of life can enter the first spiritual existential sphere, which is the fourth sphere, from the earth. Now the mother passes on, together with her child. The spiritual being enters here, the mother enters the sphere of her attunement. So she lives in this condition, but is allowed to visit her little one when she has progressed accordingly. Don't forget that many mothers have fallen beyond animalistic behaviour. They bear a young life and don't even know who the child's father is.

There are thousands of other conditions in which the mother is crudely material and cannot visit a spiritual sphere. I ask you, was such a child born in love? Was it all love? Did the mother tune in to the child? Wouldn't everything be earthly and God a pitiful creature? His Creation wouldn't be Omnipotence, wouldn't be a Power that could rule man and all the other planets. What would God be? Like man himself, material. Would that be possible? No, a thousand times no.'

'Does the mother attune to the being that possesses the father's light, Alcar?'

'The mother, André, lives in an unconscious state and is a living dead.'

'How many mothers arrive here in that unfortunate condition?'

'Thousands, my son, and one in a thousand will see her little one again. They themselves want it that way, because they live materially, and because the most sacred thing bestowed on her was blemished. So could these creatures dwell together? Could she bear that love, that pure and holy love, that light, that golden, pure light on this side? No, never. God planned everything and never punishes a child, but the child punishes itself.'

'It all sounds terrible, Alcar.'

'But don't forget that man has control over all this, he himself possesses light, and deep darkness too.'

'You said that early transitions mean reincarnation; do they know anything about this when they enter here?'

'No, nobody knows anything about that. I already told you that only those can know who have, in a cosmic sense, been roused. Only those who dwell in the mental areas can sense and understand reincarnation. Life arrives on earth in an unconscious state and returns

from there and is only aware of that life.'

'Is it known here where life on earth comes from, and how this happens?'

'No, this isn't known to us either.'

'Do you know how often man will visit the earth?'

'Yes, that is known to us. A life will return to earth until it feels spiritually, even if it has a material attunement. When it has reached that stage, nothing is left for it to learn there. Is that clear to you?'

'Yes, Alcar, I understand it all. Is it possible for a human being to fall deeper than his spiritual level?'

'Carry on like that, André, that's a very good question. No, it isn't possible, even if the possibilities were offered to him on earth. To make it clear to you that this is impossible, I will tell you something which demonstrates this impossibility, even if a person is in an unconscious state. I was present at this occasion. So I'm telling you my own personal experience. When I pursued my way on earth to get to know the earthly conditions, I witnessed this event. A hypnotist put his subject, it was a girl of about twenty years, in a trance and made her do certain things. She complied with his wishes and so she acted according to his will. Suddenly he ordered her to undress. What happened? She definitely refused. His power over her broke due to the power behind her spiritual attunement; her personality saved her, which manifested itself in her refusal. She definitely refused to carry out in her unconscious state what she wouldn't have done consciously either. So it's clear that even in an unconscious state man cannot fall deeper because he possesses the relevant powers without knowing. Man isn't conscious of it. So it will be clear to you that if the subject didn't possess these inner powers, she would have complied with his wishes. Likewise many powers lie dormant in man, unconsciously, and other conditions of life too of which he isn't conscious but which are all conditions he has gone through and which have therefore entered his power of feeling. The parapsychologists of the earth will analyze all these conditions and to them the subconscious embraces everything, even the psychic phenomena that our side gives to the earth. That young science will flourish the day it accepts the psychic hypothesis. It's a science which finds attunement to eternal truth, but as long as they cannot sense this attunement

since they reject that one and only possibility, they will only be fathoming deep depths of which they don't possess the attunement. If they don't accept eternal life, science is, and will remain, earthly, which means the life that lives in matter. This cosmic reservoir is only accessible to those who accept the spiritualistic possibility. It's the only way for them to become connected with life. Is this clear to you too, André?

'Yes, Alcar. Is it possible, Alcar, to attain that spiritual condition on this side? Or does one have to go back to earth to acquire this degree?'

'Your first question I can answer in the following way: only those who possess a material attunement on this side can develop themselves here in order to enter the first spiritual existential sphere. They have reached the material attunement, which means transition into the spirit. Your second question is harder, but I will also try to explain to you how useful it is to return into the material body. The earth is a material condition, man is a Divine creature, yet in a crude material, even a pre-animalistic condition. We have experienced this attunement in the dark spheres. That's where these creatures live, and also on earth. How could an animal-like being ever sense a spiritual life? Doesn't it need a existential state to be able to experience that? And is this possible in the spirit, after the spirit has returned to its spiritual life? And if that is possible, then isn't the animal-like life, which is to be experienced, wrapped in matter? Even the very nourishment to satiate oneself in matter? Doesn't material life serve to develop oneself? Isn't it the plaything of the child? Can animal food be found in the spheres of light? Isn't material life the clothing to protect oneself against the cold? Isn't it the breath that enables one to live? I could go on like this, my son, to show you that the return into matter is a great mercy to life that existed in these conditions. It needs life on earth to enter matter from the animal-like state, this is where reincarnation serves its purpose. When man has nothing more to learn on earth, he will be ready to make the transition from matter into the spiritual life. What is the purpose of the planet earth? Where does it rank in the universe? What is the purpose of God's Creation? Do you understand the purpose of being allowed to live there? Why is it said: life is worth living – and is this a lie? Isn't this

the development of the individual? To be allowed to experience every condition of life in matter leads to spiritual knowledge, even if it finds attunement to matter. And isn't matter God's Creation? Isn't it the purpose of matter to proceed to spiritual work? Isn't it to get to know life? On earth man exists in the workshop of life. Here life is a life in the mind. In daily life man experiences everything he thinks in the spirit. That is why man possesses a material body. And why the body that bears sensitivity is one in matter. That, my son, is why matter is the means and the earth offers the possibility to rapidly develop in the spirit. Until life rules over its own condition. Do you feel how it is, André? This is feeling about reincarnation. That is why I say: Be happy that it's possible because it's useful for every form of life. So my reply to your first question is, that those who have attained spiritual consciousness will not return. In other words: These beings have accomplished their cycle on earth and continue in the spirit on this side, because for them there is nothing more to be learned on earth. My reply to your second question is that man will visit the earth until he leaves the animalistic state and enters the spiritual. Understood, André?

'I feel that this is how it has to be, Alcar, I understand you completely. Is that guidance too, where and why man visits the earth?'

'That too is guidance, my son. God's holy guidance. Life arrives there with a set goal. The masters are familiar with these conditions and know the location of that life on earth, the condition it's in, what kind of life will be lived. I will give you one very clear example to enable you to get an even better understanding how beautiful reincarnation is for the life that is allowed to visit the earth: A child is born. A very normal event, isn't it? But this life exists on earth to experience something. We don't know when, but it will experience this at a certain time in order to return to this life and follow the path to perfection. This child grows up until it has reached the age of womanhood. She loves children but she has been deprived of the possibility, she remains alone. She keeps on longing for this great possession but she will not experience this Divine happening. She grows old on earth and passes on to this world. Her longing to be with children, to be able to care for them, was now answered. On this side she was allowed to look after spiritual children. She lived

between the third and the fourth sphere. At the beginning of her transition this meant great happiness to her, and yet she kept on yearning for that which would have been the most beautiful and most sacred gift to her on earth. She lived on like this and longed for motherhood. Here she battled with her own yearning. After all, this cannot be experienced on this side.

Finally she gives up, closes herself off and lives on, desiring and in solitude. What happens to her? Here spiritual development has come to a standstill, she has reached a deadlock. Here battle is fierce, her longing for this possession increases in intensity. Then suddenly a mighty law, which we are not familiar with, goes into action. She returns to the earth to become a mother. Now, in that life she does become a mother. But how and where she is and how that life will be, we do not know, only those do who, as I already explained to you, possess this cosmic wisdom. That holy mercy, my son, is experienced in matter. She lived on earth to that purpose. Isn't it mighty? Could she become a mother on this side? Therefore, André, man experiences everything in the material body on earth, that's what matter is for the planet earth. Could it be any clearer? Now when all material feelings have been experienced, man returns to this life and continues on this side. But first she will experience a feeling because beforehand her feeling was focussed, she was no longer conscious of a spiritual life and just wished for that one experience.

There are thousands of conditions, forces of feeling which man on earth must and will and can experience. And they will experience everything in an unconscious state. Not until we have attained that attunement on this side will we be able to admire our own film of life. Not until we have entered the mental areas. Not until we have become sisters and brothers, and motherlove has changed into universal love.

A different image: Someone has property on earth. He is happy, because he owns a lot. Prosperity on earth means happiness to many. But someone with spiritual feeling said to the rich man: 'My spiritual knowledge means more to me, my spiritual treasures have more value than all your possessions.'

And these forces, this I want to stress, have induced the person, due to all his material property, to renounce everything belonging

to the earth. He possesses happiness in the spirit and he is poor in matter. These are two different states of spiritual attunement. Both dwell on earth. The one doesn't understand that the other doesn't yearn for riches. Yet another commits a murder to possess matter and riches. And we see these kinds of conditions by the thousands.

Now for the core of all these conditions: the spiritual being must have lived in a certain condition to renounce all these riches in his present life, to know that they won't make him happy. They will cause nothing but trouble, which is why he no longer wants them. He must know what it means to possess a lot of matter on earth. He can only know by having experienced this once, under all kinds of circumstances. After all, to man's knowledge there are no other planets where he once lived. So it must have been the earth where that life acquired these forces. In the mind of crude material man no other existential world could exist. So he who possesses that knowledge and has attained this force of feeling, must have progressed that far in a condition of life, and be on earth for a higher purpose, which are different conditions again. So man will go on learning everything on earth and will also have to cast off what he wanted to possess in some other condition. What man kills off in one condition, he discards and makes amends for in another earthly life. I could go on explaining thousands of different conditions of life which would enable me to show you that everything man learns and will still learn is learnt on earth.

These contain various attunements of love, conditions of feeling as I already said that serve to enter matter from the pre-animalistic, the animalistic, the crude material condition, and to attain the spiritual attunement either on this side or already on earth. And everything, André, denotes the cycle of the soul that departs from the animalistic state and reach the Divine. So everything serves to develop the eternal body which is the spiritual body.'

'This is all so profound to human understanding, Alcar, to his ability to sense this. If I understood you correctly, reincarnation means a separation in the spirit. Is that so?'

'It's a separation, yet impossible in the spirit. When we are one, there is no more separation. Being one is a connection, wherever the other life may be. The human being who lives in this condition

possesses and has attunement to universal love. It excludes all separation. It makes us one in all, together with all our sisters and brothers. In that condition man has discarded all his former states of feeling and lives in this enhanced attunement. In this attunement everything is dissolved, including father- and motherlove, man then only knows one love, namely universal love. We will then be sisters and brothers. All earthly states of feeling will have been discarded and we will be one in everything. Is that clear to you? So no separation is possible. However, all this only applies to those who possess this attunement. Not until man has discarded all material states of feeling and wants to live as he should live, will his life on earth be different too.'

'What a comfort this would be to people, Alcar, if they were to know all this.'

'They *will* get to know everything, I will make it known to them through you. I want to convince the mothers that they will see their little ones again, in radiant beauty, and will live forever in love and bliss. Come, André, on we go.'

The fifth sphere

'Take another look at the little ones, we won't be back here for the time being. One day you will see them again though, but we will be back for a different purpose. Here the poor and the rich live together, princes and princesses, they are all linked in the spirit. They are one in everything.'

Once again André looked at all the beauty surrounding him. He would love to stay here. It was tremendous. The little angels that lived here were ethereal. And yet they were strong, just like their natural life. To have to part from here proved difficult to him. It was like paradise.

'On we go, André, on to the fifth sphere.'

They glided along for quite a while. André thought of all the things he had once more received. All the wisdom Alcar had given him. Oh, he was so grateful. They were both lost in thought. He felt himself going all quiet. And his leader was withdrawn too. Something was acting upon him which made him so silent. Where would

Alcar be taking them to now? They went on and on, constantly ascending, and still Alcar said nothing to him. How strange, he thought, this had never happened before. Alcar always told him everything after they had left a certain condition and were under way again. He didn't dare to ask Alcar anything, but he felt that something was up. Never before had Alcar been so silent. He thought of all the places he had been to until now. First on earth where he had experienced lots of conditions that had all been terrible. Afterwards into the darkness. Oh, he didn't want to know just how far they were away from them now. He thought about the living dead too. It was beautiful. Who would have helped him there? Where had he suddenly got all that wisdom from? It was a mystery to him. While they had been talking he had seen all those countries pass by. It was just as if he had lived there himself, that's how simple it was to him. Strange that he hadn't thought of that before. But it was strange indeed how everything simply dissolved. Alcar had let him experience wondrous situations. Afterwards the Valley of Sorrows; no, he didn't want to think of that, those conditions were terrible. How mighty everything was and yet so simple. Alcar made him understand the deepest problems, the way he explained things. He made all the problems disappear, since everything lived and was truth.

And now he was going to his own sphere, there where he lived. How great his leader was. He called him his brother. He was love, nothing but love. He noticed how far they had already travelled. And still Alcar said nothing to him. Was something the matter? Had he done something wrong? How strange. He reflected, but he wasn't aware of any error. Was something bothering Alcar? He just could imagine this sudden change. André looked at his leader and then immediately averted his gaze. Alcar looked upward as if he was already in his own sphere and trying to link up with invisible powers. He became even more quiet. He sensed an enormous peace here.

Suddenly he got an enormous shock, because the heavens tore apart and a mighty golden light broke through the veil and shone upon them. André didn't dare go on. The light stopped him. What was this feeling that stopped him? It was impossible for him to go on. He felt as if his soul were on fire. He knelt down, bowed his head deeply, and fervently prayed to God for the power to be able to

stand up to that golden light. He wasn't aware how long he had been praying, but he felt how a hand was laid on his head, causing a powerful flow within him, and strengthening him. He clearly heard his leader say: 'Come, André, we are allowed to go on. Your prayer has been heard. I have been praying too, from the time we left the sphere of the children, that God would permit you to enter this place. It is my attunement. This is where my powers cease, my son, I can no longer support you. You must beseech a higher power to be allowed to enter here. God heard your prayer because you wanted it yourself. There was nothing I could change about this. You had to want this with all the love which is in you. I cannot link up here because my powers are at an end. No creature can ascend higher than the powers it possesses within. It will be even clearer to you that on this side one cannot act beyond one's own attunement. Your prayer kept you upright. You tuned in to me by asking God for strength and help; otherwise we would have had to turn back. You see how mighty love is. Therefore, in order to support you, I prayed that God would grant you this mercy. And now on to my spiritual dwelling. You will get to know me, know who I am, what I was on earth, why we are together.'

And in a flash they were in the fifth sphere. This exceeded everything André had seen until then. What he beheld was indescribable. No material language could ever get near to describing it. This had to be sensed and taken in, you had to pray that God would grant you the powers, otherwise you couldn't understand it, that's how beautiful everything was, how holy this sphere was. Everything was bathed in a golden haze. Where was he? Within Alcar's attunement, his condition. Everything he saw was heavenly. How far had his leader progressed on the spiritual path? So much happiness, so much love. Gold, the spiritual life and purity emanated from all around. They wandered through a beautiful landscape surrounded by a sea of flowers. He heard the song of life itself. Something vibrated deep within his soul, something like great, holy happiness, it was the voice of life. Truly, everything was alive here. Life rejoiced, it was a glad song that could be heard from afar. He saw ineffable hues. Flowers such as he had never yet seen on earth. They were of a strange kind and they all radiated light. He heard soft, pure singing, like the breath

of life, these were sounds of the soul. God's life, how remote was this to earthly man?

How had he, an earthly human being, deserved this? To be allowed to experience this amounted to a Divine blessing. He, the blessed one. Only now did it dawn on him how great his gift was, how sacred it was to be allowed to receive this as a human being on earth. The spiritual gold he possessed within, this gift of disembodiment, it was mighty to have acquired this on earth. He was rich, only here did he understand it all. How could he thank God for this great mercy. He could perceive things at great distance. He saw beautiful temples and buildings all around which had been erected in a very special, unfamiliar style. Here things were even more beautiful than where the little ones were in the children's sphere. It overpowered him and he looked at his leader to thank him.

'What a surprise, Alcar. How great my happiness is! How did I ever deserve all this?'

'Because you want to work for us, André, and because you follow us in everything. Your complete submission gives me the power to develop you. If you continue in this way, you will be allowed to experience even more beautiful situations. Look up there on that mountain, my spiritual dwelling.'

Up on a high mountain André saw Alcar's property. It wasn't a house, it was a strange building. It was a condition of its own, such as life felt. A strange kind of architecture which he couldn't express. It was spherical and he clearly saw that the whole thing was supported by heavy foundations. It was surrounded by a sea of flowers. It was made of a bluish material and the whole building seemed to radiate light. He saw a bluish light that kept on changing colour and then returned to the previous hue. He thought that was very strange too. How could a building possibly radiate? Everything was remarkable. There was nothing he could compare to things on earth. Everything was different and yet it was natural. He went a bit nearer and observed that Alcar's house was made out of bluish marble. It was a radiant globe of light. It was like a small planet, he couldn't describe it more clearly. This description was nearest to the truth. All around the entire surroundings of Alcar's property he saw nothing but light and life. It was marvellous. Oh, if he could only find

words to describe it clearly. Now he was standing in front of Alcar's dwelling.

'Come in, my son.'

Again he sensed that he could go no further. What was this? Suddenly he felt something come over him which made him understand why he was being held back here too. He knelt down for the second time and prayed to God for the power to link him up with his leader. It lasted quite a time. Everything was clear to him. He felt the truth of everything surging up in him. Before the gates of the fifth sphere had opened up before him, he had had to attune to Alcar, but now he was entering Alcar's entire being. It was hardly possible. He was to descend into him. A dwelling was a human being. He was descending into his leader, he, an earthly human being. A spirit was opening itself up to him. Was he really allowed to enter? Oh God, he prayed, give me these powers, only God could take him into Alcar's life. His soul was his house, and his house, that was Alcar. He felt dazed. He, an earthly human being, couldn't simply barge into a spiritual dwelling. Again he prayed, this needed attunement. Oh, how willingly would he enter Alcar's inner being. How great love was. Everything depended on himself. Alcar wanted this, he had to ask God for these powers in order to be taken in. He prayed fervently. Wasn't this selfishness on his side? He understood that his leader was completely opening up to him. Wasn't this self-love on his side? Or curiosity? Did he have the right to do this as an earthly human being? This was all so remote.

He felt a sacred feeling flowing through him; for the second time his prayer had been heard.

When he opened his eyes he looked into his leader's radiant eyes. His gaze burnt into his soul as never yet before.

'I am so happy, André, that you understood all this. Yet I wasn't anxious and I had no doubts. You were to bridge this gap too. You were allowed to perceive everything within this sphere, but the door to my condition remained closed, in spite of my willingness to let you in. It wouldn't have been possible if you hadn't understood this. Help came because your prayer was pure and you approached me humbly. Since you want to support humanity on earth, this too has been overcome. On earth one can ask no matter whom, but here

that isn't possible. Here one must possess love to be allowed to enter someone else's dwelling.'

André stepped across the threshold of Alcar's spiritual dwelling. Step by step he continued. Here he stood on blessed ground. Everything was sacred. He was walking on the property of a higher being and that higher being was his Alcar, his brother, his leader. The floor trembled under his feet. He felt as if he were floating, even though he was on the ground floor. The floor he was walking on consisted of bluish marble and everything radiated light, everything was alive. It was marvellous. But however could the floor he was walking on radiate light? He trembled with every step he took. His blood gushed to his head. And yet the floor was solid. In order to examine this, and also to check the course of his thoughts, he stamped on the floor with all the energy he possessed. Indeed, the floor was solid.

But what was that? He was overwhelmed by an enormous fear. He felt dizzy, he didn't know what to do with himself. The sound which he had caused with his stamping and which resounded through the spheres was like a piercing pain. It reflected in all of life, so that it could be heard in the entire surroundings. His fear increased. It hurt him down to the depths of his soul. At last it stopped and he too regained peace again. Oh, what a shock that had been. He understood the disaster he had brought about. A feeling of deep sorrow came over him. Oh, how stupid he had been. He felt ashamed of his violence. How crude he was. He had disturbed the peace of the spirit. How could he ever make amends? Oh, Alcar, he thought, forgive me for this grave mistake. I'm standing here, stamping on his soul to find out whether his soul was solid; oh, my God, forgive me for my mistakes, I am defiling the spiritual life that opened up to me in love! Alcar must have felt this. Without wanting to he had caused pain and sorrow to his leader. It wasn't a physical kind of pain, but he had hurt him deep within his soul. Only man could do that, and so could he, an earthly being. He felt his heart bleeding; he beseeched God for forgiveness. How stupid that his curiosity could have made him forget himself. Alcar had explained everything to him beforehand. His house was his soul, his soul was he himself. That's what he had been stamping on. No, he could never make amends for this, never, he had destroyed a link, defiled the great and

sacred love of his leader. To make matters worse, he had torn his soul apart, and committed the worst of all evils. They had heard his unrest everywhere. It was his doing, due to his curiosity! If only he could flee from here, far away. How puny he was. How long would it take before he too would possess this love? Oh, what a holy fire love was. He had trampled onto that holy fire, onto that pure power of love, on life, on the being that was sacred to him. That's what all of humanity was like. Christ had been nailed to the cross because they didn't understand His love. He had done it too, and yet, no he hadn't wanted this. If only he could make amends.

He wanted to look behind him to see what his leader would have to say to him, but he didn't dare look him in the eye. Yet he must. But when he turned around he got a terrible shock, Alcar wasn't with him. Nowhere was his leader to be seen. What was the meaning of this? He wanted to beseech him for forgiveness, but it wasn't possible. No, it wasn't necessary. Had he hurt Alcar? Yes, of course. Oh, what should he do? Go back again? Go outside? And just as he had decided to go back he heard a voice which wasn't Alcar's, telling him: 'Stay, André. On earth a human being will torment another to the deepest depths of his soul, yet without wanting to: but that too will teach them something if they understand what happened.'

Yes, he understood and he had learnt. Who was this, talking to him in this way? Alcar always talked to him like this, and yet he knew, this wasn't his leader because he could distinguish Alcar's voice out of thousands.

But at that moment the voice spoke to him again and said: 'We will reward your love for our work. Listen, André.'

So the invisible one seemed to know him.

'Look around you', he heard him say, 'I will make a few situations clear to you, and then I will go away. I have known you for quite some time now, let that be sufficient. Your leader will return soon. Go on, André.'

And André went on, step by step. His amazement increased constantly. He saw beautiful flowers everywhere that decorated everything. He was now standing in a large hall. It was majestic. Here too, he hardly dared to look at it, the floor was of the same material as where he had just been. The interior was lit up but he couldn't see

where the light was coming from. Everything radiated towards him, there was life in everything. Never before had he been allowed to perceive anything of such beauty. The walls were decorated and even these walls, if you could call them that, radiated light. He could just about look through them. Above his head he saw the ceiling which looked like the universe. He couldn't find the right words, this was heaven, here he felt himself one with the cosmos and yet he was inside Alcar's house. How was that possible? There too he could look without perceiving anything. Strange everything is, he thought. Here he was within the life of the spirit. On earth man could not imagine such things. And neither could he, if they hadn't allowed him to experience this. How could a house be alive? What miracles lay hidden here? He pondered and felt what all this meant. He didn't want to disturb Alcar's rest a second time, let alone hurt him.

Marble pillars supported the entire building. He saw benches to rest on, surrounded by beautiful flowers. They were flowerbeds. Oh, what a luxury, how holy everything was in Alcar's house, how great his love was. In the middle of the hall he saw a fountain, a beautiful symbolic work of art which he recognized from the third sphere, when he had disembodied for the first time. Did Alcar own this? Yes, he supposed he did. The fountain in the third sphere represented wisdom, strength and love. Alcar was wisdom, strength and nothing but love. The fountain radiated, just like everything he saw. What was this all made of? Oh, if only that could be explained to him! Because how could all these things be alive, and where did that life come from? It was his leader, but he had to admit that everything was too profound for him and that he didn't understand it. He clearly heard him speak: 'This house is a spiritual dwelling and it's made of matter, but of a spiritual essence which we extract from the cosmos. So it's spiritual matter, a compact wholeness which is sustained by the power of the love of the being that lives inside. It feeds and it invigorates, purely by love. It is built according to the wishes of this being, and it will radiate in keeping with the power which the being possesses. That is why everything radiates, why everything is life, because this being lives and possesses this love, in short: Everything will radiate to the extent of the power of love which we possess. This is how man builds himself his own home and as he

ascends, everything will change too. Therefore man is his own creator, which is brought about by his will and the power of his feeling. Everything is alive, everything contains his own life.'

It was even clearer now to André why everything radiated light. A spiritual dwelling was a dwelling filled with the power of love. Everything had been erected artfully and in style, just as the being felt. So Alcar was a great artist. Yes, how great his leader was.

Again the voice spoke: 'Every being has his own feeling towards art, but in this sphere we possess one love and we are one in everything, only later will you understand the deep significance of this.'

Then he heard his invisible leader say: 'Over there you see the property, the inner power of your leader.'

André was standing in front of the fountain which he had already seen.

'You know its meaning, don't you? It also tells you where you are. It is the room of love. When I want to make a spiritual dwelling clear to you, I must address you in your language, it would be impossible for me otherwise. Everything is different but the meaning boils down to the following: As I told you we are standing in the room of love and the being starts to build his dwelling from here.

Around this room of love there are many other spaces but it's not up to me to show them to you. I am only allowed to explain to you how a spiritual dwelling is erected and is partitioned, and how it all ends, when the powers which the being possess cease to exist. Follow me, André.'

He saw the being in front of him become partly visible. It was a beautiful apparition. He, and everything around them was lit up by the light it radiated. He kept on going. First left, then right, he wandered through Alcar's house. He thought it would never end. He couldn't perceive anything and yet he felt that he was still in Alcar's dwelling, in his own life. The mass closed in on itself like a single wholeness, but bands of light made it clear to him that it was nevertheless partitioned. These were separate parts but he couldn't perceive anything else. He also saw it in various colours and everything kept on changing. It was just as he had seen it from afar: Everything was spherical. The apparition kept going on and he followed it on its heels. Now he was able to perceive more. It got lighter and

lighter, which he thought was very strange.

Suddenly a golden light shone upon him: The spiritual light from the fifth sphere. He was in nature, outside of Alcar's house, and he understood what a spiritual dwelling meant. He had been allowed to experience this. It couldn't be any clearer. Alcar's house dissolved. Here he found himself in a condition which was even less dense than in the room of love. Everything had been visible to him there, but here he found himself in unknown parts of his leader's house which could only be made clear to him in this way. He understood what this spiritual substance was and how it was maintained. It was living matter.

'Look down below, André', he heard the voice say. And immediately he saw a very glaring light that pierced the mass and made the room of love visible to him. Did he see correctly? Was it his leader he thought he perceived? The image down there in the depths got increasingly clearer. Yes, he shouted with joy, it was his Alcar. Oh, that's marvellous, he thought, so Alcar hadn't left because of the terrible thing that happened. How far removed he still was from his leader.

'You see, André, that a spiritual dwelling dissolves. This possession ascends higher and higher until it will, one day, have reached the sixth sphere. That's how man proceeds in order to work on himself, to embellish his possession. On and on, until he has reached the Divine attunement, and his condition, his dwelling, his life, his love will have passed on to the Divine. My task is now finished, I will lead you back to your leader.'

André wanted to thank the invisible angel, but his gratitude was not accepted.

'Don't thank me', he heard, 'my brother wanted it this way. Thank God for this wisdom, my son, and make good use of it.'

He was sent back in a flash. The mass got ever denser, it took on shape, and he recognized the hall where the fountain stood. He was back again in the room of love. Alcar was standing there. André rushed towards his leader and knelt down in front of him. Deeply moved by all this love he wept, because Alcar found no guilt either.

'Come, my dear André. After all, you didn't know. Look at me, André.'

André looked at his leader with tears in his eyes and was startled.

Not with dismay this time, but with wonder. Alcar, Alcar, how beautiful you are. His leader was wearing a beautiful, luminous garment. He was rejuvenated and appeared in radiant beauty. Never before had he seen his leader like this. He was in his own surroundings, as young as an angel.

‘Come, my boy, sit down, there’s such a lot I’ve got to explain to you and clarify. Don’t let fear and sorrow take hold of you; all this had to happen too, you wouldn’t have understood otherwise. I wanted it this way, André. Does it all feel different now?’

André was speechless.

‘Now you will know what a spiritual dwelling is. Your fear was my fear. Your sorrow was my sorrow, we were one and will remain one. I called my leader to my side, he showed you my dwelling, I couldn’t do this myself, in spite of my willingness. This needed an even higher power. I’m not yet able to link up with those ethereal parts. That won’t be possible until my inner condition has changed too, I mean the development of my love. At that time everything which is still invisible to me now, will become clear to me too. So I will go on, and again there will be parts which are invisible and will remain so until I, my house, in other words my soul, until my entire being has dissolved in the All. Is that clear to you?’

‘Yes, Alcar, all of it. I thank God for this holy mercy.’

‘Now I will explain all the other situations to you. Ubronus guided you. He is a spirit of love too and dwells in the sixth sphere. He also works on earth and he is here temporarily. This provisional period can last for ten years in terms of earthly reckoning. But we have no knowledge of time. All of us, and thousands with him, are under the able guidance of Cesarino, our master. But I will tell you more about that later. Now look at the fountain and take a seat, André. Let spiritual peace descend in you, you will need a lot of strength on earth to make clear to humanity what you experienced through disembodiment.’

Now he saw how beautiful the fountain was. It stood on a beautiful pedestal within a basin where fish of various colours were swimming around. Here, in life after death, everything lived that was known in nature on earth. Man was one with the realm of plants and animals.

One in all. Beautiful flowers flourished around the fountain. How mighty this symbol of love was. He kept on crying out with amazement. Again Alcar showed him a spiritual marvel.

‘Look at this, my boy, take some of these fruits, they will strengthen you.’

André saw how everything within Alcar’s house formed a unity. Here he stood in the midst of nature. Everywhere fruit grew and flowers bloomed, in ineffable colours.

‘Go ahead, André, take some, they’re there to strengthen man.’

André picked a fruit. It was unbelievable, soft juice flowed into his mouth. It resembled an earthly peach, but this fruit was nothing but juice. He felt invigorated, he couldn’t find words to describe this.

‘We possess everything on this side. Why shouldn’t we have fruit too? I will show you even more wonders. A spiritual dwelling is a paradise in itself. Man possesses this attunement and is one with the life that lives in his condition. Here everything lives and grows and rejoices in an enhanced condition. Look over there, André.’

At that moment various birds flew inside. Only now did he see that Alcar’s house was open. He was surprized that he hadn’t noticed this before. He could see in all directions. Immediately he heard: ‘Because you weren’t linked up.’ Alcar spoke to him in the spiritual language because the birds were flying in. It moved him deeply that the animals took place on Alcar’s arms, his head and his legs.

‘My little pets, André. They know that I’m back and they’ve come to greet me.’

Love, nothing but love was what André saw. A heavenly peace settled within him. This was a tremendous moment to him. The animals made room for each other to greet their master. They all sang their song which moved him to the bottom of his soul. It was heavenly. Pure, perfect love was given and received here. Nothing but that holy power did he feel and experience, which made him happy. He saw how a beautiful white bird flew inside, another miracle for him to experience. The bird settled itself on the rim of the fountain and dropped some food from his beak into the basin, from which André gathered that it was feeding the fish. Love, love again was shown to him. One life fed the other. No power greater than

love. No love purer than God's life. The bird left the fountain, flew around it a few times and then it landed on his master's shoulder with an elegant sweep. It pressed its little head against Alcar as if it wanted him to sense its love. The others made room for it and sang in unison as if they were tuning in with everything. There were tears in André's eyes. He wanted to hide it, but it was impossible. All this was too overpowering to him, an earthly human being.

'How sweet to come and greet us', he heard his leader say to the birds. He understood that Alcar was about to pray, and he also bowed his head in humility, because he felt the need to thank God for all these sacred things.

'Holy love. How loving to feed the other form of life. I know that you carry and sense God's holy Life. Here you are one, in tranquility and peace. How can we thank the Creator for all the things given to us. How deep shall we bow our heads for all the goodness He bestows on us. We are truly one with God. We can approach God in love, knowing that we will be given in abundance. Only in love. God granted us this peace, this knowledge, these holy powers. Our life is His. God's holy Power lies within you too, within you lies His love, because we bear one life, because we are one life. Our own life makes us see our Father, that is how we get to know Him in order to give ourselves in love. Your path, precious life, we will follow. You don't ask for any gratitude, for any support, you feed because you know that you must help others. You will alleviate hunger, you will give love. But what about the deeds of man who lives on earth? Where I work, I see how one life destroys the other. A person will satiate himself with another's grief and sorrow. Can that be God's intention? Of course not, God had something else in mind. God brought mankind together in love, but man forgot his attunement. They followed a different path, a path that led them into darkness, from which only few escaped. On earth they use your life to feed man; but that doesn't satisfy them, they torment you, they let you starve and then they draw off your vital juices to cure man. That is what they need God's holy Life for. That's how deep man's mind has fallen. They defile God's holy Life, they do it shamelessly. Oh, so much evil of all kinds is committed on earth. I don't want to embitter your pure life by telling you about their life. I will abide by that,

we're only gathered here for a short time. Everything is cruel, they don't sense our love in anything. All love is smothered; they know only passion and violence. That's what man wallows in, he knows nothing else. Help me to ask for power, that God may strengthen me to lead them back to our path that takes them towards the light. Pray with me for strength and support, that it may be granted to me, that God may strengthen my will, and increase my vision in order that I may look into their lives to make them see. Help me to ask for this mercy, that I may succeed, that our love may flow into their hearts so that they will get to know a different kind of life. Only by love, this holy power, the Divine Flame, will their hearts melt, will their life change, will they learn to see. At present mankind is blind, spiritually deaf and blind. Alas, that's what they are. May God grant me the power to link His Light and His Love to their life. May His blessing rest on our task. Now go over to my brother, let him feel your love, it will strengthen him.'

The miraculous thing happened.

The bird rose up, flew around the fountain and landed on André's shoulder. He could no longer control his emotions and he let his tears flow freely.

'Come, my son, be strong. To receive love, pure and perfect love, will only mean happiness and strength. Here love is power, it will ease the pain, change grief and sorrow into sacred happiness. Accept everything. God lives in all things and here His Power can be felt. Everything is a matter of concentration, André, nothing else. I spoke to him in order to make myself understood to you, but it's not necessary. He senses me and will act in keeping with my feeling. It will be clear to you that we can link ourselves up with all of life.'

A warm, happy feeling came over him. It was the warm cherishing love of the animal. It radiated love too and lived in love.

'Now I want to make my spiritual dwelling clear to you. Try to understand me, André, it's very difficult. I will try to picture it in an earthly way, which will make it easier for you to understand. You already know where we are now, it's the room of love. And all around there are various other rooms, they're all character traits. They are the rooms of faith, trust, simplicity and hope, humility, prayer, rest and art, and many others are gathered around. Now here's a room

where I can perceive the life I lived on earth. Everything is included, not a thought, nothing whatsoever has been lost. Everything has been retained, that's why we call it our earthly room. It's the room of truth. You will be able to wander about for hours without perceiving, as you have already experienced. So they're character traits, all my own. Many other character traits are incorporated here, all of them rooms which, however, I myself don't even know because these are still invisible to me. So it will be clear to you that I don't yet possess this awareness. I still have a lot to experience, and all these situations will gradually become visible to me as I ascend, because my inner feeling will attune to it.

I spent a lot of time in the room of truth in order to proceed to the room of prayer. And then on to the room of concentration and strong will-power, to attune me to the room of love, enabling me to link up. And so I continue decorating my house which I can only do by giving love, by being something for other people. In that way I will find attunement to higher conditions and will one day pass on to even higher conditions, and then my house will have more beauty too, and I myself will possess more happiness and wisdom, yes, everything will exist in an even higher attunement. Until my film of life will have changed into gold. But this will take thousands of years, yet I know that one day I will be allowed to enter this happiness, that enhanced condition, if I keep on following my path in this way. If we always feel that it's possible to ascend, then we will put in everything we possess to capture that happiness, which is God's holy will. The foundations support the whole, which is the power of love of every creature that lives here in the fifth sphere. The room of love is decorated with various other traits. Either by art or by other attunements which man possesses, and were developed in an enhanced stage. That's why every dwelling is different, yet the rooms of love are one. Is that clear to you? So no two creatures are identical, but they all possess one love and that's what connects them. It will also become clear to you when I tell you that one being may be more apt in art than another, who in his turn has developed far beyond the first in certain other conditions. In that way one is proficient in music, another in sculpture, yet another in painting and subsequent aspects of art which they have mastered. You will get to

know these conditions too on another journey. So here everybody is one in everything, and this also applies to our heavenly dwelling. On earth people live outside of everything, whereas we are one with everything and linked up. It will be clear to you, as you have already experienced all this, that a spiritual being is one with his dwelling and that his possession will radiate according to the love he possesses. As I said, I can only show you the room of love and even here, where we are right now, you cannot perceive everything because you're unable to fathom my deepest inner powers. Is that clear to you too, André?

'Yes, Alcar.'

'Marvellous, then on we go. Ubronus drew you up into my higher attunement, so that you received a clear image, it would otherwise have been impossible for me to make this all clear to you. It enabled you to see and feel that a spiritual dwelling is in a spherical state. The spheres have the same shape as my house. So a sphere is a spherical condition, which makes it attune to the universe; in other words, our house reflects the universe. So a spiritual dwelling is the exact image of the universe. The power of love links up all the rooms and maintains them. You have perceived their partitioning. Likewise thousands of conditions of feeling exist within man, which are the traits that shape him. Concentration and strong will power enable the traits to be fed by the power of love which is present, which the being possesses. And as a trait develops, it will become enlightened and that room will be visible to the creature that lives in that condition. Do you feel, André, how it all functions?'

'I understand you completely, Alcar.'

'Splendid, then I'll continue. At present I am attuned to this sphere, which is a condition; and this condition is my dwelling and it's me. So my condition is a state of love, which finds attunement to this sphere. This sphere is life, and life is God and so God is everything that lives here. That's why on earth they say: God's house has many mansions. Millions of creatures live in God's house; in the house of our Father, that's where they live. So my house is a part of this sphere, a part of God, because I have attained this degree of attunement.

Now a human being finds attunement to a condition, a condition is a sphere, a sphere is a part of the universe, which enables me to

demonstrate to you what a sphere is like. Now look at the fountain: We descend right from the top. We reach the rim of the basin. That's what the spheres are like, it's the easiest way to explain their position. But one cannot perceive it, because a sphere is infinite. You can encircle the earth, but that's impossible in the cosmos. Wherever man is, he feels himself to be one, he is one and will be so forever. Wherever he is, that's where the centre is. So there is no end; that's what our house will be like one day, our inner, infinite life, unfathomable love which we will possess, allowing us to find attunement to God and be Divine one day. There's a master in every sphere. And all other beings in this sphere live around this master who has attunement to a higher sphere. A master sacrifices himself for others and possesses the power and the authority to extend mercy.

We have our festivities, my son, which millions of beings take part in when they are in these conditions. But even when they perform a task they are one and will experience what is experienced within their own condition. They are and remain one, wherever they are. Is that clear to you too?

'Yes, Alcar.'

'So wherever I am, either on earth, here, or in any other conditions, I am and remain in my own attunement. So I will experience everything as if I were actually present.'

'How profound everything is, Alcar. And full of miracles.'

'I already told you, André, there are no miracles here. Everything is truth and life. When we have experienced the life of which we still have no knowledge, the miracle dissolves before our eyes. So there are no miracles, everything is life. So I can do my work and partake of spiritual festivities. But this isn't always the case, it depends on the things that take place. We too are bound by laws. When we participate, we clothe ourselves in beautiful garments. These garments radiate in accordance with the power of love of the being. The masters give concerts and are gathered. Don't compare them to earthly masters whose abilities have no relation to the possessions within this attunement. You will experience this too. Our instruments cannot be compared to those on earth. Here life itself induces us to play, because life serves us. Our music is rendered in colours. If you understand this, then I say that here we play, even interpret life

according to the extent it radiates. So our notes are hues of colour. You will shortly participate in a spiritual festivity, which will be the most sacred event of our journey. It will be clear to you that a sphere is a heaven. Likewise every creature possesses a heaven, it's a heaven of its own and in that way many beings can make up one heaven and thousands of beings are able to shape a heaven. So man can possess, and he is either a heaven or a hell, either alone or in the company of many thousands. In that way two beings can shape a heaven, which means that they are twin-souls, twin-brothers or twin-sisters. Thousands or millions together shape one heaven. All spheres bear different names, right from the very first spiritual attunement onward. Here we know the first happy heaven in spiritual attunement, as I already explained to you, didn't I? Then there's the sphere of flowers, or the heaven of flowers.

The seventh sphere, the music and art sphere, is the blissful heaven. It will be clear to you, André, that we constantly keep on changing, which is what the cycle of the soul implies and is.

Now you will know who I am and why we are together. On earth, André, I was an artist, a painter, at the time when the masters lived on earth. My paintings are still kept in museums, even though hundreds of years have since gone by. On earth I was convinced of a life everlasting, because I too sensed that I was being helped. Every artist is, to a certain extent, a medium. I knew that an artist is able to receive his aspirations from higher sources, depending on his attunement. There were times when I clearly sensed how I was being influenced by invisible forces. On rare occasions I saw these powers and forces in the shape of a figure, and I tried to link up with that power, which helped my abilities to develop. But only on this side did I see the truth. I passed on at an early age. I was forty-two when I went on my last journey. During my career I mainly painted religious subjects, such as the exodus from Egypt, Golgotha, the Last Supper and many others, too many to mention. My art was my life. I can and may honestly say, André: I didn't come to grief. I didn't mess up my life. On this side I understood the great blessing of my early transition. Here I got to know myself. Here I understood the meaning of my life on earth and also what a blessing it is to be allowed to possess one of God's gifts. It was here that I learnt

that these masters won't return, not even in a thousand years, and this also applies to those who possess the gift of music. So a second Beethoven will never be born again, because the art which finds attunement in the second sphere has already been given on earth. But more about that later.

When I had become convinced of many conditions on this side, I returned to earth. To my dismay I saw that many of my friends were following a dark path and had to be considered lost. My mentor was in a similar position. It hurt me to see them succumb, which made me decide to help them. I tried to help them from here, but I had to give it up because they could not be reached in that way. This knowledge caused me a lot of sorrow. Those whom I loved were in the hands of demons. In the end I returned to the spheres. In the third sphere I learnt how to act upon man. Years went by. I also got to know the human body, as one can also master these studies on our side. I studied this science in order to return to earth one day and help mankind. Again I hurried to earth and stayed there for quite some time and wandered around. I experienced all the things that interested me as an invisible onlooker. Afterwards I returned to the spheres and descended, to help in the dark spheres, which enabled me to get to know that kind of life too. It will be clear to you now why I can find my way around so well down there.

My friends passed on one after the other. Some were happy, but others were in a dark condition. I was soon able to convince them of this life, as they knew that I had already died before them. I made it clear to them how they could develop to attain a higher attunement.

Again I returned to earth. I experienced thousands of situations, of which I have shown you many, from within my own condition. I helped unfortunate creatures there too. I also got acquainted with the powers that enabled me to do useful work on earth. I saw their needs and their sorrow, their lack of spiritual nourishment and their ignorance of an eternal life, and I clearly sensed that man first of all needed to get to know himself. I lived on earth as a spirit for years on end. Afterwards I returned and asked my master to help me. It was Ubronus who supported me in everything. He helped me to find a useful instrument on earth, to whom I wanted to pass on all the wisdom I had acquired in order to make it known on earth. I

primarily wanted to convince them of a life that continues forever.

Ubronus told me: 'Look for an instrument that possesses the same attunement, which will make it possible to achieve something on earth. It has to possess your own character traits, otherwise you won't accomplish the goal you have set yourself.'

We visited the earth together, in search of an instrument. And I too became acquainted with the miraculous, my son, because I had imagined everything to be completely different. My mind was set on finding an adult who was conscious of his own condition. But Ubranos taught me to follow a different path.

'Look for a child', he said, 'and link yourself up with that life. Attune yourself and develop it in its young years. Protect it and take care it is not affected by strange influences which would be disadvantageous for its inner condition.'

That is how I found you, André. All the other conditions you already know; you know how I made myself known to you. But in your youth I have had to protect you from many other situations in life. I followed you painstakingly on all your paths. I received help there too and was able to skill myself in other sciences. It was all related to life after death. And when I was allowed one morning to begin, and to set up a link after I had had to wait for twenty-six years, I was happy that my work was about to start. It took me a long time to get that far and to convince you that the psychic conditions, psychic mediumship, meant spiritual gold to you. Through you, André, I and many others with me will be able to help humanity to make life on earth, and this life too, clear to them. I developed you so that you would be able to disembody and by now we have already visited this side various times together. Often, my boy, I saw my work in jeopardy. You were in other hands, in the hands of evil. But we came through, due to your love, but also due to the will to do the right thing. Oh, how hard those times were. Years of waiting, years of exertion were lost. I begged for help, kept on begging until you were back in my hands again and your eyes would remain open. To have to look on, André, how demons take control over love, is terrible. I thank God that it never got that far that you were destroyed too. You thought that you heard me talking, but it wasn't me, I was no longer able to reach you. I steered clear of all the dan-

gers; I succeeded, you have learnt and you know how their life was over there. And now my son dwells in the fifth sphere, as an earthly being. And if you continue doing our work, then even more beautiful situations will be revealed to you. Many sisters and brothers whom you convinced on earth and whom you were allowed to help, are already on this side. In time, when you arrive here, they will all be waiting for you and you will receive eternal happiness. They will all be waiting for you, André, and to many of them you will be able to serve as a guide on this side when they arrive in this life.

Everything you have experienced until now you will make known, and I will help you in this.

And now the moment has come for us to go on to the most sacred part of this journey, to heaven, in the life of the spirit.'

*A spiritual consecration,
and back to earth*

The bird that was still resting on André's shoulder prepared itself, as if felt it that the moment of parting had come. It flew onto Alcar's shoulder who caressed it and spoke a few words of love to the animal. Then it flew around the fountain in a wide curve, as if it were protecting the fountain and all other life, and disappeared into nature.

'Farewell, my life. We will return.'

And to the other birds that were perched on the rim of the fountain, Alcar also spoke words of love, and then they too flew off.

Alcar stared after them; André didn't know what to do with himself, he was so moved by this farewell. The event touched him deeply.

'And now, my boy, just one more glance into a spiritual house. You won't return here for a long time. Months will go by because first you must assimilate all this on earth. Absorb everything as intently as you can so that you will pass it on truthfully.'

André was about to leave. He felt that he would collapse. How hard it was to part with all this. And yet he had to. He already feared the moment that he would awaken on earth and life in matter would begin again. But he didn't want to be ungrateful and preferred to thank his leader for all these sacred things. Yet he was speechless. He summoned up courage. First he had to try and earn himself this

happiness. How hard it must be for Alcar to live here and leave all this beauty behind in order to work in darkness and in the cold. He understood his leader's battle on earth to help mankind.

The moment had come. Alcar was standing in front of the fountain and looked at the life that was moving about in the basin.

'Alcar', André said, 'there's not much I can say, but I feel the need to thank especially you. But before I part from here, I do want to tell you this: I will do my best on earth and I won't make it difficult for you.'

André knelt down before his great leader. Alcar bent down over his instrument, the few words told him everything.

'I thank you, my son. God's blessing will rest upon our work. Now on to the festivity in the spheres.'

A shiver went through him while he was about to leave Alcar's dwelling. How would Alcar be feeling now?

'A spirit of light carries his heaven within.' André understood.

Hand in hand they glided on, to a different condition which would be the last one on this journey. A golden glow gleamed in everything. How powerful love was, and how he had got to know it. They had acquired this happiness through much sorrow and grief. He saw how the landscape seemed to keep on mounting. It looked as if he were emerging out of a valley and approaching the highest part in an softly undulating upward direction. He saw temples and buildings in beautiful colours below him, they were all radiating, and he understood its meaning now. Lots of beings passed them by, all following the same direction. They were talking to each other, he saw and sensed this clearly. It was wondrous. Nothing special to them, because they lived within this life. Sometimes he would see them in front of him, and then they would suddenly disappear before his eyes, as if they had dissolved in the air. André didn't understand it. He asked his leader what this meant and he was told: 'When we link up, and are attuned to their concentration, we see them, it's not possible in any other way. They can also remain invisible, even though they live in this sphere and we have one and the same attunement. So this is because they move faster than we do and therefore they're invisible. But some amongst them are already attuned to a connecting sphere and will soon enter the sixth sphere. We will move along

faster now. We'll soon be there.'

André thought he could perceive a big white light in the distance. The closer they got, the clearer the light became visible to him.

'What is that light over there, Alcar?'

'What you see is the light that is radiated by the Temple of Happiness. It's the power of life. That's where beings are united. You will experience how some of our sisters and brothers will ascend. They will be admitted to the sixth sphere.'

André saw an immense building, made of snow-white marble, of a very curious shape, and representing a cross. From afar it looked very impressive.

Alcar slowly descended, until they had reached the ground. He saw angels that came gliding along from all directions. He was seeing angels afloat. What would have been a fairy tale on earth, he now saw coming true in the spirit. Beautiful phosphorescent garments they wore. They were all young and beautiful, shining with a heavenly glow. Everything was alive, they all radiated light. They would remain young, for ever young.

'Many of them are a thousand years old, my son, others are younger. There are some among them who are two and three thousand years old.'

André saw nothing but miracles. What a blessing to be allowed to live here. André thought that they were at the front of the temple. He looked at his leader to receive the truth from him. But Alcar smiled and said: 'Here we don't think in terms of back or front, here everything is open, wherever you live. In the life of the spirit nothing can be hidden. The Temple symbolizes the life of our great Master Jesus Christ, the perfect Child of God, erected by His holy powers.'

He saw fountains everywhere squirting their rays as high as the heavens and transforming life into billions of colours. Everywhere he saw happiness, nothing but love.

Thousands of beings were gathered, in love. What was beauty on earth compared to all this? He felt happy with their happiness. They all radiated wisdom, power and love. Was this the land of love of which he had spoken? He saw a similar image while he spoke. Everything indicated that it had to be this condition. Alcar must have passed on the inspiration to him. What he had conveyed to the

living dead was Alcar's possession. He had told nothing but the truth, nothing but the eternal truth. It was enough to make him feel happy that he had managed to pass on everything so clearly. Alcar had convinced them by telling them about his own life. How happy he was that he would one day possess this power and this happiness.

Oh, how beautiful they all were. There was a heavenly glow in their eyes. It showed the power of the being. It struck him so vividly because there were so many of them together. What a difference to man on earth. The most beautiful people he had ever seen there were unfortunate on this side when they sensed their beauty. Their beauty was no more than pathetic vanity. On earth the people were old, even if they thought they were young and beautiful. Spiritually old they all were here, yet young and beautiful, this was their wisdom, and it made them radiate. They were all like suns, providing others with warmth.

'Come over here, André, we'll sit down here.'

There were benches to rest wherever he had been in the spheres. Here these were sculptures, representing various things, such as suns, stars and planets, spheres and other symbolic images. He also understood that he was in a special condition because nobody was taking any notice of him. How willingly would he have spoken with them, just to hear their voices for a short while. But he sensed that this was impossible, as he dwelt in Alcar's own attunement. And he felt satisfied. After all, how great this blessing was to be allowed to see and experience all this. It would already spell happiness to many on earth if they were allowed to perceive all this in a vision. No, he was in a grateful disposition. His gratitude rose up to God from the bottom of his soul. One day he would be allowed to partake of everything, when he too possessed this attunement. He would fight to capture this great truth. Oh, there was so much happiness awaiting him and all the people on earth. Some day he would become united with Alcar for all eternity. He would gladly die on earth to possess this happiness. For anyone who would want to take over his life. But this was impossible. He would do anything because in this life there was nothing but happiness.

'Are they all together here, Alcar?'

'Here too, my boy. The richest people on earth, rulers and emper-

ors, the poorest amongst the poor, here everything is one. Listen, the masters are starting to convey their high spiritual feelings in art.'

He felt a deep silence. The sacred event was about to happen. He heard the tones rising in the distance. It approached from afar and sounded melodious in his ears. It had started like a soft whispering. But within that whispering heaven and earth were united. It was one, he clearly sensed it. It caused a tingling feeling in his whole body. An enormous power came over him. All beings knelt down. Alcar too, and he knelt down beside his leader. He felt himself grow humble in a way he had never known before. His soul cried out with gratitude towards God. Now he sensed a different kind of gratitude than he thought he could feel on earth. Compared to this feeling his emotion on earth was rebellious, even though he thought he was approaching God in those moments. How distant he was down there from this sacred feeling. It laid miles apart. His heart contracted and life oppressed him. It was as if he felt all the sins anew which he had committed. He had asked for forgiveness for all his errors but he felt that they were still within him. The more beautiful the music got, the more he changed. His power of feeling kept on changing. Everything came back to him, he saw his entire life on earth passing by. A piercing feeling of grief overwhelmed him. He felt his shortcomings in everything. Here he experienced everything, expressed by the masters. Deep-down he wept, but no tears appeared. He swallowed them back, he wanted nobody to see his shortcomings. He wanted to digest all this by himself. It had become part of him, it was his life. Now he felt himself gliding away from here. He was being led across hills and valleys. Oh that music, it wasn't the kind of music that was drawn from instruments on earth. It was stupendous, it tore a person apart. He felt himself gliding on and on. One moment he would be very high up, the next found him just above the ground. He felt life dancing within, it was the dance of life. Never before had music ever moved him as it did now. It gently carried him back to the spot where he was, in their midst, in the fifth sphere. Suddenly it became stronger and fiercer, it was like a storm that destroyed everything around. It returned, as if a holy being was whispering something in its ear and spoke of happiness and bliss. He sensed everything and understood this mighty sym-

phony which denoted life. It was as if God Himself were talking to him. Here they told him that lots of happiness was awaiting him if he understood life. Like in a film he saw hundreds of images passing by. He recognized continents and they were about to link him up with other planets. He descended down into deep depths and he saw the darkness and felt the cold creeping up in him. He saw Christ, in all the sorrow He had gone through, and he felt the pains when He was nailed to the cross. Who made him experience all this? How would he ever be able to stand up to all this? He was one in this sphere, they were letting him experience what they felt here. He was moved and he felt his powers ebbing away. It oughtn't to last very much longer. What a power this music bore! All the angels were connected with the masters. They too sensed their holy power. He must exert himself even more if he wanted to be able to bear all this to the very end. He took Alcar's hand and gripped it tightly in his.

What was he hearing now? From afar the sound of beautiful singing reached his ears. Thousands of voices were united. He had never before heard anyone sing in such pure tones, it was as pure as their radiation. The masters accompanied the singing. There was a voice he heard above all the others, it had a heavenly beauty. It seemed as if he were to receive even more happiness. Life entered him. He felt the power of their love, enclosed within their song. He literally understood all the sounds. All the angels were singing in unison: God is love. God is happiness. Love is life throughout all the centuries. Love is being one with Him. Oh, an awareness of great, holy happiness had entered him. He understood their feeling, life was in him.

Blessed are those who receive happiness. United in love, in peace, in happiness, one forever. It was meant for them who were to be united. Whatever God connected, He connected with Himself. The beauty of the spheres, the love of the spheres, the happiness of Angels, the beauty of angels. Give love and you will receive.

He felt drained, it was too much for him. Alcar kept a tight hold on him so he would remain on his feet. Everything ended in a holy silence. The angels remained on their knees for a long time. All were quiet, it was even more quiet than before the masters had begun. At last they all rose and went over to the Temple of Happiness where they entered.

‘Their prayer has come to an end and so has ours, André. That’s how we pray in the spheres. That’s how we prepare ourselves before taking part in a festivity. They all felt a higher love which they will possess later on. Be strong, my boy. The end has not yet arrived, we will enter too.’

André kept tight hold of his leader, he didn’t want to let go of Alcar again. Thousands of angels had entered by now. He hadn’t the courage; was he really prepared to dwell in their midst? Wouldn’t he be disturbing this holy event?

‘No, you may enter, my boy. Your prayer has been heard, and this made you receive new strength.’

They entered hand in hand. Here no beings were sent back, it would hold millions of beings. Everything was almighty. He sensed that this building would dissolve too. It was expanding, there were walls, but the walls were alive. It contained the life of Christ. The first thing he noticed was the cruciform shape of the Temple. It was Christ’s holy life. Everything was bathed in a white radiating light that lit up all the beings. The Temple seemed endless. Christ’s life was endless, inexhaustible, it had no ending. Here they were in His house of love. All the beings who lived in the fifth sphere would be able to enter. He felt dazed, it was overpowering. Miracles from a higher sphere were being shown to him here. This all entered him and he understood that Alcar was silently telling him this. He was being spoken to in a spiritual language. He could see the angels from far away. There was no distance here, he felt and saw everything that was present on this spot. There was no hindrance in the spirit, they were all one. Flowers in immaculate white decorated the interior of the Temple. On an elevated pedestal he saw two beings kneeling down, dressed in snow-white garments. Their heads deeply bowed, their hands folded, as white as marble. André sensed that they were attuned to higher powers. The holy moment seemed to be near. God was within them, he felt the breath of life which maintained all life.

A soft, heavenly sound rang out. All the angels lifted their head, waiting for something that was imminent. Above the two happy ones he saw some light appearing. They were all watching it. Now he heard melodious singing. It was a prayer which the two beings

were sending up to God. The prayer got more and more fervent, it flowed into his soul and he too prayed for their happiness. He saw a halo of light around both heads which he could clearly distinguish. He saw softer hues in her light than in his, which made him sense the masculine powers. His creative power contained his strong light which linked up with hers. The lights flowed together, they were already connected in their radiation.

He now saw many other miracles. The walls began to come alive and displayed whole scenes. He saw the universe, the stars and planets and the life of Christ drawing by. He saw the same scenes above the two angels. The universe was awakening, it was being shown to everyone. Look, he felt, life is awaiting you. Life is waiting, you may enter higher spheres. Other planets were being shown, it was life descending. Christ, the perfect Son of God was to come. In Him all were one. He, the cosmically roused, was about to descend. The connection had been made. They had all perceived a flash of Him and they were connected with His holy life.

Now they all bowed their heads, every being prayed for strength and love in order to be admitted to a higher state, just as the two would be.

After this impressive silence the entire Temple was suddenly lit up. The two angels were lit up by a ray of light. It continued to get brighter. From all directions rays of light flashed and lit up the two children who were to be united forever. In front of them he saw a golden light rising, like a sun. Life was approaching. The holy moment had arrived. Alcar pushed his hand into André's as if his leader wanted to tell him that the moment had come. The two beings were like marble statues. Their garments blazed as they were lit by the heavenly light. All the angels concentrated themselves on this moment. André saw how something became visible within that golden sun. It was a being. He saw it clearly within this golden frame. Now it stepped forward, it was alive. The being remained enveloped in a haze but stretched out both arms and blessed the two angels. The holy moment had come, two lives were being admitted. As suddenly as the light had come, it vanished again. Christ, the Perfect Son of God had made Himself manifest. Angels sang, the masters accompanied them, a mighty choir set in, it was one magnificent event, everything was love.

André felt himself subsiding, he couldn't take this in. He could still hear the singing that receded further and further away. Suddenly he was no longer aware of his surroundings. When he awoke, he still felt Alcar's hand in his and he understood that no other powers but God could ever separate them. He opened his eyes and looked at his leader.

'Well, my boy, so you've come round again?'

André took both Alcar's hands to thank him for everything. He was speechless. And so they glided along for quite a while, earthward bound. His concentration had still not returned. His thoughts seemed paralyzed. He had experienced supreme happiness, he was intoxicated with happiness. Slowly his powers returned.

'Where are we, Alcar?'

'On our way to the earth.'

'No longer in your sphere?'

'No, my boy.'

'Oh, how beautiful everything was. I'm stunned with happiness.'

'It will invigorate your soul powers. You witnessed the most sacred part of our journey: a heavenly connection which you were allowed to experience as an earthly being. It's a mercy which only one human being in a thousand may partake of.'

André saw that he was in the third sphere, and he felt how they were gliding towards the earth at great speed. A few more moments and this beautiful disembodiment would belong to the past. It would support him during his entire life on earth. They reached the earth within a few moments, and he entered his room.

'You will be consciously know everything you have experienced, my son. It means wisdom in the spirit and it will mean nothing but strength in your earthly life. Hasten to set off on your task of making this known to mankind. I will help you. But it depends on your own feeling to convey everything just as I showed it to you. That's up to you, you can count on our help.'

Again André knelt down before his leader to thank him for everything.

'Be strong, my boy, we will be together again soon.'

André felt how he ascended, then descended again and with a slight tremor he once again returned into his material body. With a

great, happy feeling he awoke and he heard his leader speak: 'You are now linked up again with your physical garment. You dwell on earth, I'm on this side, yet we are one, forever, eternally. But before I break off our link I ask you not to forget the slightest thing you were allowed to experience. Start on your task soon. New miracles will await you afterwards. Your Alcar.'

André heard nothing more and fell into a deep sleep. In the morning he awoke and knew what he had experienced that night. He felt happy and could have wept with joy. He felt a great, sacred feeling within, and he knew the reason why. It was the happiness which those felt who dwelt in the hereafter. In happiness, in love, one forever. They had cast off their material garment; they understood what life on earth meant.

CHAPTER VII

One with the life that God has laid down in all things

HIS beautiful gift allowed André to undergo many experiences. Various occult problems were solved and explained to him, but what he experienced in the following situation was undoubtedly the most incredible thing that he had spiritually received until now. The reader will therefore ask himself whether there are people on this world or on the side beyond who are able to sense this kind of happening or can be linked up with it. Many will shrug their shoulders because they can't accept it.

Yet through those who live behind the veil, André was allowed to experience all the things he has told. Due to his great talent, God's holy gift, this all came true.

So once again: everything is the truth, and nothing but the truth. He was allowed to experience all of it.

One afternoon, when he was alone in his room, he was brought into a condition which enabled him to sense life in everything. It was a wondrous happening and for him it was a glorious moment. After that moment he felt a great happiness surging up in him and he sensed love for everything alive. It was a moment of blessed happiness for which he could not thank God enough. In his mind he dwelt on the side beyond with all his friends whom he had already seen pass on. He thought, how will I see them back again, because many, he was sure of that, would possess happiness, while others dwelt in deep darkness. He thought most of all about the latter, they needed help. He felt profoundly linked up with them at that moment, and in this condition a miracle was revealed to him.

In the morning, when he awoke, he felt that he was in a condition which was unfamiliar to him. This immediately struck him. It was a peace, a quietness that lay within him, which couldn't be found on earth, no matter where.

He first thought that he had disembodied, but he brushed these thoughts aside because Alcar always let him disembody consciously and would warn him beforehand. If he was to experience a problem,

everything was different too. No, he hadn't been in the spheres. That feeling of inner spiritual quietness remained with him that entire morning, until the moment when he sensed that he was under a certain influence, which made him understand its meaning, and so he became connected with the miraculous. In the past this peaceful feeling even used to scare him, because he hadn't known what would happen to him. Again this was the case, but he had learnt to wait and no longer make himself nervous, because all the instances of proof had given him this confidence. It had developed into a strong knowledge. Nowadays it no longer frightened him and he would wait in submission for the things to come.

While he was deep in thought, he suddenly felt how he was being acted upon and that he was passing into another condition. Yet he remained aware of everything that was happening to him and around him. He wondered what this was all about, but he calmly let himself become influenced. In this way, in complete submission, Alcar would be able to reach him. What he felt and perceived was very strange to him. He was being linked up with something he didn't yet understand. Then a lovely scent reached him, which made his interest in the invisible powers around him increase. He looked around whether there were any flowers in his room that spread this odour. But there was only a vase with red tulips and these couldn't have caused this smell.

After these phenomena he heard a soft sound. It seemed as if someone was whispering to him, but not clearly enough to be understood. At times it moved away and then it would be close by again, it was audible above his head too. It was often very fierce as if something unpleasant was happening which brought it into this state.

He wondered what this meant. Were these really sounds he was hearing? Now he heard it again, even more clearly than the first time and he knew that they weren't voices. During his dark séances he had heard the spirits talking and he knew their voices, they sounded just like when they had still dwelt on earth. Their voices were human, but what he heard now was completely different. He had experienced a lot in the field of occultism, but this was strange and therefore new to him.

Again he tried to catch the sound and he listened attentively. No,

these weren't human voices, this was something very peculiar. But what was it? He walked to and fro in his room to hear it more distinctly.

While he was standing in one of the corners of the room, listening, and wanting to turn back again, he felt how he was being stopped. An invisible power prevented him from moving on. He quietly let himself be influenced and he felt how he was being pushed towards the table, where the tulips were.

He immediately understood the meaning and wanted to rush forward but again he felt how he was being held back. Then he was gently pushed forward, and step by step he approached the vase with the tulips. He was aware of everything and able to think normally.

When he had nearly reached the table he got an enormous shock. The sound he had just been hearing had been caused by the tulips. He thought he was going mad. He stood there at the table like a marble statue. What was he to do? What was the meaning of all this? A few seconds passed. He felt prompted to talk to the tulips. There was a strong urge inside of him to do so. Yet he hadn't the courage and thought of various material things to check whether he was still in his right mind.

Yes, he thought, I'm normal, my line of thinking is in perfect order.

It didn't last long before he felt completely linked up with the flowers. A miracle was taking place. When he touched them with his hands, a strange feeling came over him. One flower would induce a sense of peace in him, another brought on fear, yet another made him feel rebellious and he could have destroyed everything around. While he was busy rearranging them one by one, he felt various forces of feeling flowing through his body. His urge to talk increased and when he started, he felt a general approval. He sensed these various transitions of feeling very clearly. The most beautiful and most sacred feeling that came over him was when he sensed how some tulips would soon wither and die. It was a very strange, yet intense feeling, the approaching end of this very brief existence. He was seized by a slight dizziness and he felt sleepy, he felt a delightful peace enter him while sadness overwhelmed him at the same time. He remained linked up with them for several minutes until he suddenly realized how unnaturally he was acting.

He got scared of his own feelings. He, an earthly human being, was talking to flowers and sensed their lives as flowers. They were just like people, with their likes and dislikes, and they had their various emotional traits too. It made his mind reel. For the second time he touched himself, he felt his head and his arms, thought of other material conditions and he observed that he was normal. Am I still in this world, he thought, or have I been taken up into their world? After he had checked everything he was aware that everything was as it should be and that he was able to think and feel, see and hear as any other earthly human being.

He saw his radio standing in its usual place, on the wall he saw one of the paintings that Alcar had made for him. This was a brown suit he was wearing, that was a table over there, he heard people talking on the street below and saw them passing by. Everything was normal and yet he felt that he was in a world which differed from his consciousness on earth. He was alive and aware of everything surrounding him, and yet he was connected with a different kind of life. After he had checked all this, he again began to talk with the flowers. And this time he felt even more intensely linked up with their life.

He felt himself descending from the earth and taking part in the whole process. From seed to flower he sensed where life was leading to, the journey it had made, until they had found a spot here in this vase. The most sacred moment occurred when he witnessed how the bud was about to open up as a flower. A soft moaning, a painful feeling came over him. This awakening was painful to the flower too. He felt how he screwed up within, as if his body was about to blow apart. It was an intense feeling, which he became genuinely aware of.

Afterwards something beautiful took hold of him, it was the song of the life that had now been roused. He sensed how it had been born, and he too felt this happiness. Then he saw a vision of how they were being picked, and a cold shiver went through him. A piercing feeling it was and he trembled with deep emotion. It was a fearful feeling that took away his life. Afterwards he noticed how his feeling darkened into an expectant submission, the end of an existence. A mist lay over everything, the end was soon to come.

He ardently spoke with all of them. Especially with those that would soon wither, for them he chose sweet and strong words to mitigate their passing on. They were lamenting, he felt that very clearly.

‘Come’, he said, ‘your life is short, and I sense quite well that man hastens on its end. Yet you must be calm and share with each other the life that you possess. Why rebel? Is there disharmony in this life too? Does one push aside the other? Aren’t you all destined to die? Must you make life harder for one another than it already is? Come, try to be calm and happy!’

André clearly felt the life which God had laid down in them. He spoke to them, and after he had given each of them a different place, one after the other, they had all regained their peace.

‘Right’, he said, ‘that’s better. Now follow the way which we humans must also follow, even though we still don’t want to. Man thinks too much of himself and believes himself to be too strong and he’s too pleased with himself. Let there be peace in your midst. Life for you is short, I know, because I was allowed to follow this process just now. Is there no peace and no happiness at all? Not in your world either?’

They were all listening to him and he heard their voices and sensed their emotions, it all went through him.

He could have gone on talking like this for hours, it had been a sacred moment for them and for him.

Suddenly he heard his name being called and Alcar told him that the link would be broken off.

It gave André a shock and he got the feeling that he should demagnetize them, so he did. Then he experienced another miracle: the moment he started to demagnetize them, the tulips that had drooped down suddenly raised themselves, so that they stood there in the vase like upright candles. How is this possible, he thought, surely this proves that I was linked up with them. What was this miracle that had been revealed to him? A holy, warm feeling went through him and he felt that the link had been broken. He knelt down before the vase with flowers to thank God and Alcar, his leader, for this fortune. He prayed for a long time and when he stopped, he rushed over to his mother to tell her about this great event.

‘Mum, come up with me, a miracle has happened.’

His mother looked at him and shook her head. She saw that strange gleam in his eyes which she had already seen so often and which she knew. When her boy was in a trance, or when he was linked up with other powers that acted through him, his eyes would get a soft yet faraway gleam. Then she knew that he had experienced something strange again. Together they went up to his room. The first words she spoke to him were: 'My boy, however could you arrange those tulips like that.' And she wanted to rearrange the flowers to put her words into action. André understood that something was acting upon her too and he leapt over and prevented her from even touching the vase. She looked at him and thought: Oh, so he's in a different world again.

'Sit down over there, mum, and listen to what I'm going to tell you.'

She willingly did what her child requested and sat down.

'Listen to me, mother, like you've never listened to me before. If ever you wanted to hear me out, then do so now. You know that everything which is given to me through Alcar and all the other intelligences is sacred to me, don't you? When I'm allowed to diagnose an illness or to heal a sick person, I will convey everything and never add anything because it would sadden Alcar. You know that, don't you? When I see something, I will never make it sound more beautiful than it is. I know, mum, that if I were to do so, I would have to make amends some day. Many spirits are watching me, how I use my gift, and as I'm aware of that, everything that has to do with life after death is sacred to me.

His mother, who wanted to contradict him as she already knew all this, didn't get the chance, because he prevented her.

'No mum, let me finish. I must tell you more. Tell me honestly and don't forget that this is very important to me, tell me, mum, do you think that I'm normal, that I'm talking to you like a normal human being?'

His mother who was about to laugh, in spite of all his seriousness, but checked herself because she saw him give way and change colour. She nodded to indicate that all was well.

'Now listen carefully. I have just been talking to flowers, mum. Oh, I'm so happy.'

‘What did you say, you talked to the flowers?’

‘Yes, mum, you don’t think I’m abnormal though, do you? I don’t yet know what this means, but I spoke with the tulips and sensed their life. But one thing I do know, and not only do I know it, but I feel it intensely, namely that I could embrace everything that’s alive. Oh, what a marvellous feeling there is inside of me, a feeling that I’ve never had before.’

His mother got up out of her chair and left without saying a word. André heard her mumbling. ‘Strange, very strange this is.’ To her this was all too much and too deep. Since quite some time she felt that she no longer knew her boy and that he was far, far away from her. She sensed how this distance was increasing by the day, until he would finally be out of her reach, which sometimes saddened her heart. André, who was now alone in his room, heard his leader talking to him.

‘Is my boy happy and are you a little more composed, André? Did it not have too strong impact on you, or take up too much of your strength? Was the emotion not too great for you? Is André convinced of this great miracle? Do you feel, my boy, that a holy blessing has entered your life? And don’t you want to thank our great Father, which you already did, from the bottom of your heart and call out: Father, what have you given to me? How can I thank You? Would you not be willing to give your life for everything that lives, if that was required? Does André not sense a love now for everything that’s alive? Aren’t you able now to love all people and don’t you want to cry out how happy you are? Does my son find it so hard to understand that I was allowed to connect him with the life which God put into everything? That God knows your determination to do our work and has heard your prayers for wisdom, strength and love?’

Listen, André: Long ago when we were together for the first time, when you got to know those who lived in happiness on this side, you got a vivid longing deep down to be allowed to possess such an attunement. You knelt down every day, every hour, and prayed that God might grant us the power to enable us to develop you into a pure instrument. At that time, André, I already knew that you would one day receive that holy mercy. That God would permit us to link

you up with life. That has now happened. You have awakened in the spirit and you feel the love for your sisters and your brothers. You will retain this holy feeling forever, it has become your possession. Now your battle will no longer thwart you, and you will bear the cross which God gave you to carry. You will be able to sense the life that comes your way and you will act according to your love.

One other thing: I brought you into this state of rest while you were still in deep sleep so you could quietly absorb this great happening. I could only accomplish this by linking up with you and maintaining this connection. So you sensed my inner peace, my own attunement. You know how we, in our attunement, sense the life that is present in all things. I also conveyed the floral scent to you to attune your feeling and your interest to this event, which enabled me to link you up and get your entire concentration to find attunement to this, so you could follow this process. This was all successfully accomplished. I made you stop, and step by step I took you over to the tulips so the connection would not be disturbed. Afterwards I let you feel how disharmony prevails in nature too. I also made you sense the forces of feeling in life, the power a life possesses, and I made the process of generation reel off within your feeling. You were able to follow everything clearly. Only when man enters the first happy sphere on this side, will he be able to sense life in everything, because his feeling finds attunement in the spirit. Is that clear to you? Man on earth cannot exist in this condition, that's why I had to link up with you to let you go through this. So it was my will that caused you to experience this, but it was also your fervent plea to serve us as a pure instrument. So without us you wouldn't have sensed life. This feeling, André, which is now within you, you will continue to develop, and one day it will find attunement to our conditions, which will mean eternal happiness to you. Link up in love, it will enable you to sense everything, just as life feels when it links up. This love, my boy, is your possession. Life is yours, my boy, be happy and let others feel your happiness. I must go. Your Alcar.'

How mighty love was. Miracles were being revealed to him, one after the other.

All of this thanks to sacred spiritualism.

CHAPTER VIII

The spiritual and the material body

ANDRÉ kept on receiving more and more proof of an eternal continuation of life after physical death, which served him to try and convince mankind that the spiritual body is a separate body, and that man, after casting off the material body, enters eternal life. In addition he was shown that the spirit is the intelligent body and stands for the body of sensitivity. The many disembodiments which he had been allowed to experience, thanks to Alcar, had convinced him that man lives on earth in order to develop his feeling in the spirit. And this was brought about by love. After his last journey to heaven and hell there was nothing left in him that doubted this truth. If something or other bothered him, Alcar made him go through experiences so that he got to know various problems and developed in the spirit. It was a great blessing to him to experience so many conditions because it made him familiar with the spiritual life. The things he witnessed under these conditions were certainly worth telling.

The following event was very remarkable too. Some time before he was allowed to experience this problem he had been reading a book by a well-known author about the life of the holy Frances of Assisi. He thought the story, the way the author had described it was very wonderful and it had touched him deeply. His great faith, and the love which Frances had shown for his fellowmen made him think. There was one situation which wasn't clear to him and he pondered a lot about it; it was the chastisement which Frances inflicted on himself. Whether this had really happened or not, this case was of special interest to him. André didn't want to criticize his sanctity, but he didn't understand that Frances could have developed himself through self-chastisement. Quite some people would think he was stupid, but he couldn't let it rest, it had been in his mind for months.

He thought it was marvellous to jump into a thornbush naked, causing blood to run down his body on all sides, but whether Frances had acquired his high spiritual attunement in this way, that was the thing which puzzled him.

André felt a lot of respect for the saint. He was a man with deep, sacred feelings and it made him bow his head deeply. But he thought it was wrong to keep on thinking about him. He wanted to make progress too, and as Alcar had made it clear to him that man should really experience life, he couldn't understand the purpose of chastisement. A woman who bore no children on earth and yet yearned for motherhood would return to experience it. Would that same mother be able to free herself from that yearning in some other way? These were problems, and he didn't see how they could be easily solved.

Would a woman, yearning for motherhood, be able to destroy and conquer her yearning by chastising herself? Was that possible? Then what was the purpose of life? He often answered his own questions, but he never arrived at a solution. Surely self-chastisement was not the way to reach such an exalted condition within a short earthly life?

The holy man prayed day and night, sacrificed himself for all forms of life, but then what was self-chastisement needed for? To suppress passion? He lived a pure life; wasn't that sufficient? Again, he didn't want to belittle his sanctity, but he couldn't put it out of his thoughts. He continuously caught himself thinking about Frances and there was no way he could let go of it.

In addition – and this ranked high – André wanted to make something of his earth life. He wanted to mean something to others. And whatever means might be needed, he wanted to apply them to acquire spiritual possession so that when he too was to pass on, he would possess light in eternal life. He would do anything to reach that goal, he gave himself in pure love for every creature and he would give his life for no matter whom if he was required to do so. It wasn't vanity to be something, he knew how trivial he was. Beautiful paintings were made by him and yet he wouldn't dare to call himself a painter. If Wolff and many others stopped painting through him, then his talent would be gone too. It was the same with seeing and healing: If Alcar didn't help him, his diagnosis would be worthless. After all, he knew, he could never do it without their help. He was nothing and remained nothing, he was an instrument. But what he did understand was this: If he exerted himself and genuinely

wanted to give himself, Alcar would develop him in the spirit, which meant spiritual gold on the side beyond. Was this vanity? Surely not! He just wanted to be something for others; that's why he made every effort to acquire the treasures of the spirit. That's why he was caught up in this problem.

One evening he went to bed early, exhausted. But sleep would not come, Frances was occupying his mind. He wondered whether Alcar knew how he was fretting. Did this not concern him? Or were these conditions not Alcar's business? It had been on his mind for months and he saw no solution. After he had experienced his last wondrous condition, he no longer had the courage to ask Alcar for something, because whenever it was necessary, he got help. At the moment his leader would find this all very ridiculous and he would have to fight this out by himself.

Why didn't he mind his own business? Why had he read the book and taken everything literally? Of course this was wrong, but how could he alter this situation now? Dismiss everything from his mind, but how? How often had he flung these thoughts away and yet they sneaked back into his soul. He got angry and sensed how weak his powers of concentration still were. A few nights ago he had even dreamt about it. He thought this was terrible. He couldn't even get a quiet night's sleep lately.

He dreamt that Frances had called for him and told him about his life. He had said the following words to him: 'I am aware of your thoughts and I know what to do about it, come along with me.'

He had taken him along into a large garden behind a monastery and told him: 'Look, just you jump in, and all of a sudden you will know how everything is.' Frances pointed a thornbush out to him and looked at him as if he wanted to say: You wouldn't dare. And André jumped into the thornbush naked so that the blood streamed down his body on all sides. But when he awoke in the morning and remembered his dream, there was nothing to be seen on his body; so it had just been a dream.

And now he was brooding over the same problem again. It would turn his mind if he wasn't delivered from this soon. He concentrated as he had never done before because he wanted to sleep. Lying awake half the night and dreaming meaningless dreams, that wouldn't

help him in the least. I'll keep on praying, he thought, until I fall asleep. He succeeded, the prayer sent him into a deep sleep.

He wasn't aware how long he had been asleep, when suddenly he thought he heard his name being called. He looked around, but saw no-one.

Again he heard: 'André?' Who was that calling him? Was he being fetched again for something or other? Hey, what was that? He was standing next to his body. He immediately thought of his previous nightly journey. Did someone need him?

Who had set him free? Alcar? Where was his leader? Were other problems ahead which he was going to experience?

That time when he was allowed to heal Annie, two persons who were unknown to him had also come to fetch him, and after everything had been made clear to him, they had proved to be Alcar and his master. How badly he had thought of them, he wanted to prevent this from happening again. Yet he would have to be careful and not just go along; after all, he couldn't be certain that these beings weren't some unfortunates who had come to call on him.

Again he heard: 'André, would you follow us?' Follow, he thought, where to? He heard by the tone of voice that these weren't unhappy spirits because it revealed love; in the spirit one could immediately sense and hear this. On this side a demon wouldn't be able to conceal himself, he would be recognized by some token or other.

Before him stood two beings, enveloped in a haze of light. He saw them, and yet they seemed like shadows. Still he had heard nothing from his leader. At that same instant he felt a power of love flowing through him, the same feeling as when they had come to fetch him for Annie, and this made him determined to go along. He stepped towards them and felt how he was being lifted up, and that they moved away from the earth.

I see, he thought, so this is a journey to the spheres. So this condition was different from that of Annie's. They left the earth in rapid flight and he was very curious where they would be taking him to.

André looked up at the heavens and got a shock. Something was wrong here. He wasn't familiar with a condition like this, Alcar had never shown him anything of the kind. The sky was yellow. This couldn't be true. How could a sky ever be yellow? He had never

heard of such a thing. Did these heavens exist on this side? He thought it was abnormal, it just wasn't natural. He knew the light of the heavens, right from the dark areas upto the fifth sphere, but a heaven such as this he had never perceived before. He decided to be especially careful. He saw a landscape with yellow trees and yellow plants, everything appeared to be yellow. Could this be natural? Of course not. It was a fake. Was he being taken to unnatural conditions? Was he being put to a test? What was behind it all?

They kept on gliding along and he felt himself being drawn forward by the two invisible spirits.

At last they halted. He was standing on a high hill and looked down on a deep valley that stretched out before him. André felt that he had been placed before a certain condition, because in front of him there was a path that wound its way through the valley. On the other side he saw a large building, the only one to be seen in this endless space. Should he descend? Was that their intention? And he immediately sensed that this was what they expected of him; he was to follow that path. Strange everything was, unnatural and mysterious. Why didn't they speak to him? Wouldn't it be better for him to go back? There was nobody to stop him. He had learnt that much, and he knew how to concentrate if danger threatened. And yet he was curious to find out what the meaning of all this was.

He descended and it took him quite a while before he had reached the opposite side. Finally he found himself standing in front of a castle that seemed to have emerged from out of the ground. He stopped to think.

It was an old building, made of yellowish building stones. That wasn't natural either. Not a creature to be seen, and there was an oppressive silence all around, which made him feel uncomfortable. A large door, that looked more like a portal, blocked the entrance.

Again he looked around in the landscape but didn't see a living soul and his companions had disappeared too. The silence scared him. Life had gone to sleep here. No wind to freshen up nature, nothing but staleness in the air, unnatural and mysterious. Nobody could ever feel happy in this place. He would rather be on earth and stay there. Whatever could there be behind those thick doors? People? And those who had come to fetch him, where had they gone to?

Was this the end of the journey? Was he supposed to enter? All these questions went through his mind. He went up a little closer, maybe a solution would present itself. But after he had advanced a few yards the door opened up by itself, it scared him stiff. He stopped dead in his tracks. Now I'm in for it, he thought. But no-one appeared. His knees were trembling. What was the meaning of this? He peered into a long corridor, but saw no-one. Was there somebody standing behind the door? No, that was impossible, he saw at a glance that the door was practically flush with the wall.

But what, or who had ever opened it; were they awaiting him here? Where was Alcar? That thought brought back to him that Alcar was watching over him and he went inside. He had hardly stepped over the threshold when he saw his invisible friends before him. The long corridor was laid out with tiles and again everything looked yellow and bare. He was standing at the top of a long staircase, which he descended. He counted the steps and at the same time he was surprised that all these trivial things came to his mind. He got to the foot of the stairs and again faced a long corridor which led them to a large hall.

Again he stopped and thought it all over. What kind of a building was this? Why were they taking him to an underground hall? He saw lots of pillars that served as foundations to support the building. Here too everything was yellow. There were no other colours to be seen. He had got used to it and it seemed quite normal now, although he knew that it was nothing of the kind. The hall was filled with a dense haze which he couldn't see through. Were they keeping everything invisible to him? Were they planning to suddenly confront him with something? He sensed his companions at a few yards distance from him. Yet he was calm and already felt familiar with them. He understood that he should go on, which he did. Step by step he walked on, because he was sure that he was about to experience something new here.

After he had advanced about a dozen yards he heard a soft sound that he thought he recognized. The first form of life he had heard on his long journey. Was it a human being? He kept listening attentively and it sounded like someone breathing deeply. Again he went on, only to get a second shock. There before him he saw three be-

ings. One of them was undressed and merely wore a loincloth which he had wrapped around his waist. Next to him stood two others, strong fellows, who both held a whip in their hands, which suddenly made him understand this scene. They were wearing yellow garments, and the only other colour he had set eyes on in this country until then was the blackness of the cord tied around their waist. He now felt that a part of the veil of secrecy would be lifted for him. He had learnt in the life after death that colours meant light. Those black cords meant that he would soon experience what they intended doing. A ray of light filtered through, but where was the actual problem?

The one who had undressed was a handsome young person of about thirty years old. What did they want of him? Were those two strong fellows his tormentors? Was he going to get a thrashing? If that was the case, then André understood why they had come to fetch him. Yes, the man was breathing deeply, so he was the one whom he had just heard. The man tried to gather all the powers he carried within. His tormentors were waiting until he felt ready and André sensed that the man was going to let himself be whipped of his own free will.

Suddenly he stepped forward towards one of the pillars, took his stand and waited. André was trembling. He was gathering all his strength, which he clearly sensed. What was it they wanted to show him? He concentrated on the young man and knew that the latter was willingly letting himself get whipped. Now he understood it all. This had to do with him and Frances. This problem would now also be solved for him. Here he would be able to experience whether self-chastisement meant spiritual development. He sensed an enormous tension. The tormentors were standing to the left and the right of the young man and were waiting for a sign that allowed them to begin. André sensed how he gave them the signal. The blows fell from the left and the right and every blow they dealt left broad red slashes on his body. Very soon he had been beaten black and blue, but he bravely stood up to it. Self-chastisement! At last the mystery was dispersed that had kept André in a terrible tension for months.

He was still being flogged, but he wouldn't be able to bear it much longer. The sweat that flowed down his body was red with blood. He stood there, his head held high, allowing them to whip him. He

was a hero. André felt an enormous tension building up within him. Now he was being given a chance to show what he wanted, what he could do. The young man smiled with every beating he was given. And he was all aflame too, wanting to experience the same. At last the two stopped and carried him away. He had stood up to it. Would he be convinced that this had brought him spiritual development?

A pity that he was gone, he would have asked him. Was he here for the same purpose? He felt a strong power rising in him. Yes, he was prepared. And when he had made this inner decision, his two companions jumped forward and were ready to flog him.

Well now, so they were his tormentors? And yet they were not, it was he who wanted this. They wouldn't do this if he decided against it. But if he went through with this, it would rid him of all his misery. He thought it over, what should he do? This was no thorn-bush, but it was self-chastisement all the same, and it would teach him something. No, he didn't want to back out now, he wanted to go through this too. Only now did he see that they had thought of everything. He was wearing the same kind of garment as they had on, although he hadn't noticed this before. Had he received this here, now, while he had decided to go through with it? He had no time to think. He flung the garment from him and positioned himself in front of one of the pillars. He had to stay about two feet away from the pillar, he felt how he could go no further. He understood that they wanted to beat him from the front as well as the back.

The other one had pressed himself against the pillar. Was this a different condition? André sighed deeply to gather all his powers. He decided deep down that they were allowed to begin and at that same moment the first lashings hit him. It was terrible. His soul cried out and trembled. He flinched with every beating. Terrible, he thought, whatever did I let myself in for! I'll give in any moment now. I can't bear this.

He looked up and thought he saw some other light. Strange, he thought, if I concentrate on that light, I don't feel the beatings so intensely. Was it Alcar? But all he could see was a dim haze. Was he being helped? Was Alcar letting him feel this?

With every beating his concentration went to pieces; he felt the beatings slash into him. His body glowed like fire. The sweat poured

from all over his body and his was coloured red too. There wasn't a spot left over, he had been beaten black and blue from top to bottom. Only his head and his feet remained untouched and his hands stayed free of slashes too. He had no idea where he got all that strength from. How strong a person could be! He felt how his entire concentration focussed on this condition. Yet he realized that his strength was waning.

His whole body was tense, his muscles were being beaten to jelly. Never before had he felt such power deep within. He brought up everything he had, not wanting to keep back any reserves. He still taxed all his energies, as he felt how he might give in at any moment. He wanted to remain upright, just like that other fellow. Oh God, he thought, whatever made me do this. He looked up at the light, because he was on the verge of collapsing.

He now felt that if he wanted to stop, they would immediately cease. With every raising of an arm he felt the blow even before it had been dealt to him. No, he could take no more and they instantly stopped their beatings. The light had vanished too. There he stood. How terrible his body looked. He was a dreadful sight. His hands, head and feet hadn't been touched, but all the other places were a mass of red slashes. He had the feeling that his eyes were protruding out of his head, and everything was taut. Where was his spiritual possession? He didn't feel the slightest change. But he had bravely persevered. It was a bitter disappointment. He hadn't changed a bit; he had remained the same deep down. He had become convinced, but had undergone a woeful experience.

He had had to pay dearly before this problem had been solved for him. He cursed the moment the book had fallen into his hands. What an influence books could have on people. He had gone through all of this for nothing. It was his own will and his own fault, and Alcar would be angry with him. Tears of remorse about this big disappointment ran down his cheeks. A few moments ago he had been able to hide them, but now this was impossible to him. He felt broken, body and soul. Had he done wrong? Everything had been unnatural from the very start. He should have turned back. He had paid a high price for this knowledge. Every step on this path he had had to pay for with a flogging. How many floggings would some

creatures have to receive before they too became convinced that they were on the wrong track. When they arrived in the hereafter, he knew this for sure, many would willingly submit to a flogging to make amends for their wrong-doings, but by then it would be too late. The thought that this had opened his eyes was like ointment on his wounds, and it eased down the cutting pains. What was left for him to do in this place? Nothing at all. He wanted to return to his body, go back again to earth. Would even that prove to be impossible? A terrible fear came over him.

He felt himself being lifted and in a flash he was taken away. He had soon reached the earth and returned into his physical body. He awoke with a slight start and he was aware of everything he had experienced in the spheres. He felt dead-tired. He could neither move his arms nor his legs. His first thoughts were with his leader. He heard nothing from him. Was he in his bad books now? Surely not. Couldn't anything be done about it? After all, he knew his leader as a spirit of love and all he wanted was to convince himself. It would turn his mind if he had to do without Alcar. Oh, how this tormented him. He looked at the clock and saw that it was now six o'clock in the morning. He always returned at this time after he had been allowed to visit the spheres with Alcar.

Did Alcar know all this, and had he maybe helped him? He wanted to turn around but he couldn't. His entire body was taut. Everything hurt. He fell into a deep sleep and awoke around eight o'clock. This time it was easier for him to move than it had been at six o'clock. The relaxation had done him good. He quickly got out of bed to get dressed. He took off his pyama and got the biggest shock he had ever had. Whatever had happened to his body? It was covered from top to bottom with slashes. It was black and blue, just as his spiritual body had experienced this. There wasn't a spot left untouched, it was terrible to look at. Only his face, hands and feet were unscarred. He looked for quite a while at his poor physical body and relived what he had gone through the previous night. He saw himself standing before the pillar and felt every blow that had been dealt out to him. Again he experienced the sorrow he had felt after the flogging.

How strange, he thought, but I feel intensely happy, what could this mean? He didn't know what it was, but it had a meaning. His

sense of disappointment vanished on the spot. What he had experienced in the spirit had been taken over by his body. What was this miracle that had taken place? Because this certainly was a miracle, he had no doubt about that. What were these powers which he was linked up with? Had this been Alcar's intention? The physical body had taken over the spiritual condition, he had never experienced anything like this. He felt exhausted, but it didn't hurt, even though his skin was stretched tightly over his whole body. He beseeched Alcar to please help him but he got no answer. Were they demons, who had caused him to experience this? No, that was impossible, he had wanted this himself.

He got dressed quickly, because his mother would be terribly shocked if she saw him like this. This was all very odd. His spiritual body had been thousands of miles apart from his physical body, and yet the spiritual body had imprinted these experiences on matter. How could this happen? He knew that when he disembodied, he still remained connected with his body. The fluid cord was the vital strand which linked up both bodies. He thought he saw the solution. If this were true, it would be marvellous, yet very simple. In fact there was no other possibility. Even though the strand was invisible, both bodies formed one condition. He returned in the spirit to that same place in order to determine how he had felt there. Perhaps he could perceive something. He felt himself sinking and moving, and he focussed his powers of concentration. Now he saw a thin silvery thread which ran from him towards the physical body and which he could clearly follow. He saw and felt that it was alive. Could this cord have conveyed the things he had experienced? It would make it very simple. But wasn't this merely his own phantasy? Was he that sensitive? After all, Alcar had told him that he couldn't perceive the fluid cord, contrary to those who did have cosmic attunement. But he was still so far removed from that level. But then what? It surprised him that he was busy solving his problem. He had never before felt this urge. Never before had something like this occurred to him. He had always waited until Alcar explained everything to him. It was also clear to him that this process had been so totally different from all the previous conditions which he had been allowed to experience. Now he was busy analyzing these things, but

he also felt alone, because he heard nothing from Alcar. Had it been the latter's will to let him experience this?

His thoughts returned to the vital thread. He must have become very sensitive, if this were the truth. Here he was shown that his feeling had been greatly developed and that the vital thread possessed that sensitivity, which could be experienced by anyone who developed himself spiritually. Now that he had gone through everything from beginning to end, it no longer presented a problem to him. The self-chastisement had convinced him but this couldn't possibly have anything to do with his physical garment. After all, he hadn't been inside his physical garment, had he? Frances might be a saint, but this wasn't the way, he had sensed that very clearly. Now he saw a different aspect: to him this had, since long, become an established fact, but to science this would present splendid proof that the spiritual body was a separate body that continued to live on in an eternal condition. Strange that he hadn't thought of this before, or wouldn't the scientists accept this? To parapsychologists this was the subconscious. Or could they set up more theories to destroy this proof, to prove the opposite? Were these subconscious forces? This couldn't be true, after all, he had experienced all this consciously.

What was that he now heard a voice say? 'Stigmatization?'

Who was saying this to him? It wasn't Alcar's voice which he heard. 'Stigmatization, or suggestion, or concentration on various conditions, this is suggestion and manifests itself on the body.'

The voice had spoken clearly.

Suggestion? How could that be? Is that what they would say? Couldn't science come up with something else?

How could he concentrate on himself while he wasn't even within his own body? Didn't they believe that he disembodied? When he was painting and a spirit made use of his body, he had also disembodied. And yet a painting was produced. Would that be possible if he himself knew nothing about it? Would he have to lie to himself and admit that this was the case? Could he fool himself if the power, consciousness had left his body?

It was a different condition, a different talent, yet a disembodiment was a disembodiment and it meant that the spirit had left the physical body. Oh, he certainly felt the great importance of this dis-

embodiment and he wanted to make the best of a bad job. How could these ever be subconscious forces? After all, he had been asleep, and hadn't been aware of everything. His spiritual body was alive and experienced what it perceived in the spirit. The body that dwelt in matter and guided matter, that body was the eternal body that continued to live on. This spiritual intellect was eternal life.

What would be left of this great happening, if it had something to do with the subconscious? Nothing of course, but he didn't simply want to submit. After all, he had experienced it himself. He knew from experience how the spiritual body could live in that other world and what all those attunements were like.

No, it had nothing to do with stigmatization. It was much simpler. If only they would accept that one circumstance, namely that the fluid cord was the force which connected both bodies and in that way, due also to its sensitivity, it manifested a separate gift in matter.

He suddenly remembered his dream. He sensed that this too was somehow linked up. It had to do with this miracle. Frances had called him and he had jumped right into the thornbush without anything happening to his material body. It had only been a dream. He couldn't yet bridge the gap between these two conditions. What were dreams really all about, and why wasn't he maimed when he awoke from his dream? How could this be explained? Did that dream belong to the subconscious? In that case his subconscious was meaningless because it told him nothing. He had experienced this spiritually, he had even been aware of everything that happened to him, and he had paid attention to all the things he had encountered on his journey, whereas his dream had been a real dream without any meaning. The longer he thought about it, the clearer his mind could picture it, so that he was able to understand this miracle. And how sensitive man was when he became attuned to the life hereafter. As soon as he had expressed the thought: I can't stand this any longer, it had ceased immediately. On earth one would have had to shout it out at the top of one's voice before they would have heard. He was familiar with these powers, it was the possession of a higher form of love, a higher attunement than the earth had.

Now he also understood why he had had to experience all this consciously. He wouldn't have understood the slightest thing other-

wise! The more he pondered, the more he felt himself treading solid ground, which gave him support in this condition.

Now he also understood why his leader hadn't shown himself. He had to experience this on his own in order to analyze it by himself. It had been his own will, but Alcar had offered him a chance to experience his problem. He felt happy that Alcar had taken this opportunity to show what the spiritual body and the material body really are. That was it, he sensed this clearly. It was a beautiful and a splendid piece of proof that life went on forever. Of course he didn't yet know for sure whether things were really like he believed them to be, but it could hardly be otherwise. He would wait until his leader explained it all to him.

Nonetheless, there was nothing but happiness flowing through him; he hadn't allowed himself to be flogged for nothing. He would gladly let himself be flogged to death in exchange for this kind of proof, as long as it convinced mankind that the spiritual body continues to live on as the eternal intelligent body.

Science wouldn't be able to raise any objections, because then it would have to be a involuntary autosuggestion and they wouldn't accept that. Subconscious sciences weren't yet known in this world, and they had no chance to exist on earth. It was nothing, because it was all subconscious.

Stigmatization and concentration or the subconscious were impossible. His experience had shown him that the spiritual body is the intelligent body which continues to live on forever.

He felt peaceful and he was happy that he had been allowed to experience this. In the afternoon he heard his leader Alcar: 'Well, my boy. Here I am again to explain a lot of things to you and make them clear. It didn't last too long, I hope, André?'

André was touched when he heard Alcar's loving voice again. He had longed for the sound of it.

'I'll explain certain conditions to you, the others you have already understood. It was all my doing, André, because you wanted this yourself. I have tried to make it clear to you how unnatural everything is and I made you experience all this in the spirit. On our side these conditions exist in order to convince the spirit of the artificiality of certain things which it considers natural. I showed you that

unnaturalness beforehand too, but your eagerness to learn held you captive. Again, it was *not* my will, but your own, to experience this. So I used your will to show that the spirit is a separate body which goes on living forever. I also helped you to analyze it yourself, which would give you an even better understanding of all these things. So it was I who spoke to you, but the voice I used to speak was a different one. I supported you in everything and I also admired your courage, which makes me happy. It proves your will to convince mankind of a life that continues forever. You have proved in this way that you would defy anything, no matter how it approaches you, in order to make people happy on earth. But it wasn't my will, don't you ever forget that. There are a thousand other ways to convince man, besides this one. Yet I'm happy. This prepared you to receive other work which will enable you to help many people. You have experienced how useful this disembodiment has been. The psychic powers you became familiar with will mean wisdom in the spirit. That is why everything was given to you consciously. It was my impact which gave you your dream, I made you dream it. I was Frances, André. I used it to show you that a dream has nothing to do with a spiritual disembodiment. If you hadn't decided to let yourself be flogged, I couldn't have given you this proof. Is this clear to you? But I didn't doubt your powers and your will power and I therefore kept you linked up with this condition. I maintained this connection for four reasons. First of all to demonstrate that the spirit is a separate body that goes on living forever. Second, to test to what extent you understand our work which is given to you in the spirit. Third, to make you understand that self-chastisement is not the way to acquire spiritual development. And fourth, that spiritualism is truth, that we who have cast off the physical body, live a life of happiness and possess an intelligent body which guided our physical body along on earth. And I was enabled to do this after you had read a book which mentioned self-chastisement. If we possess instruments with a psychic attunement, we can convince science of a life that continues forever. You answered many of your own questions, something you clearly sensed. But I linked you up again in the spirit and made you see the fluid cord in visionary attunement. Is this clear to you too?

André understood because he had experienced it.

‘So I let you perceive by conveying a mental image to you. I was the light you perceived while it happened. I gave you support, yet let you sense the full forces, let you experience the entire event. I will tell you how it’s possible for the physical body to take on spiritual experiences, in other words, how a flogging in the spirit can act on matter. This happens by means of the vital cord – which you already sensed – and which connects both bodies even though the spiritual body is separated from matter. Science, as I explained to you on our last journey, has performed experiments to make a medium disembodied by force, namely through the power of a hypnotist. That instrument was given a task to carry out. The medium told them what it perceived at long distance and this perception and the spoken words were conveyed by the fluid cord. The sound that came through was softer than when the medium spoke in a normal tone of voice.

You will experience these conditions too through your own mediumship when they present themselves. Science found this very wondrous but soon the wonder was destroyed. It depends on the sensitivity of a medium whether everything it perceives afar will come through and pass on to matter. This special gift, which you possess, has now reached this stage of development which enabled me to show you all this. But there are a thousand other conditions besides the flogging, my boy, which enable us to experience all this. So the transfer of these spiritual perceptions is only possible if the instrument possesses this sensitivity. I will now try to explain to you what dreams are.’

André thought: Alcar knows everything, he knows how I think and how I feel.

‘A dream is like being in a trance. There are seven levels of trance conversions, of which the seventh equals apparent death. These attunements are unknown on earth, it’s impossible for man to detect them. We are the only ones who are able to do this because we have shed our physical body. To come back to your dream which you experienced yourself, in other words: it emerged from out of your inner condition, although it was imposed upon you by me. So you dreamt because I wanted you to, by means of my will and the concentration of my thoughts, which is a condition in itself. So a person can have dreams which have been given to him in the spirit. Your dream was

a condition of feeling, imprinted on you by concentration and strong will power. Is this clear to you?

As I just said, sleep encompasses seven levels. The first, second and third levels are the conditions in which man is at rest and withdraws the consciousness of feeling from matter, so feeling is transferred to the spirit. Concentration has then passed over into the spirit, which corresponds to the attunement during semi-sleep. This sleep isn't deep, it is proportionate to the condition of the physical body. If the physical body isn't in a state of normal health, the person is easily aroused from his sleep, as his sleep is disturbed by some illness of the nerves or other organs. One must first possess a healthy body in order to get enough sleep. When the nervous system is tense or when it contracts, normal sleep becomes impossible and the person will then suffer from insomnia. So it's obvious that matter can have a disturbing influence under these conditions. During the fourth level of sleep the spirit withdraws from the material world and the physical body is released from all disturbing factors. Those who are in this condition will sleep peacefully and will hardly awaken with a start as the stage of semi-waking consciousness will have been surpassed. In this condition man is aware of the life he has lived, depending on the state of health of the physical body, because the material garment will not allow the body of sensitivity to depart. But this also encompasses thousands of attunements that depend on man's development in the spirit and how he finds attunement. So it's clear that the nervous system will react to the body of sensitivity, even when the person is in an unconscious state, which equals sleep. The spiritual body is and remains in a state which corresponds with the way it lives and feels in matter. So when the physical body is below its normal level of health, concentration returns to matter and the body of sensitivity will cross the third, second and first level of sleep and then return to the condition of life where consciousness is keeping watch. This is when one wakes up and the physical organs start functioning again.

The fifth level coincides with the attunement in which the spirit and the physical body split up, and feeling is transferred to the spirit which enables disembodiment.*) Only then can the spiritual body

*) See also the volume 'Spiritual Gifts' for a more detailed description of the levels of sleep.

leave matter behind and go wherever it wants to. The spiritual body has then transcended the semi-waking consciousness and the spirit has entered the conscious spiritual realm. There aren't many people on earth who possess the sixth level. This is an enhanced capacity of spiritual concentration which can be attained after a long period of study. Those who possess these powers and can govern matter by will power and concentration get more benefit from one hour of sleep than others do from eight hours which is the normal time they need. This condition transcends that of disembodiment. Nonetheless, they won't be able to disembody if they don't possess the necessary spiritual attunement. If they tend towards matter, this will attract them and make it impossible for the spirit. They will attune according to the way they feel and what their will power focusses on. So their inner attunement to spiritual life abides by a spiritual law. Concentration has brought them this far, but they're unable to acquire the treasures of the spirit like you can, since your feeling finds attunement in the spirit. However, your attunement harmonizes with the fifth level, and it borders on the sixth. We have already done these experiments together and you know their wonderful results. So it will be clear to you that a person can only consciously disembody if he attunes in the spirit and does indeed possess that attunement.

The seventh level of sleep equals apparent death. Here the auras of life dissolve in the spirit. This is clearly demonstrated by the physical body. There are people who have achieved this through concentration and strong will power, fakirs for instance. They can be buried and remain under the ground for days, they are even capable of prolonging their life on earth and invigourating it by draining off other people's other vital juices. When they let themselves be buried, the physical body is fed and its condition maintained by the fluid cord. The fakir needs a few hours of total darkness to attain this condition. This darkness is necessary because the vital aura would dissolve in daylight, which would prevent him from reaching his intended goal. Following this he can be buried and even after a long period he will reappear alive. Their powers of concentration are focussed accurately on the physical body; it's under their complete control and they can subject matter to their will power.

While we were in the dark spheres I told you how the auras of life function. The auras are vital powers which feed matter by means of a person's power of feeling. If the aura of life cannot be withdrawn, then apparent death is ruled out. The aura of life is the connection between breath and feeling. When man lives, his breath passes through the appropriate organs but the aura of life completes the physical activities and constitutes the linking threads or lines between the spirit and the material body. If one of these, the breath or the aura, is out of order, this will lead to the person's death or cause a disturbance which will result in heart failure. This is a spiritual disorder which has material consequences, causing the spiritual body to separate from the material body.

So the fakir can attain this state of apparent death because he has withdrawn the vital powers from the material body, which means that it's no longer under any spiritual influence, except for one single percent of energy. When he returns into his material body, the aura of life will function like an electrical current reactivating a machine. So the material body is alive but has been deprived of its activity. The possession of this high form of concentration is also a direct gift of mediumship, which however requires spiritual help too. So if they don't possess the gift of submitting themselves to us, they won't be able to achieve this.

I could fill entire books on the subject of sleep and dreams in order to dissect and analyze every transition of feeling. I have made an effort to explain all this to you so you would understand your own attunement. So I hope that it's all clear to you. I could explain to you how the physical body asks and relays back, how the spirit operates and accomplishes its function during life on earth, as long as it is one with matter. But you will receive all this at a later stage, and I will tell you all about these transitions, which are neither known nor sensed on earth. Each level of sleep is either a conscious or a subconscious condition of life, so you will now understand what happened to you and how your physical body could possibly take it on.

My boy, I thank you for your courage and your will to do our work, which will make your spirit receive the wisdom which only few on earth may partake of. Your strong will to be someone for

others, we know about and feel it, and we will let you experience in accordance with your own powers. In a few days the material phenomena will also vanish. This morning I was allowed to ease your pains while you were in deep sleep. Now I must leave, my boy, new problems will be explained to you. Know, that I will stand by you in everything. Thank God for your great and sacred gift. Your Alcar.'

Again a problem had been solved, and he had experienced another miracle. How great Alcar was. He thanked him for his help and his unfailing love and God too for everything he had received.

CHAPTER IX

Man proposes, but God disposes

ANDRÉ had been married for quite some time, and now his wife was pregnant. Years had gone by in which they had waited for the happiness that just wouldn't come, but now he was glad that he would be presented with a young life. Day in day out he prayed that God might bestow wisdom, strength and love on the creature. Oh, how he loved children. He could read a young life like an open book, and he could sense the condition of the creature's soul. He could point out the various transitions of feeling to the mother, so she would get to know her little one. But he didn't dare to link up with children, because mothers didn't like others to interfere with their love. If he were allowed to receive this great blessing, he would quietly act upon his child and make it feel his love. He would focus his thoughts to connect himself with the child so that it would develop its spirit too.

But every time he sat and pondered on these things he would feel something come over him that disturbed his happiness. It was strange, this feeling prevented him from being happy about the things that were about to take place. It got stronger all the time, so that he hardly dared to think about his child. When his wife talked about it, which was a daily necessity, he felt a cold shiver running down his spine, and he just couldn't understand the meaning of it. Afterwards he would have long spells in which he talked to himself and wondered why he couldn't be happy, and he would do his best to solve this mystery. Whenever he touched the babyclothes it made his heart beat faster and he couldn't breathe. There was something about the little clothes, something he clearly felt. But what was it? Something kept him from eagerly looking forward to that big moment in which he would be presented with the young life.

This situation lasted for some months. When nothing was said about it, he too felt calm and peaceful, but whenever his wife began to talk about her possession, he felt the fear rising and it would really get at him. He didn't want her to notice anything, he wanted

to fight this out by himself. Would the child be granted to him, or was something going to happen which would deprive them of this happiness? Whenever he wanted to ask his leader about this, he got no answer, and he sensed that Alcar didn't want to discuss this. I'm going off the deep end, he would tell himself, everything is fine. His wife was in good health, and so he ought to dispell these anxious thoughts. Happiness would then come back to him, and he would think about lots of beautiful things. What a blessing to be allowed to receive this!

But after a few days it would all come back again. Deep down he felt two powers: sorrow and happiness. The sorrow was trying to push aside the happiness, and sometimes the sorrow had to give in. But then it came back again and destroyed his peace of mind, breaking up his happiness, and his struggle would start anew. He often wondered which side would win, because it was clear to him that this meant something. Was Alcar making him feel that something was about to happen? Would they have to part with the happiness they had been looking forward to for so many years? Was it not meant to be? But after a short while he would ban these doubts from his mind and refused to give it another thought. He wanted to keep the young life, and so he put certain questions to himself, and his feeling to want to possess the child would give him the answers. He fathomed his wife's feelings, but there was nothing in her condition to cause him any anxiety. She worked day in day out and she had never felt better in her life.

Suddenly Alcar told him to start on his second book. Oh, that was great, then he wouldn't have to keep on thinking about his fear which simply wouldn't go away. He prepared himself and waited for the things that would happen. He already knew that he was to write about all the conditions on earth which he had experienced in the spirit. These included the many healings on earth which he had been allowed to accomplish through Alcar, some of which had been very wondrous.

He got his writing paper ready and a few days before Alcar was about to begin he had a clear outline of the work ahead, and he knew the sequence of the chapters. Nothing had been lost of all the things he had been allowed to experience. Once he got linked up,

he would write the chapters one after the other.

There were times when he wrote a hundred pages in one go without stopping. He would feel no fatigue because in those moments he would be in a special attunement. So the work got finished in a few weeks. This gift of writing as a medium was beautiful. At such times all the other talents he possessed would be inactive, but they could be called up again whenever they were needed. When he was writing he lost all sense of earthly life and he lived in another world. Sometimes he would remain in this attunement for weeks. But there was a limit to this because after a while the physical strain would have been too much for him.

Sometimes he experienced strange situations. One morning he had left home early to visit his patients. He walked part of the way, took the tram, helped his people and in the afternoon, back in his room, he suddenly awoke with a start. He couldn't even remember whether it was afternoon or evening. Oh, he thought, I overslept, and he rushed over to his wife to ask her why she had forgotten to call him. Slowly his earthly consciousness came back to him and Alcar showed him that he had done good work. That's how deep he descended into his spiritual life.

On another occasion his wife asked him if he would go for a walk with her. He immediately stopped working and accompanied her into the beauty of nature. They spent an hour outdoors and when he came home he immediately felt how he became absorbed in his writing condition again. About an hour later his wife went over to him, and he asked her what the weather was like as he was feeling very cold and miserable. He had no recollection of their walk although he had spoken with her about various things. 'How strange', she said. When he went over his writings again, he saw that he had been describing the dark areas, where the unhappy spirits dwelt who had disgraced themselves on earth. While he wrote he attracted these influences and he was connected with them. Once, while he was writing, he heard the words: 'The doorbell is ringing, André, and there's nobody home because your wife has gone out.' He stumbled to the door and unlocked it from the inside with the key. He saw a stranger in front of him whom he asked what he wanted. But it was his wife who had left the house without taking the key; she quietly

walked past him, realizing that he was in another world again. Later on it appeared that André couldn't recall the incident. Yet he sensed in everything that he was being watched over, he could willingly submit, and he knew that Alcar was taking care of him. It made him feel glad, he had no time to think about his fears now.

He finished chapter after chapter, until he got to a certain point where his fear returned. He had started on heaven and hell and it included a passage about the clairvoyance of the mother. The strange thing was that he had already spoken about this with his wife, as she too possessed clairvoyance in her condition. But, he thought, why am I writing about this right now, while she is in this very condition? Was it coincidence? Did it mean something? He reread it a dozen times and felt how it made his fear come back again. In that chapter Alcar told the mothers that they will once again see their little ones who had passed on. He comforted the mothers in their deep sorrow but also tried to explain to them that they would need attunement if they wanted to see the little ones again. It was terrible, he felt his soul burning. He resisted with all his might, but it wouldn't go away. I'm writing down my own grief and sorrow, he thought, my wife will be the first to receive Alcar's willing support. Surely this wasn't possible? He thought about it for a long time, then he took the terrible decision to stop writing and he tore up the chapter. He thought he was going mad. Without his previous experiences he would have believed himself to be under evil influence. But he had been allowed to undergo all these things through disembodiment and he didn't doubt it now. Yet he decidedly refused.

André was up in arms! Never before had he been like this, and he felt like a stranger to himself. He fervently prayed to God to let this cup pass from him. It stayed in his mind the entire week, and he felt free of fear. And yet something was eating at him deep inside. Oh, how difficult it was. He was about to destroy the very things he had built up over many years. He was breaking off his link with Alcar, the most sacred thing of all. He who wanted to give his life for the side beyond now refused to work for him. Wasn't it terrible? He saw himself in the spheres and relived the great moment in which he was about to leave Alcar's house again. He saw himself kneeling before his leader and he heard himself say: 'I haven't got much to say,

but I want to tell you something before we part from here.’ He didn’t dare think about it, his own words made him shiver. He promised Alcar that he wouldn’t make things difficult for him and what was he doing right now? He, Alcar’s instrument was refusing. No, he couldn’t believe it himself.

He quietly looked for some paper, laid everything ready and waited whether his leader would begin. He needed his help, because he would make a mess of things on his own. If he had to continue by himself it would make his mind reel to distinguish all those psychic conditions and the spiritual attunements he had experienced. Now his fear got even bigger, it was the fear to have to lose his leader. He hadn’t slept for nights and deep down he fervently asked to be forgiven, to be allowed to begin again.

One afternoon he felt that Alcar wanted to write and without saying anything to him, he continued. The chapter was soon finished and it was even more beautiful than the first time. Afterwards there were other conditions and he descended into hell in order to take down all its horrors. Again he felt one with those who dwelt there. Their impact was so intense that it even influenced his physical body while he was writing.

After he had finished this too, his wife, who was sitting next to him, looked up at him and suddenly cried out in amazement: ‘How old you look! You look as if you were sixty.’ He told her how this could happen, and he tried to free himself from these influences, which he succeeded in. He was so sensitive that even now, while he was in his physical body, those forces still influenced his body. He slowly withdrew into his conscious physical life again and he felt himself being released again.

While he had dwelt in the dark spheres with Alcar he had got to know their lives and felt their powers. They had attacked him several times. He felt glad, now that this was a thing of the past. After dealing with the dark spheres he started on the higher ones and he felt the fear returning. It was the chapter in which Alcar showed him the sphere of the children and spoke again to the mothers who had been left behind, in order to comfort them. His fear increased even more when Alcar told him to take a break; he would resume after a while. This waiting period must mean something. Alcar had stopped

at the spot where he told the saddened mothers where their little ones dwelt. He was thinking about the child again! Would it have to die after all? Again the happiness was destroyed by grief, torn to pieces and abused. His happiness was only brief and sorrow crept into his soul.

He kept it all from his wife. Yet he would have to prepare her and he started to tell her about the spheres: 'Listen, Anna, I'll read something to you about the sphere of the children, then you'll hear how beautiful it is over there, where the little ones from the earth dwell, those who have passed on when they were still young. Oh, it's so beautiful up there. The little ones live in palaces and there's not a royal child on earth that will ever possess the happiness they feel. I've spoken to you about this before, but now it's laid down.' But she wanted nothing to do with spheres and he felt that he should stop.

He felt like a brute, to talk about this now that she was in this condition. Yet that strong urge returned, and again he started to prepare her.

'If you've got a moment to spare, you should read it', he said, waiting whether she would catch on. But she didn't. It made him shiver to think what lay ahead of the young mother. Some other evening, when he sensed his chance, he again started to tell her about the spheres of the children.

'Listen', he said to her. André felt how he was being linked up within and he told her what he saw clairvoyantly. 'Over there the little ones are brought up by high spirits.' He spoke ardently and put all he had into his terrible plea.

'How beautiful and perfect everything is, to be able to experience all that as an earthly human being, and when you know of people who must part with their little ones, that you're allowed to comfort them in this way. What a great blessing that is, don't you think?'

'Yes', she suddenly said, 'but you don't want lose the little one, do you? In spite of all the beauty and the goodness they enjoy, surely you don't want to part with your child?'

André sensed a kind of resistance. 'Part with it, no, that's not it,' he went on, 'because you would see it again. It's brought up there and it will be waiting for you in radiant beauty, once we pass on too. The link is eternal and after all, you're connected with the child,

aren't you?' He was waging everything now. He forced himself to hide his inner condition and he said to her: 'But you never know what God's will is like, and just imagine that it were taken away from us.' He sounded her out to sense her inner condition. 'God then takes the creature and it's protected against a lot of grief and sorrow. It's a great comfort to many mothers, you know.'

'That may be so,' she said, 'but you don't want to lose it, do you?'

He was back to where he had started. But he had to go on, she didn't need to know anything yet; even if it only left a little spark behind in her, it would serve her later as a support to pick up life's threads again.

He anxiously started: 'When you read how terrible it is... But he got no further, she interrupted him and said: 'For heaven's sake stop this, you and your dying all the time. I don't want to lose Gommel, not for a thousand heavens or palaces. I want to keep Gommel and that's enough for now.'

It startled him. He had gone too far. Gommel, he thought, what kind of a word was that? His wife was from Vienna and she told him that it meant 'little dwarf' in her dialect. It was her favourite name for the little one she was bearing.

'I'm going to take Gommel for walks this summer', she continued and immediately went over to look at the babyclothes she had already made for her Gommel.

I've gone too far, André thought, I hope she doesn't feel my fear. His heart tore apart and bled. After all, he was the only one who knew. He felt desperate and his fear got bigger and bigger and deeper all the time. Had she sensed anything? When she came back he sounded her out again, this time to find out whether she had noticed anything. He made up his mind not to mention it again and told her: 'What a lot of walking we'll do this summer!' She felt touched and took up the conversation. André was happy to notice that she didn't pursue the matter he had just mentioned.

She bore her happiness inside of her, and it was her knowledge; her attunement was so different from his. It was the possession of the life, which she did not doubt for one moment.

What now? He had been startled by his own words. How cruel he had been to mention those circumstances even before it had come

true. So many things could happen. No, his behaviour was strange, he should stop his ruminating. And yet he thought: Just imagine if I accepted this completely, would I then still be able to hide it from her? Wouldn't that require superhuman power? Did he possess that power as an earthly being? What was the meaning of all this? Would he be able to cope with it? He tried to imagine what this situation would be like, but he felt that he would give way. For six months now he had been in doubt whether to accept it. He was still drifting between two conditions of feeling, it was either yes or no. Yes meant sorrow and grief, and no stood for happiness. No was closest to him and it was the hardest to keep hold of. The yes kept on creeping into his soul and it made him go through a battle for life or death.

If Alcar were to show him unmistakably, would he still doubt? In the morning, when he went off to visit his patients, he always left his writings so that she would have to see them, but she never mentioned anything. She was out of reach; he couldn't penetrate that wall of happiness. It closed her off completely, and nothing could take it from her.

A few days later he had a marvellous vision. He saw himself being taken to an institute where a mother was delivering a baby. He experienced all of it. He was an invisible onlooker. But try as he might, he was unable to perceive the mother, it was as if she remained invisible to him. It was a girl she bore. It was dead and he understood that some great truth lay hidden behind this vision. No matter how he concentrated, he couldn't see her face. A girl, he thought, dead? This cannot be! Deep within he was heartbroken, he felt as if he had been stabbed and was bleeding from the wounds. The invisible power kept on coming back to him, until he would submit. But he didn't want to submit, he wanted the child, that young life and nothing else! How terrible it was to be clairvoyant and to see and feel everything in advance. Sensitivity was a beautiful thing, but at present it was nothing but a struggle to him, a struggle for his happiness.

This was going too far, he wanted to be left in peace. Again and again he felt a mysterious influence. Was it Alcar? Who else could it be? But he defied this invisible power and he swore he would cast it all from his mind. He and the invisible powers were now openly at war with each other. They were trying to force something on to

him, nothing but misery, nothing but grief, that's all they presented him with. Just you try, he thought, I'm not taking it on, never, no matter who it is. He refused to see, to hear or to feel. Confronted by this problem, all his talents had gone numb, they just couldn't be called to action.

He clearly felt that he was playing a game of cat and mouse, and he was rather curious who would win. It was a cruel game, a game only few on earth would go along with. No, he had never thought of it like that; however could one get oneself into a situation like this?

It was remarkable how he received help in everything where his other talents were concerned. He sensed Alcar in everything, and yet he knew full well that he was at odds with this problem. He didn't dare to think about it. Not about spheres, about disembodiments, about paintings, about nothing at all. He did his work with complete love, but he wasn't within reach of this kind of knowledge. This went on for some days, until Anna suddenly asked him: 'What do you think it will be?' What it will be? It hit him like a hammer, because this suddenly linked him up with his vision. It touched him deeply, it cut his heart to shreds.

He replied that he didn't yet know, but his battle had now started anew. Again he thought of his vision. He tried nevertheless to link up in order to perceive the happening again. But no matter how he tried, he saw nothing, it was impossible to become connected. And again he cast it from him and gave it no more thought. Yet he was convinced that he was playing a dreadful game. It was a comedy such as he had never acted out before, and he was in the main role. One evening he received a message from his leader that he wanted to draw. It's for the little one, Alcar added, which gave him a happy feeling. You see, he thought, I'm worrying myself for nothing. Everything is fine. She's feeling well, not a cloud in the sky that could hide the light. Alcar is even drawing. What more could he expect: his wife was happy that the other side was showing an interest in her Gommel.

Alcar told him that the drawing would be hung either above the child's little bed or theirs, and when he told her, she said: 'No, if it's for Gommel, so it should be hung above his cot.' This gave André new food for thought. Why this emphasis on either the child's little

bed or theirs? Did this mean something different too, and was it not meant to be hung above the little bed? But he hadn't much time to think this over, because Alcar put him into a trance and his interest focussed on the drawing, which turned out beautifully. Its beauty was apparent right from Alcar's first working session. It was a seven-cornered star, with a cross in the centre. Alcar let it rest for a few days, and he had time to think. The cross that had been drawn within didn't appeal to him. This was not the kind of cross Alcar always drew and which he used to demonstrate faith and love. The star was Bethlehem, birth, but what was that cross needed for? He never drew that kind of crosses.

Seven points, he thought, this stands for the hereafter. There were seven spheres, in spiritual attunement. What did Alcar have in mind with this drawing? Once again he was up in arms and he felt his game starting all over again. Was Alcar his opponent? No, this was madness, he was going too far. If only he could make up for this. He felt how he was making a drawing of his own sorrow and grief. First he had tied himself down in his sorrow, now he was drawing although he didn't believe in what he was doing. He was drawing his child's death; oh how difficult it was for him to accept this. He saw how the drawing was enveloped by a weeper. It was pervaded with death and he felt it. He couldn't cut the ties, his invisible friend had won the game. But all the same, this was ridiculous. I'm here on earth, I can still free myself from all these things, he thought, who is there to stop me? There was a feeling inside of him that got stronger and stronger, it made him rebellious, it urged him not to draw.

'Don't draw', he clearly heard, 'you're drawing your own child's death. A fine father you are!' He heard a laugh. 'Don't draw!' Those words were all he heard. That's how he went to bed, to lie awake for hours. He kept on thinking about that inner voice that was stirring him up against his leader. These were evil influences which he had attracted due to his refusal. He fell asleep, still rebellious, and when he awoke in the morning in the same condition, the first thing he did was to tear up the drawing. As he held the fragments in his hands, he suddenly felt a cold shiver. It was done, there was nothing he could change about it. In the afternoon he got a feeling of deep remorse. What had he done? He had destroyed Alcar's work as well

as the present for her and for the little one, and so he had destroyed their love too.

He sensed Alcar's presence, but didn't dare look at him. Maybe he understood his terrible battle. He was only human too, with many mistakes. Yet he had been cruel: he had destroyed the love of his child. Was this a father of love? Was he capable of raising the child? The little bairn hadn't even entered the world and its father was already busy destroying the child's happiness. He, who wanted to love all of life had robbed three people of love. Wasn't it terrible? How could a father draw the death of his own child? He didn't know a thing about it, but hadn't he opened himself up to it? Could this be called human? Was that love? It was too crude of him to have subjugated himself. Was that what Alcar wanted? A spirit of love? No, he felt he hadn't done wrong by tearing up the drawing. He refused to submit. But one evening Alcar put him into a trance again while he was reading his newspaper, and he made a drawing through him. He had no say in this, none whatsoever. Draw he must. It was suddenly finished and it was beautiful. A branch of life lay beneath the star. A drawing for Gommel, and it made his wife very happy.

Alcar said a few words to him: 'This is for the little one.' Now that he saw the finished drawing, he thought it was beautiful too.

After this drawing Alcar put him back into a trance and made another symbolic drawing. Again Alcar only spoke a few words to him: 'I drew the condition of a soul.' It was an extraordinary piece of work. He looked at it for a long time, but couldn't find an explanation for it and he put it away. Now he waited for the things to come. Yet he still hadn't given up all hope that his child would be born alive. He felt at peace, his turmoil decreased. Alcar said nothing to him and he thought that his leader would surely forgive him for opposing him and not having understood his love. Again he was taken hold of one evening. It came over him so spontaneously that it made him shiver to think about it afterwards. He suddenly felt his right arm being taken hold of. Hey, he thought, what's going on, what's the meaning of this? They didn't leave him in peace lately. Yet he got a pencil and some paper and submitted. Strange, who was this, taking hold of him? All he wrote down was $6x7-12x1$, $6x7-12x1$, it filled the whole page. It didn't make the slightest sense to

him and he threw it into the wastepaper basket. His wife asked him what he was up to, and he told her that he had been under a certain influence, but that it had merely resulted in meaningless figures.

Slowly time passed. One afternoon a friend, a very sensitive man, came to visit them. André showed him the drawing and sounded him out to determine what he felt. The man suddenly took off his hat and André sensed how he was shivering deep down. He didn't know why, this had been an extraordinary gesture. André understood this perfectly. He saw his leader standing next to him, exerting his influence on him. It was a sudden impact which could only be applied from the side beyond on sensitive people. He could be reached. Now this was the ultimate proof to him, now he accepted. His friend was entirely unaware of his involuntary gesture, but he did feel, as he mentioned later on, that he had been under some kind of influence. He thought the drawing was marvellous, and a precious gift.

André now felt a deep sadness engulfing him. For seven months he had resisted. He had fought for his happiness, and opposed the invisible person who wanted to convince him of a truth he would not accept. Of course there were others who would put up a fight to their very end, but this had been an extraordinary battle. The invisible person who was thought dead on earth had conquered him. His happiness had been destroyed, sorrow had won the game, and the Yes had, in a slow, yet predetermined battle, defeated the No. Now he bowed his worn-out head deeply before the victor. He had received Alcar's last piece of proof.

When he was finally on his own again, he knelt down and took his time to beg for forgiveness. His stubborn resistance had once and for all been broken. He surrendered willingly and waited what would happen. He hoped it would be over soon, he longed for the truth. Before his wife's imminent departure a ladyfriend came to visit and say goodbye. She too sensed death in the drawing. But it no longer meant anything to him. He only thought of his wife and how great her disappointment would be. It would come, it was her fate. He could see sorrow, grief, nothing but sadness approaching from afar. It would crush her; she couldn't possibly hold on to it, her castle would crumble too.

Finally the time came, and on the morning of the fifth of January

he took her to the institution. At that same moment he felt strange pains welling up in him. They were like tidal waves that continually came and went away again. He told her and she felt that same pain too. Alcar said that he had linked him up with her and that both he and a spiritual doctor would stand by and help her too. He would have to exert his influence on her from a distance, that was why he was linked up and he felt the pains because he was one with her. When he returned home he could hardly bend over. It was odd to take over her pains at a distance. Yet that's how it was.

The sixth of January came. At eleven in the morning the child had still not been born. André had phoned three times already, and he was told not to phone again before one o'clock. All right, so he returned home.

Seated in his room he heard her call out; he thought he was going mad. What a torment to have to hear and feel everything from a distance. Yet there was nothing more he could do but wait. No, he would rather go through this a hundred times himself than go through this. It was terrible to hear her. He wanted to force himself to think of something else, and it eased off a bit but then returned with even greater force. It got to twelve o'clock, he still had a whole hour to wait. He prayed fervently that her pains might lessen. It was all so unnatural. Her cries for help cut through his soul. Slowly time passed and it turned half past twelve. The woman who did the house-keeping called him for his lunch. He had hardly sat down when he felt the pains dissolving. Where had they gone to? By now he had got used to them. This meant something. He felt completely free. He focussed his thoughts on his wife and he saw her before him. The child, a girl, was dead. It was born at twelve thirty. He rushed out of the room and phoned, and he was told to come over immediately. That's it, he thought, it's gone wrong, everything's wrong. He got to the place in no time. Finally the truth which they had wanted to give to him from the second month onward, but he had refused to accept it.

The doctor was waiting for him.

'How is my wife, doctor?' André asked, even before the other had the chance to speak.

'All right', was the reply.

'And the little girl's dead, doctor?'

'Were you informed?'

'No, I wasn't, I've known for seven months already.' And in a flash his whole battle passed through his mind. 'May I visit her?'

'No problem', the doctor answered and he looked at André as if the latter had been talking in a language which he had never heard before. The doctor found him strange, very strange indeed.

He felt extraordinarily peaceful and wanted to comfort and support her now. A knot in the umbilical cord had meant the end to the child. This complication was very rare. Sometimes the cord would encircle the neck, but in this case the child had crept through and had closed off its own life. He hurried to the ward. There she lay, without Gommel. Her little dwarf had passed on. His battle had been fought, hers was to begin. She too was powerless. Her happiness was only a dream, a vision, no more. She had felt the happiness of being allowed to bear a young life, close to her heart, now that happiness had been destroyed, had changed into sorrow and grief.

He comforted her and saw a film passing before his mind's eye. A chunk of life's film was being reeled off for him, so genuinely human, so tragic and profound as only few films of life can be. He saw the moment pass him by in which he had spoken to her about the sphere of the children.

'She went walking with her Gommel and wouldn't part with it for all the treasures in the world.'

Man proposes, but God disposes.

She would have to go on living now without Gommel. He told her about his terrible battle, that he refused to accept it until a few days before this final ending, when he became convinced. It comforted her and he felt how it gave her strength.

'For seven months I fought, and defiled Alcar's love. I will ask him to forgive me because he knows that I'm only human and he will pardon me. Submit and lay it into God's holy Hands.' She resigned herself to her fate.

'Gommel was too good for this world. The place I told you about, that's where she is now and she's happy. She was not to see earthly light rise.'

André was a medium, a medium in everything. And this included

writing for others, convincing them of the continuity of life which he too would experience in all its profound significance. He would experience everything, there was nothing, absolutely nothing that would pass from him. This meant serving higher powers, it was psychic mediumship. He had a task to fulfill which would lift the veil for mankind. They would be forced to drink that cup down to the last drop. He understood and sensed everything. He was paying for his mediumship with his own happiness and hers too. Nonetheless, he felt happy now to be allowed to work for them, yes, he really meant it, he was happy in spite of everything.

His wife recovered quickly and returned home. André phoned someone to frame her drawing. The moment he wanted to speak he heard Alcar say: 'The other one too, André.'

'What, which other one?' he asked in his thoughts.

'This one', he heard and in a vision he saw the other drawing. He hung up, it was too much for him, he felt shattered by so much love. It was the drawing that represented the soul condition of the child. Two at the same time, it was stupendous. The first meant death, the other one transition and eternal life. How could he possibly give so much proof of continuous life to people who refused to believe.

He cried, he let his tears flow, and felt his great and loving Alcar, his leader beside him, who wasn't angry at him in spite of everything, who was love in everything, who would make God known to him. He was genuine, tender and great. He commanded his respect, nothing but respect. This happening was tremendous. The dead were alive and the living were dead. He sensed this truth. The dead bore a knowledge which was too mighty for the living and which they didn't accept. The dead knew everything, but at the time he did not want to accept their truth. The problem was enormous. He couldn't count all the times he had received proof of continuous life. Wasn't death equal to intelligence? Did people sense this great power? His battle would not have been necessary if he had accepted everything from the start. But could he have stood up to this? Could he have hidden everything? Who would be capable of this? Wasn't it natural for him to revolt? Isn't it true that we're only human, little human beings, with a little heart, and with so little love? He felt the shortcomings which had caused his sadness, and he had felt grief and sorrow because of his

rebellion. But if he had submitted, everything would have been different. He clearly saw the whole problem before him, like an open book: First Alcar had let him feel it; he hadn't believed it. Alcar returned and wrote, to lend support to his wife and all the other mothers. Again he cast everything aside and freed himself from this truth. All he wanted was the child, that he wanted to call his own. Then he had his vision, he completely understood that too now. He wasn't allowed to see his own wife, but he ought to have prepared himself for all possibilities, then everything would have come to him in a different manner, and he would have received the strength. But no, he pushed everything miles away and didn't even believe the things he perceived. How could anybody deceive himself in such a way? He had received a lesson in life of such profound intensity and so terrible that it would last him his entire earthly life.

Then Alcar made a drawing. He didn't want to believe it, and yet he had drawn his own child's death. Only now did it dawn on him how great, how mighty these pieces of proof of everlasting life really were. Who had used him to make that drawing? Were they vibrations? Vibrations which he had refused to receive? Were intelligent vibrations like these known to exist on earth, vibrations which could draw, yes, even knew beforehand that a child would be born but that it would be dead when it arrived on earth? Was science familiar with this kind of vibrations? Never yet had he heard of living vibrations that possessed the same intelligence which God had solely granted to man as a sacred gift. The most Divine gift bestowed on man! Were other planets known to earth with which they were connected? Where did these intelligent vibrations originate? Where? Do you know the answer? Please tell me where intelligent vibrations exist outside of human attunement. Science, bow your head too in the face of this truth. Or is this the subconscious? However could the subconscious emerge if it refused to become conscious? It is as stated before. Do you know of a subconscious that refuses to receive and yet receives? Can you get through to a person if he doesn't want to be reached? Can man accomplish something if he doesn't want to, doesn't wish to receive? He had no knowledge of these phenomena being true. No, he tore up everything his subconscious wanted to give to him, everything these vibrations wanted to tell him. He

would have nothing to do with his subconscious and these vibrations. Yet how great, how mighty love made both of them. Yet his subconscious was stronger than his conscious powers in life on earth. He hadn't consciously been able to push back his subconscious, it came back and drew. Did man not possess a will of his own? And would his subconscious have been capable of putting a stop to his conscious life? Was this known to science? Did they know about these forces? He didn't, but he knew a different kind of truth, a holy, a beautiful truth, namely that the dead made drawings through him, those who had lived on earth but had cast off their physical body. It was so simple and so great to be happy about this.

Isn't it an enormous blessing to be permitted, to be able to cry out: 'People, we will go on living when we cast off our material garment, our life is eternal.' A creature that parted from earth long ago made a drawing and knew that his child would be born dead.

What a power, what a thinking capacity, how great their wisdom is, compared to ours. Man will have to bow down deeply in the face of their knowledge. He, who once lived on earth returned and made a drawing to foretell an earthling his child's transition. But he also drew eternal life. Isn't this a consolation? Doesn't it mean anything to you? Isn't it awe-inspiring to feel this? Shouldn't one bow deeply before them? Is this the work of the devil? He who lives behind the veil kept on trying to convince him, until he finally accepted. He accepted and it was accomplished.

André felt an enormous power surging up within. This was what he was giving his life for, he would sacrifice everything to this end. To be able to convince man on earth, to take away the grief of thousands, that's what he wanted to fight for, and now he thanked God that he had been allowed to empty his cup to the very last drop. Now that he knew, there was no battle left, and his wife also resigned herself to this holy message and submitted. They both felt the strength that was given by them who lived behind the veil.

He dedicated his life to them, to all people, in order to transform their grief into happiness.

Man on earth, your dead can see, they can hear and they are with you to help you, but those who live on earth are spiritually deaf and blind.

Alas, it's the truth, André had experienced that too while he had seen, felt and heard. But he had refused to see, refused to accept it. This is spiritualism, holy spiritualism, and not the works of the devil. This isn't table-turning, it's knowledge, pure knowledge and the willingness to help.

A few days later he heard his leader speaking, who told him: 'Here I am again, André, my dear boy, we're together again.'

André wept, Alcar was unfailing in his love. It kindled his soul that needed this warmth so badly.

'Listen, André: Man proposes, but God disposes. Is this clear to you? Does my son understand everything? Isn't life worth living, even though it may seem hard? Man proposes and asks: Father, let this cup pass from me. But God says: Come, my child, it's for your own good, and man continues on his way, because he is forced to do so. You see the same thing happening now. Man proposes and asks: Shall I do things in this way or that? Which road shall I follow? This one or that? Many people have a choice of many roads. But which one should he take? To the right or the left? They don't know because God's road is so hard to find. There's a road that seems so easy, so broad, and you can't easily go astray. But man doesn't sense or see his own downfall, because sooner or later he will sideslip. And then man ponders, must I take this road or the other one. The one ahead of him looks so difficult and so he takes the road which leads straight into darkness. And man keeps on sighing and asks: So which one is the right one? And he checks out all the roads of life that he can choose from. He weighs the pros and cons, but God disposes. God shows him the way, just as you have been shown the way. But even if man doesn't want to follow this road, one day he will take to it, in spite of everything. And even if they keep on resisting to the very last, and go on turning things round in their mind, God still leads them all along His road, on their bare knees if necessary, because this is the one and only road, for everyone. It's the road that leads to Him, and it's His road. You've deliberated for a long time, my son. You've gone many roads, but God led you towards His road, which we must all follow and will yet follow. Because it's God's will and all roads will join onto His road; then man will reach his God. After lengthy ramblings, after many sins, after many slip-ups man reaches

God. God has disposed and in the end all will accept.

Is it easy to find God's road? No, it's very difficult. And on the other hand it's so very easy to find God's road and it could be so easy because God's road is a road of light; but people don't want to see God's road. They grope around in the dark and put their hands before their eyes to prevent themselves from seeing God's light. Sometimes they do so unconsciously, yet often it's a conscious act and then they purposely close themselves to the road they must go, and they roam and ramble until they repent. Until the day God's love touches their heart and makes them realize that God is their Father of Love. Then they will remove their hands from their eyes and they will see God's Light, in all its majesty. Then man bows down deeply and he begs to be forgiven for all his erring.

Then they thank their God, their Father, for showing them the way. And only then they can say: God, You dispose, because You cannot permit Your spark of love to dwell in deep darkness and in sin.

André, let us deliberate in life, let us want the good things, it will make it easier to carry on. What God disposes in His great love for us, is well done. One day all of us, you as well as we, will come to stand before our Divine Father. We will stand before Him in all our nakedness and there won't be a single spot which God's love does not light up. Then there will be nothing which God doesn't feel. And even if people on earth face each other in opposition and even if they can hide their deepest feelings down there, when they come to stand before their holy Father, there won't be anything, indeed nothing He doesn't see, has not seen, and then they will follow His road. Pray to God, my boy, pray often, with your heart and soul for lots of light so you may help others. Pray that your sins may be lit up, so that you can see for yourself, will always see, in order to fight them yourself. Pray that you may always see light, God's holy Light before you, that you may keep it in front of you to see His road, so that the truth may be given to you. And once you have become acquainted with it in all its majesty and have been allowed to see it, then you and all other people will not want to see any other light. Amen.

Tell Anna that we are taking care of her little one and that her child is alive. Forever, eternally. Also tell her that if she wants to see it one day, she will have to attune to the creature, which she can do

by developing love in the spirit. God disposed of this young life. My love, my faithfulness is always with you, wherever you may be; wherever you may go you will receive love. Now there are various conditions I want to make clear to you. First of all I knew that it would come but also that it would return. I let you sense this in advance and you, André, should have accepted it. I wasn't allowed to show it to you more clearly, you wouldn't have been able to bear it all. That little flame of hope kept you alive. Your battle wouldn't have been a battle if you had sensed this knowledge deep down. But you managed because God wanted. The young life came in order to experience the process that leads to awareness in matter. Before it was to be born, it would return. It would not see the sun rise. It's a law we know of on this side and which I mentioned to you during our last journey. That power which is inherent in life cannot be fathomed on earth and is unknown to man. Life closed itself to life and returned. This power lay embedded in her subconscious.

Sound it out, people, you don't sense the depth of this happening! I call this out to science, my son. Nothing could be done about this. I was informed by higher spirits, so I made my calculations. You weren't willing to accept, so I built up my evidence and gathered a mass of proof. If you had accepted, I wouldn't have succeeded. It was I, my boy, who put that opposing force in you. I wanted to find out what my instrument had in mind. You were to empty the cup down to the bottom, which you would thank me for later.

Everything is clear to you, I suppose? You were fighting an inner battle, which you will no longer have to fight. I summoned all your inherent powers and transformed this situation into a big, mighty wholeness, to enable you to convince mankind. All the proof I provided you with serves to demonstrate life after death. André, the deeper a person's sorrow is, the greater his happiness will be. It was me, playing a game of cat and mouse, not you. I, my boy, demanded everything from my instrument. Think this over, it will support you during your life on earth. You will be happy to give this to mankind. Pure, perfect happiness is what man will receive due to your sorrow, and her own grief. It's the knowledge that one's beloved are alive, in happiness and in love, forever. Because it's God's will, I can now prove that we live on in all eternity.

From this side I therefore call out to mankind: Accept this proof, it's real and pure. I, Alcar, who lived on earth some hundreds of years ago, returned to you and portrayed the sorrow and the grief in a human event. I am grateful to God that the mercy was bestowed on me to be allowed to convince you of our life. How great our happiness is that we are permitted to make use of earthly instruments to pass on our truth. Sisters and brothers, we are alive. We are all waiting for you and we're preparing everything to receive you soon on this side. I therefore call out to you, you too must set off in thousands and continue your pilgrimage, like those who dwell on our side and don't know that they have died on earth. Follow the road of love in order to reach the land of love. Your loved ones are alive, they are all awaiting you. Tune it to them in love, so that you will perceive when you arrive on this side.

Now I will explain the drawings to you, André. The first one represents death. The seven-cornered star: Birth and life on our side. The cross stands for the end on earth, just as the broken branch of life, something you clearly sensed. The second drawing portrays a cycle of the soul, or eternal life. Up above you see a mother-bird; she carries a cross in her beak, in the shape of a sword. It means love, through sorrow and grief. In the right upper corner you see the young animal that returns to the mother, bringing her peace and happiness, nothing but eternal truth. Both are connected by the heart of love. The cross points to her heart; no greater sorrow could anyone imagine than a mother who must part with her possession. The small circle is the creature's attunement in the spirit. Again it is linked by love. You see the spiritual cross, the power of her love. From within this condition life descended to earth. An arrow points from the spirit to the earth; the pedestal stands for matter, where she was to experience the awakening of consciousness. Then another arrow, meaning that she would return to this life. The large circle stands for the cycle of the soul, and the various signs are the conditions of life which the creature has gone through, which I could call reincarnation. The mere experience of this process on earth makes reincarnation meaningful. When she has accomplished her cycle the creature will return to the Divine state of being.

Everything you have received, André, is holy truth. If I am able to

convince a few, many will rejoice together with me. I am still not ready yet and you will live through many other conditions which I will explain to you on other journeys.

Dear friends, you may deliberate, yet God disposes of all His children. God disposes of their life, because life is God.

Eternal, everlasting happiness awaits you.

And you, my son, and your wife too, I thank you for your love. Draw strength from this source of wisdom, truth and light. One day she will find happiness again, in radiant beauty, in eternal happiness.

God shapes the back to the burden.

Now I must part.

Your Alcar.'

André continues to convince the people and will use his Divine gift for pure purposes

to follow Alcar's path, the path of light.

THE END OF VOLUME II