

Jozef Rulof

A View into the Hereafter III



A VIEW INTO THE
HEREAFTER
Volume III



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 1936.

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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.

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A VIEW INTO THE HEREAFTER

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*'Be the child of your Father
and you have everything!'*

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, November 15th 1936.

Jozef Rulof

'HEREAFTER'

*The body dies, the soul, releaved of all ties,
goes into endless eternity, towards better regions,
where light and beauty prevail full of joy, no evenings or
mornings,
with all who have preceded, freed now from all worries
there we will continue to exist and pursue the things on high
Free from the earth, in total light, happy and content.
This will now come true and what joy and glory to be there,
released from the heavy pressure of the world, where there is
nothing more to fear
it's mere joy and bliss, it's a great splendour
to live there, in light, in love, one in everything, in all eternity.*

CHAPTER I

Clairvoyance through disembodiment

ONE afternoon André got a phone call from out of town requesting him to come over, as a fifty-year-old gentleman had suddenly disappeared. His family was very worried about his absence, and they thought that he must have had an accident. He asked his leader whether he was allowed to leave, but he was told not to go, and to ask for an object instead, in order to determine what had happened. They sent him a tie, and they requested him to reply as soon as possible. What he was about to experience now was very strange. Alcar told him that this situation required him to disembody. He had to take the tie in both hands and try to link up with the radiation of the missing person. He did what his leader told him and soon he felt himself being drawn up in the spirit and becoming released from his body. Once he was free he could go wherever he wanted, there was no hindrance whatsoever. The disembodiment was also a normal phenomenon to him, as he had been allowed to take part in various journeys to the spheres with his leader. At the present moment he dwelt in the life where those live who had cast off their physical body and where he now had work to do. He thought of the man he was to look up; once he had become linked up with him he would experience what had happened to him. He focussed his powers of concentration on him and felt himself being transported miles away from his body.

Where could he be? Was he still alive? These were the first questions that came to his mind. Had he met with an accident? It could also be possible that he had gone somewhere and didn't want his relatives to know. Anything could have happened and André was very curious to know where he was.

Sometimes when he disembodied he didn't know where he had landed, but in this case he recognized the town and the river on which banks he was now standing. He thought it was very strange that he had arrived on this spot, and he reflected for a moment to become aware of everything. His radiation had brought him here

and now he had to try and find him. Where was that man? Had he drowned himself? Should he descend into the river? First he searched the whole surroundings but then returned to the spot where he had been. There was nothing to be seen of him. In any case the man must have stopped here for while, otherwise it wouldn't have been possible for him to land on this spot. He had truly felt a link with him. What should he do now? Again he searched the surroundings, yet saw no sign of life. Then I had better return, he thought, I can't find him. And as he was on the verge to turn back, he heard a soft yet clear voice say: 'Why doubt, André? Why return after you've gone halfway? Didn't I show you often enough and explained to you how to use your powers on this side? You won't solve this situation like that. I let you depart from the body to make it clear to you what happened, and this is possible because you have developed that far. During our previous journeys, also on our journey to heaven and hell, after we had arrived in the third sphere, we returned to the darkness in a flash which enabled me to show you and explain to you how we move about and link up on this side. You learnt that this is only possible through concentration and strong will power. If I want to establish a connection, I keep my thoughts fixed on one point, which will link me up and in the end the problem will get solved. And are you putting this into practice? For the present moment I remained in my own attunement to see how you would carry this to completion, but you will never find him in this way. His radiation brought you here. Find out within yourself how you got here, but keep your concentration focussed on him; in other words keep up your link with him. This spot merely marks the beginning of your work. You sensed that you were linked up and in the spirit connection stands for experience. This means following the road which others took. When a medium links up with an other life, he or she senses this life the way it feels when the connection has been established. Likewise you will now experience what happened to him, and you'll be able to find him if your concentration is and remains pure.

I also made it clear to you that a human being has an attunement in the spirit, which is grounded on psychic laws and means love. I also taught you how man will have to live on earth if he wants to

acquire an existential sphere in the spirit, which entails light and happiness on this side. Yet all this still doesn't suffice to convince coarse-material man, and that's why I will let you experience all these conditions, so that he will get to know the psychic laws. I will show you various conditions to demonstrate that after casting off their physical bodies they will arrive here with inner feelings that relate to their earthly life; so earthly life means eternity. Is that clear to you, André?'

'Yes, Alcar, I completely understand you. When earthly life ends, man passes on into the spirit.'

'And I want to achieve all of this, André, by letting you experience all these conditions, so that they can sense their own attunement. I will manage to make them turn over a new leaf after they have become aware that life is eternal and that they must part with everything that belongs to the earth. I want people to get to know our spiritual life, to urge them on to their spiritual development, to make it clear to them that love is the holiest thing that God gave us and that they must attune this holy gift of God in the spirit.'

Next, I want to make it clear to them how we from our side act upon them to support and help them. In our life love means nothing but happiness, nothing but light and bliss. I therefore urgently ask you not to forget a single item of the things I will show you and explain to you.

Now concentrate fully, André, and ask me when something is unclear to you. We must descend, because the poor fellow robbed himself of his life, as you will shortly see for yourself.'

André descended into the river. What a miracle this was to him, now that he still lived in his physical body and was allowed to link up in the spirit. This enabled him to become acquainted with the spiritual life. How great the power was of those who had shed their physical body. But those who had messed up their lives on earth would dwell in darkness and to them it was impossible to experience these conditions, because they lacked the light. Love is light and without love the life on the side beyond is deep darkness.

Would people believe him if he told them that he had walked on a riverbed and had perceived there? They would shrug their shoulders and scoff at him. And yet it was true. He was walking on a

riverbed in search of a human being, something his gift allowed him to experience. During the first years of his development he would never have thought of this possibility. He experienced all these miracles as a disembodied human being, in his spiritual body. He could discern things within a wide range, the water surrounding him was lit up. This was a great moment. He heard his leader who told him to listen.

‘The light you perceive, André, is your attunement in the spirit, otherwise you wouldn’t be able to solve this situation through disembodiment, nor would you be able to become linked up. Accordingly, everything will be dark for those who don’t possess love.’

They kept on going. He often glided along, just as he wished. Fish swam by to his right and left, which was a wondrous and splendid thing to see. They varied in size, and he saw how their colours differed. If man on earth could witness this he would surely become convinced of a life that continues forever. His happiness abounded because he clearly saw and felt the life that God had laid down in everything. The possession of love therefore equaled spiritual gold on the side beyond. He would exert himself, put in all his powers, then Alcar would be able to give him wisdom in the spirit. He would do his utmost to achieve this.

He thought he perceived something ahead of him. Did he see correctly? Something was floating in the water that somehow resembled a human being. It would be terrible if that was the person he was supposed to find. When he had got a bit closer he saw that it was a human being who had parted from earthly life in this way.

André got a terrible shock. How sad this truth was. Was it the one who had got lost or was this someone else? This was an end that saddened him.

He immediately heard Alcar say: ‘It’s the man we had to look for. He put an end to his life. Otherwise you wouldn’t have got to this spot. You will shortly be able to sense this, when you link up with him. Focus your powers of concentration on him, you will perceive an other truth, one that’s even more horrible than this end.’

It was frightful to André what he perceived; what he now saw, was the most terrible part of all. The physical body was drifting in front of him, but what is more, the spiritual body was still connected to

matter. It was sad, this final end of a human being and he understood what this connection meant. The fluid cord kept him linked to matter and he would have to remain in this condition until his body had wasted away. Alcar had already explained this to him during his previous journeys and now he understood the sad meaning of this premature transition. Both conditions were one single attunement because the spirit couldn't free itself. Not only had his relatives been plunged into grief and sorrow, he too lived in deepest misery, something a human being who still dwells in the physical body could never imagine. Many suffered by the hand of one. He felt a lot of questions surging up. What had driven him to death? Had it been worry, or maybe an illness? Who had decided his fate? Was it his own fault or had he been murdered? What had caused him to commit this terrible deed? He felt deeply touched and his soul flinched when he thought of the bereaved. How cruel it was to suddenly disappear in the prime of one's life. This was not what God had intended, man should await his end. Those who put an end to it themselves were irrevocably lost, not only physically but spiritually too. Poor man. A heartrending end this transition to the side beyond was to him. If he had known about an eternal life, then it might not have come to this; that knowledge would have stopped him and he wouldn't have known all the misery he was in now. Life was Divine and this life now endured the most miserable circumstances a human being could ever experience. When he thought of the higher regions where this man would also have found happiness, and then considered his present condition, he felt his heart sinking.

How remote his happiness was. His sorrow was deep, inhumanly deep. What was poverty on earth compared to this misery? Nothing. What was earthly suffering compared to his condition? It made him shiver, he was overwhelmed by a deep sadness. He asked his leader the meaning of this misery.

'Can you see, Alcar, what brought his end forward?'

'I will try to link up with him.'

André waited for his leader to see something.

'Earthly worries caused him to finish his life. But not only material worries tormented him, I see that his soul was mortally wounded.'

It's even sadder when you realize that his inner condition would have found attunement to the first sphere on this side, if his earthly life had come to a normal end. He destroyed his spiritual attunement, all his possessions on this side, by committing this terrible deed.'

'Is that possible, Alcar? When we were in the children' sphere you told me that this couldn't be possible. Can a human being fall deeper than the level of his attunement?'

'You sensed that perfectly, André. I will explain this to you. This condition bears no direct relation to his earthly life, in other words, he acted against his will, under the influence of others. This doesn't necessarily mean that his spiritual level has changed. This was an act which has nothing to do with his spiritual life. Is this clear to you? Of course he must make amends for all this and that's why he is now in this terrible condition. He may be a good person, but in this condition he fell into the hands of evil and did away with his own life.'

'I understand everything you say, Alcar.'

'Splendid, André, then we'll continue. Evil tries to destroy mankind and that is why one has to exert all his strength to keep away from its influence. So he won't slide back, his spiritual condition remains the same, but he will have to make amends for his deed. So this is a different condition from the one I told you about, and don't forget that every deed possesses a cosmic attunement. As long as man lives below the first spiritual sphere*), he may fall back because he has not yet reached or acquired this degree of spiritual development.

His inner attunement is a material condition of feeling and this makes him susceptible to those who want to destroy mankind, because he himself wants that connection and is on the lookout for it. So his transition is beyond the scope of his normal earthly life. So it will be clear to you that not every suicide must necessarily be an evil person. Many end their earthly lives because their love remains unanswered. This man will live his deed to the full in this condition and then return to his previous attunement.

Man forgets that life is God and that it cannot be destroyed; those who nonetheless do so, sin against everything that abides by and

*) This is the fourth sphere of light on the side beyond.

stands for the laws of God. They forget that God imposed this battle on them, enabling them to develop, no matter how difficult this may be for them. Those who forgot themselves on earth descend down to those who dwell in darkness, to the unfortunates. So his deed shows weakness, he evades his difficulties and perishes because of them.

I therefore call out to mankind: Man on earth, do as you chose, live your own life as you please, but don't put an end to your life, because life is eternal and indestructible. Life is God and will return to His holy Life. You would destroy everything. You would say no to the sun, its light, the moon, the stars, nourishment, and love, although you have such need of all this in your earthly life, in that life in which you feel, hear and see. Your earthly body is material, yet your spiritual body feel, hears and sees, so it lives in the spirit which it will keep on longing for, because its attunement is material, because it neither knows nor feels any other form of life. You deprive yourself of earthly life in order to enter the spiritual. On this side you will feel to the extent in which your love finds attunement in the spirit. And when a human being closes himself off to material light, he will be unable to perceive the spiritual light, as he doesn't possess that light within, and his deed will lead him straight into darkness. Do you sense how life is eternal? That you are on earth to develop spiritually? That life is indestructible, but that you live forever, yes, you will live eternally. That you bear a spark within, which is God's holy life, which represents His life? Man, accept your battle, attune to us, to eternal life, because many along with me are impatiently awaiting your pleas to be helped. But you must want this yourself, otherwise we cannot help you, as you must link up with us and possess attunement in your feeling.

Know that God is love and there is happiness for all His children if you attune to Him.

Again, follow the road which God shows to you; it's the road of love, which we, and you too must take.'

'Is he aware of his condition, Alcar?'

'Yes, André. But when he is released from his physical body, he will roam around in the sphere of the earth until his life on earth would ended under normal circumstances. So for the time being he

will remain in darkness and in the cold, because he will first have to undergo the decay of his material garment. Afterwards the demons will make his life difficult, those who dwell in these dark spheres. You got to know their influence in the dark areas.'

'Then aren't they going to help him?'

'Certainly, but he can't be delivered from his condition and he will have to go through all this. He was too weak in his life on earth, then how will his life be in the spirit if we know that his condition of feeling is the same? He wanted to destroy a law, and on this side he will have to see this through in darkness and in the cold. Man inflicts all this on himself and forgets what God gave him to bear. It was his own will and he must undergo all this. Later on we will descend into all these conditions and I will show you these attunements.'

'What are we to do now, Alcar?'

'We will return because there is nothing we can change about it, and we must inform the bereaved that he met with an accident.'

In a flash they were back in his room, and he woke up in his physical body. He had disembodied for twenty minutes; there was so much he had been allowed to experience. It showed him clearly that the physical body presents an obstacle to the spiritual body during life on earth, and that in the life after death man senses his release from these ties. In his spiritual body he could go wherever he wanted to, he would possess light if he felt love for all of life, which was and signified God's life.

André awoke in a very strange condition. What had happened to his physical body during his disembodiment? He had been healthy when he left and now he felt ill. His head felt clogged-up and he had a terrible cold. How was this possible? What kind of problem was he about to experience now? Where had that cold suddenly come from? His nose was running like a tap. What extraordinary things his mediumship brought on him. He therefore asked his leader what this meant and Alcar told him: 'You once experienced a similar spiritual impact, although it was different from this one. That time the vital cord conveyed a flogging to your physical body, in this case it's a change of temperature.'

André understood.

‘If you had thought it over, you would have found the solution. You know that illnesses have an impact on your body when you link up with a patient; then why shouldn’t the physical body take on that change of temperature, now that you have reached this level of feeling? It enables me to demonstrate that man has two bodies, but that the spiritual body is the intelligent and eternal body that continues to live on.

Now write, André, that he has passed on. Your cold will soon disappear because the physical organs were not directly influenced.’

André thought it was terrible to have to convey this message. He pictured the relatives, wrapped in sorrow and grief. It was terrible, but Alcar told him to get on with it.

A week had passed, when there was another phone call asking him to go over to A. for a further investigation. But Alcar gave him the same message, whereupon they sent him a photo. Again he descended down to the riverbedding and with Alcar’s help he had soon found him. He was in the same condition which could in no way be altered, and his leader determined where and when he would be found. It took four weeks before André was notified that a shipmaster had recovered him on the spot he had indicated. André thought this was great. Everything had been correct. He had seen with utmost precision, they said. But would they believe him if he told them how he had found him? Would they accept it? If everything is truth, then can’t they accept the spiritual truth? Isn’t this all too incredible to an earthly human being? Too profound, too difficult for the human feeling?

Dear reader, I address myself to you. Everything was found to match down to the smallest details. Wouldn’t you be prepared to accept the spiritual truth just as André experienced all this? I am telling you the truth, the holy truth, they’re not phantasies or figments; nothing but the truth, which he was allowed to receive in the spirit as a disembodied human being. Alcar let him experience this great event, which enabled him to get to know the spiritual life. He also learnt that love is the highest and holiest gift God granted man. It stands for happiness and light in the life after material death.

Eternal, everlasting happiness awaits you all.

Psychic powers

What André experienced in this condition was not only wondrous, he also got to know the psychic powers on the side beyond.

One evening he was visited by a doctor who came to call in his help. A member of the family who was being temporarily nursed, had quietly left the institute, and he was very worried about it. He had brought along a passport as an 'influence', which André was to use to try and find her. He got ready and waited for the things to come. He soon felt how Alcar released him from his physical body and he heard his leader speaking to him.

'Pay attention, my son, to everything I will show in this condition, and which is similar to the condition we experienced when we found the man who took his own life, but in this condition you will experience how you can perceive at great distance, and that you also remain linked up with your physical body and can convey the things you perceive to your physical body. I told you about it when I explained the event that had to do with St. Frances. This is a very mighty happening, André, which the scholar will neither feel, see nor hear, in spite of his presence, for the simple reason that he isn't familiar with those laws. I therefore request your full attention and concentration on your own condition. I will remain in my own attunement, so that nothing will distract you. You will experience something beautiful, which will only be visible and audible to you, because you will be living the life of the spirit, as a disembodied spirit. At the moment you feel released from your material garment and you can perceive on this side. But not only do you see, now that you have left your physical body you are nonetheless capable of using your vocal organs to speak. And this way of speaking is very wondrous.'

André looked at the spot from where he heard his leader speaking and wondered however this could be possible. The power that governed the human body had, at this moment, disembodied. Had he understood Alcar clearly enough?

He immediately heard his leader. 'I have spoken very clearly, my boy, I'm dead serious about this, no matter how incredible this may

seem to you. Concentrate on your vocal organs and try to tell him something.'

André wanted to talk but he couldn't utter a word. Thousands of thoughts swirled through his mind. After all, he was outside of his body, matter was on its own, the spiritual body ruled matter.

Again he heard Alcar speaking: 'Are you still in doubt, André? Didn't I clearly tell you that this will seem wondrous to you too? Try to concentrate.'

André was thinking what he would tell the doctor.

'Listen', he said, but the word 'listen' gave him such a start that he completely forgot to go on talking. How wondrous it was; he heard his own body talking while he was standing next to his physical body. The intelligence had parted from it, yet could talk outside the physical body. His voice, the sound he produced was slightly softer, yet clearly understandable. He sensed that the doctor heard no difference in tone. At the word 'listen' which he had caught, the doctor asked: 'Can you already see something?' André understood every word he pronounced and immediately went on. His thoughts were now focussed on one point and he replied: 'I already see a connection'.

The doctor immediately interrupted: 'For heaven's sake try to find something out about her. Exert all your powers, you would be doing me an enormous favour.'

It took no trouble now and André continued by saying that he would do his best to get to know something about her. He was extremely happy to be allowed to experience this miracle. What a power of wisdom he was learning and how great spiritual forces were. There in front of him his physical body was resting, and his spiritual body was carrying on a conversation with matter, it had the physical body in hand through concentration and strong will power.

Now he heard Alcar say: 'Now we'll perform a different experiment, André. I will now explain to you how we act upon the physical human being and how we can reach him. Try to act upon him by linking up with him, and make him say some words.'

André did what Alcar wanted of him and made him ask whether he already saw something. Deep within he was accurately tuned in to him. He felt as if he was becoming *one*, and sensed how his power

dominated his, so that the doctor again said: 'Can you already see something?' The scholar was now subject to his will, without being aware of it.

Alcar said: 'You're now seeing and experiencing how we reach the human being from this side. But if you ask him something relating to his person he will refuse. Is that clear to you?' But André didn't understand, and Alcar then told him: 'It will become clear to you shortly; act now! Ask him to make a gesture which could jar your physical body.' Suddenly he understood what his leader meant. He focussed his attention and wanted him to ask whether he already saw something, and at the same time he should touch him. Again the doctor asked 'Can you already see something?' but he refused to answer his other question. He felt entirely ineffective, his powers were inadequate. Strange, he thought, after all, I'm merely asking him a clear and simple question. He tried it again but observed how he definitively refused. He couldn't be reached.

'Is this clear to you or do I have to solve it for you? He senses that if he were to respond to your request, he would disturb your condition. He has the power - which amounts to spiritual possession - to wait. It is certainly true that someone with a different attunement than his would have acted differently. The spiritual body is the sensitivity body, isn't it, and now that we know that feeling is love, his refusal is an attunement of love in the spirit. So every deed or thought finds its attunement to love, it's either material or spiritual, it's a condition which depicts the human being. This is how one recognizes the human being, in other words: we recognize the attunement of the life that lives within the physical body.

But this also encompasses various other attunements, which I will explain to you. In this way I want to show that his deed isn't in spiritual attunement, as the matter is of interest to him and it may therefore be self-love. Make him ask whether you already see something and he will do so.' André complied and the doctor literally put the question André wanted him to ask.

'You could now ask him many other questions, which would enable you to get to know him and sense the condition of his power of love in the spirit, but he haven't got the time now. But this contains the power of feeling of the being, which shows up through this event.

The more a human being develops, the more refined his feeling becomes and he tunes in to the spirit in accordance with the love he possesses. So his inner condition protects him against performing some unbefitting deed or other. Love, we already discussed this, is a psychic law and can be Divine.

Research is being done on long-distance talking by a medium, but science will have to accept it due to the proof which is given from our side, or else the scientists would have to disembody. But a scientist doesn't lend himself to this science, can't lend himself as an instrument, because his own studies are a hindrance to him and this truth cannot be scientifically determined. You have now experienced that speaking is possible, but soon you will also be able to do this from afar, and you will notice that when we possess the appropriate powers distance no longer exists in the life of the spirit. Now direct all your concentration at her, and although you're a long way away from your body you will still have the power to make it act according to your will.'

They moved away as fast as a thought. André was at a country house he didn't know. It was a large building, and he walked around it. There was a garden to the front and the back and this garden was enclosed by a high wall. Could this be the institute where she was being nursed? He heard his leader who told him that he sensed correctly. André understood that his investigation was to start here. He immediately heard: 'Exactly, my boy, this is where your work begins.'

Again a miracle occurred. If he hadn't experienced it himself, it would have been incredible to him too. Alcar told him to inform the doctor what he perceived. André wanted to talk but he couldn't. Again he doubted, without wanting to, because it was so very wondrous to him.

'Isn't my son convinced yet? I respect your sense for self-preservation, but in the spirit this means breaking off your concentration. Come on, André, tell him what you see.'

Now the most unbelievable thing happened. Very cautiously and deliberately he pronounced the first words and said: 'I'm standing in a neighbourhood which is unknown to me.'

'Oh really?' he heard the doctor ask, and at that moment he saw

himself sitting in his room and heard himself talking to the doctor. He followed the conversation and told the doctor that he should explain the situation to him so that he could determine whether he was on the right track.

The doctor immediately replied: 'This is correct, you're on the spot where she was being nursed.'

This was wondrous, as the doctor hadn't told him anything beforehand. André trembled with excitement. How great this moment was. Now he was getting to know powers of a different kind, which to him meant still more wisdom in the spirit. When he got to one of the corners of the garden, he felt an urge to climb over the wall, which he followed. On the other side he found his way blocked by a broad moat. What now, should he go through? He concentrated on her and clearly sensed how she had gone through the water to reach the other side. He uttered his findings, sent them to the doctor, and he heard him say: 'Terrible, that poor woman.' André gathered from this that his visitor understood that she had experienced the things he now felt and saw. 'Is she still alive?' he added.

André replied: 'I can't tell you yet for certain, I'm only at the start of my investigation.'

But he sensed how sad the doctor was about her and how it burdened him. But to him this was a spectacular event in his life. He stepped into the moat and felt himself submerging; it took him quite an effort to recover his footing and reach the other side. What a situation for this young mother to be in. He followed her every step and experienced what she had gone through. Once he had got to the other side he was overcome by feelings of fear, which made him realize that she too had been afraid, probably of being caught. He conveyed to the doctor that she wasn't in the water, to which he replied: 'Thank goodness that it didn't come to that.'

André followed her route and roamed through fields and meadows, from which he gathered that she wanted to remain untracable. Her thoughts were accurately focussed on her own situation. She made no mistakes. He sensed that he would be able to cure her, because he felt and saw the nervous disorder. Her illness lay clearly exposed inside of him, which enabled him to determine where her concentration had become impaired. He was deeply linked up with

her. She aimlessly kept on going; she passed through a little village which he recognized, so that he managed to get his bearings. Now he knew where he was. For a short spell he felt a certain hesitation creeping up; he understood that for a moment she had considered turning back. The road led to the village of K., and then along the beach towards Sch. Again he heard the doctor asking: 'Is she still alive?'

André said he didn't know yet, but that everything would soon be cleared up. Somewhere between K. and Sch. he sat down in the dunes for a rest. He clearly felt that she had spent quite some time on that spot, and that she had finally got up to continue on her way. In Sch. she walked on to the pier; here he found no further trace of her and he sensed that the link had been broken. The doctor asked him whether he still perceived something. He told him to have a little patience because where he was, the connection with her had come to stop. Where had she gone to? But now he heard his leader who told him to wait, as he would look her up.

André waited. Now Alcar would solve the mystery. But it didn't take long before he heard Alcar tell him to listen.

'On this spot she wanted to take her own life, which onlookers prevented her from doing. She was taken to an institute nearby, where she is being looked after at the moment. She's alive, André! Tell him to return home, as he will receive news tomorrow morning. He mustn't do anything, just quietly wait until tomorrow. Again, she's alive.'

André woke up and told him what his leader had instructed him to do. The doctor was very happy and content and trusted him completely. André had disembodied for three quarters of an hour, and for the second time he experienced how his body had taken over the changes in temperature which had caused a cold. It was very strange and the doctor thought it was wondrous. But to André this was no longer strange, as he had already experienced this before.

The doctor left and said he would return as soon as possible after he had received a message from her. The next afternoon at one o'clock the doctor came to visit him. He arrived in a very joyous mood.

'I've got good news and I've come to congratulate you', he began, 'on the marvellous way you see things. It's truly miraculous what

you achieved. Early this morning we already received a message and I can assure you that everything literally matches the facts; it literally agrees with what you perceived. Nothing, nothing at all was amiss. It's a mystery to me and I want to report this. This is real clairvoyance. I am very happy to have witnessed this and we are also very happy that she's alive and back.'

André wanted to tell him that he had determined all this through disembodiment, but he suddenly felt that he should stop if he didn't want to spoil the doctor's feelings of beauty for all this. The essence of it, the spiritual truth, was too profound for an earthly human being, and for this scholar too. This was beyond the powers of human beings, they didn't look through matter, couldn't sense it. What they saw was merely the shadow of their ego, their senses obstructed their spirit. It was beautiful, yes, very interesting indeed, but one shouldn't overdo it.

The patient was being looked after in the Ramaer clinic. After a few weeks she came to visit him with her husband. She thought his seeing was marvellous and couldn't stop talking about the way he had been able to determine all her thoughts and deeds. She would like to be treated by him.

André treated her with love, but after a few visits she didn't return. Didn't she believe in it? He didn't know, but it hurt him for the sake of one special being. He who had changed their sorrow into a happy reunion was no longer required to give his help. But now Alcar showed him a mighty and profound scene. In his mind's eye he saw dark clouds passing by, saw a human being on the cross; these were wordless images, and he understood.

'Let them be', Alcar said. 'You see, my son, how great psychic power can be.'

I ask science: 'Doesn't this mean anything to you? I merely ask you one thing: If everything is true and proven, then can't you accept our wisdom? The things my instrument experienced, don't they convey the truth? I prove to you in this way that life after death is a reality and that the spiritual body is the eternal body that goes on living. I don't want to deprive you of your science, but we only wish to prove one thing, this beautiful, this sacred truth that we live in happiness and in love, forever, eternally. And you also bear all these

powers within, if you will develop your love in the spirit. Accept this, it will support you too in your studies and in your earthly life. Bow your head before Him Who is our common Father, from Whom we receive the mercy to be led to Him. Because what does it mean to be learned on earth and to be poor in the spirit?'

Alcar let him also determine the following condition through disembodiment.

André was visited by a gentleman who came to call in his help on behalf of his friend who had been missing for already ten days. Neither radio nor police messages had produced any results, and his parents were very worried. This concerned a young man aged thirty. As usual he had left his home in the morning to go to work but hadn't returned. His visitor had brought a photo. André took it in his hands and soon sensed a link. Before Alcar released him he said: 'Tell him not to ask you anything, but to wait until you yourself start to speak.'

After he had passed on this message he felt himself being released from his physical body and then removed far away. Alcar made it clear to him that the things he would now perceive had already happened and belonged to the past. He saw the man in a car, with a lady beside him, driving towards Belgium. He was very overstrained and André wanted to know why he had got into this condition. He clearly felt the man's inner condition. Something nagged at his heart, he felt restless. He concentrated fiercely and saw something very wondrous. His power of feeling linked him up with another girl, who lived in the town he was from. André saw her very clearly and understood his restlessness, as well as the entire situation. He saw other images too, but he didn't want to go into it. The man was aware of everything and knew that he was doing wrong.

What did he want and where was his road leading to? Again he concentrated and he read in his innermost self what he wanted and where he was going. His entire soul was as open to him as a book. It presented him with a clear image that the spirits could link up with earthly man without him feeling, hearing or seeing anything of this. He linked up in the silence, in the peace which the spirit possesses. It was also clear to him that a human being would have to be very

sensitive in order to feel the spiritual impact. He thought it was very wondrous to be able to experience all this. The young man was causing unpleasant circumstances for himself and for others which were steadily getting worse. Whatever could have got into him to leave his parents behind in such anxiety? Could this be called love of a child towards his parents? They were in terrible fear because of him. It was all self-love, nothing but crude selfishness. He lived his own life, while two old people were at their wits' end because of their boy. André felt that he was under the influence of the lady. He believed that he loved, but his love was unanswered. He sensed her too; it was all merely sensation. His happiness wouldn't last long, it would tumble like a house of cards. It was the kind of love that ruined mankind, that tore hearts apart and shredded souls. He felt nothing but misery, deep human misery surging up inside of him. To the man this was a lesson in the school of life which he had to learn and which would make him develop. If only he could warn him, but this was not possible. He saw the road he had to follow, far, far away. Through Belgium, towards Germany he followed them. There too he saw and felt what he planned to do. This was where he wanted to try his fortune with her and set up a business. André also sensed that they wouldn't stay here either, but now he was faced with a mystery. Up to here he had been able to follow and sense everything. What now? I can see him, but he isn't staying here. Had he accomplished his mission. Would he be returning to his body? But now again he heard his dear Alcar who told him to listen.

'What you have perceived belongs to the past, but the next you'll see is the future. Is that clear to you?' André understood. Alcar led him back to Belgium, to the town of Antw.

'What he didn't manage in Germany, he wants to try here. He will remain here for half a year, and only then will he return to his parents. This can't be changed in any way, because he is in hiding and doesn't want to return. No matter what they try, they won't find him any sooner. Again, how terrible though this will be for the parents, nothing can be done about it.'

André thought it was very mean of the man to leave his parents behind in this uncertainty. What kind of a mentality was this? It was all passion, nothing but self-love and hallucinations. He loved some-

one, but he crushed his parents' love. How cruel this situation was for those poor people, he had hurt their hearts until they bled.

He returned to his physical body and told his visitor what he had perceived. He told him everything, so that if they were to receive a message this could be checked. The man thought it was terrible and he was very downcast by his friend's conduct. Poor old people, however could a child forget himself in this way? What had got into him? How deep the grief and the sorrow is of those who wait with silent hope. His visitor was speechless. This was too terrible, it was incredible.

André said: 'I can't give you any more; it's a sad message, because this is sorrow that will nag at their hearts. May God give them the strength to be able to stand up to this.'

His visitor left with the promise to return if he heard anything from him. After five months he returned to give him the news.

'I'm sure I don't need to tell you how great the parents' sorrow was. After I left you, I carefully took down everything you had told me about him. Then I went to visit his parents and told them that he was still alive. But after a few days that bit of strength had been eaten up too and nothing more could help. I spoke to them and I still don't know where I got my conviction from. I never doubted you. Alcar wouldn't have given it to you otherwise. After I had read your first book I trusted your leader and his spiritual help; I'm glad now that my confidence proved justified. It was a terrible time for them. Months passed by. We placed advertisements in Belgian newspapers, but to no effect. There wasn't a trace to be found of him. Slowly but surely they lost the hope of ever seeing him back again alive. It was unbearable for them. Various possibilities were forwarded, but they were all rejected again. Then they thought: Maybe he had been detained in Germany, after all, many people are silently locked up there. Maybe he was dead after all? Perhaps that man won't tell us. Finally they gave up hope. And yet I felt that a little spark of hope remained from which they drew strength to go on living. Not everything of what you saw was lost; they hung on to that straw. To me it will be a support for the rest of my life to know that if one has a good connection, one will receive the truth. And now the sorrow belongs to the past. Their happiness is indescribable and their first

thoughts went out to you. When I told my friend everything after he had returned, he thought it was very wondrous. It was as if you had experienced it yourself. Thank your leader Alcar in his parents' name, they asked me to tell you this.

The man left. André was happy that this had all come true too. He learnt from this experience that those on the side beyond know more than we do, even if people think they are dead. How different everything is when we know that they are still alive and that they can help and support us humans.

André continues to convince mankind.

CHAPTER II

How Alcar watched over André

A lady who lived in Geneva wanted him to come over and diagnose her. She had been examined by various doctors but wanted to consult him before deciding to follow their advice. Her handwriting already enabled him to make the diagnosis, but he wrote back that he would like to have a photo of her because her letter had passed through many hands. He soon received a reply. She wrote to him that everything had been correct and that she wanted to come to Holland to be operated on by her brother who was a surgeon in Gr. But before she departed for Gr. she would like to meet him. André visited her in the hotel where she was staying and agreed to support her from a distance. The next day he tuned in to her and stayed linked up with her until his leader would tell him to stop. A few days afterwards Alcar told him that the operation had been successful and that he should stop, as the impact would now be too vigorous for her. She was not to be disturbed in any way. Alcar was also watching over her and helped her in silence. His leader had been present at the operation and told him that the diagnosis had been correct.

He would later experience these conditions as well as all the transitions of feeling via disembodiment. He would be allowed to witness how the disembodied human being was guided by help from the side beyond, which simplified the return into matter. Moreover Alcar wanted to make it clear to humanity that amongst scholars there are also instruments who serve as mediums. His leader would also demonstrate the great benefit of partial anaesthetics, as this protected the vital organs and helped to maintain their strength which the spiritual body required to recommence its activity in the physical body. He would reveal something to him which was still a great secret to science, namely the departure of the spirit when the physical body was anaesthetized. Many people who underwent an operation disembodied and were helped in the spirit. Very little was known about this on earth.

The patient had promised to write to him, yet he had still received no news from her, although he had been waiting for ten days. Strange, he thought, after all, everything is fine. Had something serious occurred? Why had nobody written to him, wasn't he with her in his thoughts and hadn't he helped her with love? He asked his leader whether something unexpected had happened, but Alcar reassured him. In that case I had better wait, he thought.

One afternoon a gentleman and a lady came to visit him. They asked him to diagnose her. At that moment he heard Alcar say to him: 'Tell him that it's her left knee, and that she has waited too long.' André conveyed this message to them and they both found this very remarkable.

'Can you heal her?' the gentleman asked him.

'I can alleviate the pain, but I'm not able to cure her completely.' André heard him talking about diathermy, which meant nothing to him, but again he heard Alcar say: 'Heat rays, my son, but it can't cure her. We can ease her condition by magnetic radiation. There is one possibility, by means of vital fluid, which will make her pains cease.' André also conveyed this message, which satisfied them.

Suddenly Alcar told him to pay attention.

'Concentrate on me and let me talk. Not a word, not a thought is allowed to suppress mine. Listen like you never did before.' André had never heard his leader talk in this way. What did this mean? Was there any danger?

'Soon', he heard, 'everything will become clear to you, now pay attention. You will be seeing in visionary attunement. I will show you what I see and perceive. You see via me, I will convey it to you.' Alcar had spoken clearly and the man hadn't heard a word of it. 'Calm and collected', André heard, 'open up and now: look at him.'

He did what Alcar told him. That very moment he understood what this was all leading to. Alcar was watching over him like a mother over her child. He saw the lady from Geneva appear in the gentleman. He clearly saw how she became manifest in him and he understood that this gentleman had something to do with her. But what? Immediately afterwards the next image appeared which made him understand who and what this man was who had come to visit him. 'Well', he thought, 'so this gentleman wants to put me to the

test.' He looked at him sharply and asked him pointblank what Alcar dictated to him: 'Are you a doctor?'

'Yes', was the reply.

'But I see even more', André continued, 'namely that you were your own sister's surgeon. Is that so?'

The man went red in the face and said that it was so.

'Splendid sir, and what do you think of all this?'

'Peculiar', he said, 'it's peculiar.'

But André sensed that the man was at a loss. He felt trapped. But he silently thanked his great leader for his protection. This person who was believed dead could read the living like a book, they knew all the things which he, André, would never have been capable of. How great everything was and how simple. How delicate and pure they were in their abilities. This proof ought to be sufficient to convince anyone of an eternal continuation of life. But the scholar had soon recovered and clothed himself in a cloud of mystery.

André continued: 'Doctor, do you believe that I am a quack? Isn't this real clairvoyance? Couldn't I help mankind in this way? Am I doing wrong things?'

He got no response.

'Have you got any doubts about your sister's condition? The operation was a success, wasn't it? I was to receive a message from her, but I still haven't heard anything. And now you come here to check on me?'

André felt that this was very unpleasant for him and he continued: 'Will I be hearing anything from your sister?'

'Absolutely', was the reply, 'you'll be hearing from her.'

'Can I talk to you from man to man?'

'What do you mean?' he asked and André saw how the cloud was getting denser.

Yet he continued: 'I mean your sister's health condition.'

'But what do you mean by that?' the doctor repeated his question.

'What I mean', André went on, 'is that I would like to know from you whether my vision was correct. You're a surgeon, so you can tell.'

But the scientist didn't respond and evaded the matter.

Alcar told him: 'Talk to him about degrees, my son, it will arouse

his curiosity. This will enable you to penetrate the cloud of mystery. I'll help you in this.'

'Look, doctor, you removed something from your sister, didn't you, but you didn't get down to the core of her disease. Isn't that so?'

Still the other one wouldn't speak and again he asked: 'What do you mean really by this?'

André said: 'I mean that you cannot change her inner condition because she is in-between the third and the fourth degree of her illness.'

'What did you say? Degrees?'

'Yes', André replied, 'degrees, doctor. Aren't degrees known to you? She happens to be in this condition, but she can grow old in spite of it.'

He now explained her condition to him, but he sensed that the doctor took no notice, because he said: 'I don't know yet, we're busy investigating.'

But Alcar told him that he knew with certainty, yet didn't want to talk. He wanted to venture a last try and continued: 'If you don't know about degrees, then may I come over to Gr. and tell you scientists how I see this illness and what could be done to fight it? It's not my intention to teach you anything, but maybe I see something which may be of use to you to treat this illness.'

The answer he got was: 'I find this extremely interesting, and I will report it. You will also hear from my sister.'

The scientist left and didn't return. Alcar told him that he would hear nothing from either of them. He waited for a long time but there was no message. He had helped through love but the scientist had broken off the connection.

Alcar said: 'There are scientist who possess love but he isn't one of them; this one cannot be convinced.' And André thought of Alcar's words: 'What does it mean to be learned on earth and poor in spiritual feeling?' The spirits know and see everything.

CHAPTER III

Making a diagnose from a distance through disembodiment

THE following clearly shows that if man possesses the appropriate sensitivity he can receive thoughts that have been sent from afar, which makes him aware that others are thinking of him. Alcar let André experience this and showed him its inherent truth. It was very remarkable: Alcar made him diagnose a patient in Vienna. He had already been to Vienna together with his wife to visit her relatives. One morning he sensed how he was being drawn to Vienna and that they were frequently talking about them and thinking of them again. He felt it so intensely that he got anxious whether something might have happened there. He focussed on a telegram but understood that nothing serious had occurred, so that he let his feeling abate. Yet the link with Vienna remained during the entire morning and he told his wife that they would soon be hearing something about this, as it held him captive the whole time. That afternoon, while he was peacefully sitting in his room, Alcar let him disembody for a visit to Vienna.

Once he had been released from his physical body, he moved off in a flash and entered the living room in Vienna, where his brother-in-law and the latter's sister-in-law were together. A year before he had told them so much about the conditions he had experienced that at times the room had been too small to hold all those who wanted to listen to him. Now he understood every word of their conversation. They were talking about Marie, the brother-in-law's wife, who had taken ill. Before André went over to visit Marie, he wanted to make some tests and called the name of his brother-in-law in a loud voice, who nonetheless didn't hear him. He tried the same with the sister who was younger than Marie but with just as little result. It gave him a strange feeling to have to witness this. He was so close to them and they neither saw nor heard him. They weren't sensitive enough to be able to hear his soft yet clear voice. This made him understand how sensitive he himself was to spirits' voices. This gift was far beyond them. He sensed and saw the things

which were necessary to get into contact with the spirit world. It was a matter of adapting to the inner condition of another being.

Once again he called out, very loud this time but this effort proved just as fruitless. No, it wasn't possible to reach them. Not to him nor to any other spirit who dwelt on this side where he now was.

How beautiful it was to be present in this attunement. He had arrived in complete peace and deep tranquility. He was an invisible listener. He saw a mighty scene before his mind's eye. So many had passed on and were called back by those who had been left behind in sorrow and grief, and when they came to them they would have to return because they couldn't reach them. Their presence went entirely unnoticed. This was a terrible thing. They were alive, returned and wanted to tell them about this great happiness, yet they couldn't reach them. All the same, if a human being opened up, they could all be influenced, enabling contact to be established. He realized how difficult it was for those in the hereafter to link up with physical man. Marie was lying in the bedroom, seriously ill. He understood, and also perceived in the rays of light she emanated that she had been the one who had called him. That morning, when he had still been in his physical body in Holland, he had already clearly sensed this. He went over to her to see what was the matter with her. His leader was also with him and said: 'Get ready, André, we will examine her.' André was happy that Alcar took an interest in her illness. His leader was nothing but love.

Again miracles were revealed. He focussed on Marie and sensed how he became linked up with her. He was one with the patient and Alcar let him descend into her body. Whenever he concentrated on a certain spot this was lit up so that he could clearly perceive everything. He saw the inner organs which enabled him to make his diagnosis. As he descended, his tension mounted. It was indeed a miracle to be allowed to experience this as an earthly being. Yet he checked himself because he didn't want to disturb Alcar. His leader examined her heart, which took quite a time. Alcar's radiation was great and powerful, so that her body was lit up inside. To possess powers of love in the spirit meant wisdom in the spirit. Alcar told him that her heart and her nervous system were very weak and that he would now examine the other organs, which took up quite some

time. André felt something beautiful flowing from her towards him and her sister, which was the love she felt for them. He saw these powers of love as light, which made him familiar with the pure love man senses for others. It was a miracle to be allowed to see this too.

‘I already see it, André. At the moment she is suffering from a gallstone attack, which is accompanied by diabetes, causing the weakness of her body. She is suffering from severe pains that well up and disappear but return from time to time. They spring from the area around the liver and radiate right up to her back and shoulders. This illness, I mean the gallstone attacks, is caused by the gallstones getting stuck in the biliary duct, and it disappears when the gallstones fall back into the gall bladder. Thousands of people suffer from this terrible illness. Yet many of them don’t know that they carry dozens of gallstones around with them because it causes them no discomfort until the illness manifests itself. Many women in particular suffer from this. They therefore have to live on food which is easily digestible, and call in earthly help for their complaint. Now for the diabetes. Injections with insuline will help her, a serum we are familiar with and which was received through inspiration from us like many other medicines. There are spirits on this side for medical science too, and their entire work consists of influencing the scholars in order to jointly conquer the many illnesses, those terrible enemies of mankind. Gradually, step by step they pursue their goal, and this will take generations. Yet after a certain time cancer and tuberculosis will be conquered with our help and our knowledge. Over here the composition of various medicines is known. If the doctors could remain passive, they would already possess the medicine to fight cancer. But in a natural way.

‘What could we do to remedy such an illness, Alcar?’

‘We can only ease her pains. I already told you, in this case we need earthly help. She already received that. Come on, my boy, we will ease her pains.’

This treatment lasted for a whole quarter of an hour and André sensed how her pains had decreased. If he were to write to her from Holland that he knew she was ill, she would be most amazed. But if he were to tell her that he had treated her and had talked to her, that would be too much for her and she wouldn’t believe him. And yet it

was the truth, he was with her in the spirit and saw and heard everything. He put his hand on hers and kept following her thoughts. He had been here last year, and he had painted for them and now she lay looking in the direction where the painting was. Her complete concentration was focussed on him and her sister, and she was thinking of the beautiful time they had spent together. And this power of love, focussed on one human being, wouldn't merely be sensed by him but by thousands of others. Wasn't love powerful? But she didn't sense him, not now either, that he was sitting beside her. These thoughts, this love had been the means by which Alcar had let him disembody. Love was holy, and it was even more glorious to be able to experience it in this way. At present nothing but happiness radiated towards him. He whispered a few words in her ear which went unheard. Yet he spoke and one day she too would be able to see this part of her film of life after she had arrived in the hereafter, because there every being got to see its own film of life.

'Marie', he said to her, 'I am with you.' But she neither heard nor felt him, no matter how ardently he acted upon her. She did sense his presence, yet subconsciously. She believed them to be her own thoughts and couldn't distinguish between them. One would have to be a medium to be able to keep these forces of feeling apart, which means that this requires a certain sensitivity. He constantly dwelt in this condition and attunement; it had become a habit with him. They called it a gift and yet everyone could and ought to acquire this sensitivity. It was nothing but love and they had to attune in the spirit. They had to descend down to others in love and demolish their inner self bit by bit until their ego had been destroyed. For man on earth this was profound, something glorious, and yet it was very simple. When their feeling developed in the spirit, they would already be on the way to acquire a different condition in sensitivity, and afterwards this feeling became clearfeeling and clearseeing and would finally transform into clairvoyance.

He felt everything too and afterwards he started to see. Feeling enabled him to see and link up with other conditions. One in feeling and one in being meant feeling everything, seeing what others felt. Spirit was spirit, one in the spirit meant knowledge. Was this so deep? Of course not. His gift was a product of nature, one of the

most beautiful and most sacred gifts God had ever bestowed on all beings.

Every intelligent being possesses these powers, possesses love. They called it the sixth sense, but to him it was simpler. It was love, the life of all life: God. Many people didn't know how to use this gift. They didn't want to radiate, because radiation took up too much of their power and this made it difficult. They remained poor and their light had gone out like a candle in the night. It no longer burnt; no, they didn't want to let it burn. They didn't wish to enrich themselves and were happy with that little bit of light they bore within. But that other part was nothing but power and healed the sick. It was 'the light' that made grief and sorrow change into happiness, into eternal togetherness. It was the link with those who had preceded them and dwelt on this side. If one didn't possess this light, one dwelt in darkness and in the cold. What a happiness was awaiting mankind if they had developed their love. Did gifts exist that were even greater than love? Surely not. It was the most sacred thing God ever granted. The gift of love was God Himself, it was the life within all things. In everything, man could link up with everything, if he attuned this great treasure to the spirit. And André wanted to develop this gift, to attune it to higher conditions, which to him meant happiness and wisdom.

Alcar told him to listen. 'I will now show you another miracle, André. I want to make it clear to you how great love can be, and how much power she possesses. I feel her subconscious which encompasses thought powers which she will only manifest at a later stage, when they emerge. She will have to build up these thoughts at a later stage to develop them. Is that clear to you? So I want to sound out her subconscious and determine beforehand what it contains. I see something there concerning you, otherwise it would be impossible to offer you proof of that. I feel and see that she will write to you, first of all that she is ill, but also what she ails. I will try to calculate how long it will may take before you receive her letter.'

'What a marvellous proof this would be of my disembodiment, Alcar.'

'That's why I want to determine this, and then you will be able to tell Anna everything about it.'

André would never have thought of this possibility. They weren't

capable of this kind of things on earth, this was only possible to the astral human being. A being with a higher attunement would be able to sound another being out.

It took only a few seconds, and already his leader told him: 'In four days she will comply with her will and carry it out. It will then take another two days before she posts her letter; the letter needs two days to arrive, so you will be receiving it in eight days.' André was very pleased and also curious whether this would all come true, though he never doubted it for a moment.

'And now, my boy, we must return.'

André took both Marie's hands and had to concentrate on other things in order to free himself from her, he was so fervently linked up with her. How powerful love was when it was given with a pure heart. Before they left, Alcar drew his attention to the large painting that he had hung there himself and pointed out that the staples were beginning to come off.

André saw this clearly too and was surprized that a human being in the life after death could perceive in matter. Nothing but wisdom, nothing but love did he experience through Alcar. As soon as he got home he would warn them. He calmly continued on his way back to his physical body. He floated across hills and valleys, and to him it was a magnificent and mighty happening to look down upon the earth in his condition.

Once he had shed his physical body for good, he would visit the earth with Alcar. If only the people would believe that they would possess these powers after death. How beautiful death was, and where was its power? The people preferred to mourn their dead, although the latter dwelt in happiness and light and in a far more beautiful life than they could ever imagine. They too would glide along wherever they wanted to. Distances no longer existed for them, they could link up in a flash. Why didn't they accept this great truth; was it so terrible? Nothing but happiness and could happiness be terrible?

He was already looking forward to present his wife with these pieces of proof. He glided across Germany and would soon reach his native country. A mildly adapted feeling made him calmly glide on; this needed no concentration. A mere thought about his body made him return.

Now he was home again and his material garment was still lying in deep rest. Here he stood beside his own body. Who would ever believe this? He had been allowed to determine an illness with the help of a higher being. He would rather stay on this side. It was peaceful there and it nourished his soul. It let him live as he wanted to live. And yet he had to return, in spite of his misgivings. These were always the hardest moments for him, having to return into his material garment. It made a horror out of life, because it made him even more sensitive than usual. Life frustrated him in those moments, yet he had to bear it. It was difficult, but Alcar stood by him in this too. He would often escape into nature because there he could again link up with life on earth, and nature would help him. He would sense the people in a totally different way. They would seem even cruder and he would recoil at the thoughts they sent out. He would be scared of their violence. It robbed him of the courage to go on living and in those moments his mediumship and his sensitivity were terribly difficult. But he had to stand up to it, and he wanted to be strong.

Slowly he returned into his physical body and awoke. He quickly went over to his wife to tell her about his disembodiment, and what was going to happen.

He had been in Vienna for three quarters of an hour and he had received years of wisdom. They waited whether Marie's letter would arrive and eight days later the long-expected letter came which literally said what he had already told her. It was a miracle but it was the honest truth. The picture was also hung up again.

For him everything was simple, due to the powers which one day all beings would possess if they would attune their love in the spirit.

Dear reader,

André asks of you: 'If everything is true, then why not accept all those other truths? After all, one day you will get to know these powers.'

Therefore André calls out to you: 'It's only possible if you develop your love in the spirit, which means happiness, wisdom in the spirit. Love is everything, love is God.'

He prays and will go on praying that God may inspire this gift by that holy flame to warm others.

CHAPTER IV

Mediumship *The spirits know everything*

WHEN André was still a child he already possessed the gift of clairvoyance and of talking with invisible beings too. He could still clearly remember how he felt in his youth and how he used to play with spiritual children. He gave them beautiful names, and he always saw a tall, hefty black man in their vicinity who brought the little ones along and took them back again. And one morning, while he was linked up with Alcar and saw and heard him, he suddenly recognized his long black friend from his childhood years and he understood why he had brought his playmates over to him.*)

It became even clearer to him when Alcar told him in his spiritual dwelling about his life which he could compare his own experiences with. He was born with this great gift. And it would never have occurred to him to pose as a clairvoyant if he hadn't possessed this gift. It was a mystery to him that there were still so many who claimed this gift and didn't bear it within as their possession. How did they dare to help people, to heal them, to determine the ups and downs of others, although they didn't possess this gift. Not only did this discredit mediumship, it also defiled spiritualism and robbed those who had been left behind in sorrow and grief of their belief. Some people even paid those who were not mediums dearly for this wisdom. There were many who had visited him and had cried like children because they had been deprived of all their belief. It often hurt him but it was their own fault because they had been too naive. They didn't know that many posed as a medium although they knew nothing about life on the side beyond. They speculated on the credulous and were the parasites of mankind. Alcar told him that they were much worse than a thief who steals earthly goods. After all, they disguised themselves as spiritual beings and knew the bible inside out, but from behind their masks they fired off their material

*) See the trilogy 'Jeus of mother Crisje'.

arrows at those who were unaware. There was no way to protect oneself against this.

Alcar had told him: 'A thief is a misfortune to himself and to others, but those who sponge on others who are in grief and sorrow, are the poison of life.' They abuse God and would God then protect their dark practices? They talk about love and about God and many fall into this deep, invisible pit. All those wanting to link up with their dear ones who have passed on will first have to experience this. This will cause sorrow as never yet before. Yet it doesn't take long before they and their scripture fall apart and they are recognized. But by then months of sorrow have gone by: sorrow and grief have grown, and feelings have been crushed so that everything has been reshaped into a hopeless situation. All their trust has been destroyed, they no longer believe a single medium, and spiritualism has become the work of the devil.

They felt themselves to be the mediums sent by God, who had got that far through spiritualistic proof. All this got through during their seances, but science called it crystal-gazing and the like. Was it surprising that they talked like that? When credulous people visited them, they went into raptures about the messages their surveillants conveyed to them, but that didn't match the pure messages which came through from the hereafter. No matter where one dwelt on earth, everything could be distinguished where spiritual nourishment was given, because it revealed love, which meant spiritual proof. Theirs was coarse, just like their own life and their human feeling.

Many like him, who truly carried this gift within, felt the pain that mediumship was defiled in this way. He knew people who had passed on and who had been full of love on earth, but when they came through during seances they were poor, fumbling little people. Was that possible? Could they have relapsed in the life after death? The surveillants conveyed the messages. Those were doctors who worked through them and for whom they served as instruments. They didn't only claim to possess a gift which they didn't have, but also defiled an earthly doctor whom they had known or had adopted at random. Now when one of these doctors began to speak, his earthly glory went to pieces. They had then become pitiful idiots who had fallen back on the spot and had changed com-

pletely. André saw through them and knew that these were not doctors and that they only lived in their phantasy. But credulous people or those who did not know these laws were cheated because they looked up to these doctors.

In that way not only the essence of people who had lived on earth and had dedicated their lives to suffering mankind was defiled, but their names too, because mediums passed them off as their doctors. You see, that was what he couldn't understand. He was visited by heartbroken mothers who could no longer get a good night's sleep, who were nervous wrecks because of the messages they had been given. He heard endless tales, so terrible and so intensely sad that it had made their hearts bleed. There was no end to their sorrows. 'No', they would say, 'that's not him, he was so very different.' And when André told them that it was their own fault, they replied: 'But, sir, they talk about the bible and about God.' That's how their hearts got torn apart and their souls were trampled on.

There were some who sold guardian angels to those who could use one. Their surveillants took care of that, and on the way out a person could be certain that the guardian angel was walking behind him to protect him against all evil. Wasn't this terrible? The guardian angels were standing in long rows, waiting on the side beyond to be admitted and to receive a task on earth. But no-one gave a thought to the fact that these mediums would one day have to pay for all this. Did they possess some Divine gift? Did they represent spiritual beings? Were they linked up with the hereafter? Was this spiritual nourishment that would strengthen a person? Was this supposed to change the world? Was their bungling meant as support for the bereaved? Were these supposed to be spiritual connections brought about by spirits? It was all merely sensation to pose as something special at the expense of other people's sorrow and grief. As a child André had already possessed this beautiful gift and was linked up with Alcar. Yet he knew that he couldn't develop a person into a medium, because this was an innate gift. Yet there were beings who set up courses and produced ten to twenty mediums within three months. Could this be? Was this possible? There were lots of them. This caused hearts to be broken till they bled. Poor, holy spiritualism, how they defile this most sacred gift to mankind. Links were

broken, women and children were abandoned because they had a so-called task to perform to which they had to dedicate themselves completely, and their children's fussing bothered them. It was horrible. Others were told to do nothing else but walk about in nature to develop themselves so that they would be easier to reach for their 'doctors' than amongst those crude people. But Alcar had instructed him in such an entirely different manner. If he hadn't been fit for his material job or if he had neglected it, then Alcar would not have been able to use him. It was precisely his way of accomplishing his earthly work properly, his helping other people, which had marked the beginning of his development. He had had to learn to efface himself completely, to dismantle his inner self bit by bit before he got to be a good, useful instrument to Alcar. But what did the others do? Walk about in nature and lead a meaningless life. People were scared months ahead by their terrible predictions. And would you believe it: this is what their spiritual helpers told them. These were highly gifted visionaries, men as well as women. Did this come from the hereafter? Were these people spiritists and mediums? Crude material beings they were, who destroyed more than they achieved. They said that it all came straight from the hereafter and that it was love, nothing but love.

Did they serve higher beings? Were they doctors who had left the earth? Were they highly attuned souls? Was this the way to represent the hereafter? Was this how one followed the road which Christ once showed us? Those who returned and were all spirits of love wouldn't leave anyone on earth to wait in fear for any duration. Mediumship was love, nothing but love, to be given to those who approach us for help. One served those who returned to the earth in happiness and beauty in order to help their loved ones. It would mean nothing but happiness for themselves and for all those who approached them. That was the kind of mediumship that heals the sick and supports the aged and sad ones, and that radiated like suns for others to warm themselves. That was love, the most sacred thing given by God. Every being felt this holy fire and mediums would radiate and be able to help others, because they attuned to those who were nothing but love.

André only wanted to use his gift from God in love to mean some-

thing to others. One of these scholars was made to cross his path and Alcar gave him a lesson in life.

A few houses away from André's home an old, sick lady lived, whom he often saw sitting at her window waiting to catch a sign of the life that went on around her. She appeared to be suffering a lot and since he passed her house daily, he asked Alcar whether he could help her, as she was on his route anyway. Alcar told him that she would soon die, and that she only had four more months to live.

He thought, it was a miracle that his leader was able to tell him this out of the blue. The spirits knew everything about everyone. It was a pity, but there was nothing that could change the situation, so he completely accepted this message. He could count on his leader.

Her daughter who lived below him, came to look at his pictures one afternoon. Their conversation automatically turned to her mother and she asked him what he thought of her condition. André sounded her out to see how she herself felt about her mother's illness, as he didn't want to worry her prematurely. He was afraid to do that, because he had often felt the great sorrow of those who had received a prediction. But when she told him that she had no more hope, he told her what his leader had conveyed to him.

'In that case I hope that she doesn't have to suffer too long. I would do anything but it's all to no avail. She also wants to move somewhere else, but what's the use for a few months and besides, it wouldn't do her any good.'

She thanked him for his message and left. Some weeks had passed, when one afternoon a gentleman came to visit him who wanted to discuss something with him. As he entered Alcar told him that he had sent the man and that André should focus his powers of concentration on him. Whenever someone visited him and requested him for help in a certain matter, he immediately sent his thoughts to Alcar and waited for the information he would receive. He never had to talk or ask about these things beforehand; it had always been like that. But now he had been warned ahead of time which was something special and would have a meaning, all the more so because Alcar said that he had sent him. Deep down André felt prepared and he was curious to know why his visitor had come. The latter immediately began to address him and to talk about the bible

which he knew by heart. It took a long time before he had finished, and then he showed him letters of recommendation from his patients, which looked more like old scraps of paper. Well now, André thought, so this is a clairvoyant. We're in for something here. Again he started about the bible and within a short while quoted various parts from it. He brought Christ and all the saints on the scene, and his heart wept with emotion when he thought of all these saints. He spoke about the proverb: 'Let the children come to me', and showed that he was still one of those children too. Finally he got to the point and began about the matter which he actually needed him for. But André sensed and knew him and was aware whom he was dealing with. The bible and the saints were merely quoted to hide his true self and to give the impression that he was a credulous person who felt love.

'But what is the reason for your visit?' André suddenly asked him.

'Well, you see, I'm treating a patient who lives in this street. My doctor tells me that she can be cured and now her daughter said that you had told her that she has only got four more months to live. But that's not true, because we can still cure her. There's definitely something we can do for her.'

André got a shock. Here he was, facing one of those heroes who could move mountains. Yet it was all a figment of his imagination, at the expense of much sorrow and grief to others. Where did the man get this idea from? Surely Alcar couldn't be wrong? That would be terrible. He thought first of all about those poor people who had done everything, had spared no expenses to cure the sick person. It had cost them a fortune, and it had made them all suffer. If it wasn't possible for him to offer help as the patient would pass on anyway, then in his view it would be terrible to cause them even more expenses by dragging the patient along. It would have to be either yes or no, help or no help, he would tell them everything beforehand so they would be able to make their own decision. And this man had the nerve to say that she would get better, which would make them scrape everything together to afford to give their mother the treatment she required. This cost money and they had to turn every penny a dozen times. Didn't that man realize that? Was he a good-for-nothing, even though everything seemed so sacred to him? André

didn't only think of the patient, he cared about their troubles too. Night and day he prayed for the truth; was it being kept away from him this time? Deep within he begged his leader to solve this situation for him. Amidst quotations from the bible and all the saints he heard Alcar asking him: 'Why doubt, André?' and this assured him that he sensed correctly. Now the man was asking him if they couldn't do this together. Together, he thought, what next? He had never experienced anything like it. If one magnetizer couldn't manage it, two didn't even need to try.

Alcar told him: 'Help her, I want to give him a lesson in life. But it will all take place under your supervision. This might open his eyes.'

They now agreed on the day and the time he would go and help, and the 'clairvoyant' left.

That same evening André talked to the daughter and asked her why she had called in someone after all.

'Yes', she said, 'that old man emphatically states that she will get better, and that's why we have all decided to contribute our little bit to give her that treatment. When you hear him talking you have to believe him, whether you want to or not. I do believe he's a good person. He talks so marvellously about the bible and I believe he knows everything by heart.'

She had also come under his influence, just like he had, as he had started to doubt his own powers. They called him the old 'doctor'.

André asked her: 'Why did you send him over to me?'

'What did you say?' she asked in a surprised tone. 'Me? I sent him over to you?'

'Yes, he came over to me and now we're going to help your mother together.'

He told her that his leader wanted to give the man a lesson in life and that's why he was allowed to help.

'I'll be over tomorrow, and he'll be coming too. I won't charge you anything for this, but I'm curious where this will lead to. But everything will be carried out under my surveillance and you will have to help me in this. This isn't the way we work, but my leader wants it this way and I'm very curious how he is going to receive his lesson in life.'

The next morning the old man was present and was carrying on a conversation with the patient when he entered. If only this works out, André thought. It would be more of a disturbance to her than a means to some rest. He thought it was strange that his leader wanted him to help. André told the man that he was only allowed to treat the legs and should leave the rest to him, and he thought that was a splendid idea. He would come to treat her Tuesdays and Fridays and he, André, would come on Mondays and Thursdays. On the very first day of treatment the old man had already forgotten their arrangement, and he treated her entire body. Alcar showed André that he had not stuck to their agreement. He asked his leader what he should do and Alcar told him: 'Continue, my boy, I'm watching over her and checking everything. Don't worry.'

A few weeks went by without anything special happening. The old man said he would stick to the arrangement and treat her legs, which were paralyzed. 'The old doctor', he was sixty, rubbed his hands since everything was going so smoothly. André was aware that he wouldn't be fit for this kind of work if he had to submit to someone else inspecting him, he would stop doing it. He wanted to be independent. One other morning, before he had even entered, Alcar showed him another image. André saw how the daughter and the old man were both trying to make the patient walk. He asked her afterwards if he had seen correctly and she had to admit that he knew it all.

'How is this possible', she said, 'you see everything.'

'I don't, but my leader knows and sees everything', André replied. 'Remember, he is present, so don't do anything wrong. Why don't you do what we agreed on, you were going to help me and listen to what I would tell you.'

Again it had been the old man who had persuaded her to try the legs which the patient had no longer been able to use before. André thought he was a dangerous man and regretted that he had gone along with this. He wondered what consequences this might have.

The following day the old man came to visit him, as he was in the neighbourhood and wanted to have a chat with him, which suited André well because he had something he wanted to tell him. He immediately began: 'If you don't stop acting on your own impulses,

I will stop the treatment immediately. You're not allowed to do anything on your own accord. What prompted you to make her walk? Who told you to do this?

'My surveillant', he replied.

'You mean your leader.'

'Yes, my leader.'

Here we go, André thought, now what? He can call up his surveillant in everything he does, and if he too were to say that his leader, Alcar, had told him not to do this, then what? This was getting difficult. But once again he received help. André saw how Alcar manifested himself next to him with another spirit and he heard him say that he ought to listen well.

'This spirit, who is with me now, used to be his general practitioner. He knows what the man is up to, and he wants to make this undone. Tell him, André, that this spirit is not with him and never has been. He will have to leave his name out of it. But prepare him and give him some proof. I will help you.'

Things were happening here which the old man was unaware of and neither heard nor saw. André asked him whether he was very familiar with his leader, or his surveillant.

'But of course, he's with me day and night and helps me in everything.'

'Was he your general practitioner?'

'Exactly', he said, 'your seeing is excellent.'

'That's beside the point; I think it's easy, because it is conveyed to me. Are you sure he's your leader?'

André now gave him a description of the spirit who manifested himself next to Alcar.

'Yes, absolutely, that's him; you think I don't know my leader?'

André now began to feel pity for the man, because he still had a core deep within that wanted to do good, but unfortunately he lacked this gift.

'Then listen to me, I've got a message for you.'

He pricked up his ears, rubbed his hands again, which seemed to be a habit of his, and listened.

'I am being told that the doctor whose name you use, is not your surveillant and never has been. Neither did he tell you that you should help this patient.'

‘Yes’, he said, ‘but after all, she is making progress.’ It seemed as if he wanted this to make up for everything. ‘I can’t understand it, after all, he always comes through at our seances and advises me in everything.’

André felt a resistance. ‘Look, I see this doctor; you recognize him, which proves that I am seeing correctly; but why don’t you now accept that other message? He is handing you the truth, which I believe to be a mercy, because many do the same thing and they are left to carry on as they please; but your mistakes are being pointed out to you. Don’t you think you will have to make amends for all this? Especially when you are aware that life is eternal. Don’t you sense how it clashes with all the things that are true in the spirit? This doctor has come to earth to tell you that it is not him and never has been.’

‘Could I have been mistaken then?’ the old one replied.

‘How could you have mistaken anything? Who told you that it was him? In short, who gave you that certainty that she would get better?’

Again he tried to show that she was making progress, and André left him to his own judgement. He would surely do what his leader told him.

Alcar now told him to continue and again some weeks passed without anything special happening. One morning, while he was treating the patient, he sensed that she had severe stomach cramps and he asked Alcar after the cause of these symptoms.

‘Tell the magnetizer for the last time that if he doesn’t stop, we will leave him to fend for himself.’

What had happened? The old man had given her spinach water to drink, to improve her bowels. It was more than terrible; her entire condition had changed. What had got into him to administer medicine of his own making to the patient? André had never needed to give a single medicine, as he only treated patients with magnetic radiation. It scared him.

‘Why do you put up with this?’ he asked the daughter. ‘Don’t you yourself feel that this doesn’t do her any good?’

Only now were her eyes opened, and the patient also preferred the young ‘doctor’ to the old one. The old one talked to much,

according to the patient. She promised him that she would watch out now, and if he didn't listen she would send him away. It was a mystery how André knew everything.

'Now I can discern the good and the evil', she said. 'Those who possess this gift, and those who don't, although they go on as if they do. Shame on them', she added, 'how dangerous those people are; I don't want him in the house anymore, I'm finished with him.'

André advised her to do nothing, just to watch him, he was still to receive his lesson in life. André now had an even better understanding. It was the kind of mediumship that did more harm than good. People were left at its mercy, and the man went from one to the other. How many must have perished in this way? Credulous people would not be able to see through the guise of the bible and saints. This kind of mediumship was easy; no effort was required and there was no responsibility to bear. But this was not what he wanted and in his place the thought would never have entered his mind to pass off as a medium all the same. There were hundreds just like that man. This defiled the genuine gift.

Another week went by. The old man was very satisfied with the patient and told the daughter so. But she no longer reacted to his seeing and waited for André to come and tell her. A week later the old man thought she had improved even more and said: 'You see, we've made it, we're heading in the right direction.' Monday morning came and André went to visit her as usual.

Her daughter went up to meet him and said: 'The old man thinks her condition is very good indeed, but I've got my doubts. She's too well to my liking, this might be a bad omen.'

When he went over to the patient he saw in a glance that the daughter possessed more clairvoyance than the old man. Indeed, this was suspicious. He immediately heard and saw Alcar who told him to concentrate vividly on him. It took a long time that morning and when he came out of his trance again, Alcar told him that it would soon be over. 'She will pass on this very week. I will warn you beforehand, but it's this week for certain.'

André told her daughter about this, and she trusted him completely. 'I think this would be marvellous for her, because then she needn't suffer anymore. After all, we keep on developing', she added.

'I won't mourn her passing on, and with all my heart I wish her happiness over there.' André thought she was brave and plucky, he didn't often hear people talk like that. She was convinced and proved that this conviction supported her. 'But', she said, 'when is that old man going to get his lesson in life?' Well, André didn't know either and told her just to wait.

On the Tuesday morning the old man came back again; he thought she was normal and said that he was terribly busy and couldn't return before Friday next. He, André, would be able to manage things on his own. There were a lot of people out of town whom he had to help. She agreed and he left.

André went to visit her every morning now to comfort her during her last days. Her end was approaching. Thursday came. Her chest was full of phlegm and this made it hard for her to breathe. Yet she was aware of everything that went on around her. She lay there peacefully and calmly, and felt her end approaching. On the Friday morning her condition had deteriorated and he saw various intelligences around the bed who had surely come to fetch her. Alcar told him to concentrate on him, as he wanted to convey certain images to him. The patient looked at him and penetrated him with her gaze, just as Annie once had, but he was able to bear it. He spoke to her in his mind. She too was afraid of death. He would gladly have taken on her burden. He was thirty-four years old, she was a woman of sixty-four. Death was a mighty redeemer, but she knew nothing about that, although her daughter had spoken to her various times about them seeing each other again one day. She didn't accept; it wasn't something she could possess.

He stayed with her for a long time and saw how loving hands were supporting and radiating her. Her father and mother were with her, they had returned to earth to fetch their child. He saw love, nothing but love that reached far beyond the grave. Oh, if only people could accept this. She had always been a good mother and would therefore be happy. He told her daughter what he had been allowed to perceive, and that her end would come towards the evening. The patient lay in deep sleep and he would pass by again in the afternoon. But her condition hadn't changed when he went over to her that afternoon. After the treatment she had gone to sleep for

the rest of the morning, and she was very peaceful. As yet she was still aware of everything. They showed great respect for his help and her daughter had already begun to love Alcar.

'Truly', she said, 'you feel safe in these hands.' She was deeply touched how everything had worked out. Another week and the four months would be over. Who could still have doubts about everlasting life? She had become convinced for the rest of her life and it had given her great support and a feeling of trust. In his thoughts he wished the patient a good journey and left. His task had been accomplished. On the way home he thought of the old man. When was he finally going to receive his lesson in life? He didn't want to ask Alcar because he hadn't a moment of doubt.

That evening, when he was with friends and had told them about her passing on, he suddenly got a beautiful vision of her transition.

His friends who were watching him asked: 'What do you see up there?'

'What I see there? I'll tell you shortly.'

Alcar told him to pay attention, not a word was spoken. André focussed his powers of concentration on his leader and at a certain moment he saw her passing on.

'Look at the clock', he said to his friends, 'my patient is passing on, they will be phoning me, I'm already on my way.' It was one minute before half past ten.

'This will be a beautiful piece of proof to you how Alcar watches over me and her. It will get even better when I'm gone, because there'll be a phone call very soon.'

André left and when he got home they had already been there to inform him that she had passed on at one minute before half past ten. It was wonderful. Alcar, he thought, how great you are. How true, how great everything was. All of them, the entire family, stood in awe of his leader. There were no words to describe it. It was love, nothing but love. She was buried on the Tuesday. That Thursday morning her daughter came to visit him to thank him for everything. She brought some flowers for Alcar, which highly delighted André. It was all his doing, he was his spiritual leader. The invisible person was not forgotten. Alcar told him to thank her on his behalf.

'It's all over now, André', the daughter said, 'but still I'd like to

know when that old man is going to get his lesson. After all, the opportunity has passed, mother's under the earth; where is that lesson supposed to come from now? These busy days kept me from thinking about it.'

Suddenly André heard Alcar say a few words and these conveyed everything. 'He'll get his lesson in life on Friday morning.'

They both immediately understood the meaning of these words. They were simple, but they would lash through the soul of the old 'doctor' in a terrible way. It would be a lesson to him, so that if he were able to understand it properly, he would never in his whole life dare to raise his eyes up to spirits again. Tears of pity rolled down her cheeks. Nothing could be done about this, because he was bound to return. After all, the patient could be cured, couldn't she? How terrible it will be for him to have to receive such a lesson from the spirit. Everything would be shattered to pieces before his very feet. André saw him as a broken man and their hearts ached with pity for him. And yet this was another moment in which Alcar commanded her respect. It proved how spirits know everything and how they can see months ahead if they want to and if this is necessary. Friday morning came and the old man was due.

Later on her daughter told him the following: 'I was at the door when he came marching up, happy as always, and said: 'Here I am again.' I had my heart in my mouth. I couldn't say a word. 'How are things', he asked. 'All right? How is your mother?' I was still unable to speak and I hadn't the courage to look him in the eye. The old man looked at me and sensed that something was wrong. He went scarlet and suddenly asked: 'Well, what's the matter, can I go and help your mother?' Poor fellow, I thought, but I said to him: 'Mother? Mother?' – and I felt my sorrow mounting, which I couldn't conceal – 'then you'll have to go over to the cemetery, that's where she is.'

These words lashed at his soul. He looked at me and I thought he would collapse. 'By God', he said, 'truly, truly, that man really is a medium.' He suddenly seemed only to think of you. He turned around, ran down the street and was gone. I felt for him, and it hurt.'

The old doctor had received his lesson in life. All this taught André a lot: That the spirits know everything about us and that they cer-

tainly possess an intelligence that greatly surpasses theirs who still dwell in their physical bodies.

Doesn't this give us the strength to bear the cross which God has imposed on us? One day we will see the light and possess happiness, the same love, the same wisdom as those who dwell on the side beyond, if we too are willing to attune our love in the spirit. They are waiting for us on the side beyond, if we haven't messed up our earthly lives.

There's room for everyone, because there are many mansions in God's house. If we are willing, eternal happiness awaits us there.

CHAPTER V

The power of prayer

IN the following condition André got to know the power of prayer. A friend of him brought along a gentleman who was in need of help. 'Perhaps', he said, 'you are able to help this gentleman.'

André asked whether he had come in connection with material things, as he wasn't allowed to give himself for material matters. It proved to be a spiritual condition and he waited what Alcar would convey to him.

André took the handkerchief of the gentleman between his hands as a kind of 'influence' and played with it for a few moments to adapt himself. He sensed Alcar next to him and his leader would surely know why the man had come to visit him. He suddenly felt his right arm being pulled upward. This meant something and he looked up whether he could perceive anything.

They both looked at him and wondered what would happen next. Alcar told him to pay proper attention; he was going to show him something.

'Look', he heard. Suddenly he saw a ray of light shining on the handkerchief and some words appeared, lit up on the handkerchief, which quite surprised him. It clearly stood out before him: 'You're not allowed to leave!' Whatever could this mean, he thought. 'Pass this on, André', he heard Alcar say. But first he asked his friend, who also practised magnetizing, whether he had perceived anything. 'No, nothing', the latter replied.

'Listen', he said to his visitor. 'I don't know why you have come to see me, nor do I know if what I am going to tell you now means anything to you, but I'm telling you that what I am about to say to you is given to me from the hereafter: You are not allowed to leave.'

The man burst into tears. It was terrible, he had never seen a man of forty ever cry like this before. Those simple words had hit him hard. His heart was shattered. He seemed a broken man. André still didn't know why these few words had upset him so much. His friend also had tears in his eyes. He still couldn't say a word.

He sensed that his seeing had been correct and that it had implied something terrible to the man. Finally he said what these words meant. The man had been married for years and lately things hadn't been working out between him and his wife. He had got to know another woman whom he wanted to marry. But he didn't quite have the courage because he was convinced of an eternal life and therefore wanted to consult a reliable person to help him in his situation. He had two little daughters and if he broke that tie he knew he would have to pay for it. He thought he could be happy with that other woman and considered in his mind what he wanted, but he didn't have the courage to do. But he hadn't counted on this, it had completely caught him off guard. What should he do now?

The tears were still running down his cheeks. He truly loved, but André sensed that this only meant physical love. This kind of love would shortly collapse too and then he would be entirely lost. His social situation was such that if they heard about his divorce it could mean he would be fired. And then what? No-one could tell where this would lead to in the end.

André said: 'I advise you to listen to this message. It is given to me from the side beyond. There will be friends of yours who dwell there and who will watch over you and protect you against disaster. My leader tells me that this message is from someone who loves you and your wife and children very dearly.'

It calmed him down a bit. 'Look', he said and reached over to hand André a photo of the other woman. 'Isn't she sweet?'

André looked at the photo and sounded the woman out. Within a second he knew who she was and what she wanted.

'Listen, my good man, I'll tell you how I see her. You are convinced that I possess a gift and that I see and feel more than other people, aren't you?' The other nodded and made him understand that this was the case since he had just experienced it.

'You are a very sensitive person who, at present, is longing for a bit of love. And when someone is in that kind of condition, he can't see things as clearly as he does under normal circumstances. You have already given up your entire personality. You have switched yourself off, because you're under her spell and you therefore see nothing but her figure. But that too is only matter, nothing but matter, without

feeling. There are millions to be found like her. What you are looking for and want to find is only seldom found in a person on earth, but you believe to see it in her. So what attracts you is her figure and therefore you don't see anything of her inner condition, which is, after all, what counts and that, please get me right, isn't worth making your wife and children unhappy. Do you sense what I'm getting at? All she wants is a good, beautiful life and in return you'll receive a bit of matter, merely matter, and would you want to leave your wife and children for that? You with your splendid job, you could attract thousands of this kind of women in one go. But is that what you're after? Some of them have even more beauty than she has, but inside they're all alike. Your happiness wouldn't last long. Is it necessary, is it fair to look after your own happiness at the cost of the sorrow and grief of others? Do you want your happiness at the expense of much sorrow and grief? Try to be honest, is that what you want? Is she worth it? Does her love make up for the sorrow and grief of your wife and children? You may even leave your wife out of it, but your children didn't ask for this. Is your wife a bad person?

'No', he replied, 'there's nothing I could hold against her.'

'Well then, what is it you want? Because she doesn't understand you? Is that a reason to leave her and your children?'

André sensed that he had got through to his soul and that his leader was helping him. Full of zest he went on; he wanted to make the best of a bad job.

'If that woman had a good character, she would have sent you back to your wife and children and it wouldn't have entered her mind to take you away from them to satisfy herself. If she possessed that holy love which makes a person radiate, then she would have sent you back where you ought to be. This love which is being offered to you now is coarse-material, indeed it's a love which means the downfall of mankind, it's crude selfishness. That love is passion, nothing but grief and sorrow, which destroys hundreds, nothing but poison at the cost of human lives. It's the kind of love that flares up for a short while and then dies down like a candle in the night. And then, sir, you will live on in deep darkness. Is that what God intended? Is that a sign of strength and ability? Is that virile strength, is that the greatness a woman will look up to? Are you capable of

killing? This will be the end of her and your children. Have you got the courage to deprive those who love you of their love? Are they to blame for their lives? Did they ask to come onto this world? Didn't you want this yourself? Must you shake them off now for the sake of that woman of yours? Oh man, think before you act, but don't do anything foolish. The woman who wants to take you away from your wife and children isn't worthy of you.

If she were a person of high morals and had been led to cross your path, then everything would have been different, but in that case it wouldn't have been your will, but God's will. Then this love would have been given to you and she would have come to you in a different way, which we people know nothing of, because these are God's ways.

Now André heard Alcar say that he should stop.

It had completely sobered the man up. He asked André whether he could return if he needed him. He shook his hand warmly and left, together with his friend.

When André was alone, Alcar told him: 'The root is deeply anchored in his soul and has therefore poisoned the most sacred thing of all. His soul is infected by her influence and if you don't exert all the powers you possess he will perish. I therefore ask you on behalf of the person dwelling on this side: Do everything you can and try to save him. Many will help you in this and support you in their prayers. They all want to rescue him from his downfall, which is why you will be hearing from him yet. We're standing by, André.'

André took him into his prayers, and a dozen or more times a day he sent up his prayer to God for all of them, that he might be released from these demons. He often prayed with such intensity that he would use up all his energy and be tired out. Those he prayed for were never out of his mind. He kept on sending his thoughts on to them without ceasing, and to support them in this way. Often a power would descend into him of great intensity and beauty, which made him feel that he was being helped. There were so many he had been allowed to help with his prayer. How great his satisfaction was when everything was over and had changed for the better. He prayed until the situation he was praying for had solved itself; never would he give up, even if it took years. Now he prayed to God that the

man's eyes might be opened. They asked this of him from the side beyond, he wouldn't disappoint them. He could only be released through a higher power, his soul had become too deeply influenced. His soul had been poisoned and it was worse than the most dreaded disease known on earth. It spelt his spiritual downfall.

Those poor children were not to perish and that in itself would make him do everything he could. From the very bottom of his heart he sent him his powers; he was, in a way, inside of him, and he didn't intend to let go of him. It was a battle between good and evil. Who would win? He would soon come back to him; after a few days he already returned.

André saw when he entered that he was far from healed. He had hardly sat down before the tears came rolling down his cheeks again. Yes, André thought, this man truly loves. Poor man, how deep your sorrow is. What is still of value to him? No wealth, nothing belonging to the earth, can compensate what he would give his life for, if that were necessary. How deep, how inhumanly deep his sorrow was. André went up to him and took this man, who was eight years older, into his arms like a child and let him cry his heart out. And while he was entirely one with him he heard Alcar say something which made his tears roll down his cheeks too; he had heard this before and in those moments it had also supported him: 'Have a cry, have a good cry, it will do you good; your heart is flowing over with this. Everyone fights his own battle, everyone is trying to find his own way. For some that way is the road into darkness, for others it's the twisty road that leads towards God's Light. My boy, I have pointed that way out to you so often already, and now tell this to him who is lying in your arms like a broken man. Tell him that it's God's will which he is experiencing, but that it will also be God's will to give it to him.'

I tell you all: 'Man, you who are searching, you are searching for the road that leads to the light, you so often wander and err because your road is a road with many twists in deep darkness. But God tells you to do His will and then you can't and you don't want to listen to God's voice. But when everything gets too burdensome for you, then pray, pray. Love is the highest and the most sacred, yes, it's the sancrosanct, but there is no love that will destroy you. Man, con-

quer your passions. God will bless you for every victory you gain over yourself. But it's difficult and many times you will face almost insurmountable situations. Then God says: 'You must, my child!' And you answer: 'My God, I cannot!' But God tells you unrelentingly that you must and again and again you sense His irrefutable will. You must, my child, this is the way. And if you listen to God's severe yet holy will, then you will have gained a victory over yourself, even if the battle made your heart bleed. And then God gently lays both His hands on your head and tells you: 'Well done, my child, I am with you!' Look the pure battle in the face and don't try to evade it. Not your will but God's will be done, Amen.'

'Tell him, André, it will support him.'

André told him what his leader had spoken. He sensed the pure love that everything radiated.

'I've had it', he said, 'my life is ruined and it has lost all its value. I can't go on living like this and if it isn't allowed anyway, then where do I find my peace of mind? I'm no longer able to work. Where is this leading to, how can I be released and what is this burning feeling here?'

He pointed to the spot where the solar plexis is located, man's centre of feeling. Love made that spot burn, he was consumed by love. This wasn't passion, it was a mature kind of love, a fruit full of sacred juice that would make him happy. A fruit of love, that should be picked by gentle hands not to defile its purity, which stood for beauty in the spirit. It lay open like a rose, in full ripeness. Every gust of wind made it tremble and this violence would make it go to ruin. It had ripened gently, cherished by the rays of sunlight, and now it lived its full life. The earth, where it thought it would awaken, absorbed it and it was driven along by the wind, from East to West, from North to South, until it returned, broken in body and soul. It begged God to be released from this strange power. Never before had anything like this entered, it hadn't thought that love could be so great. Then how great wouldn't the love be from Him Who called Himself God. It prayed to God to be released from this torment. This is what the work of man is like.

He had listened attentively to this vision which André had conveyed to him. And when he had calmed down a bit, André began

talking to him again. He sensed where he could get through to him.

‘There you are with all your love. However can anyone cry if he senses such happiness within. God gave you this holy power, that holy gift, He made you waken up and now you say: My God, take it away from me, I’m going mad, I don’t know where to turn to. Do you really know what you’re doing? All your life you have yearned for this kind of love. God made another life cross your path to rouse you, and now, all at once, you simply want to possess it. How ungrateful you are. Do you want the one to make room for the other? Don’t you see that all of life is God and equal before Him? Why do you want the other one and not her whom you have shared all those years with? What did she do to offend you? Is it her fault that she doesn’t understand you? Do you think you have no flaws and do you believe God gave you this gift so you could make use of her in this way? Is that what you desire, your strength, your love? Do you know whom you are attuning to? To the most terrible being that dwells on the face of the earth, to the one who satisfies itself at the cost of others. Again, do you want happiness through the grief and sorrow of others? Are you a father of love? An animal looks after its young ones and would you cast them from you? You are tearing their young life apart and picking it to shreds, you’re only thinking of your own love and you’re forgetting their love to which they have a right. Would you reject a person who is willing but not yet able? I’m telling you now, your task is to stay with them, because they love you and because you gave them a place in this world. Those who destroy human lives, who satisfy themselves by tearing bonds of love apart, they must suffer after this life and will have to live in darkness. Just imagine your condition if you did what you want to at present, and then got to know her as I see her. Then a sorrow would be born, so terribly deep, which would make your unhappiness even greater. But then it would be too late, because you would have destroyed everything. You would want to crawl back on your bare knees to make amends, but it would be useless, because the woman you left behind would rather take on the most menial task than to accept charity from you. Only when you sense and perceive that you fooled yourself, that this was all for the sake of a life in luxury, of beautiful clothes, of pleasure, then you have fallen even

deeper and everything is lost. And all this just for matter!

'We'll have to wait and see about that yet', the other replied.

'Oh, is that what you think? You still don't seem to be convinced that she is a physical being. Listen, you told her that you've got children, didn't you? She know this and yet she wants you to leave them. Is that love? No, it's crude selfishness. Imagine yourself to be in a similar situation with her, and she is faced with the same situation as you are now and leaves you. Because this is a law: What you don't want to happen to you, don't do to others. So what it boils down to is that what she expects from you is inherent in her and it's part of her personality. You admit that it's crude to want you to leave your children, don't you? And your wife would never do this. Now who is on a higher level, she or your wife? Man, what you have is good, even though she doesn't entirely understand you; it's something you must both still learn. Never forget that no being in this world is perfect; you are just as much to blame as she is. In my opinion your wife, even though I've never seen her, is more sensitive than you are with all your love. You say yourself that she would never do a thing like that, wouldn't even think of it. A woman who abuses the love of a child, who wants to take away the love of their father, is crudely selfish, senses nothing but her own interest, it's all scheming and self-love. Do you really believe you could find happiness with such a being? Don't you think this happiness would soon be extinguished too? I ask you again: Does this love compensate for the sorrow of your children? Remember what I'm telling you and think it all over, it's for your own good. I could go on like this for hours. So I hope that you will once more accept life as it is, together with your children and your wife. You must both still learn.'

Again he parted like a changed person. All the same, André sensed that he hadn't reached the turning-point yet, the poison had penetrated too deeply for that to happen.

He had received courage and support again from a source where André drew all his power from. This power was real and pure love. He prayed ardently for him and his loved ones, until he was sure that he had conquered evil. This battle was terrible; only through prayer would he manage to rescue him from those terrible claws.

One evening his wife came to visit him. She was at her wits' end

and gave up. 'He's getting to be impossible', she said, 'he's unwilling, so this had better be the end, I can't stand any more of this.'

André saw his work vanishing into thin air. He spoke with her for quite some time too, showed her that he needed time and that he had not yet given up all hope.

'Give me a few weeks, you needn't do anything but wait, and stay. I'm not there yet, but I've got help from the side beyond. Leave it all to me, but you must stay. If you leave I might as well stop, it would break off my contact. Think of your children and stay with them until I tell you that there's no more chance of freeing him from those hands.

'All right', she answered, 'I will remain until you tell me that there is nothing more to hope for.' Thank God she still felt enough love for him to make her stay.

'Don't forget', André continued, 'that he's under a terrible spell, which is fatal. Anybody who is under that influence is either lost or higher powers are needed to come and release him. You would give your powers for a stranger if you knew these powers and your help was called in. So why not for him? Try to realize that he must learn, it's bad enough that he must go through this. Something is burning inside of him and it's eating him up. Take pity on him and have faith in spiritual help. I'm asking you, pray with me that God may give us the strength to save him and to rescue him from his downfall.'

She had also gained courage again and promised to pray with him.

'He is my brother, you have become my sister and we will remain so forever.'

She thanked him warmly and she returned home with fresh courage, and started on her new task: praying for her husband who had fallen into other hands.

After a few days her husband came to see André again. 'Something simply keeps drawing me over here', he said.

André said nothing, but he was happy that he was listening to his will. The man was living on his powers and he wouldn't let go of him until he had been set free and released from everything. He had already won him over halfway because his own will had been partially ruled out. André acted on people consciously to help them in this way. He asked how he was doing. He felt a bit more peaceful,

but that burning feeling inside hadn't gone away yet. André made it clear to him that this would remain forever, that it would even get stronger as he developed in the spirit.

'What did you say, it has to remain?' he asked in a surprised tone.

'Yes, why wouldn't you want that? It's the most sacred thing a human being can receive. Then didn't you understand me, after all the things I told you? I'll try to make it clear to you.'

André felt his great leader acting upon him and he said what Alcar wanted and conveyed to him: 'Every being that lives on this world will have to develop. There are thousands of paths which all differ from one another. So every being has his own path and all these paths join onto God's path, which we will one day get to. But the manner in which this is accomplished is different for each life. Yet one thing is the same, we are all subject to one law and that is to learn to give love. Do you understand, to learn to give. We never give, we're all still asking, for the simple reason that we don't possess this attunement. Accordingly we experience various conditions which we all need in order to awaken in the spirit. Now the people who are roused in this world have the hardest time of all because, and this is what counts, they are not understood. This lack of understanding causes them trouble and strife, and sorrow too because, try to understand what I'm saying, they want to give happiness to another life at the cost of their own. Man says: I don't get anything back, no matter what I do, they neither feel nor understand me; so all this happens because the sensitive person isn't understood. But they are the ones who must constantly pour forth, in other words they must give in order to love them nonetheless, in everything and with all their flaws. They bear the power and whoever it is who possesses this sensitivity, either the man or the woman, will have to support others. Do you sense what I mean?

But as happens so often, and in your case too: They want to find that other person and hand themselves over to the very first one they meet, and they think they have found the right one. They think they will find happiness, but it's even more crude, more material than what they already had. Then they forget themselves and everything around them because they believe they will receive true happiness with that other person. All this means weakness. It's a question

of putting one life on a pedestal and destroying the other. This is crude selfishness and nothing but self-love. These conditions cause the downfall of mankind. Now the sensitive person who awakens on earth is a blessed person because he feels love. There are yet others who must bear much struggle and sorrow before they reach this phase of sensitivity. But this kind of love is still material, because they search for other lives and submit themselves to them and forget their duties.

Look, this isn't fair, it isn't good, it's not powerful, and because they are more sensitive they are even worse than those they believe to be coldhearted and chilly. The sensitive person yearns for warmth, but don't you think all other people yearn for warmth too? They don't quite know how to open up, because they don't yet possess that freedom; that is also a question of development, but they too have their longings, there's no doubt about that. And since they are willing but not yet able, the sensitive person will have to help them by giving them the warmth they carry within, because they must give all they have.

Your feeling is a physical attunement, so you don't need imagine that you are superior to someone who isn't as sensitive. You're in an unstable condition; this is because you suddenly began to feel something which is different from what you used to feel. This sudden feeling threw you off balance so that you started to look at others, which you would never have done before. So your condition is comparable to that of a child, when matter lags behind the spiritual and lives in discord. So this awakening is a shock, which denotes more sensitivity and more love, and if you're able to hold your own ground, this feeling will spread, which equals the experience of all of life in spiritual attunement. So if you have understood what I said, that fire is and will remain within you, it will even gain more beauty, because you will continue to develop and afterwards you will radiate, enabling you to light up others. This means following the path which Christ shows us and will always show us, it's the path we must all tread. Now you want to give that love to a single person, because you think you will get it back from her, but that is not true and it's not possible because she must possess that power; so you will receive nothing at all. That is why I tell you that you and she are egoists and possess nothing but self-love and that you love yourselves.

And now that the truth is handed down from the side beyond, you cry like a little child that goes empty-handed. Don't you find yourself ridiculous?

Now for a different matter. You want to progress because you know that life is eternal, which means that you must make something out of your own life. We know that spiritual life is love and that one must possess this in order to be happy on the side beyond, something you have already known for a long time. But how do you want to justify all this, if you feel you are at cross purposes with everything God created, which is therefore His own life. Surely this must spell your own downfall. When we love, we must love all of life, only then do we follow the path my leader keeps on showing to me, which enables us to get to know the spiritual life.

People are like small children; even if they have reached the age of ninety, as my Alcar says, they still remain children in the spirit. I just told you that many people won't awaken until they are on the side beyond, so only there will they attain this attunement and will suffer and have to learn, which is what you are going through now if you act according to the spirit. So you are already on the path that requires you to set to work on yourself. You will be working even harder on yourself in this case if you think of your wife and children first, and later on begin to feel love for all of life. From then on you will go further and further and one day you will receive everything, but then God's holy time will have come. Once you have got far enough to love all people without depriving them of this love in order to give it to others, when you feel that life is God, only then will you really be taking yourself in hand. In this way man proceeds in order to learn how to give love. It will be clear to you now that it isn't very easy to do something for others out of pure love. But every being must learn this, whether he wants to or not; every being must learn to tread the spiritual path which leads to happiness in the life after death.'

But the man wasn't giving in yet and asked: 'Couldn't she possess that love too? Surely I should wait and see?'

André thought: This is impossible, he simply doesn't want to understand me; he already asked me that question. But he went on to explain it to him.

‘Don’t you feel that a woman doesn’t possess love, feels nothing and is nothing if she wants to acquire that love through the grief and sorrow of others? Do you call that love? Every time you came to see me I spoke to you about this. Don’t you sense that this cannot be a person of high principles who wants to bring misfortune onto others? I assure you that later on you will see her in a different light than you do now, after you have regained your peace and your burning feeling has changed into a mild longing.’

‘You’re more familiar with her than I am; how do you know all this? You never even saw her’

‘That is simple enough’, André said. ‘It’s like this: Only to love what bears life; not to feel aversion, to give oneself completely to no matter whom, that’s when one begins to feel life with love. Only through love I am able to fathom life that is at a lower level than mine; that’s what my leader taught me and I experience daily that this is indeed the path, the way which enables us to sense life. What I do for you, I do for everyone; what I feel for you, I feel for all people. That’s why I don’t need to see a person, I know him by his handwriting, from a photo, his gait, his head and his hands, from the sound of his voice; in short: nobody can hide away from me, because I sense him down to the deepest depths of his soul. I become one with him and I feel what he feels. The same feelings surge up in me, and it’s obvious that I then know the attunement of his feeling. If I can take on an illness, then wouldn’t I also be able to take on the condition of feeling of a person, if everything happens spiritually? That’s why a person isn’t deep, once you sense his mentality. As I said, my leader taught me this, but I had to acquire it on my own, which cost me a lot of struggle and still does.’

‘Can one learn this?’

‘Yes, of course, why not? I acquired these powers within five years. Others may need a hundred years. Because you know just as well as I do that many a lifespan goes by in which man learns nothing at all; we see these conditions daily. Man must be willing to develop himself, to keep on attuning his inner self to spiritual conditions, this is giving love. Man must efface himself completely and live for others; that’s all. Isn’t it simple? But just you try; you’re already busy destroying one life for the sake of another and you’re acting counter to

the laws, just to make yourself seem worthwhile. There simply isn't another way, because on the side beyond I was allowed to experience through disembodiment that this is the way. I started this as soon as possible because I wanted to possess these powers like they do, and if I continue in this way I hope to possess a bit of light when I die too, and to be happy in the life after death.'

'Is that your power?'

'Exactly, now you're beginning to understand me. Many people don't believe that I can feel just as much for others as for myself or for those who live together with me. Yet it's true; I only know 'life', and people don't mean anything to me. What counts for me is what they bear inside and what they are within. I feel and act in keeping with the way that life approaches me. Yet I love and I feel one with life, so that I'm no longer able to live differently. At present I'm fighting for your happiness. Your happiness is my happiness. If I don't give myself completely, I won't be able to sense your sorrow and your grief. But your pains are my pains, in short it's all mine because you are all sisters and brothers of mine. This has now become my possession, I can't feel any other way, even if I wanted to. If I can do anything for people and when this means happiness, this makes me feel happy, I feel it in a more beautiful way than they would. That is why your sorrow is my sorrow and why I feel how you feel and know that she, with whom you think you can find your happiness, isn't happiness and that she doesn't possess this love. To feel brother- and sister love means to love in an universal manner, which surpasses all earthly love. But don't think that I feel superior to you; I'm only a human being with many flaws too.'

'You just said that this kind of love surpasses all other love. How can that be, surely mother love is the highest form of love?'

'Really, is that what you believe? I will show you that what you think is wrong. One afternoon I was outside with friends and we were enjoying the beautiful summer weather. A brother of theirs came to visit them with his wife and child and soon I was on the best of terms with the child, a little boy aged three. I was playing with the child and descended into him. This makes me feel like a small child and I really am because I link up deeply. I like to play with children; I feel a strong attraction to children since adults often

don't understand me. I was one with him to such an extent that when I went to hide myself at quite some distance away from him, the child came and got me from behind the bushes, something a telepath may not have been capable of. What happened here was very simple, we were one and the child couldn't do anything that differed from what I felt. But people feel their own personality and since they feel themselves to be really somebody they won't reach children, because they don't want to climb down from their pedestal. It makes people close themselves off from all other forms of life, and from their own children too.

That afternoon I descended into the being of the child. I experienced that beautiful and sacred feeling, that pure love which a child senses, which a mother won't feel because she wants to approach the child from out of the attunement of her own feeling. To come to the point: I was told later on that I had hypnotized the child. Just imagine, me hypnotizing a child! The child called for me during the night and so they wanted to warn the police. Don't you think that's terrible? I'm telling you this to point out that the child felt my love, because I was childlike too and yet acted according to my human intellect. Not only am I able to link up with children, but with adults too, whom I can help just as well as children. I open up and in both conditions I feel no different, I am and remain just as I am. My love for the child was sensed by the child, but not by the parents, they looked on me as the intruder. Her mother love is the possession of the being. It's not a universal form of love, as she would also have sensed me.

Yet another reading, a more apparent one. In a cinema – this really happened – hundreds of children were gathered. Suddenly fire broke out and the mothers who heard it, rushed inside to save their little ones. But many trampled on other little ones just to save their possession. Is that universal love? Weren't all those little ones they trampled down God's life? No, only their child; they took no notice of the other beings. Fortunately they weren't all like that. Isn't this kind of love coarse-material? They crushed lives in order to save the one life that belonged to them. Why did they do this? Because it was nothing but self-love. I could go on like this and tell you about various situations to make it clear to you that we human beings are

still incapable of loving. I would give my life for any human being. This is not a virtue, because it would be a great mercy for me to be allowed to die, since I know that life on the side beyond is more beautiful than here on earth. And yet for us on earth it is the greatest thing one would be able to give and bestow on others. But one can also be useful in other ways and I accomplish more by being something for people and helping them than if I were to give my life for one single being. It's the smallest deed which encompasses the greatest power. That's why I tell you that I will be happy if I can make you happy again with your loved ones.'

'You are a person to be envied.'

'Yes I am, and I assure you that if you follow my advice, it will bring you nothing but happiness, which some day you will thank God for. If you start now, you will already perform a deed which you can be proud of.'

'You're like lightning, swirling and whizzing all around me and hitting me wherever you please. You're hammering away at me, and I'll have to accept it.'

'Thank you for your compliment, but it doesn't mean a thing to me. I told you already that I'm only a human being too with a little bit of love and my leader says the same. But I do want to tell you this, whatever you come up with, I will unravel it with the help of my leader and destroy your pedestal.'

'Then how do you see me and my condition at the moment?'

'You're not fishing for compliments, are you, because I haven't got any; but I can tell you in a few words how I feel. Listen, you're a good fellow and you haven't got a bad character, but the only mistake is that you love yourself a little too much.'

He gave in and thanked him and Alcar for the terrible lesson. He was afloat in space and yet he was glad to feel some solid ground under his feet.

'I want to follow your path and I'm determined to do so.' He extended both hands towards André and shook them warmly.

'I think that's great, now you're a man one can be proud of. Your wife will begin to love you a lot like you are now, it will command her respect. But first you have a lot to make amends for and you must try to regain her confidence. These next days you will still have

to put up a fight because you are not yet free from this terrible influence.'

'Oh, you feel that too?'

'Yes of course, you're still not free, but we're on the right track.'

He now wanted one of André's pictures as a lasting memory. André had a very beautiful water colour which he could have sold many times already, but Alcar hadn't wanted him to. 'I made this for someone', his leader said, 'let it hang, sooner or later it will be fetched.'

At this moment Alcar said: 'André, this water colour is for him, he perceives his own life in it.' It was fabulous how the spirits knew everything far ahead of time, because for months already André had been in possession of this piece of work. How great Alcar was, what kind of problem was being revealed to him now. The man was very enthusiastic. The piece symbolized his own condition. He took it along and both, his wife too, were happy. He had promised André on his word of honour to remedy everything again.

Some weeks went by. André got the feeling that he needed to give them a call and he did so. Alcar told him that he had fallen back; his heart was bleeding like it never had before. Terrible, André thought, how could this be after everything he had received from his leader. From her he heard that things still weren't well at all. He told her to bear up for a little while yet and that he would phone again that day or the next. Alcar told him to stand by. He would receive a message from him to go over to him and to exert all the strength he still had. He still prayed for them, day in day out, he wouldn't cease and understood that what he had felt in the man when he had left him that last time had been correct. He waited in silence and remained linked up with him. He prayed fervently for their happiness. He often knelt down and asked God for strength, so fervently that he felt all his bodily powers subside. Tired, dead-tired after all the praying, he dragged himself along, tunnelled his way through everything, enveloped himself in a field of force that no devil could penetrate. He had to win, no matter how. At night, when he suddenly woke up, he would see the poor little ones in his mind's eye and send them his thoughts, so they would pray for their father. Later on he heard that they had prayed for their dear father without being aware of anything. How strong thoughts were when they were accurately focussed

on a person. There was still a whole week to go before he was allowed to phone, and when he made an appointment with the woman to come over that evening, she was happy. They had become brother and sister.

André got ready to visit them in the evening. He would stake everything he bore within. He felt that the man was avoiding him and understood that he needed to get linked up again. How poignantly the poor man had been hit. What was this poison that had crept into his soul? This was the end, he felt that very clearly. It was either yes or no. He wouldn't be able to give more than he had, he would give all his powers, afterwards there would be no more power left to keep on helping him. This was the final round. He could go to ruin, after all, that's the way he wanted it.

But was that the answer? Whatever am I doing, he thought. If I start to think like that I would be giving way, and evil will prevail. No, he didn't want that, he would either kill everything inside of him or he was lost. The love he felt for that other woman had to be destroyed, otherwise he would keep on yearning and their life wouldn't be worth living. It would be a hell for them and that could not be allowed to happen. But he also realized that a higher power would have to help him. An earthly human being couldn't possibly accomplish this. Only God could help. Had all his prayers then been for nothing? Would his months of work be destroyed? After all, Alcar had told him beforehand that many would help with their prayers. But even now he felt that it all would be well since everything would have been done to help him. Yet he got scared of himself. How could that love be cast out of him if he himself was against it? I will pray, he thought, like I never have and be steadfast to the very last, and we'll see what happens this evening.

In his little corner, where he always prayed to God for power during his work to protect him against evil influences, that he might always do his work accurately to serve Alcar and his spiritual friends, there he knelt down and while he made his appeal he descended into him and felt how deeply his soul was still infected. He lay open to him like a book and André knew that they were linked up again. He gave me his word of honour; so one couldn't count on words of honour. He thought he was weak, very weak, not a man one could

look up to with respect. Now he was one with him, even if he travelled off to another continent. Determined after his ardent prayer to do everything he could for him, he heard his leader say: 'Give everything, my boy, he is worth it.'

André trembled with emotion. So much love for a human being was very seldom met with. Shortly before seven he walked over to him on this stormy evening. The wind was howling, the rain splashed in his face, all of nature was up in arms. It gave him a good feeling, it told him about power and violence, and it made his heart beat faster. Alcar was walking beside him. They were one, which they had become over the years. With his help he would be able to move mountains. Not a word was said, they were linked up spiritually. Alcar let him feel everything, and through the rain and the wind he felt and saw the power of his leader. Alcar radiated an intense light, which incited André to give the man everything he had. He didn't take long to get to their home and he got a very warm welcome. When he shook his hand André had already taken on his inner condition and he knew that he could start all over again.

The first moments were enough to choke, it was near to unbearable. Oh, if this woman had to go on living in this hell she would soon waste away with sorrow. How this all clashed with everything that stood for pure love. Because he loved, he was embittering her life. He was sitting there like a log. He would have liked to grab hold of him and call out to him: 'Don't you see, man, how precious every minute is? Don't you feel that you can hardly breathe in here?' It nearly choked him. Everything about him was cold and his life light was clouded. A man who loved was letting another life chill to death. Love meant radiating warmth, but this was more like the North Pole. It was ridiculous, sad and pitiful. It was nothing but selfishness, he was stealing her happiness and that of his children. André followed the course of his thoughts which darted off like blazing fire towards the being who had infected his inner life and his feeling. How could this be, after all the things he had discussed with him? How many hours had he spent on him? Had it all been to no avail after all? Was it a hopeless task? What was he interfering with; he clearly sensed that he would rather be rid of him. Why had he got involved with their lives? He suddenly felt as if he had disturbed

the peace and a very strange feeling flowed through him. It was the feeling of being unwanted. He cried inside, it hurt him, he hadn't expected anything like this. There he was, all his help had got them nowhere. Where had all this started? With him? With her? He sounded her out. No, she was open and he felt love radiating towards him. It was him, he would rather that he kept his mouth shut about everything and didn't interfere with his affairs. Again he fathomed him and felt how he had just recently been in contact with her, which he later affirmed to be true.

How was this possible; it was no good helping here because he refused to cooperate. No wonder she lost courage too. Would he have to surrender after all? Was evil stronger than goodness? Wasn't his prayer being heard? Was there anything left of value? He beseeched his leader to help him, who told him to stay calm and collected. 'Look around, André', he heard Alcar say. He saw dark clouds covering the man's body and he began to pity him. He was in the hands of evil. How deep would they plunge him into darkness? Poor, poor fellow, how terrible to be under these influences. Who incited them? The devil himself? A few minutes later he heard Alcar say: 'Attack him while he's in this condition, we'll help you.'

The man was still sitting huddled up like a log and went on as if he and his wife weren't present. André prepared himself to begin his battle with him. If ever he felt anything for him, now was the time to show it. He would either be outside within five minutes, or he would go on talking endlessly.

He therefore asked the man pointblank: 'If you would prefer me to leave, just give the order and I'll disappear.' He got a terrible shock. His wife helped him and said: 'André is right, you're sitting there as if there's nobody else around; what's up with you, man?' Tears were rolling down her cheeks. André continued: 'Come on, answer me. Do you want me to leave?'

'What a thing to say', he replied. 'Ridiculous.'

'Shall I tell you what's ridiculous?' André continued. 'That you're making your wife's life and that of your children into a hell in your own house. What a way to go on. You forget that you have your duties. Are you really a father? Do you deserve things to work out for you in the world? Have you forgotten that there are thousands

who have nothing to eat? Who don't even have a bed to sleep in? Without a home to protect them from the cold and the rain? Do you know what's wrong with you? You're too well off. God ought to let you starve for a while. You ought to get to know a bit of trouble and misery, that would stop you looking for them. Follow me on my path, then you will get to see some of the terrible conditions that exist. The things you now possess you want to throw away. Don't you understand that earthly possession means happiness too? Do all the things you have built up over the years have to be destroyed just because you love someone else? You know that if this is found out you will be dismissed. What will happen to your children, not to mention your own misery? Again I ask you to think before it's too late. Think back of years gone by. How difficult it was to get to this height. When will you get it back again? Never, I tell you. Then must this be definitely destroyed? What will be left over of all this? Fight for your happiness, but not in this way. It will mean your downfall. If it has to be wrecked, then set fire to the lot, but don't torment them till they're bleeding. Stop looking for a contact with her, man. Stop it, it's ruining you. Your misfortune is waiting at your doorstep. All you have to do is open your door and your house will overflow with misery and within a year you'll be lost. They don't need you at your office anymore.'

He didn't contradict a single word and let everything pour over him. André went on, all ablaze. He sensed that he should show him his property, the possession of all material things and at the same time the glaring contrast, the deep misery too. Maybe that would make him repent.

'Do you feel what it means to be rich on earth? Don't you value your property? Do you no longer feel what you once were? Have you always known this wealth? Come along with me to families where the father and the children are out of work, to others who are willing but can't work; yet others who are going mad with sorrow because they have lost their loved ones. But here everything is present, nothing but happiness, but here the master of the house is out for sorrow, grief and misery. Isn't it terrible? The things others sometimes receive with terror and perish because of it, you're looking for of your own free will. What wouldn't many people give to possess

what you own. Oh man, what a lot you're destroying, if you persist in having it your way.

What do you want to destroy all this for? For a bit of love, which is only material, which one can obtain from so many and makes the world go to wrack and ruin? Is that what you want your wife and children to starve from? Is that what you're after? Again, do as you please, but I predict your downfall. Just as I gave you those four spiritual words that first morning, as surely as that I now see your downfall.'

His wife looked at him when he said that, and André felt that he hadn't told her anything about this. He kept on going. He took him along across the earth, made him feel wealth and poverty and then returned him to his own condition. Hills and dales of society passed his mind's eye, he compared everything with his own property. He showed him love, material and coarse-material, right down to the animal-like attunement, it made him tremble within, because his downfall was being shown to him in this way. During his plea he heard Alcar telling him to continue like this. This would reach him.

He started again. He had been talking to him for two hours already; he was nearly out of breath due to the power he put into it. Suddenly the man got up out of his chair and took both his hands in his. Unexpectedly something had started to thaw inside of him. Evil had nearly been conquered. But André continued immediately, he still wasn't satisfied yet. Deep down he would have to give in completely, he wanted to see tears, deep sadness, a plea to be forgiven. That's what he wanted to get at. Now he went on in the spirit about the things he had already frequently mentioned to him. Again he let him feel what this love meant. He raised him up to great heights and then took him back again, as Alcar had taught him. He linked him up with hills and dales, planets and stars, only to lead him back to the earth to show him his condition and attunement. André begged God to help him because he felt that he would conquer evil. He had melted down inside.

At last he burst into hot tears and they both went up to André and knelt down beside him like little children. His wife to his left, and to his right the one who had now been beaten. He lovingly put both his arms around them. Tears ran down their cheeks, love flowed into

their hearts. It was a great and sacred moment. André felt a beautiful influence that strengthened him and made him understand that he would be able to move mountains. God was with him, with His holy Power he would set him free. God's will would make them get their happiness back again. He was younger than both of them, but at that moment he felt a thousand years older.

Suddenly André freed himself and left them sitting there alone on their knees. In a flash it came to him what he could achieve at this moment. Again he changed to another attunement and paced to and fro in the room, while he told them what he perceived around them. They looked at him and were no longer themselves. Their hearts were one, their hands were clasped in each other's. He went over to them, folded their hands together and made them speak a few words which he said aloud and which he too heard being spoken.

'Listen', André heard. 'Listen', he said to them, 'to what I will tell both of you and ask of you and which you will comply with.'

He made them bow their heads towards each other and repeated what a sonorous voice told him out of the spirit: 'Father, great Father, we ask for your support to guide us and to protect us. Father, give me the power to watch over my wife and children, set me free from these evil forces. I want to, Father, I want to so very much. I want to, I want to, Amen.'

Word for word, clearly and softly, putting all their feeling into their words, they repeated after him while he led them in prayer with words that came from the spirit. They were at their wits' end, they were both broken. His soul had been opened as it had never been opened before, and all this love flowed in to eradicate the last remnants of the poison inside of him.

'This evening something beautiful has taken place here, and woe unto you if one of you defiles this happiness during the rest of your life. God is with you and with us.'

He went on talking for some time, but about the things that now lay ahead. Nothing but happiness was awaiting them, a new life was to begin. He spoke about that happiness, made them feel its warmth, until they started to cry aloud, at the top of their voices. All their strength had been used up, they were at their wits' end. Exhausted, but with happiness this time, they sat down again in their chairs.

They both felt rejuvenated as if they were children. André was happy with their happiness; peace had returned into this home and evil had been conquered.

His prayers over the months, sent up in humility and love, had been heard by God. He had gained a sister and a brother. A miracle had occurred, but an even greater miracle was yet to take place. He didn't even feel tired; he could have gone on talking for another ten hours. It was all miraculous.

While he spoke he saw beautiful images, he saw his dear leader who conveyed the words, saw many other intelligences who were invisible onlookers on the battle which a human being fought for another person's happiness. Half past twelve, he had to return home; where had the evening gone to? He had spoken at great speed for four and a half hours without interruption. It was difficult to have to part with them. He now felt sister love and brother love and understood that these were superior to mother love.

At the door, when he wanted to say goodbye, he heard Alcar say these beautiful words: '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. Love is the most sacred thing, yes, it's sacrosanct.'

They had both listened attentively and André quickly vanished; they stood there with their heads bowed. It was too much for their hearts.

Back home he knelt down on the spot where he had prayed so fervently that afternoon, and again he prayed for a long time and thanked God for the mercy that he had been allowed to help them. He felt that Alcar was beside him; they prayed together and now André felt that the time had come to free himself of him. Yet deep down he would remain within them forever. But now he needed to be able to breathe freely again. Tired but happy that he had managed to conquer demons, he fell into a deep sleep and dreamt of their happiness. He saw them both as little children still, playing and laughing, with a garland of flowers around their heads; nothing but happiness, love and happiness.

He awoke in the same condition of happiness. That morning flowers had already arrived. On the card it said: 'From your sister and brother, your grateful children. For Alcar, for André.'

André wept, he let his tears roll freely. He wasn't ashamed of them, these were tears of happiness. Who wouldn't weep with happiness after so much love, so much happiness given to others? Those who believe they must destroy all this beauty with one stroke of the pen, because they don't sense it yet, should do so. One day their hearts will also melt and feel the greatness of all this.

André put down the flowers for his leader; for the one he had all this to thank for. He phoned that same morning. A miracle had happened. The man had woken up and did nothing but cry. There was a feeling in him of such beauty, such sanctity, which he couldn't describe in words. His wife thought that it was all going to start anew, but when he told her how he saw something in her, felt something he had never felt before, when he knelt before her and took a long time begging for forgiveness, when his heart cried with happiness, then she too understood that a miracle had happened, something that was beyond their feeling. He had gone to his office, but had to return because he couldn't stand it there. He was driven back home. He felt newly born, he had entered the 'Openness', he felt the quietness of the spirit, there was a sun in him which made him, his wife and the children and even the whole house radiate.

All the love which he had felt for the other one had returned to his own wife. He saw something beautiful in her, something sacred that moved him, that hadn't ever been there before. A radical change had taken place in him. These were mysteries to him; he said to her: 'What could André have done to me? What did he put into me, what is this I feel now and which bears me up and makes me happy? He has put me under a spell.'

André was familiar with this kind of spell and he knew what it was; it was nothing but holy love; he had gained peace within. He felt reborn; new life was smiling upon him.

He sent them on a journey and said: Come on, off you go to the south; compare your inner feeling with the southern warmth and when you come back, tell me which was warmest and what, most of all, gave you the feeling of happiness.'

They both set out on their journey like people reborn; they were linked up anew; they were bound for a new life.

'H and B, a few words to both of you from this spot. Alcar wanted me to take this down, because lots of people ought to know this. I thought it over for a long time and I have decided to comply with Alcar's wish and to record everything as it really happened. You see, dear brother, how nothing of our talks was lost. Alcar made a spiritual film out of it, in which your life has been recorded, and he reeled it off. Nobody will disturb your happiness. On the contrary, feelings of compassion will come to you from those who read about your struggle, and this will bring you nothing but happiness.

Live, children, and bear these hours in mind if ever dark clouds appear that obscure the light, and let it spur you on to watch over your happiness. Again, Alcar wanted it.

It will show mankind what a sincere prayer can achieve if it is sent up in love. Man can only perform miracles when love fills his heart.

Happiness to both of you. Your André.

CHAPTER VI

André receives his rock of life

ONE morning he received a message from Alcar that Wolff wanted to paint a large canvas. He did as Alcar had instructed him and ordered the canvas and all the other necessities. When it was brought to his home in the afternoon, he was immediately engaged and within half an hour Wolff had made a sketch of a rock in the sea. For the next two mornings Wolff worked at the canvas which measured four by five feet, and it was finished. Wolff had worked on it for two hours. How could such a large and beautiful painting possibly be finished within two hours? Afterwards André got a message that this symbolized his own rock of life.

My rock of life, André thought, what did I do to deserve this; surely this can't be true? Had he understood Alcar properly? No, it was too much for him, he couldn't accept it. He forgot about it and gave it no further thought. It was a splendid painting and a present to be envied, but he wanted nothing to do with a rock of life. He was too simple for that, too small, too puny. No, no, he wanted none of this.

He had a fine frame made for it and at an exhibition many admired the beautiful piece of work. But whenever he was asked what the piece meant he didn't dare tell them. It represented the sea and rocks and that was final. 'But', people asked him, 'surely that rock has a symbolic meaning?' All the same, he didn't have the courage to tell them, because he was afraid they would think he fancied himself and that was something he could certainly do without.

One afternoon he was visited by a lady who came to look at his paintings. When she looked at his rock and asked him what it represented, he wanted to get out of it and told her that it was a sea with rocks, but that didn't satisfy her. 'You're the one to receive it', she said, 'so surely you must know what it means?' Well, what could he say to that? 'Surely that isn't a rock', she said, 'it looks more like a church which we are all busy building.'

André thought she was rather close. Should he tell her? He didn't

quite have the courage; if she were to scoff at him or shrug her shoulders, what then? It would hurt him, after all, he wanted none of this himself. But she insisted and once again she began to talk about that rock, so he decided to tell her.

He carefully told her, but halfway he already regretted it, because he sensed that she doubted his words. I swear, he thought, that was once and never again. People wouldn't understand. They ought to descend in the spirit, to be able to link up with spiritual conditions. Who would appreciate its greatness? After all, it was unacceptable to them. No being would ever wheedle it out of him again; the rock could be his a thousand times over, he could hardly believe in it anymore. He thought he was vain and conceited and he was merely imagining things. It was a beautiful painting, and that was all. But was he really vain? He thought it over for a long time. No, he had never been vain, but anyhow, he refused to think about his rock again. Months went by. His leader didn't mention it, but Alcar would surely know how grateful he was for the beautiful present and he wouldn't want to grieve Wolff. Yet he couldn't accept it as a 'rock of life'.

One night he heard himself been called by his name, something which had happened many times before. 'André', he heard, 'come over to me.' He looked around and got a fright, as he was standing beside his physical body. Who had set him free? This hadn't happened lately, because he always departed from his body consciously. It showed how far he had already developed. Before him stood a spirit that went up to him and radiated a beautiful light. He was clearly visible to him.

'Look', the latter spoke, 'I've come to fetch you because I have something to tell you. Would you come along with me?'

'Where to?' André asked, as he didn't see his leader around, but at that same moment he sensed that all was well.

'You will soon be told.'

'All right, I'll come with you.'

'I have something to tell you about your rock of life.'

'You have?' André asked, surprised.

'Yes, my brother, I know about your rock; please follow me.'

They soon left the earth and arrived in the hereafter. André recog-

nized the third sphere which he had already visited many times with his leader Alcar. There, on a high hill in a beautiful area, they sat down.

‘You know this sphere, don’t you?’

‘Yes’, he answered, ‘I often dwelt here with my leader.’

The spirit began to speak. ‘Listen, brother. I must explain to you why I was called. No one else but me is able to tell you about your rock of life. In the days when I lived on earth I was once taken along to the spheres too, as I possessed the gift of disembodiment, and in order to do my work well and accurately I was presented with something in the spirit. I did the same kind of work as you do now and I was a medium in higher hands. I wandered from village to village, from town to town to proclaim spiritualism. I healed the sick and was allowed to write, everything happened through those who guided me like they guide you. Many became convinced, but there were thousands who couldn’t accept or understand it. I disembodied to receive spiritual lessons on this side and to get to know life after death; it was a task similar to your present one. I was given support on earth to enable me to do my work, because, as you know yourself, it’s not so easy to serve higher powers. I received spiritual support to lean on whenever I needed it. They gave me a staff to keep me upright in difficult times. This all taught me to get to know myself, and I was allowed to leave a lot of the things behind which my helpers gave me on earth, in order to convince man of a life that goes on forever. I often dwelt here and when I arrived back on earth I had to convey everything. Life on earth was difficult, but my staff helped me along, and finally my end came too. Only here did I sense the great mercy of being allowed to serve higher powers. Only here did I see the good and the wrong I had done. Oh, I thought, if only I were allowed to return, I would do things entirely different. Here I understood the full meaning of my work and of the gift to be allowed to possess this on earth. Especially to be allowed to depart from the body and to dwell in the spirit. You too will only understand this richness when you arrive here, because not more than a part, a mere fragment of the enormous totality can be shown to us, as you would not be able to digest it on earth. Only after you have passed from earthly life to eternity, will you know how great the gift

of disembodiment is. Here I understood that I could have achieved more if I had had a deeper feeling for my task. That is why I want to warn you for certain things and explain to you what you will be able to receive to bring happiness to the people on earth. I therefore asked your leader if I might inform you of all this, as I couldn't find an instrument on earth to convey my impressions to you from this side. They advised me to wait, and now we are together. It will be clear to you that your leader didn't want to give you the proof since I was allowed to tell you this, all the more so because I am acquainted with your life on earth, and mine was just the same. Only on this side did I understand that it takes a lifetime to put the spiritual treasures which have been granted into practice. Only here, brother, did I understand how much they had intended to give to me. I will now show you a vision which will make it all even clearer to you.'

André focussed his attention on him and understood the meaning of his life on earth. Everything was clear to him.

'You see that everything could have been different. It will support you and be a warning to you during your life on earth. Now I ask you: Whenever you need help on earth, call me and I will come to help you. You will also have understood that I wanted to make it clear to you how great your task on earth is, how great the treasures are which they wish to give to the earth through you. Remember, brother, that only one in a million possesses this gift. One other thing. The longing to be allowed to dwell here entirely, also played up in me. Seeing in the invisible world tends to complicate earthly life, which only few will understand. The continuous returns, the renewed acceptance of matter, living down there, that's the hardest part of your gift. I know all about your struggle, I sense your longing to be allowed to enter the spiritual life for good. These feelings also hold your leader back, they are powers which counteract the ability to receive. This is only known on this side; man on earth doesn't know all these conditions. Yet you are one of the gifted ones and life here will mean nothing but happiness to you if you are able to hold your ground. Now I will tell you the meaning of your rock.

After you have returned into your body and you link up with your rock, you will, especially when certain things are unclear to you and you must make some decision or other, perceive it there. It will show

you the level you are on. You will be able to mirror your own life in it; it will show you how your life is, ascending or declining. Everything will waver if you don't steer a straight course. Your rock will radiate when you yourself radiate. In times of turmoil pray to God to be permitted to receive the truth. Attune your own life to your rock. Everything is spiritual, just as your life on earth is, and you will receive nourishment in the spirit. So your rock will show you whether you did your work well or not. You will fall and rise, continuously, to embellish your rock. It's obvious that it is a great mercy to be allowed to receive something like this from this world.'

Now André felt ashamed that he had more or less hurled away his own rock of life.

'So I came to warn you against yourself. Compare your life with mine; it will support you and give you strength, enabling you to achieve yet a lot on earth. You will convince many people of a life that continues forever, and those who acquire this wisdom and begin to live accordingly will possess light on this side. You will get to know laws which were shown to me too, you will visit spheres which are all even more beautiful than those you were already allowed to enter; in short, everything will be given to you to make them happy on earth. You will receive the treasures of heaven. I will be happy that my brother who still dwells in matter will understand his work well and I will support you with my prayer and with all my abilities.'

André reached out to him with both hands which the spirit heartily shook, and they then set off for the journey back.

When he awoke in the morning his first thoughts went to the spirit who had come to fetch him that night. He had a clear recollection of everything. He quickly got out of bed to take in his precious gift right away. There was his rock, his own life, the symbol of his own self which he had rejected. How long would it take before he had reached that height. He would have to get to the top, high up near to the cross; that would be the end. It would take thousands of years yet. How grateful he was to his leader that he had given him this precious painting and he thanked Wolff too from the bottom of his heart. How ungrateful he often was when he didn't understand the spiritual things. But now everything was clear to him and he firmly resolved to dedicate himself entirely to his task. Now he

wouldn't want to miss the painting for all the money in the world. He was now determined to use all his powers to benefit the things on high. It was a marvellous day for him and he soon experienced what a great support the rock would be to him.

Some time later he was faced with a difficult problem that baffled him because it concerned himself. He didn't know how to solve it and he hadn't the courage to ask Alcar. But one afternoon, as he was quietly sitting in his chair thinking things over, he was suddenly linked up with his rock. Everything was wavering and he understood that if he acted the way he felt now, everything would go wrong and it would sadden him. So he decided to go the other way, which would be hardest for him, but he also saw that he was on the right track. You see, now that was support. Who upon this earth was able to see his own life and had his mistakes shown to him? There were only few who could; but he possessed this gift. Now he had an even better understanding of the life of the spirit who had been a medium on earth. After he had acted as he must, he saw how the foundations had become even stronger than before. It was splendid but difficult; and yet he wanted that difficulty, which would strengthen him spiritually.

Some time afterwards Alcar presented him with additional proof that his rock was a spiritual gift and what this meant. Alcar used his own mediamystic powers to give him this proof. One afternoon he received a message telling him to take some photos. He was supposed to take spiritual photos, and this would take up considerable time. He got all the requirements from one of his friends and shortly thereafter he began. The first things to appear on the plate were clouds. Then there were figures, but it took him months to achieve this result. Alcar told him that he would soon print something, as he had developed that far. Yet it still took months; he had already used up various plates but he was on the right track since every evening new impacts came through to him. Suddenly soft faces came through which shaped themselves out of the ectoplasm and were clearly visible. But he wasn't satisfied yet and he calmly continued. However, the proof came quite unexpectedly, which made him understand that just as in life, all the beautiful and great things in the field of occultism were given without notice. One afternoon, while

he was on his way home from a patient, he felt a severe impact. When he got home he had no recollection of this event, got out the apparatus and put everything ready without even being aware of it. Afterwards he felt himself returning to consciousness, but the influence remained.

‘Call your wife’, he heard Alcar say, ‘she will serve as a subject. Her powers are also needed.’

He called her and she was to sit underneath the painting. Everything was ready. At that same moment he heard a voice saying: ‘Open’ and he heard someone beside him counting, beginning at twenty-one, and after twenty-eight the voice said: ‘Close’.

The shot had been made. Then he was guided towards the dark-room and again he sensed a heavy impact, a sign that he was being helped with developing from the side beyond. How astonished he was when a cross appeared. This cross was not visible on the painting. How was this possible? It must be near to six feet high. Neither he nor his wife had seen any sign of it beforehand. He felt dead-tired, as if all his powers had been put into it. He felt overjoyed with this success, and he heard Alcar say: ‘Do you now believe that it’s your rock that has significance in the spirit? This, my son, is proof of the spiritual truth. It’s a holy, spiritual possession, hold it in esteem.’

For the time being he had to stop because other conditions were to be explained to him; he would take it up again later.

André accepted and he was happy with his rock. All mediums will one day receive a sign of support through spiritual help, when it is known on the side beyond that they accomplish their work in a good way.

He hopes to be allowed to receive much more from those who dwell behind the veil, and to achieve a lot through them.

CHAPTER VII

Disembodiment

The spiritual life in the sphere of the earth

ANDRÉ was in his room, as he had received a message from Alcar that he would depart from his body. On his last journey to heaven and hell his leader had shown him conditions and attunements; on this journey he would get to know the spiritual life. He felt happy that he was allowed to visit the spheres again. He already longed for the moment that he would see, hear and talk to his leader and would be allowed to sense his love. What would he experience this time? Where would his leader be taking him to? Far distances, deep depths had already been shown to him in the spirit. It was quiet all around him, he still heard nothing from Alcar. Yet he sensed that a certain influence was being exerted on him, as he felt the silence of the spirit coming over him. This had nothing to do with the earth. This silence was unknown on earth. What he felt was spiritual possession, the radiation of love from a being that lived on the side beyond. A gentle, beautiful feeling of happiness flowed into his soul. Did he hear correctly? Yes, it was Alcar who told him to listen.

‘André, get ready, I will release you from your physical body in a flash.’

Disembodiment made him feel a great, blessed happiness. He had experienced his last disembodiment consciously, but now this no longer seemed necessary. He went and lay on his bed, fully stretched out on his back, focussed his attention on his leader and waited what would happen. He soon felt himself sinking in the spirit, then he was drawn up, he saw himself floating above his physical body, and finally his leader caught him up in his arms. Now he was one with Alcar.

‘Look my boy, we’ll be together again for quite a while. This journey is harder still than all the other ones we made. You will now get to know life on this side, as well as various forms of art such as sculpture, music and painting, but not until we have arrived in the

higher spheres. But before we visit the higher spheres, you will get to know the pre-animal-like, the animal-like, the coarse-material and the material attunements in the sphere of the earth, and after that we will leave the earth, in order to descend into the dark spheres. There we will visit the rulers, the geniuses and the masters of evil. You will witness how they too have their celebrations, which will make it clear to you that the human being who has departed from the earth continues his terrible earthly life on this side. In the sphere of the earth, where we are now, I will show you life; beings that satisfy themselves on the human being who attunes to them. Then we will descend into the sphere of the suicides; you will see this condition too, so that man will receive a clear image what his life will be like if he puts an end to his earthly life. I will have to make terrible truths clear to you. I therefore ask you to be strong; we won't be back here for quite a while. You will experience a lot of beautiful things, André, but also deep darkness and misery. Ask me as much as you want, I will answer you to the best of my abilities.

Look, there's your physical garment, we have now transcended all the intermediary conditions which you experienced last time.'

Coarse-material and animal-like attunement

'Come on, André, our journey is about to begin. Now listen carefully to what I'm going to tell you. In the condition we are in now, on this very spot, pre-animal-like beings exist, as well as Divine beings, in other words we find the highest and the lowest spheres here. I will explain everything to you shortly, when we link up. You know that a higher spirit can visit the lower spheres which are located below his own attunement. On our previous journeys we looked at everything from within our own attunement, but now you will experience every attunement. Is that clear to you?'

'Yes, Alcar', but André was trembling and felt nervous at the thought of the things he was about to go through.

Alcar sensed this and said: 'Don't fear, my son, nothing will happen to you. The unhappy spirits which you will presently see roam and ramble around in the sphere of the earth and assault those who are completely unaware. When we descend, unhappy ones will ap-

proach us and address us, while others will attack us. All this is possible, but in that case leave everything to me and don't say a word when we're in their midst. We both speak the language of feeling which you were already allowed to use on previous occasions; everything will come to you in the mind because our inner selves are united. When they address us and want to take us along, we will accompany them, yet we will act according to our own insights and powers. Danger lurks on all sides in this place. When I convey a message to you, you will act from within your own attunement, not from the one we're in at the time. That's simply impossible, as they see, hear and feel you, because you're linked up with them. We may also lose sight of each other, but in that case too you will sense me and you will take action according to the feeling that comes over you. As you know, on this side strong will power and concentration stand for connection. I had to explain all this to you so that you will know how to defend yourself if the need arises. We will now descend and also return into our own condition.'

André felt how he was assimilated by a different sphere, as a terrible coldness came over him, and the light which just a moment ago had enabled him to perceive had vanished too. He got a frightful shock, because there in front of him stood an abominable being and he already prepared himself to return into his own condition. Where had that being appeared from so suddenly? The very moment he wanted to vanish, he heard: 'Stay, André, it's me.' But however can this be, he thought. Is that Alcar?

'Doesn't my son recognize me?'

No, André wouldn't have recognized his leader if he hadn't spoken to him. The thing standing in front of him was a coarse-material being.

'I've changed quite a bit, haven't I?'

'You look terrible. How did this happen?'

'This is my spiritual body, but are you nevertheless able to recognize me as a spirit of light? Do you now understand what connection in the spirit means? It also tells you that one cannot simply barge into this place. Those who want to work in the sphere of the earth, who have descended from the higher spheres to help unfortunate beings here, must be developed and possess the appropriate

powers; otherwise they cannot hold their ground. This requires a lot of effort and holy conviction, but most of all love for our work. I will now show you something else. I will draw you back into your own condition, but I will let you depart in the spirit, which is only a manifestation, so in the mind. These are powers which I also showed you in a visionary manner; but in order to make this even clearer to you I want to show you that we can manifest ourselves in all those deeper attunements because these conditions are located below ours, yet I remain in my own sphere. What it amounts to is that you can perceive your own image in the spirit. If there are four different spheres below me, then I can manifest myself in all those spheres without leaving my own condition. Do you feel what I mean? Watch carefully, I will now draw you back, so that you will see an image which your concentration is focussed on.'

André felt himself getting lighter and also sensed that he remained linked up with that other sphere. He saw a shape resembling himself, he too was a terrible monster. Was he still human or was he an animal?

Alcar said: 'I will now link you up, but gradually, so that you will experience this transition into yourself. Accordingly this is the return into your previous condition.'

He clearly saw an other body next to him and he recognized himself, but he was a terrible beast. How far had his spiritual body descended into this darkness? It made him shudder to imagine having to remain and live in this condition. How deep the men and women must have fallen who lived in this sphere. No other image could have been more convincing to him. Now he also knew that he would be invisible to all beings. There was no more fear left in him.

'You see how we can depart in our mind, even though we have shed our earthly body. It's all a matter of concentration and strong will power, in the spirit concentration is light and by building up light we link up with and experience all the conditions we want to unite with.'

'How terrible you look, Alcar!'

'Why terrible? Am I not the same one? I carry my possession within, nobody can take anything away from me.'

André thought of Alcar's spiritual radiation which he had been

allowed to behold in the higher spheres. Where was his beautiful garment and everything that lit him up? He was truly witnessing miracles.

‘Who could make me change, André? After all, I don’t want to live like them; none of them can or will influence me. If I were to take part in their animal-like life, I would be one of them, but I remain who I am because I neither like nor want their kind of life; I remain in my own attunement.’

Alcar’s well-shaped hands had changed into claws and his beautiful eyes had lost their gleaming lustre. All the loving glow had gone, Alcar as well as he himself were deeply ill-fated beings. What powers did man possess when he lived on this side? How great his powers were to be capable of all this. Who would still recognize him as a happy spirit? André knew that his leader had taken on his thoughts.

‘So that’s what you believe, André? A higher attunement will empathise with me and know the attunement I possess. But everything will soon become clear to you because you will experience it. And now on we go.’

They had hardly left before André sensed other beings nearby.

‘Spirits, Alcar’, he whispered softly.

In a flash it came to him: ‘Remember what we just agreed on, André? We use our own language, the language of the mind.’ André understood.

‘They hear every thought that is spoken, and that would force us to return because they would recognize us and attack us. This would complicate our work. So be careful and use your powers with deliberation.’

André had sensed correctly, some beings were indeed approaching them. A colossal figure, a terrible monster, addressed them. There were a few more behind them who stopped some fifteen feet away and remained there, waiting.

‘Well now’, he said, and those two words contained everything, his possession and his entire personality. He addressed them as his equals. ‘Where are you heading for?’

André didn’t know what to do or say, although the question had been directed at him. But Alcar answered instead: ‘Where we’re heading for? Let’s see, where shall we go to, we don’t know ourselves.’

The others also came over to them; they too were unfortunate beings in an animal-like condition.

'My friend and I', Alcar began, 'have only been on this side for a short while.'

'How did you get here?' The sudden question was once again directed at André. And for the second time he was at a loss, but while Alcar talked he caught his thoughts and knew that he shouldn't say anything and would just have to wait how things were going to develop.

'We fell down, we had an accident. We're painters.'

'Ah', the being exclaimed, 'so you crashed down?'

'Yes, that's how it must have happened.'

André wondered whether they knew that they had died on earth. So many were oblivious of the fact. Again he got an inner answer which told him that they had passed on long ago and others had persuaded them of this. Yet Alcar was carrying on a conversation with them, but André felt that he should concentrate on Alcar, it would all settle itself and they would remain oblivious. How great the powers were of a being with a higher attunement. They could not be fathomed. None of them had sensed nor understood anything of their conversation, and he understood the meaning of all these conditions of feeling and the nature of all those attunements.

'Who told you that you were on this side?' the man again asked Alcar.

'Some people told us, but we don't know who they were.'

'Maybe not, but we do, they were blacks, no doubt about it. We know their sweet talk. They're all around the place.'

'I don't know who they were', Alcar told him, 'but they gave us some good advice what we should do to attain an other life.'

'He's already hooked', the monster retorted and started to snigger in a terrible manner.

'How do you mean, sir?' Alcar asked him. They all began to laugh.

'Sir? You call me mate, got it?'

André was trembling, how coarse these terrible beings were.

'I bet they wanted to win you over', the one continued who had been doing the talking. 'Didn't they tell you that there are people up above us?'

Alcar confirmed that this had been the case.

‘They’ve been here often, but we don’t need them. Don’t let yourself get hooked, man, it’s like poison.’

Alcar told him that they had meant well, because due to them they knew that they had died on earth.

He immediately went on: ‘What’s that? Then don’t you know that you can profit from the earth here too? You can experience more, see, feel and hear more than in the life over there. Come on, join us, you’ll be surprised how wonderful things are here. Do you fancy a drink?’

What’s that being talking about, André thought. A drink?

Alcar said: ‘You must be kidding us!’

‘No, it’s the truth all right, just you come along with us, you’ll see for yourself. Here you can drink whatever you fancy, experience whatever you want. You can do anything here. You could find no better spot to live in than here. You can walk into any place without asking, nobody will throw you out. We lead a free life here, the people on earth have no idea what it’s like, they would be amazed. They can’t hide away from us, we find them anyhow. Some of them have got a cloud of vapour around them, we can’t reach them. All the others walk into our traps of their own accord because they know nothing about this life. Yeah man, it’s not as boring here as you might think. The only thing we haven’t got is light; always that deep darkness, it’s always nighttime.’

A shroud came over the monster, for a moment it stood there in thought. But it immediately went on: ‘Come on now, follow me’, and pulled them along by their arms.

‘But you know’, Alcar continued the conversation, ‘that there are other countries besides these, don’t you?’

‘Of course, at least if it’s true what the blacks say. We don’t know for sure, but we’ve heard about it so often. So what? I wouldn’t want to part from this life, it’s far too much to my liking. I’ve never ever felt as free to do as I please before. Why should I leave for another country? Are things just as fine there? We don’t know about that ourselves. Seeing is believing, as my old dad used to say. I’m just like him and I’ll do as he did. No man, you’ll soon find out why I don’t want to leave this place. Let me give you a tip, pick yourself a person

who sticks to his way of life day in day out, otherwise you'll begin to burn inside.'

'How do you mean?' Alcar asked him.

'What I mean by that? You'll find out soon enough yourself. Aren't you thirsty and all that other stuff?'

'But I don't understand what you're saying', Alcar said to him, 'tell me more clearly.'

The man looked at Alcar with his bloodshot eyes and was silent; these secrets were his, he didn't utter a word about this, the animal didn't intend giving himself away.

André had been able to follow the entire conversation; he was linked up with his leader and would remain so. Terrible, where was this leading to? How bestialized these people were. He saw many astral beings passing by who walked straight through the earthly people and thought nothing of it. He had seen similar scenes during his previous trips but now he was right in their midst. They all radiated passion and their eyes were bloodstained, making them appear like wild animals. In a heavily populated street they entered a large house. The one who had addressed Alcar said to him: 'Right, at least we'll get a drink here, and lots more; this is home to us.'

They stepped into a pub. Terrible, he thought, they've even got gin in the spirit? Didn't these people think about any other kind of life? Was this happiness to them? This was all terribly sad; not a spark of light would penetrate this darkness. He followed Alcar in his footsteps.

An inner voice told him: 'So you see, my son, how real it is; presently it will all prove to be true. But we won't take part in their passions. Stay with me and keep your concentration focussed on me.'

A terrible smell engulfed him. He saw in a glance where he was. There were no wealthy from the earth present here. He also saw what the monster had meant by that vapour; it concerned those who weren't quite as evil, which apparently prevented them from linking up with the others.

The pub was well occupied; earthly people were sitting about everywhere. There was a terrible noise, they were shouting and screaming as if savages had gathered here. Passion and violence; earthly man and his many delights, enjoying an animal liquid that burnt

their souls. There was no end to this. They radiated a flaming fire; their spiritual glow was the reflection of deep darkness. His entire being was impregnated, because they were all at the mercy of demons and in the hands of animal-like beings. This was a terrible place; coarse-material people were gathered here. He saw sinister looking beings and some of them would be lost for hundreds of years. He saw astral beings that were hanging on to earthly human beings, draining them of their vital juices. They clung on to them and could act like this because it's what these human beings themselves were after. Subconsciously man was linked up. How clear life on the side beyond was to him now, and the meaning of having to live on earth and what one should make of it. He read them like an open book. The earthly people felt nothing of this ghastly life; they thought they were alone and yet another being, a human being who had once lived in matter but had shed his physical garment, had linked up with them. This was how the astral human being could give full vent to his passions.

'That one', the human beast in charge of everything shouted, 'he's mine' and immediately pounced on a human being. André shivered at the sight. The animal threw himself onto the human being, embraced his prey like a mother would do with her child in order to suck out his vital juices. An animal sense of delight flowed into its soul. It remained grimly connected, a disgusting truth was now being shown to him. Their souls united, one radiation, together they formed one being. Auras blended, feelings merged, one life, one hunk of animal-like life was experienced. The astral spirit had enormous strength, the human being would have difficulty in freeing himself. The latter was doomed to death and destruction. Lost for hundreds of years, to start a different life afterwards. Drinks were supplied, it was all poison, but their thirst was insatiable; it burnt into their souls.

How long would this go on? This was no form of pleasure, what he saw here was animal-like life. It was terrible. The spirit urged the physical being to keep on drinking. André felt how he did, he could accurately take on his inner condition. It was even very simple, the earthly human being would have to possess strong will power if he wanted to free himself from this. It was impossible, the astral hu-

man being was stronger, his powers of concentration were deadly. This power cut itself into the human being like a lancet; he acted accordingly, thought he was the one who was in charge, but he was under the influence of an animal-like being. When he caught sight of André at some distance away from him, the beast let go of his prey for a moment to focus his thoughts on him and with one leap he stood beside him. André was trembling all over; what was going to happen now?

‘Haven’t you got the guts? Or don’t you know what to do, then I’ll show you. Come here and if you don’t like what they’re drinking, then you lay your own will into them and everything will happen as you want it to. Isn’t it simple? Come on, lad, get going. You’ve got to join in with the fun. You can have it all, as long as you’re set on it. Look, that one over there, him with the vapour all around, he’s out of reach. You simply slither off, but there are enough others to choose from. Or take a woman, they’re easier to enter, they draw you in of their own accord once you’ve captured them.

What a language they used here! What kind of opinion did they have of man? What did love mean to those who had sunken so low? Alcar was standing in a corner of the hall where he was lending him support.

The beast continued: ‘Once you’ve found someone, don’t let go of him and follow him wherever he goes. Now off you go.’

He went at it again. André had been told a terrible truth. He sensed his leader regardless of the goings-on. Oh, how brutal it was to pounce on the human being who wasn’t aware of anything. He looked at Alcar, who made him feel that they would be moving on. Alcar walked on into the hall and he shivered at the sight he saw. There were astral beings everywhere, they had all found their prey, they were all one. This was how they experienced the earthly life they had left behind. All this was possible. In the sphere of the earth, where man existed, a different life was present that could acquire this kind of life, because this was what man on earth wanted himself. Otherwise it wouldn’t happen. All these conditions would cease to exist as soon as man had conquered his ego. Life on earth had fallen so low, so inhumanly low. This was the poison of life, it burnt their souls away. This was the way they brightened up their dark

lives. What was their life after death like compared to the lives of those who dwelt in higher spheres? How poor in feeling, in light, in happiness and how far away still from the first existential sphere in the spirit. Suddenly he heard an infernal noise that drowned out the previous din. Before he knew what was happening, he was seized and dragged out of the hall.

‘Alcar, Alcar!’ In his mind he cried out for his leader, but he saw him nowhere and felt that he would collapse. Suddenly he felt an enormous power coming over him. He focusses all his powers of concentration on his attunement and noticed how he dissolved in their hands. Thank goodness, that was done with. He had had enough and he would have preferred to return to his physical body. All this misery was terrible. His leader was standing a few paces away from him. Alcar smiled.

‘How on earth did that happen so suddenly, Alcar? After all, I didn’t do them any harm. They took me completely by surprise.’

‘You notice that they watch your every movement; they were the ones who took us along. They sensed that we weren’t taking part in their passions and so they understood that we didn’t belong here. They’re all one and will attack those who refuse to participate. They don’t put up with other attunements here. Don’t forget, evil, hatred, passion and violence prevail here. Everything spells destruction. I withdrew into my own attunement because I wanted you to experience this and use of your own powers. You’ve got to see this through, otherwise we would have to return and try again, until you could handle things on your own. This is necessary, André, you will understand that. Are you feeling a little better? Here in the sphere of the earth, as well as in the dark areas, you must remain linked up with your inner self, otherwise you can’t accomplish any work here. As you see, the astral human being can participate in earthly pleasures in the life after death. There is nothing I need add to that. We were amongst the lower social classes; we will shortly visit those who are capable of hiding behind a mask. But to the astral human being this offers no impediment. Those we just met are coarse-material beings who are attuned to the animal level. They haven’t sunk as low as those we will meet up with shortly, because the others destroy mankind and pour death and destruction out over them. They are

malicious, because they hide behind masks. Terrible though it may be, yet those we were with just now are true and open; one can protect oneself against them. They live in mud and sludge, but the wealthy of the earth, who are often the poison of life, are shrouded by their garments which conceal their dark souls. But one day there's an end to that too, and then astral beings will be waiting for them when they enter this life.'

'They can't be reached, Alcar, can they?'

'No, at least not at the moment; but they have learnt that there's a possibility to ascend. You disappeared before their eyes; by freeing yourself from their claws, they think they witnessed a miracle. Look, there are some of them over there; they're wondering where you went to. Listen, they're carrying on a conversation.'

Those who had attacked him were still around him as if they expected him to return. André heard them say: 'Any idea where that black one went to?'

'No', the other said, 'I couldn't tell you, it's beyond me. What kind of powers have they got that make them dissolve before our eyes? Did you ever experience anything like this before?'

'Yes, various times. I had an idea that they might be blacks, but I don't understand how they pull this off.'

'Where's the other one who did all the talking? Have you seen him?'

'Not me. He was the leader of the one I got hold of. I knew it, but I had my doubts, otherwise we could easily have overpowered them. You find that scum everywhere. Come on, let's get back in again.' And their hideous life began anew.

'You see, André, they won't be roused, but something stuck in their minds and one day they will free themselves from this life to start a higher one. They are just the ones we can use later on for our task of helping the unfortunate, because they have all learnt in this life. They all know how to get around, they know their shortcomings, sense what they're capable of, know exactly when to act, in short they are the guides who will help others because of the life they led themselves. They too will enter the higher spheres because no child of God is ever lost.'

'Where did the others go to, Alcar?'

‘They follow the ones they have in hand, and I’m sure that you sense that they won’t stop at drinking. That’s how man is destroyed, and he wants all this himself because he lives an animal-like life. They will sink lower and lower, and finally they fall into an abyss of passion and misery. Here good and evil live together, because on earth the attunements ranging from the pre-animal-like to the material all live together. Come on André, off we go.’

They passed through lots of streets and he saw various physical beings who were surrounded by dark figures who followed them in their footsteps. Some were there to bring happiness and protection to the bereaved, others brought death and destruction. Others again had come to convince their loved ones of a life that goes on forever. What a strange kind of continued existence he was looking at; and yet it would serve its purpose to know all this on earth. He felt the power of this truth; it would be a support, an incitement to begin a different way of life right now on earth while one was still in possession of material life. The things he had seen and experienced here were terrible.

‘We will visit conditions yet, my son, which even outdo this one in their horror. And all this within the sphere of the earth, around and within man, of which he is not aware. Isn’t it high time for him to know all this? Wouldn’t you exert all your strength to stand up to this? When people enter this life and have left loved ones behind on earth, only then does an urge arise in them to be allowed to speak about all this on earth but usually this isn’t possible. First they have to take themselves in hand; there are thousands here who return to convey this to the ones on earth. But for those who have already reached this condition on earth and want to give themselves for others, the need to learn this no longer exists on this side, in the life after that life. They have acquired something on earth, which is light and happiness, so that they can offer warmth to others, make them attune to higher spheres and then they will return in happiness. Here they will possess nothing but happiness because their development in matter will have progressed that far. But if one is allowed to experience all this as a disembodied spirit, my son, then this is a great blessing granted to only few human beings. We will now descend further down and visit a place where the wealthy of the earth

are gathered. Come André, we will enter here without asking; nothing and nobody will hinder us.'

André saw a big building in front of him where Alcar entered as if he owned the place. They passed through various large rooms and arrived in a big hall where hundreds of earthly people were gathered. He also saw thousands of astral beings that lived around and within them.

'Where are we here, Alcar?'

'We're in a building where man spends time to relax his nerves. This is a concert hall and as you see, where there's life, the spirit is present. Connections are possible everywhere. There are hundreds of different attunements and this alone would suffice to fill volumes, we could make this into a beautiful composition. But I won't linger on one condition; man must be given an extensive image of all the transitory conditions in the spirit. You will see beings amongst them who are attacked and possessed by many at the same time. On earth murders are committed to possess a being. And when they arrive here they keep on fighting because they can't free themselves from that being and it remains the focal point of all their powers because their conditions of feeling are the same. Then life begins anew, but now in a more acute sense, as they can link up without being visible to the earth. But they meet up with resistance on this side, since there are beings which they have sent here and who will be waiting for them, which will result in renewed fighting in the spirit. Here they battle for the possession of an animal-like being.'

What André saw was nothing but luxury. The earthly people were dressed in rich garments. He saw them strolling about and talking in little groups; apparently this was an interval. Next to them was the astral human being with all his lusts and he felt that there were many on earth to protect them. Others had terrible appearances and were lurking for a prey or they experienced certain things that would destroy them. He saw young handsome spirits who accompanied earthly man to attest to their presence. But the people didn't feel it; they knew nothing about this, and the spirits were not understood. They would follow their loved ones invisibly. He saw good and evil, passion and violence, coarse-material and animal-like conditions gathered together. These were people and all these people

lived in different attunements of good and evil. What he perceived was a world in itself, a world in which he got to know a form of life which wasn't possible on earth. It was wisdom in the spirit, spiritual laws and attunements of love. They were people who could all be Divine, children of one Father. He saw radiations, beautiful to behold, which caused an ardent feeling inside of him. He saw that glaring green that was fatal if one became linked up with it. He saw luminous figures who, in this darkness, carried their light within; he sensed this because it came over him. Nothing, absolutely nothing could be perceived if he didn't adapt. It was tremendous what he now experienced. Earthly man was oblivious of all this, with some he felt a conscious transition in their feeling towards this side. They all passed through him, they stood talking inside of him, told each other terrible things, spoke about destruction as if it were nothing and meanwhile he and many others listened in without being seen.

Of course it was tremendous for him to be allowed to experience this as a earthly human being. He saw that many were lived by those who wanted to destroy life. They acted through their powers and according to their will. But as long as man refused to change, these conditions would go on existing, and these beings would be lying in wait for them in the life on this side.

He could already imagine the course certain scenes would take. He saw man who had left the earth and was linked up with demons. Man would say: Who are you, what do you want from me to bother me like this? The astral human being would answer: You have lived your whole life on earth through my powers and according to my will. Wasn't it terrible to have to hear and accept this truth? Yet that moment would come, but then they were lost. They tried to conceal their dark souls behind all those beautiful garments, but on this side everyone was recognized. He clearly saw that man could protect himself but it had to be his own wish, he had to attune to higher conditions, give love to everything that lived. How disfigured many were, many were ruined by their flaming passions. But the very worst thing of all was that they were able to conceal their inner condition.

All this was possible on earth; many were misled and would perish there, but here their inner being could be derived from their exterior appearance and recognized. He saw many women who had a

beautiful radiation; how beautiful they were when they felt love. Others again had been maimed right down to their soul; the poison of life had penetrated deeply into them.

Ahead of him walked a woman who to earthly standards was very beautiful, but what a monster she was, seen on this side. How terrible she looked, something earthly eyes could not perceive. What was her beauty? Nothing but here material garment; deep down she was black, as dismal as the darkness in which she dwelt. And yet people were killed to possess such a being. He saw a hideous being all around her that held her entangled with his terrible claws. She was in his power, she was lived by that being. It sucked off her vital juices, led her through life, held her captive and yet she felt nothing of it. They were one, equal in their essence. What he perceived was connection. Here he saw true life, the core of spiritual powers. They had damned themselves and others.

The astral spirit roared because he was attacked by another. It turned into a terrible fight that had started on earth and was continued on this side. He saw how one of them had an open wound on his forehead which must have been caused by a bullet. This one had taken his life because he had been cheated whereas he thought he loved. This was human love; that's how man pictured love to be. He loved and destroyed his own life. 'Man, oh man, know yourself!'

André looked at his leader. 'A terrible truth, Alcar.'

'Everything is reality, my son, truth in the spirit. There are hundreds of other conditions similar to this one.'

The fight still continued; who would win? They were both from one condition. Their souls were being unraveled. Even in the life after death they were fighting because of her who had sent both of them here. Where was the end if man continued his unsuccessful earthly life behind a veil? Was that a woman? If one saw her like André did, they would disappear from her immediate vicinity. Their souls melted away, consumed by animal juices. They were one in their feeling, one in passion and violence; they had an animal-like attunement. Finally one remained lying. He immediately saw some spirits carry him away. Where had these assistants come from so suddenly? Who had called them in this darkness? Had they not been recognized? Would they be attacked too? But beside him stood a

spirit who looked at him closely. In a flash it came to him: 'Do not fear, André, all is well, a spirit of light.' He saw Alcar on the opposite side of the hall; yet he had caught this message. André sounded out the spirit and a great happiness came over him. Love, nothing but love, warmth radiated in him. He understood everything. He lived in this darkness in order to help the unfortunate.

The spirit spoke to him and said: 'From the earth, on earth, and yet in the life of the spirit, aren't you, my brother?' For him who possessed a higher attunement, this was possible. Yes, he was from the earth and now lived in the spirit but in this way saw a completely different earth than when he lived in his physical body. How great this mighty scene was, what a difference. 'Fear nothing, brother; God is love is our password in this darkness.'

André was happy, but when he wanted to speak to him, the spirit had disappeared. Neither did he see his leader. What would be the meaning of this? Not a sign of Alcar to be seen. Was he amongst them who were gathered here? He searched the surroundings, but nowhere did he see any light of him. Suddenly he felt influence being exerted on him. Where did that come from? Who was influencing him in this darkness; who else knew him and wanted to reach him? He felt it even clearer than the first time and now he knew that this was Alcar. He focussed his powers of concentration on him and caught the following which he understood literally. 'I am in a different condition and will wait for you. But I want you to follow me in your thoughts which will enable me to show you how we can be linked up and remain connected with each other. Don't worry about anything.'

André thought this was very interesting. The terrible being was no longer in sight. All the people from earth hurried to their places, but he walked into another hall and was cautious not to be attacked a second time. Danger lurked here on all sides. At a certain moment he felt himself being drawn out of the building into the open. What would he be seeing now? The wonders he experienced wouldn't cease. He decided to concentrate on his own condition if something serious happened; nobody could stand in his way in this; it was his only means of rescue in this darkness. He landed in a street which he walked through to the end although he felt an urge to refuse. An

invisible power pulled him along. He felt that power so intensely that he couldn't escape from it. Again he met many spirits, accompanying people from the earth. How wondrous this life was. How little they knew about this on earth. André continued his way and reached a large square with a statue in the middle. He felt that he should walk around it and when he came to the other side he saw a being that he would prefer not to see or meet. But the being had already discovered him because it walked in his direction. It was of course an unhappy spirit. He was ready to return into his attunement. Come on then, he thought and walked towards him, there was nothing else he could do. The monster stopped right in front of him. What did it want from him? He heard a growling and gathered that he was asking where he was heading for. Should he tell him? But what should he say; was it any of the being's business what he was doing here? No, he thought, I will go on and he wanted to pass the being that stared at him with glowing eyes as if it wanted to tear him to pieces. André jumped aside and had nearly passed it when he felt that the being wanted to latch onto him. He prepared himself to return into his condition. The animal grabbed him by his shoulders and at that moment the being told him: 'You are staying with me, aren't you, André?' He felt dazed when he heard that familiar voice.

'Alcar, how is this possible; where did you come from so suddenly, what is the meaning of this? I didn't recognize you. What kind of attunement is this?'

'I am in the transitory condition on the way to the suicide's sphere with which I have linked up. We will descend down there too soon. Really, André, you can link up and you know how to act. I kept my concentration focussed on you and you see, you followed me. I couldn't have given you a clearer image. You have now experienced how we can link up at a distance.'

'But you know me, Alcar; if you didn't know anybody here, would it still be possible?'

'Even then, André, after all I link up with higher powers. I will show you. Watch, André. Look there are a few beings over there coming towards us.'

André saw two beings coming towards them. He couldn't believe his eyes; they were happy spirits, they radiated light. Alcar addressed

them: 'Brother Asper, I called you to convince my instrument. I knew that you would come wherever you were.' The spirits greeted Alcar and him too and left. The short meeting had been cordial.

'Spirits of light, workers for the good cause, André. They are on the way and will not be stopped. You see how we can reach each other. In this way you get to know the life on this side. So it will be clear to you that everything lives together on earth, but that it is impossible on this side. Here people find their own attunement and they will be together with those with whom they feel one. I let you experience all this to show you that man on earth bears the Divine but also the animal aspect inside. Both attunements are one and are inherent in man. It's up to him to free himself from evil. So on the spot where we are now all attunements are present as well as ours and the higher conditions which are all invisible to us but will become visible if we link up. We will descend deeper and deeper and people and spheres will change. Come on, André, off we go. You know now how to protect yourself.'

André felt an icy coldness and saw his leader changing. The misery lay even deeper on his face than just before. What a change. Alcar looked like an animal and to think that he dwelt in the fifth sphere. Here laws were known which people were not acquainted with on earth and would not be understood there. Man would first have to enter this life before he could become convinced of it. The streets, the houses and trees, in short, everything he had just perceived had now vanished before his eyes. Nothing was still visible, everything was barren, deep darkness and coldness.

'Can't those who live here be convinced, Alcar, that people live up above and that everything is different?'

'No, that's impossible, because they don't feel it within.'

The suicidal sphere

'I spoke to you about this condition when we had to visit the man who had drowned himself. He must finish his earthly life in this condition in order to return to his own attunement afterwards. You know who I mean, don't you? He wanted to destroy life which how-

ever cannot be destroyed. Do you sense how terrible it is for those who forget themselves? I will convince you now, as you still don't feel how those who live here have no faith in a higher condition.'

André thought he saw some beings and looked in the direction where he thought he perceived something. When he looked up at his leader he got a shock, Alcar had disappeared. Now what was the meaning of this? Above him he suddenly heard a voice speaking.

'Look André, how fast we can withdraw into our own condition.'

In the distance he saw his leader in a beautiful light, just as he was used to see him. He preferred by far to see him like this than in the various conditions he could take on.

'I am in my own attunement now and will stay linked up with you. Others who do not possess this attunement will not perceive me, even though you are in this sphere.'

Yes, this was his great Alcar, how beautiful he was. Hey, what was that? He had evidently seen correctly a few moments ago; astral beings were coming towards him. He shivered with the thought to have to come into contact with them again. There were three of them, and they were already addressing him.

'What are you looking for?'

'What I'm looking for? Nothing, I see a light.'

'A light?'

'Yes', and he pointed to where Alcar was still showing himself to him. 'Don't you see that?'

'Where?' the being shouted in a very loud voice.

Again André pointed to where his leader was.

'Up there?'

'Yes', was his reply. But the spirit thought that he was cheating him and immediately attacked him. André concentrated on his own condition and freed himself from the claws. Again he experienced that it wasn't so easy to descend into the darkness and convince them. They were spiritually blind, just as all the others he had met until now. Alcar returned, and they had entered the sphere of the suicides.

'Do only suicides live here, Alcar?'

'Yes, André, all the other conditions are situated above this one. The suicides are the unhappiest beings on this side, who live in the

sphere of the earth. They no longer possess anything, nothing of what others still possess.'

André saw how everything was getting darker still, as Alcar linked up completely. How great God's Power was, that He knew all these conditions of the soul. They wandered around for a long time, lots of beings passed him by as shady figures, which he only saw when Alcar told him. Poor people they were, who had to live here in the cold and darkness. Suddenly he felt himself being grabbed from behind. He got a terrible shock and when he turned around he looked into a ghastly face. He asked his leader what this meant and Alcar told him: 'I've seen her for quite a while, she's pursuing us. It's a woman, a poor mortal. Wait until she speaks.'

After some time she asked: 'Am I not alone in this darkness? Who are you?' she asked Alcar.

'We are brothers.'

'Brothers?' was her blunt question.

'Yes, we live here too.'

'Both of you?'

'As you can see.'

'I'm alone all the time, there's no one to help me.'

André thought it was strange, because he had constantly met them in the company of others.

But he immediately heard: 'This is possible too, what she says is true. In her condition she lives on her own. She will soon depart from here, if that's what she really wants. Her inner life has been messed up, but it was worry that brought her into this condition. She made an end to her life and she passed on a long, long time ago. She took her two children along too. But they dwell in a joyous sphere, far away from the earth.'

André thought it was amazing that Alcar had already adopted this from her. The poor woman began to whimper and cry and she called out for her children. 'Where are my children and my mother and my father? I've lost all of them. Oh God, give me back my children.'

She hung onto Alcar's hand as if she never wanted to let go of him again.

'Everything has been taken away from me', she began again, 'I've got nothing left, nothing at all. Take me with you, please take me

with you, oh don't leave me on my own again.'

Tears rolled down André's cheeks. Whatever she might have done, this was terrible to listen to. Poor mother! She was no longer young, and yet had to bear this misery.

'Listen', Alcar said to her, 'I will help you.' But she wasn't listening, she kept on crying and shouting. Finally she calmed down a bit and Alcar was able to talk to her.

'When you still lived on earth you had children. You put an end to your life and that of your children by suffocating them, didn't you?'

'How do you know all this, who are you?' she was speaking very politely now, which surprised André, because all those he had met here had addressed them in a crude tone of voice.

'Are you an emissary from God? Are there still emissaries around?'

'Wherever you are, emissaries can be found', Alcar added. 'We too want to help you.'

'Just tell me what I have to do and where my children are. Please, you know where my children are.'

'If you let me finish, I will tell you everything.' She immediately calmed down. 'Your children are alive, dear mother, far away from here in a different sphere, where they are being cared for by spirits of love. After you have made amends for your wrongdoings you will become linked up with them forever.'

'Oh kind sir', she called out, 'what did I do, how can I make up for everything?' She felt deeply sorry for her deed. 'How do you know all this, tell me where they are, where I can see them. Then is this true after all? They told me about this before, but I didn't believe it.'

'You see that you're alive and they're alive too.'

'What must I do to see them again, please tell me? I'll do anything you want. So will I be seeing them again?' she asked again as if she couldn't believe it.

'If you keep on asking God for forgiveness and pray to be allowed to see your children, God will hear your prayer. You're in a sphere of your own choice. You knew nothing about a life that went on forever, otherwise it wouldn't have happened.'

'Then do I have to stay here for a long time yet?'

'No, you will soon depart from here to start an other life.'

'But is it all true what you're telling me?'

‘The holy truth, I will show you.’

‘And where is my husband; is he still alive?’

‘We will visit him and see whether he still dwells on earth.’

‘Oh whatever will he say, I haven’t the courage to look him in the eye.’

‘If he’s still on earth, he won’t see you.’

‘Are you sure?’

‘Yes, I’m certain.’

‘Where do you get all these truths from?’

‘I look into your life and that’s where I also saw that your husband still dwells on earth. But I advise you not to visit him.’

This seemed strange to André and he thought to himself: Why not? He immediately got a reply to his thoughts; Alcar told him: I see that her husband is married, which will increase her suffering; she will also see that many years have passed and that everything has changed.’

André was surprised that Alcar knew this so soon.

‘Oh gentle stranger, take me home again, I want to see my home.’

‘Stay calm and come along with us, then I will lead you back into your home.’

Again André felt himself being drawn into an other condition. She remained with them. There were so many things he experienced in the life after death. However could her possession be found in this darkness? This required certain powers, powers of love, spiritual possession. He recognized the sphere where they had just been. The houses became visible again and all other material shapes had accepted their existence.

‘Look, there is your home.’ Were they already on the spot?

‘It’s the truth André, she lives where she used to live. She wandered about in the spirit and she thought she had erred around for hours and hours, but in reality she never left this place. Those who put an end to their earthly life remain wandering about on the scene of disaster, until their earthly end has come. You know what I mean. She sees all this through my power, so I’m showing her this just as I convey various conditions to you.’

When Alcar asked whether this was her home, she began to cry her eyes out, and this hurt him. Yes, it was her home, she recognized everything.

‘Where is my husband, where is my mother?’

Alcar didn't reply to this and appeared to wait until she knew what she wanted. But she looked at him in such a moving way, it seemed as if she wanted to read it from his thoughts.

‘Is it too much for me to bear?’ she suddenly asked.

‘It's better to wait.’

‘Wouldn't I be able to see them, won't I be strong enough? Oh, I would much prefer to know the truth. Oh sir’, she begged Alcar, ‘let me know everything, please, let me see.’

André understood that more was happening here than he could feel. Would Alcar let her know everything? Again his leader had followed his inner conversation and he said: I will let her sense it, André; it will make her decide for herself. It's better for her to want this herself, because only then can she free herself from everything.’

‘Please’, she begged Alcar, ‘let me see them, just for a moment, I'll be strong.’

It was a miracle how she had changed. Where did she suddenly get that strength from?

‘This is’, he heard, ‘because she will soon pass on, so that she will acquire a different spiritual possession. Slowly her possession is returning, it's the time of transition. If we hadn't met her, others would have helped her.’

Alcar now wandered through various rooms and finally stopped. André saw a man and in a corner of the room an old woman was sitting, huddled up as if she had fallen asleep. There was deep sadness around them, most of all around the mother. The man was reading a book and wasn't aware who were present here.

Before she was about to perceive, Alcar told her: ‘You will perceive, but I ask you not to do anything and not to disturb them, they are not to blame for your downfall. Will you stand up to it?’ She looked at Alcar and that glance contained everything. ‘Look’, Alcar said. André looked at her and got a shock. Her eyes bulged out of her sockets as she caught sight of those who were dear to her. He thought she would collapse. But she held her ground and returned in her previous state of restfulness. She bowed her head deeply and cried, cried softly. She stood there for a long time and prayed in silence.

André sensed that his leader was praying and he also folded his hands to pray for her. Alcar knelt down next to the poor mother and he knelt down too, to pray to God together, with combined efforts, to take her up into her sphere and to ease her sorrow. The prayer lasted for a long time; finally his leader stood up and she too had finished her prayer.

What now, André thought, where will she have to stay? Leave her on her own? This would be terrible; she had shown herself to be strong, had faced up to her sorrow courageously. Now a woman entered the room. She saw her too and understood that someone had taken over the place she had voluntarily deserted. Petrified with shock she kept on looking at that other woman. Again her whole being contorted, but she remained calm. This required superhuman strength. Alcar put his hand on her shoulder and spoke to her: 'Well done, mother, you have shown that you can bear your cross with courage. God will reward you for that.'

André thought he saw some light in the distance. Was it life? Yes, it was moving, it was coming closer all the time. What could this mean? The light got bigger, so that he could clearly distinguish two beings in the light. Yes, he had seen correctly. Were they angels? With tears in her eyes she was still looking at the two persons who were dear to her. How strong she was to be able to endure this. Suddenly these two beings who were unknown to him slowly approached in their direction. Spirits with a high attunement, André thought. Alcar called them; she's about to pass on into an other sphere. That's good, he thought; it would be terrible to leave her behind. They went up to Alcar and greeted him as a sister and brother.

'And now, dear mother, we will continue; you will be allowed to enter a different sphere. Everything has been taken off your shoulders because you have given nothing but love. You bore your grief with love. Farewell, soon you will see your children again. Know that God is love!'

She couldn't speak, she looked at Alcar and cried with happiness. The two spirits guided here along to a different sphere, away from the sphere of the earth, where she had done penance for her wretched deed.

'Come along, André, we have been detained, but we did good work.'

Withdrawn into themselves they continued. André thought about all the things he had once again learnt in that short time. He had already met up with so much sadness and grief. He felt happy for her sake that she had been released from this darkness. He also understood that she wouldn't enter the spheres of light, as she did not yet possess this attunement. How she had roamed around in this darkness. Alone and abandoned, no one around her, no light, no warmth, nothing. Her sense of guilt had made her pass on, because God was love, nothing but love.

'Exactly, André. God is light and happiness and has goodness in mind for all His children, but man himself is to blame for his downfall. God has heard her prayer and she has now passed on to an intermediary sphere. But it will take a long time yet before she sees her children again. Yet she will work her way up because she is strong and she's willing to bow her head.'

Geniuses of evil

'We will now visit a different condition, where man is backed up by influence and faces destruction. Those who invent things that destroy mankind. Only when man has conquered his passions will everything on earth be different. As soon as their inventions are used to ensure happiness for mankind, this happiness will find attunement to us, and life on earth will mean happiness in the spheres. We're already on the spot I wanted to be. People live here, and astral beings assist them from this side. We are now in a laboratory where a scientist from the earth produces his inventions. He receives everything from our side, but he is in the hands of evil. I want you to see him at work because I wish to show you these conditions on our side. I mean when we visit the dark spheres, because that is where the inventions come from, which have been contrived by geniuses of evil. The scholars of the earth work under their control and only there will you get to know the masters who in turn exert their influence on them. But this scientist is their subject through whom terri-

ble inventions are given to the earth. In that way they hold many beings in their power who, without knowing it, are supported by demons. It's terrible to say this but until now evil has triumphed over good.'

André saw a human being who sat bent forward in front of his instruments and his gaugeglasses. On top of him he saw another being, a demon, who wanted to convey its invention to him. They were one, closely linked. The 'beast' held his prey captive. It lived inside the human being, made itself one in feeling. The human being felt nothing, absolutely nothing, nor was he aware what was happening. He saw more beings creeping around in the laboratory. But every bit of concentration was focussed on the one who was sitting there, bent forward. The gaugeglasses vibrated down to the depths of his soul. The scientist concentrated forcibly. It would secure him great wealth and a lot of fame if he succeeded in giving this to the world. He put his sharp intellect in the service of evil. The scientist trembled over his entire body, he appeared to have finished his invention which could destroy thousands of lives. He stood up with a jolt, walked over to an other hall and came back with an animal that he tied to a table. It was a rabbit and André understood that tests were being made here with poison. There was a mad gleam in the eyes of the scientist and he trembled with excitement. He felt mighty and strong, as if he was about to present the world with a great miracle. He put a little cage made of wire netting over the animal so that the gas would be able to penetrate. The animal sat there motionless, its last minutes had come. He put on a mask and from a small machine that he held in both hands he sprayed a yellow vapour that spread around the animal. The little animal cowered and very soon it was dead. His invention had been born.

They would bedeck him out with distinctions and reward him in various ways. The demon who had freed itself from him made its get-away. Where would that monster be going to? The others also left and he understood that they were the guards. The execution had taken place in silence, it had proven its purpose. Soon it would be tested on man. Wasn't it atrocious? These monsters lived on earth. They go around looking like humans and honour is conferred on them. The animal's lungs had been scorched and were shrivelled, it

meant the end of an animal life. Poor people of the earth, these are the scientists whose hands you are in. Scholars of evil, backed up by demons.

Alcar stood beside him in deep thought. How would he be feeling, he who wanted to give nothing but love, who was nothing but love.

‘Is there nothing that can be done about this, Alcar?’

‘Others will come up with inventions that work for a higher cause and they will make every effort to counteract his. In that way some try to save humanity, others try to prepare its destruction. The time will come when man senses his former wrongdoings, then he will have to make up for everything, but at the cost of a lot of suffering and grief. What must I add to this? These are people in a pre-animal-like attunement. In the dark spheres I will show you with whom they are linked up, and how everything is arranged from there. That is how man links up with evil. Man has followed this path for thousands of years and he will continue to destroy his fellow men for thousands of years yet. But one day the good will triumph and man will link up with the things on high.’

‘Do emperors and kings also get support by being influenced?’

‘They too are controlled by powers and are lived in this way. A ruler who passes on, and arrives on this side, will try to gain possession of someone who rules and use him for his purposes. Only strong personalities are able to evade his power. Once a link has been set up, it will depend on their attunement whether they are brought to ruin and they will either pour happiness or misfortune over mankind. Kings are inspired by those who reached a same level on earth and they will then try to win them for their plans, as they passed on before they were able to accomplish them on earth. Every being will return, for better or for worse.’

‘Will this ever end, Alcar?’

‘One day it will, but as I said, it can take thousands of years before all the conditions below the material attunement have dissolved. Man is millions of years old and still pre-animal-like conditions are known on earth. The earth would change instantly if man parted with his possessions. How simple everything is, but how fathomless the problems appear. By giving love they acquire spiritual posses-

sion which will spell happiness and blessing in the life that awaits us all. But what you encountered during this short voyage is nothing but lechery and violence, darkness and frigidity.

Oh, if only they understood that nothing but happiness awaits them, how beautiful life on earth would be; it would make them long to be allowed to die there, and yet at the same time there would be no more need for this, as the earth would then have taken on the happiness of the spheres, because people would love each other. But the animal that lives here in the guise of a human being will not love man, it will enrich itself through the sorrow and the suffering of others.'

'Then reincarnation is useful for these beings, Alcar, and it's a blessing to be allowed to return.'

'It is indeed a blessing for them. Where else could they live it up? I already told you more about that; it is only possible on earth. They will have to free themselves from their animal-like attunement in order to enter the coarser-material, and when they have reached the material and begin to feel the spiritual, then they have nothing more to learn there. Others will return and help to work for the good cause. When people know that life is eternal, they will no longer take part in mass slaughter. Yet there are so very few who are able to back out of their massacres, because if they refuse, they will be the first to die as victims. But it is better to be slain than to murder, better to pass on oneself than to destroy the life of an other human being whom one has never met before.'

'You are dealing with a very delicate matter, Alcar.'

His leader smiled, but André continued: 'There are hundreds who talk about this on earth, but they don't know what to do if war breaks out. I have made my choice, I will refuse, I would rather get a bullet myself than to give it to my brothers.'

'Very good, my son, excellent.'

'They will think I'm a coward, because I don't join in to destroy people, but now that I know so much about eternal life, I have no choice, do I? I wouldn't have it any other way. What would you do in my place, Alcar?'

'Just the same, my boy, nothing else. But I will try to tell you according to my feeling why I wouldn't do it. But we will continue,

there is nothing left for us to do here. The big problem is: when one has a wife and children and war breaks out, then one must defend oneself and take care of one's loved ones. So when there are links of love, everything gets very complicated because one can't simply leave one's wife and children behind. This is what man tells himself. Nevertheless, everything remains as it was. When a father goes to war, then there is nothing but happiness when he reappears after some years and his life has been spared. I believe I don't have to explain to you that any connection with such atrocious conditions spells destruction. I ask you: Must a father go murdering others because he has to look after wife and children? Self-preservation is one of the greatest problems. So it all centres around the following question: What must a man do who leaves his wife and children behind if he is convinced deep down that he's about to murder people? Is he expected to commit murder in order to protect his offspring against starvation? If he refuses, he is executed, isn't he? Now what is preferable, and what is the path they must all follow? First and foremost they should refuse, all of them; slaughter will then become impossible. The clergy of the earth ought to put itself out for this, but nothing can be expected from them either. In every country people prayed that they be allowed to win the last war*), although they had the same belief and knew the same God. Instead of preventing the outbreak of a war they consecrated their weapons to protect their sons. What kind of a mess-up is that? This is mocking the holiest under God's heaven. Leave it to those who want a war, let them decide for themselves and fight those who want to rule just as they themselves do. But for the time being this isn't possible yet; man submits to the beck and call of others and perishes at the hands of others. But what should one do if others refuse? Can a mother who possesses genuine mother love require her husband to murder in order to take care of her and the little ones? Is this the love she feels for him who is the father of her children? Would his wife and children perish if the father refuses to murder? Wouldn't a person rather work himself to death than take the food which the father has earned by murdering? Would they accept this food under normal circumstances if they knew it was tainted with the blood of others? Would a mother who

*) The first world war.

feels love and has born life want to drink the blood of other mothers to feed her little ones? The state takes care of those who are left behind, but children and mothers live on through the suffering and grief, the blood of others. Is this the way? Don't they know any other?

So it makes no difference: Whether one steals or murders, one will drop to the animal level and perish spiritually. Begging for mercy and excuses don't count here. Murder is murder, slaughter is attunement to animal-like, even pre-animal-like conditions. Is a human being who begins to feel spiritually capable of killing? Must a human being who knows that life is eternal nevertheless go to war? Or can he restrain himself? It's hard to answer these questions from this side, but the never changing truth is: When man attunes to animal-like conditions and links up with them he will perish spiritually. If a mother still wants her husband to go to war, then he will do so under her influence, but then the mother proves to be an animal-like being too. If one wants to ascend, must one bestialize oneself for the sake of someone else? No, a thousand times no. God doesn't want that and never will. Must one protect one's own country? But does that country equal eternity? Wherever man is and no matter what country one is born in, over here everything is one. We have only one homeland and that is the earth. So the road to follow is: Don't take part in murder or in any other kind of violence. As I said, the churches should set an example and if they don't, man must decide for himself. Every being must take care of his own salvation, unless it concerns the father or the mother. What did Christ do? If He had wanted to, He could have struck down all His enemies through His Divine Power, but He let them have their way and died on the cross, because He wanted no part in their lives. So what would I do, André? I would choose the way you would follow; but let us hope that you won't need to.

I will now show you a human wreck that wanted war and had thousands killed. He's alive and is still honoured but on this side thousands are waiting for him, and only then will his misery begin.'

They entered a large palace. Alcar walked ahead of him and knew his bearings. They entered a beautiful room.

'Look: Not a scholar but a genius of evil, a poor, terrible being.'

André saw an old man dressed in an impressive uniform. This

must be an emperor or a king, but what he perceived on the side beyond was horrible. When the monarch passed on, the sorrow of thousands would be waiting for him. All these beings were around him, he had sent all of them to this world. A being like this could determine the fate of millions. They had belauded him on earth, had followed him blindly, carried out all his orders, but their love had changed into hatred. They were animal-like beings now, surrounded by mud and sludge, they had lost their personality. He, the monarch, wasn't aware what lived around and inside of him, but presently his end would also come, and his misery would be inconceivable. When he breathed his last breath, they would tear his spiritual body to shreds, they would drag him across the entire earth, they would make him undergo the things he had misdone to them. Everyone wanted his share, wanted to lay hands on a chunk out of his life. He had shed blood, and was guilty of war and violence. And yet he was honoured on earth; he still covered himself with decorations although the metal they were made of was tainted by the blood of many. Wasn't it preposterous that such a human being, such an animal-like monster should possess the power to govern the lives of thousands of human beings? Wasn't it terrible, wasn't it horrible to have to accept that this was true? This was a human, a Divine being, yet he wanted war and destruction and did as he pleased on earth with no other purpose than to enrich himself and others. Poor people, poor earth, when will you change? These thoughts had all come to his mind and André knew that his leader had conveyed this truth to him.

'Isn't man sick in the head to go to war for the sake of that animal-like being and kill off others who have never done him any harm? Look how calmly and quietly he spends his days in his palace. Yet he senses how life hates him, he no longer has the courage to go into nature. He hides behind the walls that will keep him concealed from this life. But that will prove impossible on this side, thousands will be waiting for him. Over there, huddled up, he ruminates on all his deeds with an inherent feeling of satisfaction. He is guarded, he is a precious possession. How foolish man is to let himself be forced to kill by a pre-animal-like being. Cursed is he who sits there cherishing himself! That's what man is like, and that's how life is, that's how

low human attunements are.'

André saw thousands of demons around him. They remained in his vicinity and awaited the moment that he would pass on. They walked right through him, sensed the course of his thoughts and stayed linked up with him. But no being could change anything about this. Oh what a truth this was: A genius who had abused his powers was guarded by demons. And nothing was known about this on earth, no-one knew these powers.

People would weep at his grave when he passed on, but God would then have liberated man from an animal-like being. Honour those on earth who wish to save mankind; lock those up who want to destroy life, but don't respond to murder with murder, two wrongs don't make a right.

How would a king be capable of destruction if the people refused? What would be left of his power, his possession? But it was man's own wish, he didn't yet realize the horror of his deeds. Isn't it terrible that a single human being has the authority to decree the death of thousands of those who placed that power into his hands? People are needed who promote national interests, but lock the ones up who speak of death and destruction. It's certainly no honour to fulfill such a function on earth. Many forget themselves and then power, lechery and violence prevail. But this is not what God intended. On earth happiness is to be found for every life.'

André saw that everything around him radiated a terrible light. How horrible the ruler's possessions were. He wouldn't want them for all the treasures in the world. Mud and sludge were his possession; he wouldn't want to live with it. All that gleam of gold and precious stones was mere earthly sham; it had been paid for with the blood of others. And yet this was what man wanted. It was horrible to look at from within this life. Here he saw the truth, it was the poison that spelt man's destruction. Yet man didn't want to use his brains. He seemed more like a slave, a chunk of life that allowed itself be destroyed. They wanted it that way. They surrendered to these beings, obeyed their orders, but their orders focussed on the animal-like traits and aimed at enriching themselves, laying their hands on a piece of earth. Man would do away with a Divine life to achieve this. He killed himself and others, they went for each other

like madmen until their fury had been quenched. Their souls were consumed, the poison of life had penetrated them, they were lost for hundreds of years. And there was only one person pulling the strings, one single person could accomplish this because this power had been put into his hands. But was that God's purpose of providing him with intelligence? God wanted nothing but happiness, nothing but love for all His children. God put man above the animal, but man descended into a pre-animal-like condition. He forgot himself, his Divine attunement. Here before him he saw a human being in a pre-animal-like condition.

Man, use your brains, but not to cherish the animal-like traits. Fight and battle for your happiness, but do it with love; take heed of your salvation. Listen to your inner voice which will warn you.

'Come André, we're moving on to the dark spheres, where you will also see those who rule due to their ability to influence the mass. There too man hearkens to these beasts.'

They glided onward and passed through many buildings and houses. The astral spirits were visible to André, and everywhere around he saw how each earthly human being had a one of these around him. They were able to link up since man himself wanted this. Some for the sake of good, others for the sake of evil. In the sphere of the earth he saw nothing but life, which man was unaware of. With some beings he saw darkness, with others only light, this great and sacred possession, the happiness for the side beyond.

They paused in one of the houses, where André saw a person who sat writing.

'We will stay here for a while, my boy, I want to show you how man is helped in everything. There before you, you see an earthly author who wants to put his feelings into words. But look at his radiation, there is not much I need explain about it. The only intention his gifts to mankind have, is to raise their passions, smudge their souls and make their unconscious come to the surface. Through him mankind is defiled because he receives his inspirations from demons, which is what he wants himself. To him everything merely amounts to money, fame and sensation. He finds attunement in the spirit because as you see over there, André, a terrible being is close by him.'

André looked at the spot his leader pointed to and saw a horrible monster that clung to the earthly human being. He was been backed up by that being; it was his own attunement. He who had once lived on earth had returned, and newly experienced the life of his own longing through a physical human being who attuned to his inner condition. The human being on earth opened himself up to him to acquire riches and lots of other property. On earth people don't ask what they receive, they accept, they take, they are happy when it provides them with everything. No thought is given to other things, their inner life is forgotten in the process. He writes to provide his fellowmen with literature that is eagerly devoured. His Divine gift is used to profit the animal-like traits. We will descend a little deeper so you can get a clearer impression of the being that urges him on.'

André now saw that the astral spirit linked up with the earthly human being. The animal penetrated the human being, its razor-sharp intelligence pierced itself into him, transformed his feeling into a horrible language, it experienced the bestiality of it all, because it felt that it had merged into his life and become one. Wasn't it terrible? How simple everything was, but what a cruel, what an inhuman way of supporting man on earth. This was inspiration, evil itself in human shape. These were attunements, one knowledge, one will, one passion, one ability. Two human beings became one, two beings accomplished one work, had an identical intention, and those who read it linked up with them.

A different world was now revealed to him, he was getting to know a new kind of life. But how terrible that life was. He now saw what inspiration meant; saw how artists on earth should attune if they wanted to help the human level along in order to destroy evil. This author didn't think about that, he distributed his products but would one day plunge into this deep darkness. Man attracted the things he desired: Animal-like, coarse-material, even pre-animal-like beings. That was the kind of life that existed between heaven and earth, life in the sphere of the earth. What he perceived was reality, nothing but holy truth. His whole being trembled, it took his breath away; how true life was after physical death.

'Is everything clear to you, André?'

'Yes, Alcar, everything.'

‘God gave man a will of his own to be able to act and attune himself to the Divine. But does he? He forgets himself and wants to infect others, his fellow men, with the poison of life. He who passes over into that stage falls and goes down with them and sees his possession destroyed. There is no chance of avoiding this, except if one knows how to tune in to spiritual life. Man lives in a material condition, namely on earth, but he will have to attune spiritually if he wants to possess light and happiness on this side. Those who feel released from matter on earth are already happy beings. Those who long for the spiritual life on earth will be happy beings on this side and will see light here on their arrival, they will share happiness with many of those who have preceded them. All these levels of human possession are spiritual attunements; it marks the life in the sphere of the earth.’

‘When are people set free from this, Alcar?’

‘If they follow the path which we must all follow, and take themselves in hand, so that higher beings can influence them, making the earth increase in light. The astral spirit loses power when man attunes to higher conditions. But then he starts looking for a fresh subject to experience his cold life, and to pass all his possessions onto the human being. This verdict is carried out very very slowly until the human being is completely in his power, and has lost his own will. Come on, André, we will move on, I want to show you a similar, yet completely contrary condition, there where man receives the things from on high.’

They kept on going, glided through lots of houses and buildings. It was wonderful for him to be allowed to experience all this as a disembodied human being.

‘Look André, that being over there lives in a very beautiful attunement and does similar work, but her gift is used for higher goals. She is an instrument in higher hands.’

André saw a woman who was very beautiful and radiated a glorious light. She too was busy writing; she was surrounded by a lovely light. He saw the astral spirit within this light; the two had become one. She received help from that being. André felt that she was convinced of that; her feeling passed on into the being; their radiations merged, they both had the same attunement. Here too he saw two

human beings, they had melted together and tried to provide mankind with spiritual nourishment to further their salvation. A spirit of light had entered the sphere of the earth and brought happiness and warmth from higher regions. The whole room was lit up by his light. The light he perceived was the light from the third sphere which he had got to know on his previous journeys. This is where she, the author, would enter when she passed on. How great her fortune was to have already reached this level on earth.

‘Was she linked up with this spirit long ago?’

‘They already gained oneness years ago, she doesn’t see the spiritual impact but senses it and knows that she is being helped by higher powers.’

She emanated a marvellous sense of peace which spread throughout the large room. No other influence would be able to reach her, she was open, but only to higher powers. He was glad to meet up with this image in the sphere of the earth. There were beautiful spiritual pictures hanging all around, and next to her stood the statue of the Christ, which served her to link up. To Him, God’s holy Child, she turned for the power to accomplish her work. It was quiet here; André felt nothing but happiness. He saw that she wanted to pray and the astral spirit also knelt down beside her. How mighty, how beautiful it was to be allowed to see this truth. Two beings knelt down; a physical human being and a human being who had shed his physical garment. Both asked God for strength to be able to continue their beloved work. Here she felt her God; she need no church for that; this spot was her holy piece of ground, blessed by a higher being. The light of the spirit descended into her which imbued her with inspiration. It harboured all her inner powers, her enhanced feeling, her will to give the highest to man. Her feeling was pure, her writing was beautiful and spiritualized. Her writing was the drop which divested life’s poison of its power, so that death lost its sting. This signified life; it had been obtained from the Divine source; it was light and no shadow could obscure it. Creative energy was the eternal sacred possession, the perfection she obtained by attuning to the highest power. It was love, nothing but a great longing to see a change in mankind, to ease the suffering and to transform the earth into light. This woman was beautiful; a great treasure to be allowed

to possess her. But she wasn't destined for someone on earth, a spiritual being would await her to be linked to her forever. She was one in everything.

Alcar motioned to André and in silence they left.

'That was an unbelievably beautiful image, Alcar. It gave me a good feeling to be able to see this in the sphere of the earth.'

'I could take you over to a thousand others, all of the same attunement, because it would be more than sad if evil populated the earth. But we are going on, I will now show you an image that has to do with my own life.'

They passed through many streets until they reached a large building where Alcar entered. André recognized it; this was a museum where various works of art by great masters were preserved. They went through many halls until they reached a room where they seated themselves in the centre. He understood why his leader had brought him here, and he waited until Alcar would speak. André felt that Alcar was thinking of his earthly life and saw everything passing by before his mind's eye. How would his leader feel now that he sat there admiring his own art from within the spirit? Alcar was a master from the sixteenth century, a being from that period in time was back on earth looking at the life he had lived. Wasn't it stupendous? Who would ever believe and accept this? He, his master, his leader, could look back on that life; it didn't fill him with sorrow, but how many would prefer to ward off their memories? Who would want to look back on a life that had found its end through murder or manslaughter? Who would want to be reminded of terror in the life after death? How beautiful it was to live on this side if life on earth had been well-spent. How significant the power was that radiated from the life which had been lived. How content man must feel to have accomplished something on earth which he could look back on after hundreds of years. He saw images, he saw the truth as he never had before; it gave him the power to do all he could for his spiritual life in order to possess happiness on this side too. Alcar looked down on his own art after his earthly death. Those who were convinced of a continued life would think this very ordinary, but others would shrug their shoulders and think they were dealing with lunatics. But it was the truth, nothing but the truth which he as an earthly hu-

man being perceived and received through the Divine gift of disembodiment. André was in the company of a master from the earth, a genius from the sixteenth century, and that genius was his spiritual leader. He thanked God even more, now that he was allowed to experience this image, and that he had been chosen to be allowed to serve him. Could man on earth imagine anything of greater beauty? Didn't it bring on happiness if one could look back on a beautiful and rewarding life? Didn't it incur deep sorrow to be reminded of terrible things? Would it mean torture until everything had been remedied? He who was sitting next to him was allowed to look back on that life because he had accomplished only good. André sensed that his leader felt satisfaction after having accomplished his beautiful life. He had made good use of the gift he had received from God. Alcar had left something behind of lasting value. On earth they carefully preserved his spiritual products. Everything his hands had brought forth had magnitude.

Alcar looked at his instrument and said: 'When we get to the higher spheres, you will be allowed to admire spiritual art which surpasses this kind of art by far. This can't be compared to what is created in the spheres. This is insignificant and small.

Listen André. Now that I am aware, and know a different life, I see and feel that the work I now do is more beautiful than the entire earthly life with everything I accomplished in that life. My life on earth was great, and yet it had no significance in the spirit, which I will explain to you in the higher spheres. Only now that I am free from matter, do I see how beautiful my life is at present. If I'm permitted to give man just one piece of proof that life goes on forever, I will have achieved more than in that great earthly life. If I can convince a single human being, it would mean possession in the spirit to me and I would be living for others which denotes development. But in my earthly life I lived for myself, I was unable to achieve anything else. Could I convince man of everlasting life through art? Could we reach them merely by painting? No, on earth you bear this gift subconsciously, at least that's what the scholars think, and that's why they don't count as proof to them. Does man get to know God through art? Do they know about a hereafter through art? Do they see the spheres through the pieces you received spiritu-

ally? Do they sense where and how this all comes about? Does it make them see eternity? I could go on like this, I could ask you hundreds of questions and we would have to answer them all in the negative. That is why that life was neither great nor mighty and why none of us were masters, not masters in the spirit. In this life I am happy, in that life I wasn't. Many along with me were not dissatisfied, because we felt the spirit and yet could not achieve what we wanted to accomplish. We sensed perfection but were powerless. In order to achieve perfection I would have had to live another hundred and fifty years more. An earthly life is too short for this; those few years are not sufficient to reach this height. All those who lived along with me as brothers-in-art sensed a similar condition, which didn't make us feel happy at all. All the same, man thinks that it's perfect, but this doesn't match the truth. Again, in this life I am happy, in my earthly life I didn't know myself and didn't know about higher love; only on this side was I to become acquainted with it. So I lived for myself and that is why my earthly life wasn't great, something which man will only find out on this side. I achieved something for myself, I gave something to the earth and mankind preserved my art, which is all very well but in the spirit it's selfishness, which will become clear to you later.

Accordingly, your earthly life is greater because you give yourself for others, which is a great blessing in itself, a gift from God, sensed by only few on earth because they don't fully understand its meaning. It isn't possible either, as man will only sense the meaning of living on earth on this side, where everything where will surpass matter in value. Only then will man kneel down and thank God, his Father, Who accorded him that place on earth. Only here can we see these conditions. On earth it doesn't get through to them. That is why I showed you my life, so that you will understand your own life, meaning your work in matter. Only now, André, do I feel happy that God gave me the power to be able to do something for mankind. During those three hundred years that I have lived on this side, I have learned that man cannot enter the higher spheres through art, because his full attention is centred on himself, and he forgets about all the other life that lives around him and in him. Only now do we bring them life, do we make them familiar with life after

death, and sense eternal happiness. This is the greatest thing man can achieve on earth, so they will change to another attunement, that if they're prepared to do so. On this side you will fully understand the happiness you have given man, which you put yourself out for at the cost of much sorrow and grief. But all that sorrow and grief, all your sacrifices do not outweigh the happiness you will receive on this side.

On earth I only painted matter, in the higher spheres one paints life because everything lives, including the art they give, which is accomplished in happiness. Only when one feels that life pervades everything, can perfection be attained. Many surprises await you on this journey, André, I will show you spiritual art and you will sense the great difference in the abilities and the style. You will see that we weren't masters and never have been, but that we produced art that found attunement to the second sphere on this side. But how many more spheres are there above the second sphere? You accompanied me to the fifth sphere and you experienced how great, how mighty everything is. But soon, when you have the opportunity to admire spiritual art, you will call out with me: 'What did we really give on earth? It was only earthly art; it has nothing to do with the spiritual.'

Here you see my art exhibited; soon you will see the great difference it makes when those who possess a gift on earth don't find attunement to the third sphere on this side. If beings were to live on earth who expressed this form of art, it would not be understood. Everything that is accomplished on earth has its value, but it can also incur a blasphemy in the spirit. Many perished due to their own abilities, because they didn't know themselves. Yes, they were even destroyed by their gifts. Because what is art? What is possession on earth? What is their ability worth if they have to live in darkness when they arrive here? Isn't the shadow of death their whole possession? What does it mean on this side to be dead? It means: not to feel life; it reduces everything to coarse selfishness. People on earth will not accept this because they will not relinquish their property. But we will talk about this when we enter the higher spheres. Everything I showed you in the sphere of the earth is also to be found in the spiritual areas, in other words: Beyond the cycle of the earth. Now we will part from here, André, we will leave the sphere of the

earth and we will visit the dark spheres, where we were during our previous journey. But now we will descend into their lives, we will pass on into their lives, which you already experienced a few times. It will also be clear to you that man on earth lives in all attunements and that the highest spheres are linked to the deepest depths. I explained to you that man harbours deep darkness and eternal light; that they will receive what they want, that man will be helped by those who have parted from earthly life and that everything means life. I also demonstrated to you that whoever wants to receive help will have to attune in the spirit and that wherever man is, astral beings are present to link up with him, which will lead him either upward or down to the deepest depths of hell. I will now visit the dark spheres because I want to make clear to man that the astral spirit returns to continue his terrible life on earth as he is able to attune to man. All this will be a guideline to man, a path he can follow so that he will start a different life. If people follow our path they won't have to suffer, because we warn them and our life serves them as a guide to life to enter the spiritual. Those who want good to prevail on earth will receive, yes, he will possess light on this side. Man on earth lives in ignorance, but we know what life on earth means and how one can acquire the spiritual treasures.

Come, André, we will now leave the earth, you will experience even more conditions.'

Life in the spirit
Rulers of evil

They quickly left the earth. André already knew the way his leader would take to reach the dark spheres. Again he saw various planets and other celestial bodies which he had already frequently been allowed to admire while he was disembodied. To him this was always a mighty and magnificent spectacle, because he sensed the triviality of man on earth. Again he was afloat in the universe; his Alcar beside him. Soon they had reached the Land of Hatred and again André was standing at the border, where those dwelt who had messed up their earthly life.

'Before we descend I must tell you a few things. Last time we saw

everything out of our own attunement. You experienced the transition in the sphere of the earth, yet here everything is much more difficult, which will soon become clear to you.

Gather all the powers within you to stand up to this too. We will be addressed here too; they will force us to accompany them, but in everything we do we will act according to our own powers. Now we will descend.'

They slowly descended into the dark areas and once again André was standing in front of the gate that closed off the Land of Hatred.

Suddenly it came to him: 'Look, André, our friends; they have already noticed us and they will stop us and ask why we are here. I will talk to them and act, leave everything to me. You will gather from everything how earthly their life is and that nothing has changed.'

André sensed that they had crossed the threshold of the Land of Hatred. How differently he perceived everything compared to his previous journey. He saw various beings ahead of him who were coming towards them. Some of them asked them where they wanted to go to.

Alcar spoke: 'We don't know where we're going to, but we are trying to find the way to earth.'

'You don't know where that is?'

'How can we get out of here?'

They all laughed hilariously, it sounded like the sneering of horrible beings.

What did they mean by that? Surely it was a simple question his leader had asked. One of them was their spokesman and said: 'Even if you knew, you still wouldn't get away from here. Those who leave for the earth are sent by us; the masters will explain that to you. Be patient. Strangers always want to go to the earth immediately. Don't you like it here? You're not familiar with the laws that prevail here.'

'Yes', Alcar answered, 'we're strangers. What kind of laws were you talking about?'

'You will get to know soon enough', and again they started to laugh sarcastically, until their bloodshot eyes protruded out of their heads. They were all bestialized; their whole being breathed passion and violence. 'Come along with us and you will soon get to know

the way to the earth, but in our way.'

André sensed that something terrible was about to happen. 'Follow me, André', he caught, 'and don't get anxious about anything, let them be. You will get to know their laws, it can only be done in this way. It will also become clear to you what their life after death is like. It's impossible to become familiar with their lives in any other way, but don't you worry, I'm taking care.'

André felt calm after the inner conversation with his leader, which the others had neither sensed nor understood. He sent the thought back to his leader that he would follow him in everything he did.

'We will go along with them as long as they don't separate us, but if that's what they are after, we will return into our own attunement.'

They led them through various streets, until they came to a large building which they entered. They passed through long corridors, until their escort went into a hall where they had to wait. Everything was beautifully decorated, but with animal-like representations. It had been built like a house on earth, with paintings. He saw colourful scenes of sinister animal-like images. Many beings walked in and out and lived their life; everything seemed quite normal to them. But they were all demons, devils in human form, who had lived a terrible life on earth and were still engrossed in it. These were people filled with a hatred unknown to wild animals.

What were they supposed to wait for? A stifling atmosphere overwhelmed them. The air was oppressive; he sensed the impact of evil. Alcar told him: 'We will be taken to their leader who will ask us a few things. He will link up with us just as he does with everyone who enters this place. He is a ruler of evil and there are many of his kind who exert their influence here on the masses and force their will onto them to follow them in their unsavoury doings. If they refuse they get a flogging, which will shortly become clear to you. But again there is no cause for fear, I'm taking care, my boy. They call him the ruler over darkness because he makes use of his power which no being can escape from, as I just told you. Every being that lives here is assaulted and brought before him. All those who live here have this attunement and if they want to free themselves they must suffer terribly for not subjecting themselves to him. Consequently there are only few who can avoid falling into their hands.'

Most of them are too weak to overcome their ego, even if it causes them sorrow and grief. They are tackled with violence, beaten and tortured. One must have a determined mind to do good, to be able to stand up to all this. But that's what their life was like on earth and nothing has changed in this life. That is why they willingly submit and do what is expected of them. Everything is like it is on earth; but here only one attunement exists. They are all bestialized, they are coarse-material beings. Here evil is gathered; no other attunements could exist here. The rulers demand slaughter and violence from them, yes, one murder after the other. If you understood me correctly, André, then this life is even worse than on earth, because on earth you still find people who want goodness to prevail, with whom one can cooperate to fight evil. But here they follow the one who dominates the masses because they want to protect themselves and fear torture. So if a person has already released himself on earth from the evil that he carries within, and can sense and find his way, then he will be happy when he enters this life. Those who do evil on earth will be subjected to the same torture on this side because they have linked themselves up with it.'

André had been able to follow Alcar in everything and he understood that it was not so easy to free oneself from this. If they refused to take part in their terrible life, they were flogged and chastized. All the same, it would be better for them to refuse, they would enter a different sphere after all that misery. Accordingly, there were many who didn't flinch and they had started a new but spiritual life. Better to refuse already on earth because on this side they would face the very same situation. Those who didn't want destruction on earth were the happy ones on the side beyond. How mighty everything was, and how natural the life after death.

He saw many women who looked atrocious. They walked past him and undoubtedly belonged to the one who ruled here. Their garb was terrible. They only wore loud colours, bright green and flaming red, and André was surprised that no milder colours were to be seen. They were intellectual beings; they had been allowed to study on earth but they had disgraced themselves. He could tell by their personality; their sharp mind was attuned to the animal-like level. They now lived the same kind of life in this darkness as they

had on earth. These were women and how beautiful a woman could be if she sensed love, spiritual love. These were blessed beings because God had granted them the holiest of all gifts on earth. But their mother love had taken on animal traits. These were monsters, they had all become bestialized. Yet still they felt themselves to be beautiful and exalted, even though their faces bore nothing but misery and passion. They were all fools, they didn't know how deep they had fallen. He felt pity for them because they too were humans and children of God. Who would believe them to be beautiful? Were there people here who thought they were beautiful? At that moment he heard Alcar say: 'All those who dwell here think they are beautiful, because they know no other beauty. Amongst them are princes and princesses, and all circles of society can be found gathered here. They still know what they were on earth, and here too they brag about their descent. Here too they sense and know dregrees and classes, but they are united in evil.'

It took a long time before they were shown inside. A few of the escorts had remained with them and guarded them as if they were murderers. They neither sensed nor heard anything of their inner conversation; they were deaf to this language and didn't see – they were spiritually blind to it – that Alcar was from a higher sphere.

André thought: It looks as though we are to be received by a king. 'Precisely', he heard his leader say, 'something similar is awaiting us.'

André looked at Alcar. Here stood a spirit of light waiting to be admitted to someone living in deep darkness. He thought of his leader's inner powers; he could give them all some warmth, and disappear before their eyes. But he willingly let himself be taken along and led before a man who wouldn't reach his attunement in a hundred years. And all this because of him, for man on earth, to convince earthly man of this life. To that end this higher spirit descended into this darkness. Oh, if Alcar were to dissolve before their eyes, how they would rant and rave.

Again he heard Alcar say: 'That too will most probably come true, but prepare yourself; I sense that they are coming to call us.' The moment Alcar spoke these words the door opened and they could enter another hall.

What would he experience now? What was he in for? They en-

tered a beautiful hall where many beings were gathered. An atrocious monster was seated on a dais. He was surrounded by women and guardsmen who were all armed to the teeth. The one seated on the dais had a turban on and was draped with precious stones, he wore heavy jackboots and a lurid red garment.

André thought: I'm visiting the devil in person here. There before him sat a ruler of evil who reigned over thousands, all subjected to him. He saw nothing but violence; wild and savage they all were. Where did they get all these things and these weapons from; he saw them distinctly, although they lived in the life after death. He had perceived all this in a flash. They were taken up to the ruler where they had to remain standing, stared at from the right and left by all those who were present.

André felt himself getting scared. How would all this end? How dangerous all these people looked; they would shirk for nothing at all. Again Alcar spoke to him, but there was a power within his leader's words which told him to concentrate solely on him.

'There's danger lurking from all sides here, we're visiting an animal-like being.' André kept his thoughts focussed intently on his leader. Yet he still felt scared and he heard Alcar say: 'Don't show anything of your inner fear, don't let them know anything and no harm will befall you.'

The ruler penetrated them both with his gaze, but not a word was spoken. André sensed that the man was busy breaking down their concentration, catching them off guard and subjugating them to his will in order to disarm them.

'If he succeeds, we'll be flogged.' Gently, just like Alcar's life, these thoughts came to him, which made him understand that here too his leader was watching over him. This took away all his unrest. Just you try, he thought, penetrate us with your gaze; he would never be able to fathom Alcar's depth anyway. A deep silence fell. The 'beast' was trying to make his leader yield. But Alcar couldn't be influenced. He felt satisfaction that the monster wouldn't succeed in doing this. It was getting increasingly difficult; all those present had their attention focussed on them. The thoughts that got through to him were murderous. His mind reeled, but he also felt that he was getting help from his leader. Alcar looked at the ruler like a child

and he too adopted an attitude of indifference.

Suddenly the 'beast' looked at him and he thought he would choke. He felt his fear returning but he heard Alcar say: 'For heaven's sake, André, no fear, you can stand up to him; use your powers.' André thought of the third sphere, felt released from his influence and looked him straight in the eye. His impact on him weakened immediately.

'Splendid', he heard, 'that's better. You will witness how a ruler of evil exerts himself to reduce us to harmlessness through his concentration and his strong will power.'

André looked him in his cruel eyes but looked straight through him, saw the darkness in which he dwelt, but he linked up with the higher spheres. The monster got terribly angry, he was foaming at the mouth. This went on for quite a while until he felt that he wouldn't manage to make the two submit. He roared and uttered terrible sounds, because he sensed the counteraction of André's leader. The monster wasn't used to this kind of treatment.

Suddenly he raised himself to his full height and shouted at Alcar: 'Who are you, you dog, that you dare to resist me?' André was trembling; they were in for something now. Alcar didn't respond and an enormous tension came through to him. 'Speak, or I'll have you beaten up, you dog, answer me.' Still his leader said nothing, but kept on looking at him, and he acted as if he didn't understand him. 'Which language do you speak?' Alcar remained silent.

André felt his fear returning. Whatever had made them enter this place? How would this end? The monster went wild, his terrible claws grabbed the whip lying beside him and stepped down from his throne to approach them. He would soon start to beat them up. Why didn't his leader answer him? If only he wouldn't harm Alcar. Again he shouted: 'Who are you to resist me; I'll teach you.'

Now Alcar spoke to him: 'I expected to be received in a different manner.'

Utterly amazed the ruler stood still and André understood that he recognized Alcar to be a powerful personality. All the others listened in suspense. It wasn't a daily experience for them to hear their master being contradicted.

'I see', was his reply, 'you expected a different reception?'

Alcar put his left hand on André's shoulder which completely surprised the ruler. He didn't understand what this meant.

André heard his leader telling him: 'Concentration, my son, the end has come, we will withdraw into our own condition.'

The whip flew upward and like a devil the monster charged at his leader, but both had disappeared before his eyes. Alcar remained visible to him, enveloped in a haze, and like a furious animal he cut through his leader with his whip. All those who had closely followed this scene rushed over to the spot where they had been standing.

Alcar drew himself up and above their heads he called out to them: 'We know of other laws than those you are familiar with, we know of laws and powers that destroy your laws, even make them cease to exist. We know God. God's laws are ours. Farewell, ruler of evil, our visit was only short, but it was powerful. It showed you how insignificant you are and that your power is limited. Farewell, we only know love.'

'Damn', André heard him say, 'it's that scum that dwells up above us.' He charged at his escorts and beat them up until they lay there, motionless.

'He's killing them, Alcar.'

'That's impossible, my boy, that could only happen on earth, but they will enter an unconscious state from which they will awaken after a long time. It will set them thinking too and they will never escort any strangers over to him again. In this manner some learn from goodness, others from the evil they inflict on their fellow men. They know no other laws than those of violence. They all live for the sake of destruction.'

'Has he been in this darkness for a long time?'

'Hundreds of years have already gone by and still he holds thousands in his clutches. Here everything is passion, hatred and violence; there's nothing else, nothing at all we will encounter.'

A feast in the dark spheres

'We will link up with their attunement again, as there is still more I must show you.'

Again André felt how he became connected with the Land of Hatred.

Alcar made him take this in slowly, to let him get acquainted with all the intermediary conditions in the spirit. He felt how he was becoming denser, and his body began to change. He had already been allowed to go through all this on earth, now he knew the powers behind it. Here life was in a similar condition as on earth, but in the sphere of the earth he had met up with higher attainments. Only higher beings were able to withdraw into another, higher attunement. Those who lived here must first conquer that darkness. And this could merely be brought about by living for others, by helping them in different ways. There was only one law known in life, namely God's will, but every child has to acquire this power. And that is love, nothing but love.

They were now in a town centre, and the Land of Hatred showed up in all its horror. It seemed endless - Alcar had indicated this on his previous journey - yet one day this town of hatred would dissolve, and evil people would no longer exist. He saw people all around who had died on earth. They dwelt here, but their circumstances were terrible. How destitute they were compared to the poorest on earth who had nothing left to eat. What did it mean to be poor on earth compared to spiritual poverty? They were the ones who were spiritually lost. The poorest people could rank amongst the richest if they hadn't disgraced themselves. He saw people wherever he looked, and all these humans were dangerous characters. He heard a tremendous noise closing in on them. He saw how hundreds of human beings, divided into groups, moved along through the streets.

'What are those beings doing, Alcar?'

'They're celebrating, just like on earth, and we'll do the same, André.'

He looked at his leader as if to say: this can't be true.

'Oh yes, we will.' Alcar smiled. 'I spoke the truth, we will also celebrate, but merely by watching them; we won't be taking part. I want to make it clear to you how everything we experience on earth also takes place in the dark spheres. You will soon see what their festivities are like. Come on, we'll follow them.'

They passed through some streets and they soon merged into the crowd. André felt shivers going down his spine when he was suddenly grabbed and dragged along. He saw passion and violence on their faces. What kind of festivity would these beings be celebrating? Men and women, all gathered together, moved on, leaping and

jumping about. A terrible being got hold of him and pulled him along. He wanted to free himself because he wanted nothing to do with their fun and their get-together, but it was useless. The being held on to him as if it sensed that he didn't want to participate.

'On you go', it shouted at him while it gave him a savage look. André saw himself doomed; however could he free himself? The people pulled the cloths they were wearing from their body; it seemed to be the custom here.

'Shout', the being cried out again, 'or do I have to make you?' and it wanted to hit him. Terrible, André thought, why on earth does Alcar get involved into these kind of things? He tore himself free and ran away. He saw his leader standing on a street corner.

'Rather rough and ready, isn't it, André?'

'What kind of people are these?'

'The word 'people' no longer applies to them. This is another thing you must learn in order to free yourself from them. You would only have needed a little bit of concentration to get away from that company. It all depends on yourself, it's something you must feel.'

André found them disgusting, and he could guess what their festivity would be like.

'Do we have to go there, Alcar?'

'Why shouldn't we take a look too, you wouldn't know what makes them feel happy and have fun if we didn't. It's necessary to get a clear picture of their dark and dubious life.'

'It gave me a dreadful feeling when that being grabbed hold of me; it nearly made me choke.'

'And yet they are open, and they show themselves just as they are. There are powers in this darkness, they are the masters of evil, the scholars of the earth, whom you will get to know. They're not savage and wild, they're all scheming and vicious in a way you have never yet experienced. Those who are busy celebrating here are innocent compared to the ones whom we will soon also visit. You must experience this if you want to know everything about their life. We will descend into their midst and pass over into their lives. Come on, André, bear up, we won't be back in the dark spheres for a long while.

'I'm prepared, Alcar, I know what's awaiting me.'

They were still on the move like savages; the procession seemed endless. André didn't feel in the least inclined to join them, but before he knew what was happening he was grabbed and drawn along. Where were these beings taking him to? He was closed in on both sides. Nowhere could he see an opening to escape. But he didn't intend to participate, and they appeared to sense this. A few of the beings leapt at him and held him captive. He was getting angry, but he felt that this enabled them to get an even stronger grip on him than before. He was nervous and regretted the moment he had landed in their midst. This was getting out of hand, as they were grabbing him from the right and left and dragging him along. He wanted to free himself but this was impossible. The being walking beside him uttered a terrible scream which made the others attack him and want to beat him. He didn't see Alcar and he didn't know where his leader had got to; yet he did feel his impact. Others urged their mates not to let go of him. Amidst their shouting and screaming he felt himself sinking, which was a clear sign to them that he wasn't one of their sort and a reason to try to tear him apart like savages. Nonetheless, he remained conscious of their goings on and he understood that a different power was helping him, he would have been lost otherwise. He felt himself sinking even deeper and when he opened his eyes he was looking into those of his leader.

'Feeling a little better, André?'

'What kind of terrible people are they that live in this darkness?'

'You're still not able to use your powers to the full.'

'Why did they attack me, Alcar, after all, I did them no harm, did I?'

'That's exactly why you were attacked.'

André didn't understand that and he asked with surprise: 'What did you say, they attack just because nobody wants to harm them?'

'Precisely, in other words, when someone doesn't want to take part in their festivities and they feel this, it tells them that you want nothing to do with them and they see you as a weakling. The weaker ones, as I already explained to you, must suffer here, they're attacked by all of them, but as it is, they will soon pass on to a different sphere, because they're disgusted with their own way of life.'

Now he understood why so many others had interfered with him. Who would ever notice this without knowing their life. Exactly the

opposite happened on earth, because people could still live peacefully there, as long as they didn't bother others. No being on earth could ever force him to participate in such an animal-like life if he refused to. But here everything merged into one totality. One violence, one passion, they all had one and the same attunement. Strange and new these experiences were, just as their life was.

'Did they recognize me, Alcar?'

'No, that's impossible, but they sensed your hesitation.'

'Then do all those who live here participate in these festivities?'

'Yes, until they've had enough. That's why higher spirits descend to help these beings. They no longer want to live that kind of life, they sense the horrors of this existence and try to break free. They ramble and roam around for a long time before they are found by high spirits who take them to other places, which I already told you about. From out of the darkness man will return to the light. They have to go through all the intermediary conditions because in the spirit nothing can be left out. They pass from one attunement into the next, they continue their way from sphere to sphere; it's the way up which they all must follow. And only by helping others, by wanting to mean something to another life will they manage to take themselves in hand; we know of no other way, there's no other possibility. It is God's way which we must tread with love.'

'Did all these people once live on earth, Alcar?'

'All of them, André. They were children once, grew up, knew motherhood and brought themselves into this attunement through lechery and violence, passion and brutalization. This is how they arrived, and they won't change their lives until they become disgusted of themselves. Then they turn over a new leaf. Those are the ones who break away from the others. Now we'll go and visit them again, because I want you to get to know their life, though we'll gain admittance under our own power. Look, André, that's where they will enter.'

André saw a large building where thousands of people could flock in at the same time. He heard them approaching in the distance, so he gathered that Alcar had taken a different route. He was standing in a large square, but he could tell from the beings who surrounded him that they were in their own attunement. Men and women were

swinging flaming torches about. Where in heaven's name did they get all these earthly things from? He looked at his leader as if he expected to get an answer from him, which he immediately did.

'They possess everything here, my boy; you will see miracles, even though none of these things have the slightest value in the spirit. They own houses and temples, they wear precious stones like on earth, but it's their powers of concentration and their strong will power which enables them to adorn themselves. They possess everything here, but it's all part of their own animal-like life. You will soon see what they possess; what you see here is the very likeness of the earth.'

André saw people who had freed themselves out of their clutches, but were still unable to break away, so they kept on roaming about in their environment. Some were attacked and dragged along, just as he himself had been. He saw others who were familiar with these festivities and fled, wanting nothing more to do with the rest. Meanwhile the whole building was filling up to the brim, and they entered too. He was still in his own sphere, Alcar was about to link up with them. Hundreds of beings were gathered here, he saw benches everywhere and there were bottles on each table that contained some sort of liquid they were all indulging in. Was this supposed to be wine? Was it really wine they were drinking? Wine, in the life after death? It was incredible. It seemed to him as if he were back on earth. Yes indeed, he clearly saw some kind of wine being poured. Those who drank the stuff made horrible faces; it must taste awful.

'Wine, Alcar?'

'Wine, André, but I advise you not to drink any of it, because it would set your soul on fire. It's a home-made liquid which they prepare from substances they know and possess. They possess drinks, but I wouldn't even offer it to an animal. Their dark souls are consumed by that liquid. They can do anything they please, André, but they're unable to enter a higher sphere.'

Many of them drank the liquid as if they were near to passing out with thirst. And now he saw something he could hardly believe: they paid in money.

'Am I seeing straight, Alcar?'

'Very well observed! They would be unable to act differently. They

possess gold and silver to decorate their women; so why shouldn't they possess money? But all these things is phoney, just as their own life is make-belief. They have everything here, because to them life is no different from that on earth. Those who want this kind of life will arrive here in a similar condition and try to attain a similar life in the spirit. Why should their life be different from on earth? It's just not possible. Their passions are the same as they felt and carried within during that life. I just told you: what you perceive here is a copy of the earth, but here evil is gathered together. That's the kind of life they all want, and they will get what they want. But there is no greenery to be seen here, no other forms of life like nature on earth has to offer. No animals, no sun and no moon; deep darkness forever. In this life they try to amuse themselves. You see how there is life, men and women are gathered, but they have all become bestialized. The things that are unknown to some are invented by others, even if it burns away their souls. It encompasses their entire personality. You will see many more things when they reach the climax. Everything that lives here is on the lookout for means to satisfy itself, and it will find this too.'

Everyone seemed to be shouting at once. Empty bottles were thrown about, and they kept on wanting more drinks. Women were wearing jewels and shawls in various colours, but he only saw a jumble of piercing red and glaring green. He hadn't seen any other colours here yet and they seemed unknown to them. Where was that immaculate white they knew and wore on earth? Where were the sun, the moon and the stars, that soft green and all the other colours they possessed on earth? None of these existed here; no animals, no children, no young people; they were all old and shrivelled, they were terrible beings. He saw that the men wore daggers, knives and revolvers. All the nationalities were assembled here. He saw the various races, yellow and brown, white and black gathered together. The strongest among them were treated with respect by both men and women. They danced and leapt around and thrust each other to the ground.

Alcar drew him aside into a corner of the hall and told him: 'This is where we descend into their attunement, but we will remain where we are. The impression it will make on you will be even more intense.'

André felt himself being drawn into their sphere and whisks of foul air filled his nostrils. But he held his ground, he would stand up to this too and thereby get to know all about their life. They started to fight on all sides. He was standing next to Alcar and wondered how this would all end. They were fighting one another wherever he looked. Everyone was taking part, and mere onlookers were attacked, or urged to follow their example. Very soon there were victims. Everywhere these beings had come to grips with each other, and others were egging them on, or else they were struck down too. It was an atrocious scene, dozens were down and out. André saw how the wounded were being dragged away like rags and dumped on a heap in a corner of the hall. A human life was worthless here. The animal-like beings were finishing each other off. They couldn't act in any other way; this was their normal way of behaving. These were people with a Divine attunement. It was incredible.

He got a tremendous shock. Blood, he saw blood; here in the spheres? Blood in the life after death? How could this be? But there was no time to reflect, too many things took up his attention. Besides, the commotion prevented him from asking his leader about this. Many of the women were shouting like wild animals and in their passionate rage they attacked the men. Revolvers rang out and after every report he saw how some of the beings collapsed. He was witnessing a war, a small-scale massacre. The floor had changed into a slithery mass. Blood was flowing everywhere and seeped through the joints.

The place was covered with glass and bottles and then, after some peace and quiet had returned and feelings had calmed down a bit, they started to dance. A few couples in a strange attire appeared on the dancefloor which was soaked in other peoples's blood. They performed artful dances; he sensed this in everything. None of the beings had noticed them until then. They had been able to follow this process, this festivity, in silence. Yet André was calm, as his leader was standing next to him and he would watch over him. The dancing couples were whirling wildly across the wooden floor. He had never witnessed anything like it; this wasn't phantasy, he saw pure reality here. A fragment of life was being expressed in this dancing which was unknown on earth. These beings dwelt here and lived

through an atrocious game which he sensed down to the core. The clothes of the female dancers were ripped to shreds but it went unnoticed; they were dancing the dance of life. Their eyes glowed with a blazing fire, the only colours he saw were flaming red and green, which revealed what they felt within. This was the radiation of their love. Their lives were malicious; they attacked each other and then exchanged their women. They would soon be stark-naked. One of the women dashed into the arms of another and was flung several yards into the air. Were did they get the strength from? They didn't get up again, was this a dance of death he was looking at? What had got into these people? Women screamed and uttered cries of fear. How long would this go on? It was terrible to watch. No-one had remained on his spot, everyone was doing something, either dancing or shouting. They all felt what was being set up here, everyone was taking part. Again two dancers flung their partners high up above their heads and hurled them away for yards so that they crashed down and lay there, apparently dead. Their lives had been quenched, others would take their place. All the others danced on as if nothing had happened. Fresh dancers appeared on the dancefloor, they all experienced one single life. Now the climax came. How would this horrific happening end?

Alcar was standing beside him, lost in deep thoughts. What was his leader thinking of? It must be terrible for him to experience all this. He, the great artist, who knew nothing but pure love, had descended into the animal-like area with him and now witnessed a festivity in the dark spheres. What a strain this must be on his leader. But André knew that it wouldn't defile his soul.

How terrible this dancing was, it had a special meaning to them. He didn't want to think of it, but it was diabolical. An inner condition was transformed into a dance and then put on show. These were no longer dances, it was lechery, senselessness and sensation. They twisted around each other's bodies and in this way experienced an animal-like life. It was a dance of love, their love and feelings expressed in dancing. Nowhere in the world were these dances known, their thoughts were focussed on themselves with razor-sharp poignancy. This was only conceivable in their present life, as they had shed their physical bodies. Nothing of this could ever be learnt,

it was part of them, it was their possession, no being on earth would dare to indulge its appetites in this way. They possessed intelligence, but not even an animal would sink so low. Every movement they made depicted their loathsome longings. They sensed attunement to some pre-animal-like beast, and to think that these were God's children. It was beyond understanding.

Again some of the beings were hurled away like rags. The whole lot of them went wild and an uproar broke loose. They all wanted to share in this; they fell down by dozens. André's heart was in his throat. All the ranks of society were present here. This was unbearable. How high would their passions soar? How low had they sunk? This depth was unfathomable; it was loathsome, he was lost for words. Nothing had been left standing, the place was a shambles.

They had stood there watching without anyone disturbing them. All at once André felt fear welling up inside. Where had that feeling come from so suddenly? What was he in for now? Alcar made him understand that he should prepare himself. A sudden silence fell, there wasn't a sound to be heard. The noise of just a moment ago had died down completely. You could have heard a pin drop. He saw how all eyes were focussed on them. In a flash all the beings had sensed that the two had not taken part in their festivity. André understood what this silence meant. They had been recognized as beings with a higher attunement. Fortunately they were standing in a corner of the hall and they were on their own.

Immediately a few of them came up to them and handed Alcar a glass of burning liquid for him to drink. Drinking meant participating in their animal-like life, but that wouldn't be the end of it. He too was handed a glass of animal-like liquid. Alcar took it in his hands and he also had to accept the glass. Would his leader drink it nonetheless? But that very moment he heard the words: 'Don't drink, and stand by, André, we are leaving.'

Hundreds of thoughts were aimed at them; all these beings sensed and understood that they didn't belong here. 'Blacks', André heard them muttering and he knew what this meant. The beings who had handed them the glasses were standing a few yards away from them while all the others, there were hundreds of them, approached step by step. These were wild animals who would pounce on them at any

moment. They encircled them, intending to close in on them. His leader was still holding the glass in his hands. André sensed that Alcar kept them in check with his concentration and his strong will power, otherwise they would have charged at them and destroyed them. His leader didn't say a word, but André sensed what Alcar wanted.

'Now's the time', he caught, 'throw your glass at their feet.' André did what his leader said and the glasses shattered to pieces. He felt himself being drawn upward in the spirit; he had been allowed to witness a spiritual festivity in an animal-like attunement. The ones who had seen them disappear were stunned. The last thing he saw was the crowd charging at them like wild animals, but they had vanished.

Geniuses of evil

'How terrible these people are, Alcar.' André suddenly felt himself subsiding, the impact had been too much for him. He didn't know how long he had been unconscious, but when he awoke he looked into the dear eyes of his leader who had put his arms around him. They were in a different sphere, surrounded by flowers and nature, just as in the higher spheres. Yet not a word was spoken, and André thought of all the atrocities he had set eyes on.

He felt haunted by a multitude of thoughts. It had been too much for him; an earthly human being who still dwelt in matter couldn't digest this. He hadn't expected anything like it, he had never seen passion acted out in such a loathsome manner. Terrible beings they were, and yet they were God's children. Deep down they too bore the Divine core of all life. He saw himself in that building again and all the scenes once more were reeled off before his mind's eye. How far had they all drifted away from the normal human condition and attunement? Their souls were pitch-black; no angel of light could help them. Their thoughts were diabolical. Mothers were together with mothers, and children with children. They all lived one life,

mothers and their children were unhappy. They had all become bestialized; lechery and passion was their way of expressing love. They had transgressed the animal level. They were human hyenas who used their intelligence for the sake of violence and vice. They followed the one who was the ruler of darkness and headed them. They had all lived on earth once and had been envied by their surroundings. They were put on a pedestal and worshipped, yet they had been brought up to live in darkness. They had been spoilt due to their beauty, but what was left over of that earthly beauty? If their inner condition could be sensed on earth, would this kind of nature still appear desirable? Could a normal, intelligent human being feel love for such a person? Who, for the sake of such a being, would kill off an other life, rob someone of his life? There was a complete lack of morals here, their souls were revealed here; they were open, all of them. Here their inner attunement was visible, but on earth man could hide behind a mask, which was impossible here. In this life their masks fell; they stood naked, stripped of their treasures. Here their inner condition was known to everyone. Everyone read into each other's dark soul, because they were all one, one in their feeling; they wanted and knew only one life. Yet they were honest in all their gruesome deeds. There was nothing at all they wanted to cover up. The wish to disguise themselves as spiritual beings was unknown to them, but on earth this was still possible. They were terrible, but it was visible to others; a higher being could protect himself against them. Here he had been allowed to see the truth. They didn't try to hide anything and this mitigated their violence. Their candour toned down their lechery and passion. It was the bandage that covered the wound. They showed their animal life to others. But on earth people lived in the fortresses they had erected themselves, yet God saw through everything, God knew the attunement of their souls and knew where they would go on living after that life. Man had nothing to hide. God lived in everything and knew about their bestialization. Here they weren't ashamed to give vent to their passions in front of others. Anyone who participated in their festivities was one of them, became part of their own life. But how different everything was on earth. There man could hide behind his material garment, an animal-like feeling lay hidden within his physical body.

Wasn't everything far more vicious on earth than here? Were people open to each other on earth, did they reveal themselves to others? Did they show how they felt and what they wanted? And weren't there also beings on earth who lived in a pre-animal-like attunement? Weren't thousands massacred by a single human being and wasn't it within his power to have thousands slaughtered? Didn't all those in favour of such deeds conceal themselves behind a mask? Weren't such people to be found everywhere on earth? Here he saw the truth, a terrible truth, but they had all been forced to cast off the masks which they had hidden behind during their entire life on earth. Thank God, one day will see the end of their earthly animal-like doings, and then they too will be beaten up and torn apart by demons. No-one can escape his fate. On earth a sentence was silently executed, but here one could protect oneself.

They were honest in their bestiality, they came straight to the point, on earth that was impossible. Here they held out the goblet to each other, but there they shot poisoned arrows at people who weren't aware. Animal instincts were stashed away there, and they kowtowed to animals in human shape because these weren't recognized as such. Weren't they a hundred times more dangerous? His esteem for the beings that dwelt here was no less than for the ones who lived on earth, whose earthly life would soon be finished, and then they would pass on. Here they were recognized by millions who saw into their dark souls. What he had perceived was only righteous.

He looked at his leader who had been following his inner conversation.

'God knows all his children, my boy, let this strengthen you, along with your belief, hope and trust. Otherwise we couldn't go on living, life would be unbearable. Are you strong enough to follow me? I have more to show you in this darkness.'

'Do we have to go back there, Alcar?'

'Yes, my boy, there are other, even lower conditions which I must explain to you.'

His leader had spoken these words softly, his head held high, and André sensed what was going on inside this high spirit of love.

'Alcar', he said to his leader, 'I will follow you wherever your path may lead. I want to endure and become conscious of everything,

and I really mean everything. I sense that you are thinking: God will watch over all His children. I am prepared to follow you.'

'Thank you, André. In return God will grant you light and happiness in the life after death, since you are willing to do this for others.'

'May I ask you a few questions, Alcar?'

'Yes, of course.'

'Where does all that blood come from in the life after death?'

His leader smiled and said: 'You're not the first one to ask such a question; I will try to explain this to you. Does it strike you as strange that their bodies are materialized?'

André thought it over. 'No, not really, after all, I was allowed to behold this in the sphere of the earth.'

'Doesn't my son feel his own heartbeat?'

'But they died, didn't they, Alcar?'

'All the same, they're earthly in their feelings and they will remain earthly until they have changed within. There's blood flowing in my body too, even if its substance is spiritual. They have built themselves an animal-like, a coarse-material body, which finds attunement to this condition. When man enters the mental areas, he sheds his spiritual body, which marks a separation between the spirit and the soul. I already spoke to you about this. So the higher a human being rises, the greater the beauty his spiritual body will become, more rarified even, just as the inner self. Is that clear to you?'

André understood. Man would gradually change until he became spiritualized.

'You sensed that very correctly, André, that's how it is. On earth scholars have been shown certain phenomena in which the materialized spirit built itself a body, enabling them to hear the heartbeat. This is known on earth, these mediumistic phenomena were handed down by us. Now I ask you: if this is possible to us, to spirits on a higher level, then couldn't demons surpass this condition by far? That's why blood flows in their bodies, but, as I said, its substance is spiritual. You see what our life is like, we have everything: Animals, flowers, trees and plants, houses and buildings, in short everything, but in a finer and more beautiful condition than on earth. The deeper one descends, the cruder man becomes. The higher we get, the more spiritualized we become, until we have covered this road which has

attunement to the cosmos. The blood you saw flowing can't be compared to its material counterpart. Now rout around in the ground and take some of it in your hand.'

André did what Alcar wanted of him and looked at his leader.

'Is this soil, André? Of course, but its essence is spiritual. And the wine? Why not wine, and knives and revolvers, if they possess everything here? You saw how their jewels sparkled and yet to me it has no value, nor to any other higher being in the spirit. It's the same with everything you perceive in the spirit and with the things you will yet perceive beneath the first existential sphere. You were surprised to see no white, no other colours than that piercing red and that malicious green, weren't you?'

'Yes, Alcar.' André realized that his leader had been able to follow him in spite of all the uproar.

'They wear clothes that match their concentration and their will power, and some are more apt at this than others. Their will power can't uphold either blue or white because they lack the necessary power, nor do they possess that purity. So when you meet a being in a beautiful garment, it means that this being has sunk low. The poor who are wrapped in rags are therefore the fortunate, they are the rich ones in the dark spheres. They will soon pass on; no influence will keep them back. They have cast away all that gold and silver, as well as their garments. Consequently, no being can enter another sphere if he hasn't done away with his acquirements, the inner feeling that belongs to that lower sphere. Is everything clear to you?'

'Yes, Alcar, everything is perfectly understandable to me now. So everything is built up through inner attunement, concentration and strong will power.'

'In the higher spheres people, along with their clothes, will change, and as they ascend so will the spheres in which they dwell. We know spiritual, cosmic and even Divine attunements on this side. Here they are capable of doing anything, André: they can't change their sphere into light, this requires attunement. Look, this is where I wanted to be, we will enter without being asked; but we will remain in our own attunement, otherwise we couldn't possibly approach the one I wish to visit.'

What André saw was a very extraordinary building. It was spheri-

cal, and spires were outlined on the East and the South, the North and the West, which gave the whole building an alien appearance. To him this edifice had something mysterious; he had never seen anything like it in these spheres before and to him the place had an extraordinary look about it. He wondered what it could mean. It was capricious and the whole thing exerted some strange influence. It was guarded on all sides; one couldn't possibly get through, and he understood why Alcar wanted to enter within his own attunement. They walked past the sentries without being noticed and went through the gateway which marked the entrance in front of the building. They went unhindered. Those who were keeping watch here couldn't see a higher attunement as they didn't possess the appropriate powers. This wasn't like on earth, in the sphere of the earth animal-like and Divine attunements lived together, but here evil dwelt on its own. God's life was present everywhere and those who didn't possess an attunement or a connection were oblivious of such powers. They passed through various corridors until they reached a passageway that twisted its way up. It took some time before they had reached the highest part. Where was Alcar taking him to, what was he going to meet up with now? They finally entered a large hall which turned out to be a laboratory. He saw various machines arranged to the left and right, but there was no sign of any living being. There was a deadly hush inside the building. He felt something lurking at him here and although he didn't know what it meant, he could clearly sense it. Who occupied this place, after all, these machines needed someone to operate them. He felt overcome by an oppressive feeling that took his breath away. The influence here was even intenser than around those he had just visited. Alcar walked ahead of him and he followed his leader at some distance. Now Alcar stopped. Had he found the human being who lived here? Would he get to see a genius? Alcar motioned him to come closer, as he had also stopped short. Step by step he approached his leader as if he feared to intrude and spoil everything. But Alcar smiled at his caution and said: 'They can't hear us, André, and besides, we're invisible; it's quite safe for you to come closer.' He felt relieved; he hadn't thought about that, even though his leader had told him beforehand.

Alcar pointed his forefinger at something and said: 'Look, André,

that being over there is the greatest genius we know on this side. A genius of evil.

He provides the earth with his inventions which are handed on by his assistants and infused into those material human beings who crave for fame and honour. I explained to you in the sphere of the earth how this is done, but here it will become even clearer than on earth. It is brought about by a mutual connection between feelings, between spirits, between human beings. He was the one, and many others like him, who brought forth the horrific inventions that exist on earth. Those who have acquired this knowledge on earth and use their powers for its cause are instruments in their hands. He is master over the thousands who follow him in his terrible work. He has a mighty army at his disposal, in the dark spheres as well as on earth. They all have the same attunement. His assistants are spread over the entire earth and they receive their orders from here. He has his emissaries who are in charge of everything on earth, but he is the one who provides all these horrors. They try to destroy the good things on earth in order to gain control of the planet. I don't need to tell you how terrible life would be on earth if they were successful in their endeavours. They want to see life on earth destroyed. There are inventors on earth who are under the influence of this monster and accordingly they serve him as his instruments. They range among the greatest of the earth since he won't confide in others, because these don't empathize with him. It will also be clear to you that the more power they have on earth and the greater their inventions are, the deeper they have fallen. These monsters are highly respected on earth; it's the home of these beings who use their Divine gift to destroy. That's why there are only few who can take on and absorb his razorsharp, deliberated feeling. Those individuals have sunk very low. They guard him because he is a master and they are aware of the powers he possesses.'

On a platform he saw a human being, huddled up in front of a mysterious machine. He was long and lean. He sat there motionless, his concentration focussed intently on invisible powers. He sat there as if he were dead. Nothing about him revealed what he felt or perceived within. He emanated a terrible influence, something André had already sensed beforehand. This was the devil himself.

‘Not really, André, we know of even deeper conditions than this one, and they all surpass it in atrocity.’

How could even greater evil than this ever be brought about?

‘He too has his masters and he knows them, and at present he is linked up. We are about to witness something which only few will ever behold.’

His long, dark hair hung down to his shoulders and the garment he was wearing sparkled and glittered and in passionate flashes. His garment reflected his inner condition, like he had seen with others. The man sitting there before him must have a very accurate feeling, he could tell from his radiation. André sensed how he was touched by something within, something that held his attention. Yet he seemed calm, nothing betrayed his inner tension. This human being governed and supported science on earth. All those who attuned to him were in his hands and beyond recall. The scholars of the earth had themselves to thank for this because they craved for wealth, honour and fame. On earth scholars increased their wealth at the cost of the lives of their fellow human beings, but nobody gave that a thought. They searched and found, but whether it furthered destruction was of no interest to them. He sat there, looking like a mystery.

‘What is he doing, Alcar?’

‘I will link up with him; maybe we’ll get to know a bit more.’

André saw and felt how his leader adapted himself. It was a long time before Alcar spoke to him. What was the man busy on? What powers, still unknown on earth, could he be extracting from the cosmos? How many years was he ahead of earthly science? Maybe hundreds. His leader stirred, and so did the man, as he moved about and took a deep breath. Suddenly he turned around, stepped down from the platform and activated one of the machines. Then he returned to his seat to become completely engrossed in his studies.

‘Were you able to determine anything, Alcar?’

‘Yes, my boy, he senses something, but doesn’t know where it’s coming from. Listen André. I will show you what I see. I see an abominable monster next to him’, and due to his leader’s power André also saw. ‘That being is his master, who sank even deeper than he. But we know of even deeper conditions, in which the masters live who

rule over these areas. Compared to them, the ones we encountered up to now are innocent.'

André clearly perceived the radiation of the monster that exerted his influence on him. How much further were these beings allowed to pursue their destruction of mankind? Was there no end to this? Later on they would have to spend thousands of years in the Valley of Sorrows, but they didn't realize that. When would they themselves be destroyed? He looked at Alcar who sensed his question.

'In spiritual attunement they sink as low as the highest sphere reaches up. Is that clear to you?'

'Yes, Alcar'

'All the same, they cannot sink deeper than the attunement of the earth. This is the pre-animal-like attunement; they have all dwelt on the planet earth. But they have taken a degree in the condition they now live in and so they are masters. This tells us that one day goodness will prevail. So they cannot attune to anything higher, which means that goodness will conquer evil. Listen, he's going to speak.'

André clearly heard: 'Master, are you here? I sense your presence, but I still haven't got a good connection. The North will reflect itself in the East and the South, it will take on everything that moves about there.'

Only now did André understand the curious style of this building.

After a short break the genius spoke again. 'If you are here, master, then let me feel it, I have something to show you and I'm prepared to follow and obey you in everything.'

Now something terrible occurred. It was the link between two demons. The man continued: 'I have a connection with the South and the East, but not with the West and the North, because I am 'cosmorizing' and therefore I'm unable to make any adjustments. I will show you, master.'

He stepped from behind his machine, walked over to the South and activated another machine and then did the same in the East. He stopped the other one which he had set in motion previously and he went along to switch on the machines in the North and the West. André got a terrible shock. Sparks and lightrays leapt over from the machine standing in the South to the one in the East. From there a ray of sparks sputtered towards the one in the West,

but he saw and felt that the forces decreased and didn't hit their target. Something was amiss here, this was clearly visible. Now he also understood what 'cosmorizing' meant, because the genius showed and explained it to his master. After the various apparatus had been activated, he went over to a small device and set this going too, whereupon the crackling sound of the sparks ceased and changed into a soft buzzing. Now André only heard a soft humming sound and all the machines were linked up. Then the genius returned to his seat and sat down in front of his instrument.

'I will now show you something, André, which will immediately make you understand what he wants to achieve. You are required to focus all your concentration on me as we must link up, but we will remain invisible to him. Give me your right hand and don't let go of me, whatever happens.'

Step by step his leader walked forward. At a certain moment they both felt an acute current passing through their body which took their breath away. It was so intense that it seemed to him as if his chest was being crushed. André felt how this force increased, which made him realize that his leader would keep on descending until it became unbearable. Alcar tried upwards and downwards, they rose and descended, went right and left. They felt nothing to the right, there wasn't a good connection with the West. After this had also been perfected, escape would no longer be possible, as anyone entering the field would be doomed to die.

Now he knew what this being was going to present the earth with. In his mind's eye he saw how the scholar of the earth, who was about to give birth to this stupendous product of nature, would be covered with honour and fame. But it all spelt destruction. This was a death ray which could be adjusted by remote control to bring ruin to everything that lived within its scope. Alcar returned to his own attunement, so that André could breathe freely again. Even so, his leader hadn't been linked up completely, as otherwise this would have been impossible to bear. The striking thing was that the genius had cut himself out and wasn't in the least impeded.

'It's terrible, André, but this product of nature will at some time see the light of day. May God give others the power to deactivate it, so that the earth may be delivered from this murderous invention.'

Do you sense the extent of his invention? If a country possessed this, they could start murdering about in other countries as soon as connections were established.'

'What does he mean by encompass, Alcar?'

'This is clear enough, since he makes his adjustments from a distance. For the time being he hasn't succeeded in hitting a target, not perfectly anyway.'

'What a monster he is, Alcar.'

'The extent of his product is immense, these powers are unfathomable. Everything is cosmic energy which he transforms into a death ray.'

'Were you here before, Alcar, since you came to visit him?'

'Yes, we went to visit him when I was working down here. He is thousands of years old already and simply can't stop. But we were brought to him by able guides to make us become acquainted with these powers and forces, just as I am showing everything to you about this life. I know that he has been working on this invention for more than a hundred years, and it will take some years yet before it has reached perfection. It will therefore be clear to you that no-one on earth will ever receive anything supernatural if it's not granted to him from our side. Everything the earth possesses at present, either good or evil, stems from the spirit. Here we have the thinking genius who conveys his miracle to man. Let us hope that some form of energy will be invented to counteract his.'

'If I have sensed this correctly, Alcar, an apparatus receives what is emitted by another one and then passes it on.'

'That's how it works, that's how he wants it to function. Everything that moves and lives in this field is doomed to die, so that millions pass on at the same time. But before this invention will see the light of day on earth, many scholars will become its victim as they don't know how it works. But there will always be geniuses to whom this knowledge will be passed on, and who are prepared to give their utmost until perfection has been reached. In fifty years from now great progress will have been made. And don't forget that everything we have seen here is already present on earth, in other words: what he accomplishes is brought to earth. Some scientist are at work there, subject to his will, and as I already told you, they are

getting closer to the truth all the time. They are just as unable there to link up the East and the West. But once this is achieved, everything will be singed down to the core and be doomed. All matter will be deprived of life because his ray is murderous.'

'So this kind of power is known on earth, Alcar?'

'Most certainly, death rays have already been invented, but they can't be compared to this one yet.'

'Can you see whether other inventions will be brought to earth?'

'Oh yes, various ones. Man on earth lives in the century of science. They have passed through the century of music and art there; at present they're in the century of scientific wonders. I see an earth, a hundred years from now, in which man lives amidst all his miracles, of which there are thousands. I could name any amount of miracles like these, maybe I'll be able to show you what the earth will look like in a hundred years from now. Afterwards man will return, and they will pass on to another generation.'

'Is this already visible on this side, Alcar?'

'The masters who possess the cosmic attunement are aware of that too. This is beyond my reach, but my master is familiar with many of these miracles. But all this is for later; and when the necessity arises you will be allowed to record these things too.'

'The miracle we see now is tremendous and terrible, Alcar.'

'You're so right, André, these powers could have been used for more beneficial purposes.'

'Is it known in the higher spheres what he will accomplish?'

'The masters know that too and therefore spirits of light will descend in order to give man something which will deactivate his invention. In this way some beings work for a good cause, others for evil, until man finally reaches a higher attunement and everything will then serve the happiness of mankind. But as long as there are people on earth who live in a pre-animal-like condition, there will be elements that go around destroying the happiness of others, and inventions will be put to use to further death and destruction, as the cycle of the soul has its origin in the pre-animal-like attunement. If enough scientists on earth knew in whose hands they were, and if they had the courage to stop and set their heart on goodness, then nothing but happiness would prevail on earth.'

But what some accomplish for the benefit, is exploited by others for evil purposes. That's why many don't understand the things we give. But whatever comes from our side will further the happiness of mankind. All other inventions are made for the sake of honour, money, fame and destruction, but that wasn't God's reason for bestowing His gifts on man. Poor earth, poor mankind. Let's move on to another condition.'

Masters of evil

André looked back again at the being who still sat huddled up in front of his terrible machine. They were still buzzing as if they were already after poor man to tap off his vital juices.

'He will reach his goal, André, nobody will be able to hinder him in this darkness and don't forget: man has a will of his own, he is putting himself in a terrible attunement.'

Soon they were outside. André looked at the strange building and now he knew the meaning of these strange steeples on all the corners. The whole construction breathed terror and fear. They walked along various streets and again reached a square where many people were gathered. Some of them walked around lonely and forlorn and shunned everyone, as they no longer wanted to meet other people. Now he also understand why these beings withdrew themselves. Others again were violent and waved their arms and legs about, from which he gathered that they didn't yet realize the deeply tragic aspect of their lives. They were standing about in groups.

Alcar told him: 'You must wait here for a little while, André. I want to do some work which won't take long.'

'Do you have to go?'

'Yes, my boy, but you're not afraid, are you? Don't forget that if you're spoken to or if someone makes a nuisance of himself, you can return into your own attunement. If your concentration is focussed on me, we will meet up again in our own condition. During our

first and previous journey I couldn't possibly have left you on your own; but now you have developed that far.'

André shuddered at the thought of having to remain on his own. 'Afraid, André?'

He didn't feel calm inside, but he wanted to do his best. Alcar left. There he stood, alone in this darkness, where only demons lived. As long as there wasn't another procession coming by, they made him shiver and tremble. Where could Alcar have gone to? This had never happened before. He didn't dare move away from here.

On the other side of the street a mean looking character was looking at him, which wasn't at all to his liking. He went on as if he didn't sense anything, but it scared him. He tried to ban him from his thoughts, but felt that this would be impossible. What did he want from him? What should he do, Alcar still hadn't returned, although his leader had said that it wouldn't take long. That man was still looking in his direction and wanted to link up with him. What now? His heart was in his throat, the fellow was coming towards him. This is it. He quickly thought up what he would have to do and decided to stay. It was a tall figure, dressed in a peculiar garment. He could be oriental, but he also wore only garish red and vicious green; these colours dominated his whole garment. He had a brown complexion.

'What are you waiting for?' he asked in a very gruff way.

'I'm waiting for nobody', André replied very quickly to his question to show that he was calm.

'So you're alone?'

'Yes, I'm alone, so what?'

'Nothing, I asked whether you were alone.'

André fathomed him, but he felt how he bounced off. Strange, he thought, I always manage with those who have a different and lower attunement than I, but in his case it's impossible. Why didn't it work this time? But he hadn't the time to think because the being asked him: 'If you're interested, then come along with me, I know where we can amuse ourselves.'

Amuse ourselves, André thought, I know their amusement and how they celebrate. Not for all the money in the world would he go along.

‘No’, he said bruskiy, ‘I’m not going along, I have no desire to.’

‘Why not, after all, you’re bored aren’t you?’

‘I’m not bored.’ He looked past the man to see whether his leader was returning, but he saw no sign of him anywhere.

‘Are you expecting someone?’ the being asked pointblank.

Again he quickly thought what he should reply and he said: ‘Yes, a human being.’

The being roared with laughter and said: ‘A human being?’

André knew what the man meant. There were no human beings here. But did he know about that? After all, he was wearing the same kind of garment as thousands of others and didn’t he live in this darkness? But how could this man sense what he meant? This was a mystery to him; he hadn’t got to know these powers yet. The being was getting more insolent all the time, it grabbed him by the arm and wanted to draw him along..

‘Leave me in peace’, André called out to him, ‘I want to be alone.’ And he thought that now the time had come to return into his own attunement. This is awful, he thought, why is Alcar leaving me on my own for so long? There was danger lurking from all sides. He wanted so much to stay and wait, but he simply couldn’t. The fellow took hold of him and he therefore decided to disappear. He concentrated intensely and felt how he got out of his grip and entered a different condition. There he was, entirely alone now. How would Alcar ever find him? Yet he would wait and adapt his thought onto Alcar. What was that? Did he see correctly? The being he had just fled from was coming towards him. How could this man release himself from the Land of Hatred? Once again he was faced with laws which his leader hadn’t made clear to him. What attunement was he in now? There was light all around him, he couldn’t have made a mistake. What influence was he under? How could this man possibly enter here?

The stranger came up to him. He already addressed him from a distance and said: ‘As you see I can follow you.’

‘Who are you’, André asked, ‘and what do you want from me, why are you following me?’

The man didn’t reply, but a different feeling came over him which directed him from this being to his leader. Surely this wasn’t possi-

ble? Was he dealing with his leader? He sensed Alcar within the man.

‘Do you feel’, the being now asked, ‘who I am and if you feel me now, then will you go along with me?’

Again he fathomed the man standing before him who was so utterly mysterious. For the second time he ended up with his leader. Now he had no more doubts and he cried out aloud: ‘Alcar, what’s the purpose of all this? Why did you have to leave me on my own?’

‘You won’t understand that until a little later. Just accept that it was necessary.’

André lay in the arms of the stranger and regretted that he had called his leader a ‘character’.

‘You didn’t know any better, my boy, those who live there are indeed strange characters. I wanted to leave you on your own to take away all the fear there is in you before we descend down to the masters of evil. That’s why I resorted to this. I can change myself into any nationality when I concentrate on an attunement and accept it.

We will descend and return to the Land of Hatred. You’re not allowed to harbour the slightest trace of fear. We will now visit one of the feared orders where only those can descend who have a higher attunement and empathize with them in all things.

You’ll find rulers, geniuses, artists, princes and princesses gathered there, in short: the intellectuals of the earth, who all tuned in to evil. That’s why I wanted to take away all your fear, as the slightest doubt in your own spiritual powers could prove fatal to you. I must link up with them because otherwise you wouldn’t sense their depth. Your concentration must remain focussed on me as long as we are down there, and we will speak in our attunement, in other words mentally, it would be impossible otherwise. We will enter as orientals and I will help you in this. Focus your concentration on me, get a proper and clear feel of this attunement and it will make your appearance change.’

Alcar was the same person he represented shortly before.

‘Everything is possible in the spirit, André. On earth we can concentrate on our own life. If we couldn’t, no-one on earth would recognize his loved ones because we have become rejuvenated. A spirit of light who has left the earth at an advanced age must con-

concentrate on the life he has lived if he wants to be recognized on earth, and then they will see him in his ripe age. Yet he is young and beautiful in the spirit. As you see this too is possible to us. Everything is a question of concentration and strong will-power. If my body can change, then why shouldn't my clothes change too? My appearance takes on whatever I desire within, even my tone of voice will have changed.'

'I just experienced that, Alcar, it's a miracle.'

'We couldn't possibly penetrate their sanctities in any other way. We are capable of everything because we can pass over into any condition which is below my own. On earth I always show myself to you in my painter's clothes, but I could also do this in my spiritual garment.'

But André was unable to maintain his condition and felt how another power was entering him which made it easier for him to concentrate.

'What is it I'm feeling now, Alcar?'

'It's only the power of my thought, because I feel that you're not able to adapt sufficiently. But try to acquire this, I need your powers for this which you will shortly understand. We are now where I wanted to be and we will enter here.'

André saw nothing that looked like a temple or a building; it was a subterranean vault which they entered. There were sentries in front of the entrance. Alcar strode up to them, spoke a few words with them and they could enter. A few yards further others were awaiting them and Alcar threw open his garment for them and showed them something which his leader had not told him about. Then Alcar stepped up to André, opened his garment too and showed the sentry a green sparkling pin which he himself hadn't noticed. He was most surprised. Where did I get this thing and what does all this mean, he thought. Suddenly it came to him: 'I know this order; but everything is concentration and strong will power; so leave everything to me. I don't know either which passwords they are using now, but I will link up with them and extract it from them.'

André admired his great leader; how great Alcar's powers were. Now he understood why his leader had left him behind. If he ever got the chance to do it over again, he would act quite differently

from the way he had. How puny he was compared to Alcar. It would take years before he had acquired these powers.

The watchman led them through various halls. It resembled a subterranean castle which couldn't be perceived from outside. Everything was beautifully furnished; nothing showed that he dwelt in the dark spheres. Everything he saw was earthly, in a similar condition but rendered as animal-like representations. This was one of the most dangerous orders known; it was the place they had entered. The watchman wore a glittering garment and again he saw no other colours but bright blazing red and vicious green.

Alcar addressed him: 'These beings are spies, but their thoughts can't reach us. Yet all they do is focus on us to feel whether we happen to be blacks. That's their expression for beings with a higher attunement. So I descend into them and think of nothing but murder and manslaughter; I want them to feel this. They are surprisingly accurate in their thoughts.'

One of the watchmen came up to them and Alcar whispered a few words to him which André couldn't understand. But the translation came to him and it meant nothing less than destruction of all life. After this had happened the watchman respectfully bowed and they went on. They had passed through four or five halls and now came to a high door which opened automatically as they approached. They were subsequently allowed to enter. In a spacious hall he saw hundreds of people gathered.

André thought: they are sure to come over to us soon, but the opposite happened. Nobody took any notice of them, they thought it was very normal. Yet it had scared him out of his wits when the door burst open. He tried to check himself completely and felt how his leader was exerting his influence on him.

Men and women were gathered and divided into groups. There were some who wore beautiful garments, but here too he saw nothing but those terrible colours and he knew their meaning. He tried to take in the surroundings, but a marvellous soft feeling that suddenly came over him told that he wasn't allowed to do this and he understood its meaning. His leader was acting upon him in silence and he saw the surroundings in his mind's eye, as this was being conveyed to him in a vision. There was a large statue in the middle

of the hall, and they seated themselves at its base. His leader, who was sitting beside him, told him: 'We will first have to take some tests; so we are being worked upon in silence before we are admitted to their circle.'

The sculpture was closed in by railings; around it there were chairs which some other beings had seated themselves on.

'A select society has gathered here; they are all terrible beings which will shortly become clear to you. Something must be about to happen; there have never been so many together, because they live on earth and act upon man. They have come here from the earth for some reason. Pay close attention to everything, but remember our connection.'

He had been able to follow his leader clearly; every word was grafted into his soul. Quite some time passed without anything special happening. André saw their garments changing and sparks seemed to shoot from their eyes. These beings were dangerous. A strange feeling came over him. It upset him, and his eyelids began to flutter. Then he felt himself subsiding, but he exerted all his powers to counteract this phenomenon. A heavy sleep overwhelmed him, his consciousness was being disturbed. Where had this sleepy feeling suddenly come from? Again he heard: 'This is some form of energy they are directing at us and if we succumb under these razor-sharp thoughts, then we are lost and we must return. So exert yourself to stand up to this, I'll help you in everything. All their concentration is focussed on at us, even though you don't see anything of it.'

André felt himself being released through Alcar's help. How dangerous all these beings were; no-one would have noticed this. This was all treason and destruction, how vile to step so low. After a few moments he felt a different influence coming over him. He felt an icy current running through him which made him freeze. What was he in for this time?

He immediately heard Alcar say; 'Do nothing, André; let everything quietly take effect on you.'

These gentle loving words from his leader worked wonders. He let them have their way but it was hard because he feared he would grow rigid. What kind of monsters in human shape were gathered here? His hands felt as though they were frozen and yet he wasn't

allowed to show anything. How simple everything was, yet how vicious. Anyone who was ignorant of these powers would fall for this. The demons were sitting there and didn't deign to look at them, yet they were trying to subjugate them in various ways. When any of them happened to glance in their direction, he felt that they looked right through them as if they weren't there. To them they didn't exist. There was a lady sitting diagonally across from him, dressed in earthly fashion; she was adorned with pearls and other jewels. She was engaged in a lively conversation with some of them; yet he felt their piercing thoughts in spite of it, which were out for murder. Now and then there was complete silence and these moments made him really feel the suffocating atmosphere. How malicious all these atrocious beings were. Were they masters of evil? And were the women female masters?

He immediately heard: 'Not them, the masters are yet to arrive.' The coldness vanished as it had come. What vile powers would they aim at them now? Indeed, a servant came up to them who put down a reddish liquid for them and vanished without uttering a word. He knew their drinks and prepared himself, because now his leader would surely disappear. He would soon be able to breathe more freely. He didn't feel happy here. Amongst those others he could at least move about, here he wasn't allowed to change his seat. He was ready, but at that moment he heard his leader say: 'Take up your glass in your left hand like me and do whatever I do.'

André sent back his thoughts to Alcar and asked: 'Aren't we leaving then, Alcar?'

'Not yet, but do as I told you.'

These words had come to him in a flash and he did what Alcar wanted of him. How difficult it was to understand demons. He took hold of the glass with his left hand, saw how Alcar held it between his thumb and forefinger and then raised it and flung it away over his head, so that it shattered to pieces against the sculpture. He did the same as his leader had, and wondered what this was all about. How malicious everything was, how deep their vileness showed up in this. What would they think of this? But they all went on as if it didn't concern them.

Alcar said: 'This simple gesture has a profound meaning. It proves

that you're prepared for anything, that's all.'

After this event one of them got up and walked around the sculpture. The being came within his reach, then stopped and André felt that it was sounding him out in a terrible way. He broke out in a cold sweat because of its loathsome thoughts. It went on as if it perceived something above his head, but it penetrated him down to the depths of his soul. He would have liked to make a charge at the monster but he knew that he would be lost if he did.

'Let him be, André, and send him the best of your feelings. Approach him with love, otherwise it will be impossible to link up.'

Did he really have to approach a being like this with love?

'You must', he heard again, 'love is our strength. If your love is not pure, it strengthens their powers and you would descend into them.'

André understood his leader; it couldn't have been put to him more clearly. It was strange; now that he faced up to it in this way he felt nothing of its influence. He silently thanked Alcar for his help. After a moment the being went away and he heard Alcar say: 'We have been accepted, André. We can move about freely now.'

Alcar got up from his seat, he followed him and together they walked around the hall. None of the beings spoke to them. He looked at the sculpture. It was the devil in person, an animal-like scene, so that he didn't dare look at it again. The demon who had wanted to sound him out went into an adjacent room and returned after a moment, carrying a small-scale model of the large sculpture they had been sitting in front of. What was going to happen now? All those present got up from their seat while four of them stepped forward. Alcar let him feel that they would take their seats again and he waited impatiently what would happen now.

He saw vapour rising up from the sculpture. The four beings formed a circle and became linked up by holding each other's hands. These were strange things he perceived. And all these people, how mysterious they were. They stood there for quite a while and he felt how they focussed their powers of concentration. Were they about to link up with even more sinister powers? Darkness crept up around him, and the glow they called light in this darkness was slowly smothered. It was pitch-dark all around, yet he was still able to perceive. He once had a similar experience in the Valley of Sorrows. He could

clearly distinguish all the beings, because he was linked up with them. Was someone being called? It seemed like it. He saw a pale green haze around the sculpture that increased in density. It was terrible what was happening here, it surged through his body, it crept into his soul. There it stayed, gnarling as though it wanted to suck away his vital fluids. He thought he would choke.

Then he heard his leader say: 'Occult forces, André. This is how they link up with the masters.'

He suddenly understood. They now formed a wide circle around the sculpture and others joined them to expand the circle. He counted fifteen beings, all focussing their powers of concentration. To what depths were these human beings descending; how far were they allowed to go and could they link up? Now he saw a yellowish light that lit up the entire sculpture. Slowly this light merged into garish red and linked up with the green. Then he saw it disappear into the sculpture which therefore also vanished for a moment. But this only lasted for a short while. Now long whisps of light emerged from out of the sculpture. These extended a long way away from the sculpture and spread out over all those present, and it seemed as if this light assimilated and influenced them. The light came over to him too, causing his knees to tremble, and he was overcome by dizziness. It was terrible, it exerted a horrible influence. How accurately could all those standing around the sculpture focus their thoughts that they could reach everyone in the hall? Yet they did. Their will power brought about an occult connection between the others. André withstood that vicious pressure, that terrible power. Then the coloured vapours returned to the sculpture. That smoke contained the poison that destroyed life. Their powers of concentration lit up the sculpture and it flashed and they could link themselves up with any of the beings. It was the transition to the animal-like level, the lowest possible; here even the ultimate limits seemed to become transgressed. A woman who must have been very beautiful on earth stepped forward. The circle was broken to let her pass through; she seated herself close to the sculpture and waited. She stood bent forward and held both arms stretched out over the sculpture. André sensed that she established the link for this event. A medium just as he was, but in this case serving occult powers. Terrible, how could a

woman lend herself for such things. How deep that being must have fallen. Perhaps she had been a mother and had loved but had now sunk so low. She had become bestialized and had gained a degree in this condition. Her eyes closed, in deep trance, she also drew a small circle around herself to cut herself off from all others. He was stunned by the influence which everything emanated.

In spite of all the things that occupied his mind he again heard his leader say: 'Keep your spirits up, André, the masters are coming.'

The word 'masters' brought him back to consciousness. He wanted to get to know these beings. He gathered all the powers within him, but felt that he couldn't possibly hold his ground. Yet he had to pull through, because he wanted to understand those mysterious powers, the occult forces he had already heard so much about. He wouldn't easily be allowed to witness such an event, that was very clear to him. 'Oh, help me', he prayed to God and to his leader, 'let me stand up to all this.' His prayer was fervent and after a few moments he actually felt how a different, an even stronger power was influencing him, so that he could once again follow everything clearly. Who had come to help him now?

His leader said: 'Our friends who are here.'

André understood that they hadn't been the only ones to force their way into this place, but that other, higher spirits were present. Yet it made him feel good; now he would be able to withstand everything.

The influence which the sculpture radiated steadily increased. He felt a terrifying silence. Now he heard them humming and they all took part in this piercing, tormenting singing. It was an inner form of cursing, which he sensed accurately. It revealed their total inner being, all the abuse expressing poison and manslaughter, passion and violence. It was so horrible, so intensely vicious that he felt how every resonance that pierced through him made his powers subside. It cut through him like a knife, because it contained something abominable. If only they would shout, he thought, if only they would shout out their complaints at the top of their voices, that would be bearable, it wouldn't be so provoking. This took him by surprise, it sawed his body and soul apart. It was murderous, a torturing feeling, because he was linked up with them. He heard his leader mut-

tering too, but when he concentrated on Alcar, a different feeling came over him. It contained love and warmth that flowed into his soul.

The terrible light increased in intensity and formed a globe around the sculpture. The sculpture stood there like a lighthouse in the mist, and the light became viler and viler, as it approached the pre-animal-like level. The woman now lay crumpled up at the base of the sculpture. Her sleep was deep, she didn't know what was happening to her and around her. When these phenomena had ended he noticed a dreadful smell that took his breath away. Never before had he smelt anything so horrible; he couldn't find the proper words to describe it. It was diabolical. But once he had got used to it, it no longer bothered him. Some life began to develop within that greenish, yellowish, reddish globe. Something took shape that resembled a being. It kept on changing, became denser and denser, until it had taken on the shape of a human being. Lots of other shadows became manifest around that image which all took on the shape of human beings. But they remained within a dense haze.

He asked his leader what this all meant, but a different voice, which was unknown to him said: 'Satan in his realm, André, the devil in person, he who rules over millions. They have destroyed continents and will do anything to achieve the same on earth.'

This hadn't been his leader speaking to him. André asked in silence whether he was allowed to know who was supporting him. His leader was sitting beside him, like a statue on its pedestal, deeply in thought. André didn't want to disturb him, he sensed what was going on in Alcar. A gentle, beautiful feeling came over him when he heard the name of the spirit who had come to his help.

'André', he heard, 'I am Ubronus.'

'Oh, dear, dear Ubronus, you who guided me through Alcar's dwelling? You come to help me in the darkness too?'

'Your leader called me, because he wanted to link up completely and get to know their powers, which needs all his concentration. So it was I who acted upon you. Your leader is in a different attunement, where he wants to follow the occult connections from.'

André understood, as he felt that Alcar had withdrawn into an attunement which was unknown to him. A wall of spiritual power

enveloped Alcar. Nothing about him moved. Now he would be able to experience the things that were going on.

In the magical light he now clearly saw how some beings became visible and at the same time he smelt that terrible scent that was getting stronger. The beings who manifested themselves were upheld by this horrible scent. Those who were present came under its influence, so that they were linked up with their masters. He had witnessed a spiritual consecration in the fifth sphere that had been heavenly; here he saw the animal in man. The difference was stupendous. Over there he had been raised, here he was shocked to the very depths of his soul. What a gap there was between both these conditions. How exalted man was in the higher spheres; how low those had fallen who manifested themselves here. Now a being moved out of the circle; the others quickly closed the ranks and this being stepped over to the woman who was still lying in deep sleep. André got a shock as he recognized him. It was the genius whom he had visited together with Alcar. Why had he stepped within the circle? Within the light globe of horror and misery he now saw a pale green apparition that descended a little more. A human being, but was it really? He saw a devil, the highest master they knew. What were the others compared to him? Nothing. The difference in power was too great. It was the highest being, but it had fallen deepest of all. The genius had knelt down and looked up. In his hands he held the same insignia that Alcar had shown as they entered, but this one was larger. All the others who had arrived with the master also descended and formed a similar chain as those who stood gathered around the sculpture. The climax had come. Longingly the genius look at his master, wondering what the latter would have to say. André's soul cried with sadness because of the abundant misery present here.

The master spoke: 'Brothers, I had you summoned over to me. One amongst you has been admitted into the circle of masters and is now in your midst, lying on his knees at my feet. I will be brief. I had you summoned because Geoni will be admitted to our circle and has therefore been raised. I want you all to obey him and follow him, to support him in his work, especially those who are on earth to work. Geoni, continue your research, I will send you a few assistants to enable you to connect the West with the North, the

East with the South. One of us is always in your vicinity, the one who also brought me this message.'

The satan spread his claws out over the inventor, murmured something and withdrew into his previous condition. Those who had come along with him stepped forward one by one, crossed their arms across their chest, looked the genius in the eye and disappeared. The session had ended. The masters withdrew, the light faded, total darkness closed in around them and the chains were broken. Long strokes were made over the woman who still lay there and she too returned from her terrible sleep. He no longer saw Geoni; the genius had vanished without a trace. The sculpture was taken back to the place from where it had been fetched. The atrocious happening was over.

Now he heard his leader talking to him again: 'He descended, André, because he came from higher regions.'

André understood. He had come to know the ultimate in evil.

Alcar got up from his seat and walked over to a corner of the hall, where he sat down at a table. André looked at his leader and wondered what was going to happen now. But he thought he could guess what his leader was up to. He looked at all the others, who, in a rather loud way, had got into a festive mood. Servants came along to bring drinks and refreshments. The glasses were downed in one go and then cast to the floor so that the pieces of broken glass flew around his ears. Everything he experienced here was weird and mysterious. What had got into these beings? Drinks were put down for them too, but Alcar told him not to touch anything.

'We are returning, André, into our own attunement; the journey to the dark spheres has come to an end.'

Thank God, André thought, good that we're leaving.

'Get ready, my boy, they will rush at us at any moment because we're not drinking. I won't do their masters that honour.'

His leader hadn't even finished talking when he felt a stinging ray piercing him. All the beings stood up from their seats and penetrated him with their razor-sharp thoughts, as if they wanted to tear his soul apart. A few of them went up to them and asked them why they weren't drinking to the health of the master.

He now heard Alcar say: 'Take your glass, André and come and

stand beside me.' He did what his leader wanted of him and posted himself next to him. The beings who had remained standing at a short distance from them thought that Alcar had something to say about what they had experienced. André felt himself being drawn up and when they had entered another condition but were still visible to them, Alcar spoke to them: 'Friends, we were in your midst too.'

Amazed about so much insolence, he heard one of them shouting behind him: 'Blacks! Stab them down! Blacks in our midst, and they say: no-one can force his way in?'

'And yet we were here', Alcar said and still held his glass in his hand. 'Friends', Alcar continued, 'we know of other powers, which can destroy yours. We know God, yes, a God of love and this power enables us to penetrate into your midst. None of you can hinder us, not even the masters, however deep they may have fallen, to whatever height they may step up their occult powers. One day you too will get to know these powers; then you will fight for the light, for goodness, with love for all of life. Farewell and greet him who calls himself your master.'

Alcar threw his glass at their feet. André did the same and with a terrible howl they all charged at the spot where they had been standing. André sensed how he entered a different attunement. They had all disappeared from his sight, the Land of Hatred lay behind him.

Onto the spheres of light

Spiritual art, sphere of the animals, first, second and third sphere, cosmic mentalities

'Look, André, the spheres of light are awaiting us; your second journey to the dark areas has come to an end. We were down there long enough. I'm sure I don't have to explain to you what kind of beings dwell there. While the masters manifested themselves I linked up with them to get to know who he was and how old he already is. On earth he lived in a similar condition, but I had to go back thousands of years to find that out. His power is great, and deep is the depth

into which he has fallen. It will also be clear to you why I had to show myself to you in a different attunement before we could descend. You can breathe freely again now, which you longed for so much.'

How good Alcar was, and how great his psychic power to be able to show him all this. Yet it was the truth: he was glad that they had left the dark spheres behind. He felt new life surging up; he saw the landscape changing beneath him and the sky was getting brighter. There were so many things he had experienced on this journey, and he wondered what lay ahead. Wisdom meant everything, no matter how terrible it was down there. Yet he preferred to be with those who dwelt in the higher spheres. Everything was heavenly there. How animal-like their radiation was down below. He didn't want to remind himself of that smell. The qualities a higher being carried within could be sensed and seen around him, and they also spread an undefinable scent. But how horrible the stench was which the masters lived in. The animal-like beings spread that smell; it was their possession, their attunement. The higher the attunement a human being possessed, the more beauty he showed around him and within. Everything was clear to André now. And at the present moment he was on his way to the light; warmth awaited him. He thought of his little child who had passed on. Would he perhaps be allowed to visit her on this journey? Would Alcar be going there? Oh, if only that were true. But he didn't dare ask his leader. When he visited the spheres on his previous journey he couldn't have imagined that within such a short time a child of his would be dwelling there. It was the children's sphere which he had been allowed to visit with Alcar. And now he found himself in this life where she was too. How beautiful the children's sphere was and all the things he had been allowed to perceive. He didn't dare think about it, it would prove too much for him. It had happened a year ago now. It had been born dead, which he had sensed already seven months ahead. He had fought a terrible inner battle because he had refused to accept it, and yet he had been forced to submit. Everything had happened just as Alcar had made him feel it would. Oh, if only he were allowed to visit his child. When he returned to earth from this disembodiment and then were allowed to bring his wife the message

that he had been permitted to see their child and had talked with her, that would be wonderful. Yet he had already seen the child only four months after it had arrived. But he hadn't been allowed to come close; he was permitted to look on from afar. He wasn't allowed to disturb its spiritual peace. But the things he had been allowed to see had made a great impression on him. Hundreds of little children – they were all angels – were gathered there. They were enveloped by a blue haze and he had clearly been able to distinguish the spiritual little bodies. The little ones lived in a large building made of snow-white marble and were taken care of by spirits of love, angels who sensed pure, perfect mother love. Alcar had shown him his child, but he too had already sensed from a distance that it was her; he was attracted to her by a bond of love. Nevertheless he had to stay some thirty feet away from her; he wasn't allowed to come any closer to her. But how happy he had been to see that his child was alive and growing up. He wasn't permitted to dwell in the children's sphere for long either; they returned to earth shortly after.

He could recall the moment of parting when he had taken her to her final resting-place. The difference between parting there and in the spheres was enormous. On earth it had been easier for him than when he had been allowed to see her again for the first time. In the small burial chamber where his child lay, there had been another little being that had lived for four days and had passed over on the same day. In the spheres this little one would be her playmate and remain so. That morning he had sensed an intimate link between both children from the spheres. The parents of the child were heart-broken; he hadn't felt that way, because he knew that one day he would see his child again. How gladly he would have shared his knowledge with the parents of that little angel, but they were beyond his reach. He submitted, and so did his wife, but the others wanted to possess their child, they couldn't part with it. And yet their child was alive too and grew up just like his.

Alcar said nothing to him; maybe he had a fixed plan which made it impossible for him to see his child. Beneath him he saw a primitive landscape; the houses they had built here were like the barracks on earth. They lay spread about all over and were occupied by people who had arrived there from the dark spheres. He knew all about

this from his previous journey. Alcar had explained it to him. That's where they received their first spiritual lessons; they were taught how to give love. From there they would set off for the spheres of light, which were difficult to reach. This required battling and sacrifice. Nonetheless they were prepared to start a different life. There too men and women were gathered together, but they contained no warmth yet, nor was it felt in nature; the possession of that holy fire was still far beyond their reach. Many of them fell back into their previous condition and would have to start all over again.

They continued on their way, towards the first existential sphere in the spirit. As they progressed, the spheres changed too, and so did nature and everything that lived here. Man slowly ascended, until he had reached the highest spheres. How simple everything was, and how righteous God was. On earth they weren't aware of a righteous God; here everyone saw, sensed and knew it. Here they only knew a God of love, and they knew that man keeps on rising higher and higher through prayer and labour. Man could reach it all if he would give himself for others, would love everything that bears God's life. The beauty in nature increased, people were rejuvenated because they sensed a higher love and carried this deep inside. This life was eternal. Below him he saw the connecting sphere where he had been allowed to address the living dead the previous time. He recalled that wonderful moment when they had dissolved before their eyes. It had been a miracle to him, and yet everything was very simple if one knew these powers and nursed them within. They would soon get to the first sphere, but still Alcar hadn't spoken; his leader was lost in deep thoughts. The first flashes of light already filtered through, and beyond these lay the first sphere.

Alcar looked at him and said: 'Now I will show you the spiritual art I spoke to you about on earth. But in the fifth sphere you will notice how different things are from what we left behind on earth. First we will stay there for a while and within my attunement you will see spiritual masters and be allowed to admire their art.'

'Those who arrive here from the earth are allowed to go on practising their form of art, aren't they, Alcar?'

'Certainly, but it's better for them to wait until they have arrived in the fourth sphere, because otherwise their spiritual development

would come to a standstill.'

'How do you mean?'

'I mean that their sense for art is intensified, although this still isn't an acquirement in the spirit, and they wouldn't be able to enter a higher sphere even if they kept on painting for a thousand years. An enhanced feeling for art doesn't stand for spiritual possession. That is why their art has no meaning, because they cannot enter the first sphere of happiness from the earth; it would have been better for them to have first acquired these powers. I will explain everything to you when we get there.'

'Has art reached its peak on earth?'

'Yes, those artists, that generation lies in the past. Man creates according to what he feels. And since we know that man's feelings on earth are focussed on matter, that he lives within that attunement, accordingly we know that he will not create a spiritual form of art which is attuned to a third sphere. Spiritually, art on earth has reached an attunement which corresponds to the second sphere. If a form of art were born on earth which were to reach the attunement of the third sphere, then it would not be understood on earth. You know that the first sphere reflects the condition of life on earth. So anything transcending human development cannot be sensed on earth, they have no words to describe it. So if a being from the fourth or the fifth sphere were to descend, he would be regarded as a superhuman genius which others couldn't equal in a thousand years. But we too know that this won't happen, for the simple reason that man will only receive the nourishment he can sense, understand and digest. Go back to earth, look at science, man has no idea of the things that are bestowed on him. He is years behind; he is a slave to his machines, something which is not intended and never has been. That's what the arts were in for; their 'abilities' destroyed it. Everything that is given to the earth, as I already told you, is encompassed by a cosmic law; this life on earth consists of laws, human attunements. But those who have attained the highest degree from an earthly standpoint still don't rank as happy beings, because so many perish due to their very own art. I showed you my art on earth; there they call me a master, but when I entered this life I dwelt beneath the first spiritual sphere, where spiritual masters neither live nor are

known to exist. Consequently everything is earthly from their point of view and cannot be compared to life on this side. So everything that is created on earth is located below this spiritual attunement. That is why our life is richer, has more beauty, and as we rise all forms of art, yes, even life itself will change. Look, my boy, we're now entering the first sphere.

André saw people, houses and buildings; lots of dwellings reflected the inner attunement of the being and had been built in keeping with its power of love. He had also visited this place before, but now he was to learn about art. The first sphere resembled the earth. He saw other buildings too, erected in various styles, some of which were very beautiful and bore some special meaning. The spiritual dwellings were everywhere, in the mountains as well as along the waterfront, they all reflected feeling, taste and strength. It all consisted of spiritual substance and as such it appeared genuine and natural.

'What is that big building over there, Alcar? It looks much finer than all the others.'

'The master builders who erected it dwell in a higher sphere. So it was accomplished in accordance with their inner power and feeling. It's meant to urge those who live here to reach that level of art. At the sight of a higher attunement they will exert themselves accordingly. Is that clear to you?'

'Yes, Alcar.'

'As you know a spiritual dwelling reflects the inner condition of the being. Those who built this all possess a higher attunement; this makes them sense a higher form of art, an architecture of greater beauty. Consequently all these buildings are also maintained by them. This applies to all the spheres. Art in this sphere corresponds with the level of the second attunement, and as we ascend we find higher forms of art. In my sphere we are acquainted with art from the sixth sphere, which is taken care of by higher beings just as it is here, because both spheres are connected with each other. It's like the reflection of light from a higher level which, as I said, will urge us on to attain that level of art, that love. Because everything is love, nothing but love, because love means life and feeling, because man will create after his feeling.'

On the edge of a mountain, surrounded by lots of greenery and flowers, André saw many beings gathered. A spirit had seated himself in their midst and was addressing them all. He could hear him from afar even.

‘Are we going over there, Alcar?’

‘Yes, we’ll go and listen to what he has to say.’

The one who was talking was a middle-aged spirit, dressed in a spiritual garment. ‘Brothers’, the spirit spoke, ‘once we dwelt on earth and knew nothing about this life.’ André sensed that he was talking about eternal life. ‘Now everything is clear to us. I already told you that those who profess a different religion meet up with hatred, but here such a thing is impossible. Here we are one and only know one Father, a Father of Love. Christ made our Father known to us. And how beautiful it is to love, to be able to mean something to others. But how can we help ourselves and others? Descend, brothers, descend into the dark areas, where your children and your brothers and sisters live; they need your help. It’s the road others followed, and which we must follow. I dwelt there for a long time, so I know how many there are who need help. Why wait? Don’t you hear them calling? You will be creating your very own condition in that way, and when you return you will enter other, even higher spheres. Those who don’t live for others don’t develop. We must work and pray, that’s where our power, indeed all power stems from. Those who wait are not alive, they are alive yet dead. I call out to you all: Help them, they’re your sisters and brothers. Don’t you feel the urge to tell others about your life that goes on forever? To say that you’re alive? That your mother or your father and children are with you?’

Full of fervour the spirit went on talking, but André felt that they were about to continue, and that is what they did.

‘You see how on this side people must also be urged to mean something to others. In the second sphere there is no more need for that. I know the one who was addressing them and I’m very pleased to see him again, and to see the road he is following. I met him in the dark spheres, he was thoroughly unhappy and he asked me to show him some proof of a higher life. Only then would he be able to accept it. I showed myself to him in a higher condition and now, after a hun-

dred years I see him again, convincing others. You heard him telling them about a life he once experienced, and he has a clear knowledge of all the transitions of feeling in the spirit. This is how one being acts through another, and how he himself will develop by helping others. I couldn't have presented you with a more lucid illustration. His road is ours, and our road belongs to the One Who, on earth, was nailed to the cross. His road must be followed, this is God's holy Will. I convinced this man with one single piece of proof, and it made him take himself in hand. Deeds, only deeds will lay stone after stone to build a spiritual dwelling. Everything will radiate when they possess these inner powers, which they acquired by helping others. This truth is inherent in every condition I show to you. Soon he too will ascend; he has already received his spiritual garment. Lots of happiness and love await him in the second sphere.

I call out to man on earth: Start now, don't wait until you get here; what you possess on earth you need not acquire here. Everyone will create his own task already on earth, and on this side too. Those who don't feel their task are not alive and will first have to be roused. But this may take a long time and that is why we come down to earth to explain to them that they must follow our path.'

André got a shock. Was he seeing correctly? Yes, he saw a man walking over there, with a dog beside him; however was this possible? Alcar looked at him and said: 'Is that so strange that it should scare you?'

'There's a dog walking over there, Alcar.' He thought his leader didn't understand him properly.

'Well seen, André. Why shouldn't we be allowed to have our animals with us? Aren't they in fact our best friends? We're together, in eternity too, if that is what we ourselves want. Both are one, everything is life and intelligent life can link up with the other life.'

'Then do the animals live in this sphere, Alcar?'

'No, they live in an attunement which corresponds with their own condition. We have birds and various other animals, then why not those who shared long spells of sorrow and grief with us on earth? I too had a little dog on earth and he is often in my company on this side. The little animal passed on and this is where I saw it again. Whenever I want to see it I call him over, as I will presently show

you. An animal on this side senses the being with a higher attunement, which I already explained to you during our first journey. Here, worshipping animals is no longer possible. All of life is different, and so is companionship with animals.

‘Do they all live in the same sphere, Alcar?’

‘Yes, and that sphere is situated below the first cosmic level.’

‘How miraculous everything is.’

‘Nothing is miraculous, it’s all reality. There are no miracles, once we know the powers that make it come about. In the spirit everything is knowledge.’

‘How do the animals get here, do they have to be fetched?’

‘You would have to descend a long way down, but that isn’t necessary either. Wherever I am, in whichever sphere, starting from the first existential sphere onwards, I can link up with animals. This is all brought about through concentration and will power.

‘Are animals then bound by certain laws, Alcar?’

‘Not only animals, human beings too, so they both are. However, an animal isn’t aware of these laws, but it senses more accurately than many people who possess intelligence. An animal possesses a single attunement to life, which is where it passes on to from the earth; that is what it must abide by. I will now show you that love creates ties on this side too, that our earthly animals join us when we wish them to.

But as I already told you, this is only possible for those who dwell in the first existential sphere. In other words: this requires spiritual possession.’

André saw that Alcar was concentrating. A few seconds passed.

‘Look over there, André.’

Some thirty feet away a longhaired little dog came bounding along and jumped up, barking at his master. André couldn’t believe his eyes.

‘How charming everything is, Alcar. How great love is, and how mighty God is to bestow this too on man. It will make many happy if they are permitted to know this on earth.’

The little animal whined with joy.

‘My little pet’, Alcar spoke to the animal and André was also greeted by the little dog. Tears of happiness were in his eyes at the sight of

this beautiful, lovable scene.

Alcar saw his tears and said: 'This is pure, perfect love, my boy; I got tears in my eyes too when I was allowed to witness this; so let them flow freely. I cried with happiness, my son, when I was allowed to experience this great event. I thanked God from the depths of my soul for all the sacred things I was allowed to receive. I will always remain grateful for this. You see, André, that they don't forget us, even if years have passed without seeing them. They don't forget us, their love is eternal; they will always give their love.'

It touched André deeply that he was allowed to sense and experience the love of an animal and of man.

'Come, on we go now, the animal will stay with us until we leave this sphere. I can summon various animals in this way when I want to link up in love.'

'But surely not wild animals, Alcar.'

Alcar laughed heartily and André felt that he had asked a curious question.

'Wild animals, André, are unknown to us here; they don't live on this side. But you couldn't know; it's a question many ask. I will explain this to you.'

When an animal leaves the earth, in other words when it dies, it doesn't matter what race it belongs to, it casts off its life. Can you understand that? Man enters this place just as he feels on earth, but an animal casts off physical life and enters his spiritual life.'

'Do animals evolve, Alcar?'

'Certainly, but it remains in a condition which corresponds to the animal attunement. An animal must follow its cycle and returns here.'

'Thousands of questions are flooding my mind, Alcar.'

'We'll deal with all those questions later, when we go to visit those conditions too. But for the moment we will follow another track, a different plan which I want to stick to.'

André thought this was all miraculous. There was so much happiness awaiting man when he entered this life.

'How does an animal return, Alcar? Is that possible?'

'But of course, I will show you this too. Look, and listen to what I will tell you. But everything depends on concentration and strong

will power. However, I will clearly express my will so that you will be able to follow everything I do. The animal will obey me because it senses me.'

Alcar spoke to his earthly companion: 'Come now, dear animal, we must part, you must go.'

At that moment André sensed that the animal wanted to stay. Yet it went away and now he saw the miracle taking place. The animal turned into a haze; he saw it dissolve before his eyes. But it soon returned, which made it clear to him that his leader had drawn it back to him. How great this all was. It jumped around him for joy.

'Those who love animals on earth will be happy to know this, Alcar.'

'You can tell them about this, my son, and about all the other things you were allowed to experience and will experience yet. If people want to take themselves in hand, then a lot of this happiness will be awaiting them on this side, but if they don't, then all this happiness, all this mercy will not be theirs to share in.'

An animal that had died on earth lived in the life after earthly death just as it had lived and felt on earth. Here everything was one and gathered together.

'We will enter here.'

André saw the large building that the high spirits had worked at. He was very curious to know what he would experience next. The amount of miracles he experienced in the life after death kept on increasing. He crossed the threshold of a spiritual building and saw beings everywhere, spiritual artists busy on their creations. Their feelings were transformed into art. He was looking at artists, painting in the life after death. Who would believe him? As they entered, a spirit came up to them and addressed Alcar.

'Alcar, Alcar, God be with you!'

'Brother Ambrosius, we've come to pay you a visit.'

The spirit went up to André and greeted him in a friendly way. Nothing but love, André thought. Alcar carried on a conversation with the spirit and told André that he would warn him in advance when they would be moving on.

'Take care to absorb everything, André, I will help you.'

Alcar left with Ambrosius; he was on his own. He saw beings who were painting figures while others busied themselves with nature.

He tried to link up with them because he wanted to feel what their spiritual products represented. He saw fanciful images which he didn't understand. He saw young men as well as old ones. Man represented creative power, he sensed this in everything. He went from one surprise to the next.

He identified with an extraordinary, near to incomprehensible depiction. It was a strange piece of art. He sensed that the being was painting his own life. It was the earthly life he had discarded. From the colours he could tell that this human being had accomplished his life in grief and sorrow; the colours showed up all his struggling. He also sensed the dark areas in the scene that had been conceived in a spectacular fashion. In beautiful hues, which also included dark and vivid, flashing colours, the entire scene had been portrayed in a beautiful symbolic way. The being sensed himself and his accomplished life on earth and in the spheres. Rough freakish colours helped to compose a image which signified the condition of a soul. A poet could sing about his own life and that of others in verse; here this was done in colours. Everything had been deeply felt, and yet the piece of work didn't radiate. Next to this artist he saw another, who was busy on a large canvas. Strange, he thought, that's not the way people paint on earth. The colours were applied onto the canvas in one go and spread about. Five or six different colours were simultaneously brought onto the canvas and this created a hue of a beauty which no-one could ever attain on earth. He saw brushes and pounders, big and small. These served to distribute the paint and apply other hues to achieve the set goal and get the right shades. It was marvellous what he witnessed here. And this was only the first sphere; what ever would art look like in the higher areas! The mellow red melted into purple, the slightly dark hues also merged into one another, they wanted to reach perfection through various shades of a colour. Yet he felt that this could also be achieved on earth, provided they followed the same technique. Another being was painting a very remarkable scene that denoted hatred. Here love was painted, together with all the human passions; here all human traits were depicted in art. But what were they painting on?

He suddenly heard a voice: 'On matter, André, but its substance is spiritual. As you know, we have everything at our disposal here. Don't

forget that this form of art which is being shown to you now finds attunement on earth because as you know the first sphere is the first existential sphere in the spirit.'

In his mind André thanked his leader who had offered him this information. Alcar followed him in everything.

Another being was busy on a truly fantastic painting. Whatever could this mean, he thought.

A soft inner voice told him: 'This, my boy, stands for music. Absorb it thoroughly; you will see the same depictions in the higher sphere, but there they will be perfectly spiritual.'

André sounded the image out, he tried to link up with the painting. He wanted to know what the painter had intended by his art. He understood quite well that if this form of art were performed on earth, the painters would be ridiculed. But what he saw here was sublime, of such intense beauty that anyone who sensed and understood it could interpret it in music. This was music portrayed in colour. He felt a wonderful state of mind emerging. The painting was exerting its influence on him; he heard and saw the orchestra, felt everything flowing through him; his soul lay open to digest it all. The art of painting made him aware how gentle tones were drawn from a musical instrument: its deep, languishing vibrations penetrated him. Then he heard an orchestra building up, it was a spiritual happening. Art, how mighty art can be and how marvellous for the spirit to be allowed to depict something like this. It was tremendous. This couldn't help but transport a human being into an enhanced state of mind if he wanted to link up. He saw big and small canvasses. Here they were painting for orchestras and for solo-instruments.

'This will be practiced on earth too in a few hundred years.'

Again it was Alcar whom he heard. But he knew for sure that at present this wouldn't be understood on earth. And when it would be born on earth, man would believe it to be his very own possession, yet he would have received this from the spirit. This applied to everything his leader had shown him on the side beyond during this journey. He didn't see any women here which seemed very strange to him. Why were there no women here? On earth women painted just as well as men. It immediately came to him: 'Not until they get

to the higher areas, only there will women train themselves in art. Here women have a different task than they have on earth, than many have accomplished on earth.'

André understood. On earth many women performed men's work. But creation, in its spiritually attunement, wasn't meant that way. On earth they had forgotten their attunement. They were no longer women, and on this side they had to get rid of all these self-willed traits that clashed with nature. There were women on earth who didn't even want to become a mother – the holiest gift God had granted. Were these really women? Could one ever be happy with such a being? Everything was merely matter, such a being couldn't possess true love. Was a woman on earth really aware of her significance within the universe? What the intention was of her presence there? There were many who sensed the greatness of their presence and also lived up to it, others would need centuries to reach this attunement. They lived in a body but had no spiritual possession. They made no use of the gift which God had granted them on earth. At this moment he sensed the essence of all life, something which nobody but his dear leader could make him feel. Man, as a male being, was the creative power. Woman could not approximate man in his art. He sensed this in everything. Yet both were one. The art of a man became inspired by her holy love. She was behind it all, a man could create because of her. Only when they were one, art would become inspired by the blazing love of one single being and that was the woman, the mother, the most blessed amongst human beings. On his own a man possessed the creative power, but he was love too. Art was love and love was feeling. In this way one feeling melted into the other. If a being was possessed by this holy fire, then an earthly artist transcended the normal human powers and capabilities, because he was inspired by her. How simple everything was. A woman was the driving force; it was she who made a man create. This could be seen and sensed in everything on earth. The smallest things were imbued with that driving force. It didn't even have to be art. If a man did something good and he was inspired by love, he would accomplish the impossible. As long as a woman understood how to use her powers, she would receive only happiness from the creative human being. But look at all those who didn't know them-

selves, knew nothing of these conditions, and had even taken on male traits. They were on earth to fulfill life, but that fulfillment would have to return to her, and this was what the man should understand, should be able to sense and want to give. That was love, nothing but love, it was the essence, the driving force behind life, behind every creation. The man created by virtue of the woman, and through her he could bring about miracles; it was her love that inspired him.

Again he heard Alcar who said: 'It will be clear to you now, André, that the woman is the inspiring power behind all forms of art, and only on this side will she have a full understanding of her task.'

He walked on through the spiritual studio. He saw art everywhere, nothing but splendid art. What would life be worth without art? It meant great happiness to be able to depict one's inner feelings in a landscape or a sculpture. Art equalled God if perfection was offered and sensed. Art enabled man to reach the sublime, but only in the spirit; it was impossible on earth because down there man was attuned to the third cosmic degree while seven degrees of cosmic attunement existed. Again he sensed that Alcar had helped him to fully understand spiritual art. He was linked up with Alcar and would remain so. How marvellous that was. Art meant life and after earthly death it stood for love alone. The deeper love was, the greater the beauty in art. What people rated as art on earth was nothing but a material condition; it contained the feeling of the being. This was the absolute truth and it wouldn't belittle art, since man simply happened to live in that attunement.

He saw a still young spirit busy on a great work of art. He clearly saw, and sensed as though it was being grafted into his soul, that the being he was painting represented his mother who still lived on earth. Love, only love! He was depicting her the way he saw and felt his mother, and this was a curious situation. If an artist on earth were to do this, everyone would immediately recognize the being down to the deepest depths of its soul. The being had painted her portrait, but her effigy was surrounded by a symphony of flowers. In various hues and images all her character traits were revealed, it was, in other words, a symbolic representation of her essence. It was beautiful. The flowers bloomed and spread a glorious light. It was magnificent

in its entirety. And yet he felt that something was missing in this piece of work, in the essence, which he would have longed to find there and which a loving mother ought to possess. Immaculate white, that's what he found lacking. Wasn't that power present in her? And again he heard his leader say: 'No, my son, no being from the earth can enter a first spiritual sphere*) because every being on this side must go through his process of purification.' André understood. The being that represented this mother had been a loving mother to her child; he saw this by the splendour of flowers. Yet everything was in human attunement. When she passed on she would also enter the first sphere. Yet he felt how the whole thing radiated a sadness; it was a power that deprived it of its radiation and its happiness, as if he was hampered in his attempt to reach the ultimate. It was touching to see and to feel what obstructed the painter. In a clear vision he was shown an image which made him sense and understand that sadness. He saw a being in the dark spheres who was trying to free itself out of that darkness. The continuous appeals got through to the being and enveloped the whole thing with a haze that contained all its sorrow. Unaware of all this, he laid these powers in and around his mother. It was the force that counteracted his ability to offer perfection; it blocked his own personality. André sensed the deep significance of this problem. Only after his father had become one of the happy ones too, would he be able to create pieces of art. He was tied by a link of love; he would have to help his father himself; it would further his development, his art would profit from it because his inner self would rise by giving himself for the sake of others. Only then would the being be able to reach perfection in the sphere in which it dwelt. They were waiting for him to make his own decision when he had clearly sensed that he should descend. Afterwards he would make rapid progress due to his release from disturbances. On earth an artist senses all these conditions of feeling, but these transitions are not felt within love.

Again André noticed that his leader was helping him. He now heard him say: 'When he feels that he must descend, Ambrosius will tell him, and explain to him how he can develop by helping others. His inner condition will have changed when he returns from his

*) The fourth sphere on the side beyond is the first spiritual sphere of existence. (ed.)

pilgrimage, and this will also make him understand that complete spirituality will be attained in the first spiritual sphere, which is Summerland. That's what life is like here; one has to possess love in order to accomplish something in the spirit. If man follows an other track, his development comes to a standstill and everything is selfishness. Nothing but the personal wish to be something special. But man has a will of his own and so he will act in keeping with his feelings.'

André understood everything. Here they could do whatever they wanted, but it would be better to follow that other track which a higher spirit had taken.

Alcar's little dog came trotting towards him. The little animal jumped up at him and wagged its tail and André sensed what it wanted. They were to go on. When he let the animal sense this by focussing his concentration, it turned around and walked towards Alcar whom he saw approaching from afar. How mighty love was. An animal in the spheres understood everything, because intelligence brought about a link which stood for feeling and life.

Ambrosius and his leader were approaching; the end was near. They would be ascending to visit other conditions. The spirit went up to him and looked him deeply in the eye without speaking, so that André felt a radiant love flowing through him. This look contained everything; words would not be able to express this feeling. It was love, nothing but love. Alcar said goodbye and his little dog jumped about for joy. Yet the end had also come for the animal. Alcar called it, stroked and addressed it with endearments. How mighty this moment was for André, when he thought of Alcar's earthly life and the life he possessed now. He couldn't find the right words to explain these different lives.

'We will first say goodbye to our friend, André, and then continue on our way. Come and stand here next to me.'

Again André saw a heavenly miracle occur, which could only happen in the spheres, in the life after death. The animal looked at both of them, turned around suddenly and disappeared through the wall, it had entered its animal sphere, the miracle had taken place. It had vanished like a shadow. There were no words to describe this and André didn't even try to solve this problem by himself. It was stu-

pendous and true, like everything Alcar had shown and made clear to him until now. Everything was power, this power was love, nothing but love, attunement in the spirit.

‘And now on to the second sphere, my son; there is still a lot I must explain to you.’

‘Who is Ambrosius, Alcar?’

‘He was a monk on earth. He is a spirit from the third sphere, but he prefers to do work here. The things he wasn’t able to accomplish on earth he now does on this side, namely linking up with all of life. When he returns to earth he wants to live a different life and no longer will he let himself be locked up to undergo self-chastisement. At present he says: Now that I know how God intended life on earth to be, I call for strength and ask God that I may return to earth and experience life by meaning something for others and by being allowed to love life. He wants to live amongst people like a normal human being. Not as a hermit, awaiting his end closed in between walls. Ambrosius calls out loudly, together with many others: ‘I want to live, live the life I deprived myself of on earth.’ We will now move on quickly to reach the second sphere.’

Alcar moved on in a flash and they entered the second sphere. André saw many spirits who were all wearing beautiful garments and were younger than those he had seen in the first sphere. He had met them on his previous journey; now he was getting to know their life. The houses and other buildings had greater beauty and were different in style from those in the first sphere. Here too he saw buildings that had been erected by higher spirits. Alcar had already explained their meaning to him, so that he understood it all. There were children here, and the older ones from the first sphere had shed their old age and were young and handsome. Deformed beings as one saw on earth didn’t live here. Disfigurement was unknown in the life after death; here all were beautiful and young, in keeping with their inner attunement and their feeling. Here human beings grew up until they had reached the fourth cosmic attunement. The people would possess grandeur and beauty according to their sphere, their attunement, their feeling, until they entered the first spiritual sphere, where they would accept their inner and outer spiritual attunement. Afterwards man continued on his path, his long path

of life, and would keep on evolving, higher and higher, to enter the ALL one day. André thanked Alcar for this clear message which he had conveyed in spiritual language. This was how they spoke in the spirit, he had understood and sensed every word clearly.

‘How beautiful everything is, Alcar.’

‘Not only beautiful but true as well; there is truth in everything. Here, André, the old become young again, and young ones become old, until they have reached the first cosmic degree in spiritual attunement, as I just conveyed to you. Those who were deformed on earth become normal again; here disfigurement is unknown. The blind will see, the deaf will hear, those who lost arms or legs on earth will be restored to normality when they enter this life. The spiritual body cannot be destroyed. The human being who dwells here is beautiful forever. You will be able to admire the arts in this sphere, but we won’t remain here for long because I will wait until we get to the fifth sphere to show you our art. All the same, I wanted you to also experience this form of art first so you would see the mighty difference between the art they possess here and the art in my sphere and all higher regions.’

Again André saw people who were accompanied by their earthly friends and were linked by love. Birds were singing their song and flowers decorated this sphere wherever man was. Every being that lived here wanted to ascend, because it already felt that warmth from higher regions. Nature too was full of beauty, and plains, mountains and water were to be seen. They entered a temple of great splendour. All around the building plants and fruittrees blossomed, and when he entered he saw that these also grew inside the building. Their pure life was inherent in everything, even though the beings who dwelt here didn’t yet feel released from materially minded thoughts. Again André walked into a building dedicated to the spiritual arts, highly curious to know what he would experience next. Large boulders in all colours lay in front of him. He saw stones enveloped in a pale blue haze, other ones had various hues, but he liked the blue ones most. There were very mellow colours too, but it puzzled him how they came by these beautiful marble-like stones on this side. Here everything was present that could serve mankind, but it was all much more beautiful than on earth. On earth no one could imagine

what spiritual possession was like. Here all the colours mingled. It contained life and this life radiated light. Art in all its forms radiated; all of life possessed spiritual power that was love. Here too he saw various beings who were busy on a work of art. He saw a beautiful depiction, surrounded by many figures and representing something symbolical. Lots of spirits were working on it. Together they were creating this work of art, but one of them was the master. On top of this depiction he saw a globe resembling the earth being carried by dozens of human figures and surmounted by a cross made of snow-white marble. The cross silhouetted sharply and it filled everyone who looked at it with reverence for the Creator.

‘What does it represent, Alcar?’

‘This sculpture, my son, depicts how man bears and represents life. The globe symbolizes the earth, the cross is life and designates Christ.’

The figures that carried it were as large as life. The whole object was magnificent, and love showed up in its entirety. All those who participated in this and gave their powers felt love. The sculpture radiated and they too radiated this power of love. It meant happiness to be allowed to accomplish something like this. Oh, how beautiful, how mighty this art was. A little further along he saw how a being was working on a temple and that he was shaping it out of coloured marble. It represented a cathedral with many towers. The image was magnificent, of such intense beauty and splendour that it moved André deeply. How could the feeling for art possibly develop to such heights? On earth this level could never be reached. Spires like gossamer had been carved in marble. The entire sculpture was some thirty feet high. It was strangely beautiful and hardly credible. A little further on he saw something he had frequently encountered in many places, namely the spiritual fountain, which a spirit was busy sculpturing from a large block of coloured marble. This image, this artistic gem, had a sacred meaning. He had been allowed to behold it in Alcar’s dwelling and on his first journey in the third sphere.

Whom was this fountain intended for? Did it also serve in this sphere to urge man to accept this divine gift of inner power and love? Did its present shape symbolize the driving force? An inner voice told him that he had sensed correctly, and so he knew that

here too Alcar was following him in everything. No words were spoken here, because they weren't allowed to create a disturbance, and he also understood why he was being left on his own in the first sphere.

The fountain symbolized their life; not until they had entered the third sphere would they receive this gift. They would then join an order and become members after they had arrived in the fourth sphere. André understood this because Alcar had already told him about it. Just as the beautiful building in the first sphere was meant to incite those dwelling there to take themselves in hand, likewise the fountain would shortly make its powers felt and urge them to action.

It was beautiful and pure, the way this had all been artfully depicted in stone. Everything reflected the gently beckoning, yet pressing thoughts of higher spirits, conveyed by them in order to support those who dwelt here. What moved him all the time was this quiet hint, this loving call to show them the light, to make them sense the happiness which they carried within, and sensed to be present in their own sphere. Artists from a higher sphere had descended to help their sisters and brothers, and this was brought about by the high level of their art which enabled them to see and feel that it was possible to ascend. But how did people on earth go about these things? There they just eyed the object of art; they didn't sense the love of the creative being. Nor was this possible on earth, because the feelings that prevailed here were attuned to a higher sphere than that of the earth. Here in the second sphere, where he was now, he saw art which had to be felt in order to fully understand it. The human being who dwelt here had been roused and was ready to enter the third sphere, where even greater happiness awaited him. Life would have even greater splendour, the flowers and nature would be even more beautiful, the people would be even younger who dwelt in the third sphere. Everything would be different; a continuous ascent towards the realm of the heavens, towards God's own House where a place is reserved and kept open for everyone on earth. Man keeps on going, further and further and accordingly every sphere has its own form of art, to the extent in which feeling finds attunement in the spirit, because man creates in keeping with his

feeling, his awareness of love. The fact that many leaders come down here from a higher sphere to support them and sacrifice themselves to comfort them and to teach them to become skilled in art, merely serves the former to become released so that they will be allowed to enter the fourth sphere, which is only possible by helping others. Those who live here will also be enabled to enter higher spheres in this way. That is why the fountain is depicted, which will urge them to mean something to others and to take themselves in hand. Here they busy themselves with art, but only in the fourth sphere is the perfect form found, in spiritual attunement. We know all too well that our form of art cannot be perfect because we are still children in the spirit, and in our feeling, in our love, even if we are angels and attain this attunement. But as even this art is on a much higher level than that on earth, the two cannot be compared.

And now on to the third sphere!

Alcar met André halfway and they left the spiritual studio to visit the third sphere. They glided onward.

‘You have lots of surprises ahead of you on this journey, André, but there is also great happiness in store for you, which you couldn’t possibly experience on our previous journey.’

‘Are you going to let me admire art in every sphere, Alcar?’

‘No, not quite, I still have other conditions to explain to you.’

‘Are you going along with me to the sixth sphere?’

‘That’s not possible either, but my master, whom you already met on earth and were allowed to work for, will accompany you.’

André fell silent after these simple words; they concealed a problem. Why should he have to go to even higher spheres? Why was all this necessary? Hadn’t he received enough wisdom yet? On his previous journey he wasn’t able to visit the fifth sphere and now he was to visit even higher spheres. Whom was this intended for? God’s sacred powers nonetheless enabled him to enter and acquire a condition which even Alcar hadn’t reached yet. His leader’s master was to guide him; what had made him deserve all this? There wouldn’t be any time then to visit his little child. Alcar had set up his grandiose plan and there was a lot he would yet receive and be allowed to experience during this journey. Of course these were the many surprises, the great happiness which he would partake of. The sixth and

the seventh sphere! His mind reeled. And yet it hurt to have to leave his leader. He would rather stay with him, which would mean even greater happiness to him. He kept on thinking about this, he couldn't tear himself away from it, it occupied his mind. In Alcar's house a higher spirit, Ubronus, had shown him around. He too was all love, and he lived in the sixth sphere. That's where he was to go now. It was unbelievable.

'Isn't it wonderful, my son, to be able to visit the highest spheres? Doesn't it make you feel happy?'

'It's all very well, Alcar, but I would rather stay with you, no matter how beautiful it is. Why is this necessary?'

'I'll explain it to you. You know that I returned to the earth to tell the people about our life. But I'm not the only one, thousands of others are members of that order. Now we all want to show our life to you, as our instrument, so it will be made known to the people. In that way we will be able to give them a clear image of the spheres, and also how to reach them. It's my task to show you conditions and attunements as well as connections, and so you still have the sixth and seventh sphere ahead in order to get a clear picture of all the existential spheres in the spirit, which my master believed to be necessary. I received my support from that order, and they have given me the appropriate power. Thousands come to earth in that way, spread out over all the various countries. Our wisdom and our life is conveyed in various languages. Not until you have seen all the existential spheres will man realize how colossal the happiness is that awaits him on this side. Afterwards we will visit other conditions and undertake other journeys. So the sixth and the seventh sphere are the attunements you will visit together with a being of a higher attunement, because I am neither able nor allowed to ascend beyond my own sphere. Afterwards you will return and accompany me back to earth, and then this journey will have been accomplished too. So remember all the things you will be shown, because now you know that it was my master who sent me to the earth, and that you carry out their work on earth. Don't forget that many eyes will be watching you from our side and the same applies to many others who perform work that is similar to yours and who serve higher powers on earth. Let everything signify merely happiness to you; it

will strengthen you in the spirit and provide you and many others with wisdom. You are allowed to enter those higher spheres because you perform and accomplish our work with love.

Look, there in front of us lies the sphere that connects the third and the fourth sphere. We will remain in the third sphere. The first rays of light are shining on us and we will soon be entering the third sphere.'

André saw various beings coming towards them, who were all skilling themselves in some study or other and who were gliding along in the same way. Alcar had already explained to him previously where they had come from and what they were training themselves for, and consequently he now understood this encounter. They were all students who, guided by higher spirits, were finishing their studies on this side which they had started on earth. But their studies had to find attunement in the spirit, otherwise it would not be possible and they would have to unlearn all the knowledge they had acquired on earth. Here everything served to bring happiness to people; everything was love, nothing but love. Therefore everyone must first have reached Summerland; a study in the spirit was impossible beforehand. They had to know the spiritual powers of all the other spheres that lay beneath their own attunement, which would enable them to link up. It needed spiritual possession to link up in the spirit; otherwise they would dwell in deep darkness and wouldn't be able to perceive. Light in the spirit meant possessing love; here in this life there was only wisdom and happiness. Linking up meant knowledge and transition into another condition, and this could only be brought on by love. Everything was so simple but he also knew how hard it was for man on earth to give love. He had to efface himself, but that was what man did not want. But in the spirit there was only one way, one possibility to reach the light, eternal happiness, and that was by sacrificing oneself for others.

They went on and on, and entered the third sphere. André had already been here several times before. During his first journey Alcar had returned to the deepest darkness and in a flash they had linked themselves up with the Valley of Sorrows. Nevertheless, they now entered a region of this beautiful land which was still unknown to him. Again he saw everything differently. It was all new to him; he

kept on seeing other conditions. He could have dwelt here for centuries and written thick volumes about a single sphere. He was always touched when he entered. How beautiful the third sphere was. This was sacred and yet these people's feelings were material. They were not yet free from material thoughts. Only here would they pass on into the spirit. Years of strenuous battle awaited them before they could reach Summerland. He saw a beautiful country stretched out before him with enormous mountains and valleys. The mountains soared up into the heavens and magnificent temples had been built on protruding tors. Art, only art, spiritual possession that served mankind. He saw a beautiful temple in the distance that had been made of varicoloured stone. The entire building radiated in a way it could never have radiated in any other sphere he had previously been allowed to visit. Everywhere he saw beautiful sculptures that adorned the surroundings. Symbolic decorations had been applied all around the temple and now he understood that this temple was taken care of by higher spirits. The building radiated light from all sides, everything was alive due to the power of the being. Here in this sphere they lived, here they were happy. This was a mighty difference to the first and the third sphere. Nature here was like in the fourth sphere, the very image of that attunement. This also served to urge those who lived here to attune to the fourth sphere. Everything he saw seemed like a miracle to him.

‘What does that temple mean, Alcar? It's so beautiful.’

‘It's the temple we call the universe, where you will shortly become linked up with the universe. We have temples of this kind in various parts of this sphere in order to urge the being to develop. As you know, we do this here in silence; no being will ever put pressure on any other form of life, because here everyone acts of his own free will and according to his feeling. No power, strong though it may be, can ever change that. As I said, this is the temple designated to the universe; there are also temples for music and all other forms of art and science. Here the spirit has everything at its disposal. These temples also serve to sit for exams in certain arts or sciences, which higher spirits put themselves out for. Afterwards the human being passes on to higher spheres. When they ascend, the spheres celebrate, as you were allowed to witness during our first journey.’

André had a vivid recollection of his first disembodiment. He had felt great happiness when he returned to earth. He had seen hundreds of people gathered. They were happy everywhere. They played and enjoyed themselves, danced heavenly dances and floated about in space. It was a mighty spectacle to behold. They were all like children, pure in their deeds and purged of all earthly thoughts. Nowhere did he sense any form of restraint; here the being was himself. He clearly sensed this great happiness to be able to be himself. What was it like on earth and in the dark areas? What he had seen in the darkness had been terrible; here everything was pure love. On earth people made life unbearable for each other, they couldn't live as they wanted to; they were obstructed by others. Here all were one, linked in love. Oh, what a possession, what a blessing. He saw flowers and fruits and many other products of nature. Here nature served man, like on earth, but this was spiritual life. André took a fruit and a delicious juice flowed into his mouth that invigorated him. It was delicious, but who would believe him? Birds in ineffable colours flew all around him. They lived in the company of man and were aware of their life. They were one with the life that God had laid down in everything. It was miraculous what he experienced in the life after death. Ahead of him a little creek flowed by, coloured by the hues of flowers and nature around, and reflecting life. The beings were singing songs, the birds accompanied them and thanked their God of love and righteousness. Here he saw no dance of life; their love towards God showed up in everything; it was a prayer towards their Father. What a mighty difference there was to those who dwelt in the dark areas. How bestialized they were down there, and how exalted all these human beings were here. They were children in the spirit, children of one Father. André sensed what these dances stood for. It expressed their happiness, it showed their gratitude, a deep feeling and understanding. They floated about as gently as the wind, descended with graceful movements, the beings sensed all this in their deepest depths, and everything was love, a prayer, expressed in art. How mighty this happening was. If man on earth hadn't messed up his life, he would receive all this when his life down there had expired. In this vastness he saw beings walking about arm in arm, surrounded by heavenly beauty and happiness. Here

men and women from earth lived together and were united forever. United in love, men, women and children, twin brothers and sisters and twin souls. Wasn't this glorious and didn't it make earthly man happy to know this? One day all beings of the earth would know this happiness; no one would be exempted; God's house had many mansions. Every child would be looked after, every being would be endowed by God with a happiness unknown on earth. Some would arrive here sooner than others; yet one day their happiness would attain perfection if they followed the right track. Here old people were no longer to be found, everyone looked rejuvenated and handsome. Here they lived in an enhanced condition. The further they got, the more beauty there was in nature; life was the love man felt and possessed. From here he had a better view of the building than when they had entered this sphere. His leader was walking towards the temple, they would soon have reached it. He now saw lots of large and small towers, and the entire structure had been decorated with symbolic images. The highest peak was out of sight; this building had been erected to reach up into the sky. On top of one of the towers he saw a spherical dome, with lots of little globes all joined to form a circle. He saw a similar representation on other towers and now he understood the meaning because Alcar had told him beforehand.

'Is that where we are going, Alcar?'

'Yes, André.'

When they had got a little closer, he saw that the temple was grounded on a vast plateau and had been erected in coloured marble. It was majestic; he couldn't find the words to express the art and architecture that pervaded this temple. It radiated light as if it were lit up by invisible powers. The building was open on all sides, just like every spiritual dwelling, and he saw flowers, life and happiness.

'We will enter, André, a lot will be revealed to you.'

Powerful foundations supported the entire building. The first thing he perceived and recognized as he entered was the spiritual fountain which they possessed in every sphere. It had been rendered in a grandiose and beautiful manner. Wisdom, power and love had come together in this fountain. Every being focussed its powers of concentration on these indispensable gifts; without this wisdom life had

no meaning here. Without love there was no happiness, without happiness everything was cold and barren and meant dwelling in the dark areas. Every being bore this fountain deep within; it was God's holy Power. It was surrounded by flowers and fruits, birds and greenery, these were the fountain's decorations. Inside the temple the birds sang their songs too, and lived together with the being that dwelt here and tuned in to even higher spheres. They lived in gratitude towards God; all of life lived for Him and through Him. He saw the same representation on the fountain as on the various towers he had perceived outside, but here the depiction had been carried out in stone of various colours. He clearly sensed and saw the meaning of this miracle. It showed planets and stars, everything was one, a small-scale universe, a tiny part of the mighty universe that God has created. All this was God and in his heart he bowed down deeply before the splendour that was being shown to him. Many beings passed him by; it was as if he dwelt in their midst. They all wore beautiful garments that gleamed in harmony with their inner power, with the love they bore. Suddenly he heard beautiful singing, he felt himself being lifted up and linked up with other bodies. Higher, he heard in his ears, man wants to reach his God on high. Up and away towards our common Father. They all joined in singing and were happy. It touched him down to the depths of his soul and a pure feeling flowed through him. Again he heard the singing, just as he had once heard it before in the spheres. Peacefully, just as it had started, it died down again and the song ended. In every happy sphere man sang his spiritual song; it was his prayer, it conveyed his feelings.

Alcar continued his way into the temple and André followed his leader in his footsteps and couldn't stop crying out with amazement because of all the beauty he perceived. There were so many miracles to be seen. Proverbs had been laid out in various flower arrangements that everyone would immediately understand. These flower arrangements symbolically represented certain thoughts. This form of art was equally remarkable to him. Just as gardens were decorated on earth, here nature had created pieces of art that refined feelings had accurately calculated. He immediately sensed one of these representations. It was: From darkness into the light. He saw the dark

hues; the various colour transitions had been smoothly made, and they had used large and small flowers to accomplish this. The darkness was jet-black; the flowers that mildly merged into the light and finally ended as snow-white lilies were as soft as satin. This was a piece of nature and at the same time it symbolized a condition of life, woven together by nature. The whole representation consisted of a flower bed in which the flowers blossomed forever and would never wither. Life meant the sphere and when the spheres would change it transcended all of life by far; God's holy Power, which made life come alive and bloom. The light cast his shadow ahead of him; one day there would be no more shadow; then man would have become God and had then returned into the universe. In front of him he saw a mighty sight. Thousands of flowers had been gathered into an enormous splendour of colours and in the middle, in the shape of a cross, stood the spiritual lily, snow-white as a symbol of purity. All the other shades would change and merge into pure white; only then would man have become spiritual. Man, change your inner being, it seemed to tell him, attune yourself and cleanse yourself of all colour until you have received the immaculate garment. Only then will you find peace and keep on following your path.

Everything existed to serve mankind, to urge him on to spiritual enrichment. There was nothing they wanted more than life to be happy. Blue was the healing colour, red and mellow purple were the colours of attunement to various qualities of feeling in the arts. The symbol was so simple, yet deep, but not too deep either, so that life would be able to encompass it. Here they felt the meaning, because they possessed love. Over there he saw a seven-pointed star in flowers. What could that work of art stand for? he thought. He tried to link up, yet he couldn't sense it. He immediately heard the soft inner voice, the spiritual language that said to him: 'This denotes the fourth mentality in cosmic attunement.' André understood: there were flowers which he hadn't seen in any of the spheres; even to the human being who dwelt here this form of life was unknown. And yet it was reality; they knew, they sensed that other beings, higher than they themselves surrounded them, but here they weren't able yet to feel their higher existence. During his last journey Alcar had

explained various mentalities to him and now he also understood the deep meaning of this representation. It was taken care of by unknown powers. He silently thanked Alcar for this clear explanation. He saw many other floral sculptures that symbolized higher spheres. There were also images of planets and stars, moons and suns, even the total universe had been pictured in flowers and in colour, in an eternal life. It was life, it was God.

‘Here, my son, all the attunements are known to us as living shapes.’ he heard Alcar say. Come, on we go, higher up.’

The building was strange. André felt that it had been built on a circular basis and that they ascended as they went. They moved on, describing large circles, and here too everything was decorated with flowers from the spheres. Wherever man dwelt, there were flowers and other forms of life could be found. Man never felt lonesome, he was always surrounded by young and beautiful life. He thought it would never come to an end; his leader continued his way up. At last they had reached the highest part and his leader stopped. A spirit, in a silvery white garment stepped up to Alcar, as if he had been expecting his arrival. André wanted to stop and wait, but he motioned to him to come closer. The being had a beautiful appearance.

‘My brother Alcar, God be with you.’

André heard how his leader addressed the spirit with Aloisius. Then the spirit went up to him and spoke the following words which filled him with happiness.: ‘My André, I knew that you were coming. A lot of wisdom will be given to you.’

André had no time to think how the spirit knew who he was; after all, they were all familiar with each other here and they knew everything. He was speechless. Aloisius took his leader by the arm and together they continued their way. He followed them in their traces and his heart beat with bated emotion when he thought what his next experience would be. Where were they, what would this spirit show him? Everyone seemed to know Alcar; those who possessed a lot of love were known to everyone. André felt happy that he was already allowed to dwell in their presence at this stage, even though the time was short and he would have to return to the earth. They had passed through various halls and now he noticed that it was getting increasingly dark. What was this?

He didn't understand it at all, he didn't know what this meant. The further they proceeded into the building, the darker it got. At last they arrived in a large hall where they stopped and where various machines were grouped together. Was this an observatory? It looked very much like one. The light had changed into a bluish haze. Alcar joined him, because Aloisius had disappeared into another room. They took a seat on a bench and waited for the things that would happen. A few of the apparatus were set in action and they heard a soft droning sound. Right above him he saw a spherical dome in a sheer blue garment. It was like the universe, but there wasn't a cloud to be seen. It got even darker and then it brightened up again and the blue changed into a lighter attunement. Again the light blurred and changed to dark blue. Now he got the feeling as if he were in the universe, everything around him was nature, nothing but open space. It was fabulous what they had achieved. No longer was he in a building, he lived and floated about in space. How mighty this all was. Alcar was sunk in deep thought, said nothing and he also felt how he became linked up. A great event was about to take place. The universe penetrated him, he felt himself to be one; he was linked up by the genius. He peered deeply into that dark, blue, purple-like glow. The end seemed out of sight. Had he been put under some suggestive influence? It was incredible. No, new powers and forces and miracles were being shown to him here which were unknown on earth. He thought he could perceive something in the universe. The firmament became lit up by a soft glow; he didn't know nor could he distinguish where it came from. And now a circle became visible that grew denser and denser and changed its shape. It changed back into a globe, got denser again and now he also saw other globes of light appear in the same manner. Around the first globe another one appeared which enveloped it like a luminous haze. This was how he saw the earth whenever he and Alcar perceived the planet earth from afar. That luminous globe signified the earth's spiritual radiation, but what this one meant he didn't know. Yet it was stupendous. The first globe was getting denser all the time and now it became easier for him to distinguish it and he understood its meaning. He saw a planet rising, and many others rose too. And still more planets appeared, and stars and suns, and everything was alive.

He seemed to be afloat. Yet he felt that he hadn't moved an inch, he was simply one, drawn up into the immense universe. He now saw thousands of bright spots; they all took up a certain place and described a set course, this also was imbued with God's holy power. It was a mighty scene, incomprehensible to him. What could all this mean? he asked himself. So all the planets followed their set orbit, but he also sensed the powerful radiation each of them emitted. Everything had come to him in feeling and he knew some influence was being exerted on him.

Now he clearly heard a voice talking to him: 'The first planet is also the first cosmic attunement. The second one you perceived, which is larger, is the second cosmic attunement. After that the third one, the earth. Then the fourth, fifth and sixth, as well as the seventh cosmic mentality, where Christ dwells. What we are showing you is reality; your leader already told you about this. Here you see the universe appearing before you. Our great Master manifests Himself on all other bodies. Yes, He even fulfilled a mission on earth. On the earth, where you live, man is still in a material, even animal-like attunement, which was already explained to you by your leader and which I have nothing to add to.'

Now André felt that it wasn't Alcar who was talking to him. He was linked up, but he didn't know with whom? Could it be Aloisius?

The voice continued: 'What we are showing to you only serves to make plain to you that all the mentalities are present in the universe, in other words, that there are planets where life exists and that one day man will pass on into the All, after the seventh mentality, when he dies there just like on earth.'

André thought this was wondrous.

'As I already said, our Master Christ lives within the seventh mentality, He Who exerts His holy influence on all other bodies, so that life is urged on to attune to higher conditions. What we are showing you is the cycle of the soul. Man, as a living being, stems from the first attunement and will need thousands of years to follow his path right to the end. Life returns and evolves. Steadily onward, his path keeps on ascending, and it gets harder all the time to link up with higher life. All of us who live in the third mentality, in other words, all the forms of life you will meet during this journey, are cosmically

attuned to the third degree. So all forms of life that exist in the cosmos have an attunement of their own and that attunement is love, the power of love which the being senses and possesses. The first mentality is also the lowest one, where life is in the primal stage of development. The life that exists on that level does not last long and will die soon, either to return, or to pass on to a different, a higher attunement. Which is the second mentality. So the first mentality is the condition in which life is in its initial stage. That is where the cycle of the soul begins. So the second mentality is a higher mentality; the human being, or the life that prevails there, passes on from there to set off for its third degree of development. That is the earth. Life on earth is known to you because that is where you live. It will also be clear to you that the earth, namely the human level, cannot and will not change before all the lower attunements, the life which lives on and within the first and second mentality, has passed on to the third: the earth. So the earth is populated by pre-animal-like beings and, as I already told you, all this denotes the cycle of the soul. In the fourth mentality life lasts hundreds of years and when it dies there, it will go on living here, in the sphere where we are now, where you now live, see and feel, but it's invisible to us, as we don't possess that power of feeling. Those conditions and truths were also explained to you by your leader. In the fifth mentality life goes on for a thousand years and more, and then passes on and later pursues its plan of evolution*). Then there is still the sixth and the seventh mentality. The sixth one is the mentality where life gets even older and is subsequently drawn into the sphere of Christ. So those on earth who believe that they will dwell with Him in paradise will be disappointed, as they don't possess His attunement, nor can they reach it in thousands of years even. But let this be a consolation to them: wherever man is, we are and remain linked up with Him if we really want to, no matter how far away we are from His condition. We live with Him in everything and with everything, because Christ is the perfect Child and because we get to know God through Him. Therefore our life is His life, His life will have to be ours. Through Him, as I said, we get to know God. We can receive His indispensable Love through Christ.

*) See the book: 'The Origin of the Universe'.

The seventh mentality is the planet where man, after he has shed his body, will pass on into the All. It will therefore be clear to you too, that as man evolves his body will change, his feeling will develop to greater beauty and greater height and he will possess a greater and purer love. From the fourth mentality onward life bears a different name and adheres to its cosmic attunement. So everything that belongs to the earth remains on earth; everything will change when life enters a different, a higher attunement. Inasmuch as you are alive, as a human being, inasmuch as the planet earth has a place in the universe, in that measure other bodies exist that also carry life but on a lower or higher attunement. And all this life is God, all this life is love, nothing but love. Great happiness awaits man after he has passed on and entered this life. But even deeper depths of happiness, which we cannot fathom, await us; we will have to bridge even deeper crevices to be allowed to enter Christ's sphere. Yet the time will come, however far away it may still be. You will perceive that the light which the seventh mentality radiates links up all other bodies and shines on them, which will make you understand that Evil is linked up with Good. Again, here we live, here all other mentalities exist, here Christ lives in and with us. You see how all the bodies describe their own orbit and this is how it remains, unless a cosmic disturbance were to obstruct their course. We could explain many things to you, but we can't because this would take hundreds of years, and it would be incomprehensible to those on earth. We will limit ourselves and merely show you that life does not come to an end on earth but that it continues on its course in order to fulfill its cycle into the All. The masters who enabled us to link you up with the universe all dwell in the seventh sphere. The genius that feels itself connected with the cosmos bears a power which enables us to project onto life. So the universe manifests itself within life, because everything you will meet in the spheres of light is alive. These powers aren't yet known on earth, nor will even a thousand years suffice for them to present themselves there, as the earth would first have to change into a seventh sphere in spiritual attunement. Yet on this side the spirit links up with all of life as you have just witnessed. Remember everything, my young brother, and tell them on earth how eternal life already exists down there, and that man can acquire

cosmic wisdom if he follows our path, which is the path of love. You will now return to your previous condition, which is your own attunement, because you were linked up with us during this manifestation. We can convince those who are willing if they will bow down humbly and let the Holy Spirit act upon them. There is no other way, because they haven't reached an existential sphere yet. It's only possible in this sphere to convince man of this truth and to behold this eternal life. The people are guided here from the second sphere and after they have visited the third sphere they will be allowed to enter here. And all this serves to urge man to seek the things on high. I now hand you back to your leader and close off by calling out to you: Tell man on earth what awaits him on this side; eternal life awaits him if he will follow our path which Christ has shown to us.'

André returned to his own condition, and the light appeared to get brighter until he had accepted his previous condition. A great miracle had been revealed to him in the third sphere. The cosmos blurred, the life it contained was no longer visible to him. The link had been broken. Alcar looked at him and smiled.

'Nothing but life, my boy, we're only an atom within the totality which God created. Draw strength from that knowledge in your earthly life.'

Aloisius appeared, took both Alcar's hands and bade him farewell. André thanked the spirit for everything. Their thoughts made them leave the enormous building, to continue on their way.

André sees his child

André was quiet after all the beauty that had been revealed to him. There was so much in store for man once he had entered this place after his earthly life. It was known on this side why the earth was populated by animal-like beings, and how one day the happiness of the spheres would prevail there too. Here they knew why other lives got worn out and their happiness went to pieces. His mind reeled with all these truths. What was the earth compared to all those other planets he had beheld? It was a mere speck within the universe. But

what did man on earth feel himself to be? Down there a single person had the power to destroy a thousand others. Wasn't it sad? What a lot there still was on earth for man to learn. How distant he still was from real, pure love. What he had now received was wisdom in the spirit. How happy man should feel to be allowed to receive all this. Gratitude towards God, the Father of all life, this was what André felt after everything that he had just been shown. He took Alcar's hand in his and thanked him fervently for all this beauty. 'You have given me so much, Alcar, it spells great happiness for everyone.'

'Let us hope that at least a few will awaken, it would suffice to reward us for our work. We will now quickly move on to another condition, where the best part of this journey is awaiting you. You will soon realize where we are heading for now.'

They glided onward and suddenly André sensed where they were going to. It overwhelmed him. The great and sacred love of his leader moved him deeply; they were on the way to the children's sphere. They had already approached the connecting sphere where he had been allowed to behold the spiritual children during his previous journey.

'Alcar, how good you are to me, how did I deserve all this?'

'Take it easy, my son, otherwise you wouldn't be in a fit state to visit your child. Complete tranquility is required.'

But André couldn't control himself and wept. The very thing he had longed for so much was about to happen and come true. He was going to see his child that had left the earth a year ago. He, an earthly human being, would be allowed to visit his child in the life after death. Who wouldn't feel moved by this? To the very depths of his soul it filled him with gratitude towards his leader.

'You give me so much, your goodness knows no limits.'

'You will soon be allowed to greet the young little being.'

'Will I be permitted to take her in my arms, Alcar?'

'I think that would be possible, my son.'

Possible, André thought, so it wasn't quite sure yet? What did Alcar mean by possible? But he wanted to remain calm and await the things that lay ahead. Oh, how happy he felt. The little one dwelt in radiant beauty. It had left the earth in a condition of happiness and

light. It had been cold that morning when he had buried the little one. He had received a beautiful vision at the time, which had allowed him to perceive the spiritual life. Snow had covered the earth, but there was nothing but light and happiness here. Death wasn't the end, death meant life. Here his deceased child lived forever, eternally. He would return to earth with a marvellous message for her, Gommel's mother. He could tell her that her Gommel was alive and had grown into a beautiful, pure being.

They entered the children's sphere; a tranquility prevailed, so heavenly and of such intensity as he had never felt before. Love, and flowers in fantastic colours everywhere; the buildings and temples where the little ones dwelt were immaculately white. What would she look like after that one year? He would recognize her amidst thousands. The love, the spiritual bond ensured the eternal connection with this young life. From afar he saw the little ones playing in nature. Now that he was on the brink of the great happening André felt himself turning quiet. A unknown feeling of tranquility came over him. Where was his little girl? What would she look like? Countless thoughts ran through his mind. Would he be allowed to hold her in his arms? This hadn't been possible the previous time he was here, together with Alcar. He had been permitted to see her from afar. A bluish haze had kept her hidden from sight. It was nearly incredible, would he be allowed to hold a spiritual being in his arms? Wouldn't this be too overwhelming for him? Wouldn't the feeling of happiness be too much? At some distance away from him numerous foster mothers were taking a walk with their little ones. They were like brightly shining suns, they all radiated love, nothing but love. None of these children knew anything about an earthly life; only later would they get to know, as they too sensed every connection. They strolled along a beautiful avenue, surrounded by flowers of the spheres, and all this was intended for the life that existed here. How beautiful nature was, the birds were singing their lovely, pure songs. Flowers spread their fragrance, everything radiated light. It was heavenly. A bit further on he saw the little ones who had reached the age of three. They would subsequently go on to other spheres, and in the end they would enter the existential sphere to which they were attuned. They would subsequently continue their way to higher ar-

as, where even more happiness awaited them. To André's left and right beautiful sculptures represented fairy-tales for the little ones to learn from. This would familiarize them with life. They didn't learn any languages like on earth; here they passed directly on into life. Their love was their wisdom; they could link up with anything, they simply merged into it. Their feeling was their knowledge; they didn't need to learn how to add two and two together. Here they learnt to love the Creator of all the things surrounding them. They would appreciate beauty, feel love for everything that lived, in order to give this to others, which in turn attuned them to God. No dark clouds would obscure their happiness. Here tranquility prevailed, spiritual happiness which no-one could disturb. The gates to this paradise would remain closed to those who didn't bear this attunement within. This was a sacred land; this was where she lived and where he was allowed to dwell because he was being helped by his leader. Beautiful parks, snow-white temples made of marble and other kinds of stone were all around. Various brooks, as white as silver, flowed through this sacred land along banks that were decorated with flowers on both sides, and birds were swimming around in them. It was a marvellous splendour. This was where man dwelt as a young being. They had come to this place from the earth. Yet mothers refused to part with their little ones because they wanted to keep the child as their personal property. But those who 'knew' would be able to bear the sorrow with great ease and submit everything into God's safe hands. Thousands of children from the earth dwelt here, all the nationalities were gathered. Royal children lived here, and the poorest of the earth too. Here no distinction was made, nor was it felt. Here they were all one, they lived in happiness, knew no jealousy or envy like children felt on earth. Everything was mighty. If the mothers on earth were allowed a mere glimpse how their little ones were cared for, they would be willing to submit everything. If they could accept, this would entail happiness for their entire life on earth, and the sorrow God had imposed on them could then be borne. God took the young life on Himself and looked after it in this way. But man wanted things to be entirely different. Man wanted to possess, yet this was not the way, it wasn't wisdom and truth, this wasn't God's intention. Man should and would live in submission

and confide in God's holy Guidance. People forgot and refused to accept that one day their children would be their brothers and sisters; even that mother love would dissolve within this higher form of love; but that was not what man wanted, on earth they only knew an earthly kind of love; they wanted nothing to do with spiritual love and accordingly they didn't understand all this sacred things. Their feelings were adapted to matter. Now that he saw and knew how his child was being taken care of, he wouldn't want to possess it on earth. He couldn't give her this happiness. It would mean depriving her of happiness. He was the earthly father, God was the Father in eternal life.

They had now reached a large building erected in a forceful style in snow-white marble. The building was a work of art in itself and this was where the little ones lived. He hardly dared to approach it. How it radiated, every part of it revealed the happiness which the little ones carried within and which denoted their attunement. Wherever he looked he discovered beautiful temples. Could one imagine a higher form of art? Of all that man would ever accomplish, to him this was perfect. The building stood on a platform and was surrounded by a terrace; flowers and fruit trees had furthermore been planted around the whole building, all intended as a decoration and to support mankind, thereby increasing its happiness too. On the steps he saw a radiant spirit who was apparently waiting for them. Had they been informed here too of his arrival? He had sensed something similar in the third sphere. The being was dressed in a beautiful garment of light. It radiated so intensely that he didn't dare look at it, and he feared that he would disturb the brilliant rays with his gaze. The spirit smiled at his leader from afar. Oh, what a beauty, who was she?

Alcar went up to the being and André saw that his leader knelt down before her. 'Brother Alcar', he heard her say, 'God be with you.'

Alcar was known everywhere in this infinite space. André knelt down too and waited what would happen. Alcar carried on a conversation with the angel, but he didn't want to eavesdrop. He thought of God and asked for strength to prepare him for this sacred event. Suddenly he heard something rustling that was coming towards him. A soft heavenly voice said to him: 'Get up, André, and look at me.'

André looked up, two radiant eyes gazed at him, a love came over him as he had never yet felt. Where did this being live, he thought, was it God Himself? The spirit smiled; André sensed that she had taken on his thoughts.

‘André’, she spoke, ‘risen from the earth into a heavenly realm to visit your child?’

So they knew here why he had come?

The being immediately said to him: ‘Wouldn’t we know whom you came for?’ She looked from him to his leader and he understood this glance. It had been his Alcar who had taken care of everything. André was to see his child.

‘She’s alive, André, she is beautiful and happy; she will be even happier when she meets her father.’

André trembled.

‘Be strong, André, you shouldn’t be in this state when you’re about to approach your child.’

André looked at the beautiful being and a deep tranquility descended into him.

‘Take a walk through nature, André, and try to link up with life. We will come to fetch you soon to escort you to your child. God will permit you to approach your child if you will attune to her condition. This joy will be granted to you very soon. Attune to life; we will help you. So be calm and happy, André. Pray to God that He may link you up and attune you. The being must not sense anything of your earthly life. Nothing of your inner self may pass onto her, because she has not known the earth. You know that you haven’t acquired this sphere, and that you will have to attune to it. Ask God for support, André, only He can help you and give you the power to become linked up with her. Go, my son. Amidst all this beauty it will become possible for you to link up. Call us when you feel that you are linked up. To be one with everything means to approach life in love.’

André was alone. Alcar and the angel of the spheres had left. His heart wept, big tears ran down his cheeks, it had moved him deeply. He would shortly see his child if it was possible for him to link up. He just couldn’t simply barge in, and now he understood why his leader had said that he thought this would be possible. Now he felt

the possibility of this great happening. Oh, he wanted to see his child; he wouldn't be back here again soon. He had to prepare himself to be admitted to his own child. She too, the mother of his child, would experience a similar condition when she would pass over on earth. Not only she, many other mothers would also have to attune, if they wanted to see their children again. He had to prepare himself; he hadn't thought of that, it hadn't crossed his mind. Nobody would think of that, unless one knew this life. They had left him on his own so he would be able to link up completely; he had to come to his senses and no-one would disturb him while he did so. On the contrary, they wanted to help him because here they knew that his powers were inadequate. He had to attune, but to what? He thought it over deeply for a long time. Attune to his child, to another life? He had to try to approach God in simplicity and humility for the sake of a life that possessed a higher attunement. Wasn't it love, pure love which he ought to possess? It would acquaint him with yet other spiritual laws. Man on earth refused to accept these laws. Yet he had to; he wouldn't see his child before he had learnt to bow his head to approach her in humility and to feel love for all of life. His possession dwelt here amidst this beauty. Was this child his possession? He was the father, yes, an earthly father; a heavenly Father made him familiar with other spiritual laws. How intensely he loved his child, how he loved his little spiritual being. He was merely the connection that linked him up with this being. The vision had shown him clearly enough, it applied to everyone, to all the fathers and mothers of the earth. Only now did he understand what it meant to be a father and a mother on earth. What kept the world, the planet earth going? Fathers and mothers. Who imbued a being with intelligence? God, God alone. That's why life was God and man could not and must not believe that it was his possession. Man had no possessions, the only thing man possessed was his inner condition. The love for all of life was still so remote to them. It would take hundreds of years yet before man would live in keeping with this knowledge. So he would continue to tread his path as Alcar showed, taught and explained to him. That path was the path of eternal life, the path leading upward. Man on earth made demands, yet he was ignorant. He didn't know the life in which he lived, he wouldn't get

to know it in this way, although he was meant to, because that was why he was on earth. The birth of her child could make a mother awaken. But many experienced this physically; the spiritual aspect wasn't felt. Only now, in the condition he was in at present, did he understand what his leader had explained to him concerning the important fact that a mother on earth could awaken by bearing a child. How many on earth were roused by this sacred event in this attunement? One in a million. Only here would the mother awaken, but then it would be too late. A mighty process was not understood. How great this moment was for him, how mighty it was to possess a child. He saw many mothers from the earth arrive here who all thought that they could simply see their loved ones. On earth he so often heard it said that when they passed on their children would be waiting for them. Oh, the disappointment when they entered here would be great. What was required of them they now required of him, but this would cost many a mother an entire earthly life, as they had forgotten themselves during that life. He saw their saddened faces; their pains were terrible, not comparable to earthly pains. What they felt here was distress of the soul. Their souls tore apart because they had to wait, and still wait, and give themselves for others, which they had forgotten or refused to do on earth. For them this paradise remained closed. They had to learn to efface themselves and this was no instant process. In the spirit nothing could be left out. They were broken, body and soul. He was glad that he was in a position to share it with them.

Oh, mothers of the earth, the dearest treasure you lost on earth is alive here on this side in the life after earthly death. Mothers on earth, look what they expect of me, look what I must do to see my child again. I must link up with her, attune to her inner condition if I want to see her again. My child didn't see the sun rise on earth and neither did many others with her; but they all live here, in this paradise. I'm not allowed to approach her as I feel at the moment. Mothers, do you feel what is awaiting you? Do you feel that you too will have to attune to your little ones if you want to see them again? Once you die there and enter here, you too will get to know these laws. Mothers, God neither makes nor knows any distinction. Link up with the life that lives all around and along with you, give love

and develop your inner body. Here one kneels down before the higher form of love and if you're unable to do that, you will have to wait and learn this in other spheres. You won't be admitted ahead of time to all those who are dear to you. No science on earth will be able to help you; it's love that is needed here. Attunement to the being that senses your father love and mother love and that knows your attunement. No being from the earth that is incapable of deeply felt love for all of life will see its own possession again.

André strolled about between flowers in ineffable colours, and tried to link up with life. He wanted to receive a connection, he had to; he would do anything to achieve it. How beautiful it was in this sphere. Happiness flowed into his soul. Deep within he now sensed life, with which he wanted to unite so he would be admitted to that spiritual child. He felt himself growing calm and collected. He sensed how he too became absorbed by life; God descended into his soul. He felt himself becoming one with nature. Everything was in touch with him, and nature told him beautiful poems. He felt united with the flowers he had once talked with on earth. They told him things, and he understood the birds' singing too. It told him everything, he was one with them, with all of life. He was able to follow the life within plants and flowers now. The little creek flowing past him told him what it had experienced and that it joyfully pursued its way. It flowed, but at the same time it sang; it was the song of the spheres. The birds told him what their life signified and he saw God within. God lived in everything. He now saw and felt life in a way which was so very different from that on earth. Down there people simply passed life by, they trampled on it, they ripped it apart without wanting to, without thinking, absent-mindedly. Horrible thoughts were sent off to those who weren't aware of anything. Arrows were shot off, they didn't see how deeply the unspoken inner thoughts struck home at life, something which would after all be shown to them on this side in their film of life. Nothing was ever lost. For a long time he prayed, fervently, intensely, to be allowed to become linked up. He sensed how his inner tranquility increased; a heavenly quietness flowed into him.

'Oh God, link me up with my child, let me descend into life. I will approach Your life in simplicity and humility. Father, if ever

You want to hear me, then do so now. If ever You want to make me happy, then do so now, great and holy Father. I will be like a child, happy with Your wisdom; may Your love enter into me. Father, let me return to earth with this wisdom, so that I will be allowed to convince many mothers, and likewise the mother of this being, how they can meet their loved ones on this side. Father, give me the strength to be allowed to see my child. Let me console and support the mothers on earth, let me experience this for them. Put that holy power into me, link me up with my child. Hear my prayer, Amen.'

An even greater stillness than before came over him. A pure happiness flowed through him; he felt himself sinking deeper and deeper into life. How very far he felt removed from the earth. They were helping him, as one couldn't possibly sense this happiness on one's own. Powers from higher beings brought him into this condition. His thoughts were pure; nothing obstructed him in any way. He was a child of the spheres too; he now harboured the same feeling. He felt love, the pure, genuine love that had been laid down in all things. He had no other thoughts than that beauty, sanctity, love were mere happiness, which overwhelmed him. He couldn't compare his happiness with earthly happiness, couldn't express it in words. What was great happiness over there, compared to his feeling? This was mighty, this was light, the golden light of the spheres in which his child lived. He didn't know how long he had prayed there, but suddenly he felt other powers and when he looked in the direction where they had come from, he saw his leader approaching. Alcar had come to fetch him.

'Come, my boy, your prayer has been heard. We are allowed to enter. God didn't only hear your prayer, he also linked you up with your child. You are now permitted to see your child. Your desire to approach in simplicity and humility brought you into this attunement. She's waiting for us, André. Come, follow me.'

André followed his leader to the beautiful building. How far he had strayed. He saw the beautiful building from afar; but they had soon reached it and entered. They passed through many halls and came into a large space. He saw lots of children gathered and the little ones were dressed in beautiful garments. They all radiated like suns, thousands of children could live here together. In a hall, where

many beings were gathered, he saw the beautiful being who had addressed him. She took a beautiful, angelic child on her arm and moved away from the others. He and his leader followed her in her footsteps; they passed through various other halls until they suddenly stepped outside again, into nature. This building was open too, he had a view in all directions. Outside she entered a kind of summer house, surrounded by flowers and greenery, by birds and other life. Was it his child she was carrying? He heard a soft, heavenly little voice that made his heart beat faster. His child was alive, it had grown up and looked beautiful. He heard her laughing, it was incredible. His leader entered and after a moment Alcar came to fetch him. André entered the summer house. How did he feel, he didn't dare think. Alcar stood beside him, an angelic being was sitting there facing him, she was carrying a child in her arms and that child was his Gommel. Gommel, he thought, I... am here... your father... Dazed with happiness, powerless because a heavenly being was looking at him, he stood there and it seemed as if he himself hadn't been born yet. He felt a heavenly silence coming over him. Two eyes looked at him and he thought he saw God.

'Lydia', he heard, 'Lydia is watching over your child and taking care of it, André.'

He didn't dare look the high spirit in the face, but she spoke to him like a mother, which made him feel alive again.

'Come over to me, André, your child is expecting you, you can take her over from me.'

Filled with gratitude, united in love, he approached the being, took his child from her and locked it in his arms. The great moment had come. The spirit left, his spiritual child lay at his breast. Alcar was sitting beside him, birds were all around him, flowers of the spheres decorated the surroundings; he felt drawn up into paradise; his child, whom he had not been allowed to hold on earth, was beautiful and endearing. He pressed her close, she laughed and talked and was wise and felt that they were one. A spiritual child was resting in his arms. Oh God, how can I thank you? She laid her dark-haired, angelic little head against him and laughed at Alcar. It seemed as if she had known him for years. She sat up again, laughed at him and stroked him with her spiritual little hands so that he had a hard

time controlling himself. He was not allowed to fall back into his previous, his own attunement. How fabulously beautiful the garment was she wore. It was nothing but light and he saw how it kept on changing. Sometimes it was purple blue, and then it would change to palish pink. The being was pure and her little eyes sparkled like emeralds with a soft enchanting gleam. This being was sacred and would later on become his sister. They would remain linked up forever after he had reached her attunement. At present she was one year old according to earthly reckoning, yet she was taller than a child of that age that lived on earth. In the spheres development was faster, there was nothing to impede it. They had no illnesses to cope with; here they only knew happiness. They sensed no obstruction in anything. Here everything was different. Their life was spiritual and the child grew up in heavenly tranquility.

His thoughts turned from her to her mother who lived on earth and continuously thought of her. Oh, what bliss! He saw a light reaching out from the mother to her and he understood that this was the power of her thoughts towards her child. He saw it very clearly. These luminous thoughts radiated around her but rebounded against the being as she couldn't reach her child in this way. How far down had he been forced to descend in order to find and efface himself? She must do the same, if she wanted her love to be felt in the spheres. Yet he was happy to be allowed to see this. It was the link with everything, it was her love for her Gommel. What a distance there was between the earth and him; and yet her thoughts did reach the sphere of the children. Her feeling was focussed sharply, and yet her thoughts wouldn't reach her child. Nothing would disturb the being. But there was one bond, one feeling, one understanding. And all of this was love.

He was one with the child for a long time; they would soon come to fetch it again. How long would this goodbye last? She felt it too and pressed herself against him even more tightly. André felt his strength weakening. He saw the spirit Lydia approaching them like a sun. Again he looked at his child. He descended deeply into the being. Gommel looked at him, then closed her little angel eyes and was lost in profound tranquility. Too profound for him; she was unfathomable to him like this. His child lived way beyond him in

spiritual power. Now he felt the great mercy of this happening even more clearly. The angel took her over from him and left. On the same spot he thanked God for everything given to him. For this quiet, great, sacred happiness. As a last farewell he had kissed Gommel's little hands, the great event was over.

Alcar made him sense that they would go on. André said goodbye to the sphere where his child lived. Hand in hand they glided on, towards another, an even higher attunement. There was a lot still awaiting him.

The fifth sphere: The arts of sculpture and painting

'And now on to the fifth sphere, André.'

Rapidly Alcar moved on. Then came the moment when a golden gleam lit them up, just as he had experienced on his previous journey, when it had stopped him from going on. This time he was allowed to continue.

'Oh, Alcar, how wonderful all this is. Is this your sphere, Alcar?'

'Correct, it's my sphere; there you will see art as you never have before.'

He felt the marvellous radiation, the love of the fifth sphere and this made him feel happy. How many times already had he seen the spheres change? Each time he had seen the light increase in beauty, while the people got younger. Everything changed as he ascended. Man kept on pursuing his course and became transformed. If the people on earth were allowed to cast a glimpse into all this sanctity, thousands would instantly start a different life.

'They will cast a view into the hereafter, André, you will tell them about it on earth.'

Yes, even though they weren't in their thousands, he had still reached many, convinced them of a life that continued forever. He had received many letters; they all thanked Alcar for everything he had given them. This made him feel happy. He would face anything for that. There was one letter in particular that meant more to him than anything on earth. An old lady had passed on with his book in her hands. The last words she had apparently read were about Summerland. That's how they had found her. Wasn't it marvellous

to be able to help mankind in this way? When he was back again on earth to make these wonderful conditions clear to man, it would make even more people happy. It was a mercy and a great fortune to be permitted to know this. Meanwhile they travelled on. Beneath them lay Alcar's sphere. Nature was glorious; a golden haze covered everything. He saw beautiful temples and buildings and again he felt that there was even more beauty here than in the sphere of the children. The scenery of nature all around him was glorious. Alcar told him that they were on the spot where he wanted to be.

'This is where we stay. We will enter one of the temples.'

The temples had been built skyhigh. He saw cathedrals which couldn't be accomplished on earth because the feeling of a master builder on earth had never been developed to such a high degree. They were made out of stone of different colours and had been erected in various styles; all the buildings radiated a stupendous light such as he had never yet seen in any sphere. The walls consisted of spiritual matter and he knew that they were alive, which is why they radiated light. Over there he saw an enormous building, built on a mountain. Hundreds of towers decorated the whole object and he was unable to perceive the highest part. Was this the work of man? Could people accomplish this? It was incredible. Yet it must be true, there was no alternative. Man lived surrounded by all this beauty. God gave him all this happiness, if life attuned to God.

'How can man attune himself to such a high level, Alcar, I see no end, how is this possible?'

'It's just as life feels. This is their attunement of life, and there's no end to life. Their art and also the love they cherish, are in keeping with the way their feeling finds attunement. These temples and buildings find attunement to the sixth sphere with which they are also connected.'

André understood. The things he had seen in the first and the second sphere and all the other conditions, he now saw again in Alcar's own sphere. That's how buildings and temples had reached that height, but that higher attunement wasn't visible to the inhabitants as they didn't bear that love within. Everything was love, this was the possession of all who lived here. Everything was great and sacred in this sphere, he couldn't find the right words for it.

‘All this is mighty, André, but not comparable to the things you will behold in the sixth sphere. The life of those who dwell there will be full of beautiful and even greater happiness, when everything has changed into a spiritual condition. These buildings contain the plastic and painting arts. The sixth sphere is the musical sphere; that is where you will go with my master. Come, we will enter.’

The temple was decorated all around with flowers; without flowers of the spheres life here wasn't unthinkable. How overwhelming this beauty was. He still dwelt in the fifth sphere and there were even higher attunements they wanted to show him. How great the happiness is of those who live here. How great their love is, how beautiful their radiation. Shortly he too would get to know these attunements. ‘God is Life’ it said at the entrance in golden letters. Anyone who entered had to attune to life, to link up in humility. There was nothing he wouldn't do more gladly, and deep down he begged for the strength to be allowed to experience all this too. When he entered the building he felt very moved. What progress these beings had made in art. Was there any end to this? Again he saw the fountain, of greater beauty than in all the other spheres he had been allowed to perceive. Wherever life was, from the very first spiritual sphere onward, there had been love, wisdom and strength; existence was impossible otherwise. He saw righteousness. To all, the fountain represented the inner attunement in the spirit. But God's house contained many mansions; there was room here for every life from the earth. He saw beings everywhere and wherever he looked, everything was love. All the highly attuned souls, men and women, were together here. Here he saw twin brothers and sisters, and twin-souls too. They were one, and forever connected. There were a lot of spirits busy on an enormous task. A younger being was in charge of all of them, he sensed this clearly. The object represented various groupings of statues, it was a splendour of creative power. André heard his leader say that the sculpture represented life. At the base he saw the mother giving birth to a young life. This was surrounded by various other representations and all this had to do with her life on earth. It was a condition within the life of man on earth, all this had once been experienced. The mother – expressed in art – was about to leave the earth, which he clearly sensed, and she would return to

eternal life. It was hewn in stone; the spirit was parting from the physical body, just as he had been allowed to perceive with his aunt and many others. How was it possible to create all this? This was art, felt so profoundly that it was only possible for those who sensed that they were alive themselves. Life was expressed here through art; man saw himself reflected in it; it was his life. He saw battle, grief and sorrow in various representations spread around an ensemble and all this meant life. He was filled with deep awe. The beauty of this art was moving. Other groupings represented all man's character traits, from the animal-like up to the spiritual life. The master who led them all would have to possess deep and sacred feeling. The creative power in man! A master from the sixth sphere was in charge here, there were even some amongst them who lived in the seventh sphere.

He saw that women had a different task here than on earth. Supported by her love, the ultimate was attained. Man as the creator, woman as the serving power. The two were one, twin-souls forever. Happy due to their love, their oneness. If ever life was shown to him on the side beyond, it would be in this condition. If art was at issue, then this was art of the highest degree. There were no words to describe this.

Everywhere André saw angels, who had arrived as spectators because their presence was required. Their powers were needed here too; their love also helped to accomplish this. This was only possible because they were united in love. The entire work was an entire symphony in colours. Every part radiated light in the colour it possessed. Then he saw that whereas clay was used on earth, here a material was applied that radiated light, just as the other stuff did. Strange, he thought, everything is alive here. He would have liked to take some of it in his hands to see more clearly what kind of substance this was and how it could emit light. He looked at his leader who made him understand that he could safely touch it. André thought it would be heavy but to his amazement it didn't weigh anything. Again he was faced with an enigma: it served to make such beautiful themes which were later on hewn in stone. On earth the wind would scatter this material in all directions, nothing would be left of it all. The sculpture would dissolve and wouldn't have a chance to exist.

‘How is this possible, Alcar, it has no weight and yet such beautiful sculptures are made out of it.’

‘This can be explained in a few words. Spiritual substance, my son, because life possesses the gravity that matches its feeling and with which it has one attunement. The spheres get more rarified and man changes. Likewise art and all other substances of life will radiate light, just as everything lives and feels.’

André understood; the spheres got more rarified and everything changed into a higher attunement.

‘In the first sphere’, he still heard, ‘matter will have the same gravity as on earth, but in a spiritual attunement. I already explained all this to you in the dark areas; there too I let you feel matter; but now you will have an even better understanding of everything.’

André had matter in his hands from the fifth sphere; in the sixth everything would be even lighter and more beautiful. He played with the substance in his hands and suddenly got a terrible shock. What was he in for now, what was this? Petrified, he looked at the substance, it had lost its colour and its radiation. How could this occur so suddenly? What was happening to him? Who had changed this substance? Its glowing colours had vanished; it was now enveloped in a soft blue haze. The substance he had taken it from radiated, but this had lost its power. What kind of truth lay hidden here? All these questions flashed through his mind. He felt embarrassed and didn’t know what to do. His intuition told him that he had passed over into a strange condition. But which one? He looked around and wanted to ask his leader about this, but Alcar was no longer with him. Everything he experienced now was mysterious. Oh, if only he could ask someone about this; he was still standing there with the substance in his hands. He was overcome by an anxious feeling. How stupid of him; it was his thirst for knowledge that had brought him into this condition.

Suddenly an angel stepped up to him who said to him: ‘May I explain this to you, André, brother from the earth?’

He thought he was about to shrink into nothingness. An angel was talking to him, but he didn’t dare look him in the face. Did they know him on this side, in the fifth sphere?

‘Look at me’, the being said. ‘Everything will become clear to you

when I tell you who I am.'

André raised his eyes and looked at the heavenly being. My God, he thought, how beautiful, how pure this human being is. How great was her inner life? A woman, dressed in a heavenly garment, was standing in front of him. He shivered and trembled, dazed with happiness that he was being addressed; he had longed so much for this to happen, now it was coming true. He was still holding the spiritual matter in his hands and he looked at her.

'The substance you are holding in your hands emits light to the extent that you yourself feel and possess light.'

He was startled; he understood that he had received a lesson in life. The substance had accepted his own attunement; he had linked up with the life within this sphere; life radiated his own power, the love he possessed. Every word lashed through his soul. He felt and understood every thought. This was what he had wanted; now he had to accept it. The substance had taken on his power of feeling, which made him understand that many years still lay ahead before he would be allowed to enter this sphere. Life in this sphere reflected itself in his own life; on earth it was impossible to link up in this way, this was only open to the spirit. It was a mild yet clear lesson they had given him because he had wanted this himself. After all, why did he have to be so inquisitive? He wanted to know everything. Now he understood why he hadn't seen his leader. Alcar had preferred not to give him this lesson, another spirit from his sphere had revealed all this to him. Alcar was like a father to him who took care of his child and who always made him feel this. This time he had received quite a few lessons all at once and he understood even better how beautiful and sacred life was. The angel put her beautiful hands on the substance that had been kneaded to a ball and he instantly saw it change. Her radiation, her power of love passed onto the substance; it radiated her light, now that she was connected with the substance. The miracle had come about! He carefully put it back where he had taken it from. Everything was alive in the spheres of happiness, their love was embedded in matter. Now a splendid sense of tranquility flowed through him. It was the feeling of the being that was standing there before him. His head bent, deeply saddened by what he had done, he begged God to forgive him. Slowly his

power and his confidence returned and he looked up at the being who regarded him with a smile. Love flowed through him. A holy fire began to glow inside of him.

The being looked at him, like a lotus, shrouded in a haze of blue and said: 'Experience is life, André. By living life it will awaken and receive the truth. It will bring on happiness but also battle, grief and sorrow. But don't let it be a struggle to you, and continue on your way by experiencing life as God wills it to be. It surprises you that I know you. A few words will suffice to clear this up for you too. He who leads you, who lets you experience all this, who returned to earth to help and support mankind and wants to convince them of everlasting life, who lets them feel his love, who does and wills everything to see them happy, who is nothing but love, he, André, is my twin-soul.'

Tears of happiness welled up in his eyes now he was allowed to get to know Alcar's love. There before him stood Alcar's twin-soul. Oh, how mighty everything was, and how great this event. Angel of light, he thought - he could speak no words - I thank God for this sacred moment in which I was permitted to get acquainted with you.

The spirit had already caught his words and said: 'Thank God, André, I will also keep on thanking and praying that we will one day be united forever. Work on earth, André, live for our work, I follow Alcar in everything and will keep on remembering both of you in my prayers. He is my soul and my life, we are one and will remain one forever because it is God's will. One day he will return and then his task and yours on earth – the very reason why the masters sent him there – will be accomplished. Therefore know that I will follow you both wherever you may be. To him I will give strength through my love, so that he will be able to give everything in order to accomplish numerous things through you, with which you will help me. We will both serve him in love; in return he will give you wisdom in the spirit and it will make others happy.'

Again two angel eyes regarded him; a world of love irradiated him. He couldn't speak but he wanted her to sense him.

'I thank you', the being said to him, 'thank you, André. It will no longer appear strange to you that I know you. I was already on earth and it was there that I got to know you. He brought me to you but

that was a long time ago.'

A deep silence came over him, and in that silence he heard life; he saw it, it was inside of him and his soul overflowed with spiritual happiness. He suddenly felt his leader beside him. Alcar put his arm around his shoulder, looked at him and a same kind of love as hers flowed into him. Spirits of love, attuned beings, twin-souls, angels in the spirit, those were the beings he was connected with now. His leader lived here, could live here, but he worked in the darkness of the earth to help mankind and make them happy. Alcar was his true self here, together with her, his eternal possession.

André could no longer think; his own conscious life lay a long distance away from him. Now he heard a soft singing, accompanied by an orchestra. On a bench, surrounded by flowers and all the other forms of life, his leader sat down with her; he sat next to them and was linked up with them, drawn into their lives. The singing increased in splendour and it was in this sacred sphere that the masters worked. He thought of the moment in which his life on earth would begin again. How difficult it would be for him now to have to live there. Here he received love, here he felt nothing but gentleness and understanding, here everything was harmony, happiness, eternal happiness. It was becoming near to impossible for him to have to live there. They could keep everything the earth possessed; what he longed for most was to die; they could even flog him to death if necessary. But was that courageous and grateful? Didn't this thought clash with everything God was and what had been given to him? Was this the way to show gratitude and to follow him who let him experience all this? He already regretted his thoughts; oh well, he was still a mere human being. It was his selfishness. He was thinking of himself, not of his leader's task, whose will it was to help others. No, he shouldn't think that way, he would defy everything, he wanted to; he would receive so much, no matter how difficult it would be for him on earth. Angels were singing together. He only saw twin-souls, attuned beings. Sisters and brothers in the spirit. He didn't dare descend into their great and mighty happiness, and it wasn't possible for him either to sense everything. He had missed a lot of the events that took place here due to his wrong way of thinking and feeling. Now he heard the singing even more clearly; it put him

into a different condition. Peace and happiness returned, he was linked up again. There before him the masters were working, art was accomplished through art. The highest was linked up by the highest, love with love, feelings melted together. The masters kept on working; they were never disturbed. Only now did he feel that the spiritual product would soon be finished. Everyone witnessed its completion, it required everyone's presence, because the power of every being was put into it. Boosted up in feeling, linked by art and love, the creations of this sphere mirrored perfection. What they accomplished was brought to life by heavenly melodies. It radiated that glow, it lived through their sacred feeling, through their oneness with all of life.

Masters in music and song inspired the masters in plastic arts in order to imbue it with their sacred feeling and achieve the ultimate. It was attained, it came about because they were angels in the spirit. Here he felt how great the love of a woman could be, how mighty the meaning of her love was for the creative power which denoted twin love. It was mighty; he didn't dare breathe. The masters opened up their souls; a different kind of art descended into them. Through art they felt their Father, their God and they thanked Him for everything. Their love for their Father was inherent in their art, their prayers had fused into it, the entire work radiated their love; it was the light of the Father. The singing he heard resembled the tones he had heard during his previous journey when two angels were consecrated, who were to be admitted to the sixth sphere. Everything merged here, everything was one and revealed happiness. They asked God for the power to irradiate the creation with His holy Love. He sensed the entire representation even more clearly than before. The mother lived, the child she had born lived and all lives were one. In the life after earthly death art came about and developed through prayer. They were granted power by linking up with God, and even here they linked up with yet higher conditions because they wanted to, because all were one in love, and their powers and prayers united. This was the end, the masters had accomplished it, they had hewn a symphony of life out of stone. How great their happiness was, they were masters of Love. André gathered all his strength to be able to hold his ground. But the happiness was too overwhelming, it dazed

him. He felt himself being upheld by loving hands; God descended into him, love caressed him, smiled at him just as his own child had. He sat there, huddled up, but unable to realize what he perceived. He still heard the singing and the music, and beside him his leader's twin-soul was sitting, which made a beaming sun light up deep within and all around him so that he felt he was returning again. He perceived whilst he fluctuated between two worlds; one was his own attunement and the other was the sphere in which he now lived. For the umpteenth time he prayed to be allowed to hold on so he might witness the end of this great event. The singing had stopped now. In this short moment the masters had completed the sculpture; an enormous work of art had been born. The end was marked by washing the sculpture, which also denoted the baptism to receive God's holy Dedication, obtained by singing and music. A child of the spheres was born; it was received with love. Light, carried by the masters, was presented to this life. The sculpture was hundreds of yards high, beautiful in style, and radiating with love. It was life, it was God Himself. All the beings now gathered and sent up their prayers of thanksgiving to the Father, for the beauty they had received. Again they sang and he heard mighty chords and souls merged. It was heavenly what he now perceived.

A soft voice came to him that said: 'Be strong, André, I helped you just now to experience all this; now you will feel my powers again.'

André knew who was speaking to him, it was the voice from the dark areas. Ubronus, he thought, Ubronus himself helped me.

'Oh, good spirit, how must I thank you for everything?'

'We know what you want; we will help you in everything.'

The voice was gentle; it too was full of love. The events surpassed each other in greatness. He was tired with happiness; all this heavenly happiness had to be digested. A fresh power flowed through him; he felt enlivened by some other power that made him sense their mighty life. Alcar was in his own sphere and couldn't help him, even higher powers were needed here. He thanked Ubronus intensely for his help. Without his powers he would not have been able to hold out.

The angels had finished their prayers. Many of them left, others came to behold the Divine work of art. What was art on earth com-

pared to this? Did masters in the spirit exist on earth? They couldn't. Now he understood his leader's words that he wasn't a master and never had been. One day it would be shown and explained to every artist of the earth. On this side, in the life after their earthly death, all people of the earth would experience it when they had reached this height. Only then would they accept, it wasn't possible beforehand. A lot had been shown and made clear to him, and all this made him get to know and appreciate life after death.

Alcar made him feel that they would go on. They still hadn't reached the end of their journey yet. He was to experience other conditions. He saw how Alcar bade his twin-soul farewell, but they would see each other again; separation didn't exist for them. The angel came up to André, took his hands in hers but said nothing. Two eyes looked at him, a sea of light kept him captive. She parted from him and an intense feeling of happiness descended into him.

'Farewell', he caught, 'may God's blessing rest upon your work.'

Alcar preceded him. He followed his leader, his great brother, in his footsteps; other conditions were awaiting him. But her glow and light remained in his soul. André saw still more artists who were busy representing other scenes.

Alcar said to him: 'I will now show you some more sculptures and afterwards you will be able to admire the art of painting. But first look at this sculpture, it's a mighty work of art by one of my brothers. It represents the cycle of the soul and it's hewn in stone.'

Again he saw the mother and her child, then the transition into this world, the first and the second sphere, the third and the highest sphere where the artist lived who had accomplished this. He saw an enormous globe on top of the sculpture, but he didn't understand what it meant. He looked through it and thought he perceived a sphere of less density. The answer came to him as a gentle yet distinct feeling.

'The mental regions, André. This is where life passes into, and then on into another, the fourth mentality.'

This work of art was magnificent and it constituted a mighty wholeness. He couldn't find the right words, it was all beyond his understanding. The sculpture held him captive for a long time, finally he was able to free himself and he felt his own smallness. Alcar went

on, kept going through the spiritual studio. There was no end to it; one could walk around here for days on end. All kinds of human conditions, expressed in art, were arranged right and left.

‘We will now go on to the art of painting, both buildings are connected; it’s one unit. But we won’t stay here for long.’

He followed his leader who showed him lots of spiritual treasures. Finally they got to the place where Alcar wanted to be. What would he be shown this time? This building was open too, just like all the others he had seen until now. There were lots of angels, all busy on a work of art. They worked like one does on earth, but here other colours were known and here perfection was achieved. They surpassed each other in beauty, they were great in design and showed deep sensitivity. He saw a gathering of fantastic colour shades which the creator had applied in harmony and tranquility. He saw colours which encompassed all the hues, as in the stone which he had just perceived. It was all most remarkable, it couldn’t possibly be compared with anything on earth, he couldn’t find the appropriate words for it. Here they tried to paint life, and they succeeded fully. Everything was alive and radiated light because the artist sensed life. Here he saw how great man could be in his artistic expression; after all, this stood for spiritual attunement. Miracles were performed here, they were letting him witness nothing but miracles on this journey. It enabled him to get to know and to love the life of the spirit. A thousand times he felt that urge creep up on him; he felt such gratitude that he would have liked to tell everyone who lived here.

‘We’ll stay here for a little while, my son. Look, there in front of you, a rare image of the spheres, there, in-between those columns.’

André sat down beside his leader. There ahead of him he saw an extraordinary beautiful landscape. Tranquility, deep tranquility. It was a panorama of such beauty and sanctity that it seemed to him as if he were dreaming. He saw birds and many other beings and everything was covered in a golden glow. He saw a piece of nature as he had never seen before. How quiet it was there, to him it seemed like a holy spot, nowhere had he sensed such tranquility. The angels he perceived were in deep prayer. He didn’t want to disturb them and thought of something else, but the image held him captive, he couldn’t tear himself away from it. Anyone who lived there must

feel overjoyed. Was it a higher sphere he perceived? Was it a place where man would be more capable of reaching his God? He wouldn't be allowed to enter there, he sensed that in everything. But how great a peace would descend into him. How long had they already been praying to their Father amidst all the life that surrounded them? Over there the birds perched beside man and they too prayed to life. He felt himself becoming enchanted by this fabulously beautiful and sacred land. Was his leader showing him a vision? No, because there it lay, full of peace and happiness. Alcar looked at him and asked: 'Would you like to dwell there, André?'

André didn't dare say anything, neither a yes nor a no came from his lips.

Alcar smiled. 'Don't hesitate to say so, you can if you want to.'

'But wouldn't I create a disturbance there, Alcar?'

'If you want to approach our life with love, in simplicity and humility, then everything will be given to you. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven*), our Master Jesus Christ once said. With that image in mind, God will grant you the power which will allow you to experience everything in the life of the spirit.'

'I gladly would, Alcar. I want and will do everything to avoid any disturbance.'

'Come on then, we will descend; you will experience this too.'

André was very happy to be allowed to dwell in that place too.

'You go on ahead, I will follow you. There, down those stairs.' André hurried down all the steps; his leader followed him. Suddenly he was unable to go on. It was a painted canvas, a work of art by one of the masters. He was deeply touched by this miracle of human capability. This was natural, here he saw perfection.

'Created by a master from the sixth sphere, my son. There is nothing to be improved or added to this. Now this is art such as I sensed it on earth yet wasn't able to achieve, and all the others along with me felt the same kind of shortcoming, lacked this spiritual feeling. We sensed perfection on behalf of the earth, but were unable to accomplish it. This piece of art is thousands of years old; the master dwells in the mental regions and won't return here. This is man-made, but this man dedicated his gift to the Divine. What is there

*)Matthew 5:3

left to explain to you? This is the most sacred object we possess.'

Again André sat down and looked at this miracle for a long time. Temples and buildings, flowers and plants, man and animal, they were all one. The scene was Divine.

'Absorb all this thoroughly, André, and tell them on earth what you were permitted to receive and admire on this side. We will continue our journey, the last conditions are awaiting you. Now on to my own dwelling.'

The sixth sphere, spiritual music

They had soon arrived and for the second time he entered Alcar's spiritual dwelling. He recognized everything from his previous journey. Alcar left and would return. André knelt down to thank God for everything. It was the same spot where he had knelt down at his leader's feet to thank him for everything before he left his dwelling to witness the spiritual consecration. This was where his soul reached its deepest feelings, wanted to offer its most sacred gifts, and yet on earth he had hurt Alcar's feelings.

The time he had lived on earth was now reeled off before his mind's eye; it showed him his own life. He found himself in the sphere of the earth, where Alcar told him what he would receive on this journey. How much had he seen, received in wisdom and had been allowed to experience? He could thank God, he sensed this clearly. He now felt a strong current flowing through him. It increased, became more intense than he had ever felt before. Whatever could this mean? He felt intoxicated. His soul absorbed this power to the full and he felt himself subsiding. Was there a meaning behind this? He wanted to pray but couldn't sort out his thoughts; all his strength had gone. Now he felt himself getting lighter and he got a feeling as if he might suddenly float. Yet he was aware of everything, his feeling was accurately focussed on the things that were happening to him. Hey, what was this? He saw a being coming towards him that addressed him in a friendly way. Were there others in Alcar's house?

'There is nothing to fear, André, I am Cesarino, your leader's master.'

He understood the purpose of all this; in a flash it came to him. He had been radiated on, enveloped by his powers, as Alcar had always done, to be able to enter conditions which to him were unfathomable.

‘Ready, André, prepared to follow me?’

He didn’t dare say anything, but in his mind he indicated to the high spirit that he was ready. At that moment he felt himself being drawn up, and he glided towards the sixth sphere. How handsome this spirit was. He looked like a young man of twenty-five and according to his leader this spirit was three thousand years old. He was the one who had healed Annie through him on earth. But there he had seen this spirit differently, yet he knew that they could take on varying appearances. The mentor didn’t say much to him, but he let him feel many things. Nothing was said in this sphere. They went further and further, until at a certain moment the firmament tore apart and a powerful yet immensely beautiful light shone on them.

‘The light from the sixth sphere, André’, he picked up, ‘and that is where we will shortly enter.’

André now felt how necessary it had been for him to have been subjected to his radiation. The light penetrated him, but he was able to hold his ground and go on, due to these sacred forces. What a wonderful country he now saw before his eyes. The fifth sphere couldn’t be compared to this attunement. This was where Ubronus dwelt. How beautiful everything was. The firmament was enveloped in a silvery golden haze. It was reflected in all of life, the different forms of life reflected each other. The spirit looked at him and smiled. That smile revealed his great love. How simple all the beings were whom he had been allowed to meet in the spheres of happiness. How simple the angels were; this high spirit was accompanying him to sacred places, it was incredible. He hadn’t enough concentration left to be able to grasp it all. There in front of him was the musical sphere.

‘Spiritual music is what you will now hear’, came into his mind, ‘prepare yourself. We will continue until we have reached the place where the masters dwell.’

At last the spirit descended. A deep valley lay before them and in the middle of it stood a temple that reached up into the sky. Differ-

ent paths ran through the valley that all led to the temple. There were flowers everywhere in strange colours. He was standing on a high mountain and would soon have to descend. He looked down into the depths, all the paths had been laid out in an artful way. He was in paradise here. He saw thousands of beings, they were all on their way to the temple. Others were praying and were down on their knees as if they were tuning in for the celebration. This was the kind of nature you could prepare yourself in. You felt drawn into life, an enormous love lay inherent in everything. There were no other buildings here, only the temple of music; the beauty of nature was overwhelming, everything was bathed in a golden, whitish light. He saw fountains spouting sky-high, and birds and greenery, all excelling each other in heavenly quality. The valley had the shape of a funnel. That awe-inspiring building where the masters played their music rose up into the sky from the middle of that funnel. Alcar's master made him feel that they would descend. Their path slowly wound its way through all this beauty and so far as he could see it would end at the temple.

The temple stood there majestically in the centre of the valley. As they approached its beauty increased. Birds were singing their song all around, all of life was happy. Now they were down in the valley. André turned round and the mountain he had been on top of just a while ago rose up above him into infinity. Hundreds of beings were following the same track and they were all wearing magnificent garments that glistened like suns. The robe Alcar's master had on was of an entirely different substance than what they were wearing. He already knew its meaning: after all, these beings dwelt in the seventh sphere.

Fruit was growing to the left and right of him and he was curious indeed to know how these would look like inside and how they would taste. If he were allowed to have one of those golden yellow fruits, how happy that would make him feel. Cesarino, who had been following his inner conversation, made him sense that he was allowed to take one. He chose one and wanted to pick the fruit. It touched him deeply because, oh, what had he done this time? After he had stretched out his hand to pick the fruit, it suddenly flowed apart. A shock went through him. Again he had received a lesson in

life. He, the earthly human being, want to pick spiritual fruit. But he was too coarse to do so. This had been possible in Alcar's sphere, but only now did he understand that this had happened due to his leader's powers. He had a feeling within as if he had killed something. A product of the spheres had been destroyed through his fault, his will. Why should he keep on wanting things? Wasn't it already a great blessing to be allowed to experience this? In the fifth sphere he had received a lesson in life, and now here again, in the sixth sphere. It was terrible; how crude of him, he thought. Nature set him right again; no being was required to use its power to do this. It had given him a terrible shock. There he stood, like a child that felt its sin and was aware of it.

The angel put his beautiful spiritual hand on his shoulder and said: 'To undergo something, André, is experience, and experience is development in the spirit.'

Not a word was said about it, but he had already firmly resolved no longer to touch anything nor to want anything. He withdrew into himself again and understood how great the mercy was that allowed him to dwell here. Nature gave him his lesson in life, but wasn't it God Himself? Didn't this include God's holy Life? Wasn't it really God? He trembled when he thought of it. In simplicity and humility he came to his senses, and got to know himself.

They went on and on, they would soon have reached the place where a celebration awaited him. His lesson was deeply rooted in him, he would keep on bearing his spiritual lessons in mind.

How mighty this building was. He couldn't perceive the top part. It radiated a light which his eyes could hardly endure; it stood there like a sun. Thousands of beings entered the building. Yet he felt peaceful; an unknown power helped him to go inside. When he entered beside his high escort he sensed that a holy event was awaiting him.

The interior had been built in the same style as the Temple of Happiness, which he had seen on his previous journey and where he had been allowed to participate in a similar celebration. But now he was in the sphere of music; this sphere was named after that Divine art. The interior of the building was perfect. Here everything lived in a light of even greater beauty than in the fifth sphere. This life

entailed the liberation from the life which man had cast off. Here even higher conditions than this sphere were known. It was hardly possible that people existed who were even more beautiful than these angels. Yet it was true, man ascended higher and higher, into other areas. Holy beings dwelt there; he could find no other words to describe their level and radiation. Men and women together, all of them twin souls, brothers and sisters. These were earthly human beings; they had all lived there, but had freed themselves from earthly life. His mind reeled because, when would all this be within reach of an earthly human being? Not in a thousand years would they get that far. How far off was he, and were all the people of the earth from this condition? They took a seat in the centre, if you could call this a centre because he saw no end to it. Flowers were blooming everywhere; where man lived, nature lived too, man was surrounded by life.

The interior was spherical; there were neither angles nor finities in the spheres; everything was deep, infinitely deep, until feeling passed on into an even higher condition. The universe was life and man was the intellect that lived within. This temple expanded; millions of beings could enter. Here André was shown how life on earth has a cosmic attunement and could be Divine. The entire building was full and silence fell because they all sensed that the masters were to begin. He was about to hear spiritual music.

But what was that? He saw a light some dozens of yards away that seemed to come from out of the earth. It was like a haze that slowly rose and then dissolved above their heads. The light kept on coming through, until it remained. What could this mean?

A soft voice came through to him that said: 'Spiritual notes, the music which the masters will be playing from.' Wonderful, André thought. He kept on seeing colours within the light, until it changed into a pale blue haze. He felt how he became linked up with the light and he understood the meaning of this event. It was as if someone was breathing, as if a young life was being born. Along with the light he heard soft music accompanying it. The masters interpreted these colours. He felt himself to be on earth, far away from this sphere, as if he was being born anew. He now heard the music approaching him from afar as if the wind carried it along. He felt the

first breaths on earth flowing through him, he saw the music in colours and heard the masters interpret it. He understood everything; this knowledge lay deep within him. The soft music represented the awakening of young life on earth; he was being shown in colours what he felt and experienced, and so were all the others present here. Coloured light, it shaped the notes; how was this possible?

The light changed, he heard the music getting closer all the time. He saw a small being on earth; it was being cared for by the mother. He witnessed three miracles at once. This was a symphony of life. It started on earth and would end in this sphere. How mighty all this was. All the angels were connected, they experienced it, felt themselves to be back on earth and were taken care of by the mother. Oh love, holy love! My God, he thought, how great Your power is, how pure the angels are who live here, how exalted this art, how great the happiness that everything radiates. Life was being interpreted in music. The insights which plastic art had given him, now came to him through music in this sphere. He saw the light changing; the music increased in beauty, the human being on earth was growing up, there was nothing but happiness in this life. The young life had experienced its first years on earth and had grown up to be a child that played in nature. Here he witnessed miracles indeed. He saw the child before him, saw it playing and heard it uttering soft sounds. Now the colours shifted; the music had changed into frolicking leaps and he too felt assimilated, as if he were jumping over meadows and plains, on the way to meet a young life. He felt free of all cares. He bore only happiness, the life of a child; he felt nothing but his own happiness, because he had been transformed into the child.

The colours became increasingly beautiful and clear, but the music had likewise developed in power. The child got older and older, and he felt by the music and saw from the colours that it had reached its tenth year on earth. The colours swirled around, frisking about in rhythmic waves. The colours revealed the age, the happiness of the being, he felt the child within, and the music swelled into a mighty ensemble.

He too felt his life being reeled off deep within, just as all the other angels felt and relived their earthly life. He was picking flowers again, took them to his mother and was happy because she was

happy too. When he handed her the bouquet he felt tears of joy running down his cheeks.

This was music all right! The chords they drew from their instruments reverberated in his soul. Masters of love descended into the soul of a child and played what that little life felt. They interpreted those inner feelings, something they would never think of on earth.

He felt he would collapse on the spot before the end had come. What age would that life reach on earth, which he would have to go through in pain, grief and sorrow? He prayed for strength to be able to witness this sacred act. If this could be accomplished on earth, people would be touched to the depths of their soul and this form of art would make them start a new life. Everyone would be enchanted by this mighty event. It would carry them off; nobody could evade this.

There was a trembling deep down in his soul, it paralysed his feeling, but it carried him up into heaven and let him return to earth in frolicking beauty. The light kept on changing; the colours increased in strength. This life on earth reached a riper age; it already fought its battles, knew grief and sorrow and was tormented. The music built up and brought forth other sounds in which that battle and all that sorrow lay hidden.

Life continued. The colours got fiercer and fiercer while the music became heartrending. Now everything merged into a mighty episode. The colours got harsh, the music increased in violence until it burnt into his soul and tore his life apart. Life became savage, it had reached the age of manhood on earth. The highest tones revealed all the grief and sorrow to him. How piercing this grief was: the life of this human being carried nothing but battle. He felt himself being drawn into real life; where would it end?

He felt storms gushing through him, they smashed him to pieces, flung him across the entire earth, until he returned to his mother. Life had returned to the mother, but it found no rest and disappeared anew. The music swelled to a mighty ensemble and reached a fantastic climax that cut through him like a knife. The earthly life increased in violence, it took its own course.

He saw how the colours changed. The music represented a heavy thunderstorm that was supposed to shatter heaven and earth. The

being grew older, it felt happiness and grief, it experienced a life of horror and destruction. He was able to follow it in everything, went along with its experiences and this life vibrated inside of him; he became one with it so that he felt as if he were crushed. The chords were beautiful, the masters felt completely linked up and their creative power achieved fulfilment. Everything he saw, heard and felt was perfect. What he perceived was great, what he experienced was overwhelming. The human being roamed around the world and for the umpteenth time it had left its parental home. Amidst the harsh flaring colours he saw a soft white light which denoted the motherly grief. It was her love for the child. A mother wept for her child that was at the mercy of dark forces. Her love followed it; she sent out her love to her child, no matter where it might be. It made her light dominate his light and her love worked wonders. Yet protection was impossible; it had to, and would perish; it couldn't escape from it.

Now the music got piercing, like the coloured light of the dark spheres, blazing and howling like a mighty hurricane. The symphony had reached its climax, the end of an earthly life was approaching, but this life would meet with a devastating end, it had to.

Again the colours changed into beautiful hues, the music got softer and milder. The life on earth was no longer so ferocious, it leaned towards soft longings. Now André felt happiness, it was inside of him, but the colours told him that this would not last long. The meaning of this happening got through to him with increasing intensity.

For the umpteenth time he felt that it took away his powers. He grasped the hand of Alcar's master and kept tightly hold of it. Now he would endure it all, as he felt new power flowing into him.

Now the colours blurred. What could this mean? Music flowed right through him, it became increasingly harsh and the colours turned to bright red and pale green: the radiation of the masters of evil whom he had got to know during this journey. It was as if he became paralysed.

Suddenly he heard a cutting rhythm in the music that resembled freakish leaps, representing approaching disaster. Nothing could stop it; here life would find its downfall. The colours were whimsical and cruel and he felt the terrible influence of the dark spheres. Where

was the end, and what would it be like? All this could only spell misery. The music was rumbling, luminous and dazzling. It got more piercing and the colours became craggy and colder. The evil in man revealed itself. It manifested itself through the destruction of mankind, life marched off to war. It destroyed what was and signified God's life and thereby ruined itself. Rumbling and thrumming, life took up arms. The colours changed into terrible passionate hues, it merged into deep, dark colours, doom ran rampant.

Now the ensemble turned into an enormous noise and made him tremble even more. He heard terrible sounds, drowned out by a hissing noise. The colours savagely tore apart because the end had come. A burning feeling of choking came over him, it felt as if his lungs were being wrenched out of his body. But a different feeling entered his soul, even though the terror remained. Terrible these sounds were which the orchestra brought forth, horrible the colours, and he felt all of it burning within his soul. He was being shown a symphony of life here; likewise every human being had its own symphony that contained various parts which were just as terrible as these. Every life included corresponding scenes; every being knew grief and sorrow. And yet not two lives could be found that were identical; they were all different. Spiritual music was therefore inexhaustible. It had no limits. The music represented a human life; every life could be represented in a similar way.

Who thought of these things on earth? Why didn't they compose music down there that represented the life of a human being? They did, but not to perfection. Here the character was expounded, the whole being was unravelled; here they knew this being which they saw interpreted in colours and music and therefore experienced anew. It wasn't only great, it was tremendous and indescribable in words. Here he experienced art at its highest level. Here they experienced life in a way which was impossible on earth, because man didn't understand his own life. Here man learnt to get to know himself and he understood the earthly life he had shed. Here he saw a film of life, represented in art. None of the masters on earth could accomplish the like. Their spiritual attunement hadn't progressed far enough for that; an earthly life was too short for that.

Now he saw how this life passed on to the side beyond. It lived in

the dark areas, got to know itself and became convinced of a higher life. The colours changed, the music played, but the chords no longer reached the earthly attunement, they no longer had that coarseness; these were spiritual sounds which couldn't be heard or understood on earth. Everything had passed on into the spirit. Life had entered eternity and had set off for a higher existence. It touched him deeply because he had covered all this together with his leader. He saw how the colours still kept on changing, and saw the terrible battle that raged within the hues; it was the struggle to reach a higher sphere. Yet the colours were getting paler, but they continually changed into dark tones, as a sign that life had fallen back into its previous condition. The pale colours kept on returning. The music got more and more transparent; he heard no more coarse, terrifying tones. This was the spiritual battle which could be sensed in everything. A constant battle, merely for the sake of possession. The music increased in beauty and he felt and saw from the colours that life had reached the first existential sphere in the spirit. They all sensed that life had received spiritual possession and had assimilated it. This was a great blessing. His soul trembled, it possessed viability, it caressed, it carried him, took him along to other countries. He floated high up in heaven, he felt himself drawn up by the power of thought; here this life lived within that of the spirit. He clearly sensed this in the chords, and in the colours he recognized the various spheres which life had already reached.

Now they were in the second sphere, the cloudless air lay in the sheer blue which he perceived, and it made him feel and see that life was approaching the third sphere. The colours started to change and they merged, the purple blue from the third sphere blended with the sheer blue heaven which he had been allowed to perceive a few times in the second sphere. The music played cheerful themes, the human being was alive again. These chords contained a certain humility, and there was love and joy of living in the colours; it was happiness, life wanted to live again, this life sensed God and had returned to God. Oh what a music, what an art to be allowed to experience as an earthly human being.

The colours got more and more beautiful and the music became increasingly exalted, they formed one unity. André sensed that the

fourth sphere was close by, and the fifth and the sixth sphere would subsequently be entered. Just as he had seen everywhere, the colours increased in beauty, because this life lived in happiness, it was nothing but happiness and it radiated a beautiful light. The life of an angel in the spirit became holy. Soon the end would be approaching. He saw the colours which had shone on him too when he had entered the sixth sphere. Here life became linked up with all other life. It lived here, it was happy, it was an angel from the sixth sphere, because it had reached this attunement.

The music softly toned down, the masters were finishing, colours merged into a haze, the last tones died down to a soft whispering; this was the end. The masters had presented a symphony of life, the life had its being, and had found its God again.

André sat there, dazed; he was at his wits' end. He slowly felt himself returning and awakening. He had experienced a very special condition, other powers had helped him; he couldn't have digested all this. He thanked God for all this beauty and left the temple of music together with his leader's master; he had been allowed to experience music from the sphere of music, from the sixth heaven. How could he thank God for this? What were the masters of the earth compared to those in the spirit? Deeply moved, all the angels departed.

The seventh sphere and back to earth

He was still holding on tightly to Cesarino's hand. He felt himself being lifted and again he glided towards a different attunement. He was full of everything. No one would believe him if he told this on earth. How difficult it would be for him to capture all this in language and to express it. It was nearly impossible. Yet it had to be done; maybe it would inspire an earthly artist to create a human condition, a symphony of life. It would be possible, even if they couldn't reach the depths and heights of a sixth sphere. If the people on earth were able to attend such a concert, they would hear how the inner life of a single person was expressed: they would feel all his sorrow, grief and happiness, passion and violence, battle and love. Oh, how beautiful that would be; a human being interpreted in

music by artists. One would have to approach that form of art with love, otherwise its most sacred aspect wouldn't be felt. Man would have to feel love towards the life that was represented in art. How good, how great his leader was to him on this journey, he had already received so much wisdom in the spirit, and still it hadn't yet come to an end. Still they let him experience other conditions.

They were now far away from the sixth sphere. They kept on going. Suddenly the heavens tore apart and a mighty light shone on the master and on him. He was unable to move another inch. He took his time to pray to God that he may be granted a glimpse into the seventh sphere, where Alcar's master and the guardian angel of his child lived. Now that he had been allowed to see all this, those other spheres lay hidden far below this enormous beauty. He felt new powers surging up in him before he was allowed to go on.

They had soon reached the border and there in front of him he saw the seventh sphere spread out in inexplicable beauty. A little beyond this spot man would no longer be capable of returning. He understood it completely; this here was paradise, but of such rare beauty and so stupendous that he was lost for words. He didn't want to take the trouble, here one should only sense life, one should only see. He saw flowers as in a haze, and he heard them singing from afar. Everything was covered in gold, and he saw colours from other spheres gathered here, but they were all luminous. He would not be able to enter here. His spiritual body would be burnt by the power of the light or it would return to earth at a breathtaking speed. Here he saw the blissful heaven, here the sons and daughters of earthly man dwelt. They had all once been on earth, they had lived there and had died. And now, in such paradise he saw earthly beings again.

'God, oh my God, how grateful people must be to You for so much happiness, so much beauty which they will find when they enter here after life on earth.

Here Cesarino lived, the mentor of this sphere; on earth he had once been a dictator of Rome. He was the master of all these areas which he had been allowed to visit with his leader. And this spirit was guiding him, was leading him, letting him admire all this, because he wanted to convince mankind of a blessed life after earthly death. Love, nothing but love, God was alive in everything. He saw

temples such as he had never perceived before. The roads led the human being on towards the highest of the high. Here he saw the life that would pass on in order to cast off the spiritual body. The soul would continue on its way and enter the mental areas. Then on to even higher conditions, so that they would enter the fourth mentality in cosmic attunement. How remote earthly life was from all this. It would take a long time, and yet the day would come when the people who populated the planet earth would attain this. André prayed to his Father on the border of the seventh sphere and continually thanked Him. He had received wisdom in the spirit and in his mind he returned to the beginning of this journey. He thought of all the places he had been. He had got to know depths, he had been shown art and spheres of love. He had been allowed to see his child. These lives excelled each other in beauty. Now he was to return to the earth. The angel let him sense that he should get ready for the return journey to the fifth sphere.

‘Before we depart’, the master now spoke to him, ‘I ask you: tell those on earth what is in store for them. Tell the people on earth, who are our sisters and brothers, that we live in heavenly beauty. One day they will receive all this if they want to develop in the spirit. Tell them that spiritual life means love, that it equals nothing but love.’

‘How must I thank for everything I was allowed to receive from you and my leader?’

‘Don’t thank us, my son, thank God, Who is our common Father. Now we will return to the fifth sphere.’

In a flash they moved on, entered the fifth sphere and went into Alcar’s dwelling. André again wanted to thank Alcar’s master, but this was no longer possible. Cesarino had returned to his own sphere; in the life after death gratitude was not required.

Alcar, his leader, was sitting there, surrounded by various birds.

‘Well, my boy, back again?’

André rushed into his arms and wept with happiness. It took quite a while before he returned to his condition. He looked at his leader but could not speak, however much he wanted.

Alcar got ready; André took one more look around his leader’s dwelling and they speeded back to earth. This journey would soon

reach its ending too. He now entered his room, they had returned from the fifth sphere hand in hand. Before him lay his material garment. André looked at his leader; he regarded him deeply, but he couldn't find the words, they both sensed what they wanted to say, they were one in their feeling, their lives were one, with one goal: To convince mankind and to see them happy.

'Farewell my boy, you will soon awaken again in happiness and you will set to work in order to make all these sacred things known to man. Know that we will help you.'

André asked his leader to thank all those who had received him with love. He felt himself being raised and put down again and with a slight shock he awoke. Life on earth had once again begun.

He could still hear: 'God is love, nothing but love. Life after death is a reality. Live, live, you people, know that life, your life is eternal. Farewell my boy, more work is awaiting you tomorrow. Your Alcar.'

He awoke in the morning, invigorated in body and soul, and he knew where he had been. He felt great happiness within.

André goes on and hopes to receive lots more wisdom in the spirit. He will exert all his powers to tell people even more about an eternally continued life. Only truth and happiness awaits man when he enters that life.

He beseeches God that strength and blessing may rest upon his work. His head held high, following the road which they all follow, the road towards light, towards the house of the Father, where a dwelling is open to each life and is prepared when man passes on.

JOZEF RULOF

The Hague, November 15th, 1936.