

Jozef Rulof

The Bridge to Eternal Life



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1937

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ETERNAL LIFE

e-book

From the original in Dutch: 'Zij die terugkeerden uit de dood'.
In the Netherlands the first edition of this book was published in 1937.

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

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

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

For further information about the author and his work we refer to our website
www.theageofchrist.com

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



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ETERNAL LIFE

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PREFACE

Dear reader,

In the first, second and third volume of 'A View into the Hereafter' I told you about André Hendriks, who, as a link between the material and invisible world, was allowed to experience all this, but I also announced in the second volume that those were my own experiences I was allowed to receive through my leader Alcar.

In this book, however, I myself report. You will read that some of my patients returned to tell about their life on the Side Beyond.

Do not doubt the truth however incredible everything may seem to you which is described in the above-mentioned books and in this volume. Check your life on that of those who passed over, it will support and strengthen you during your life on earth.

May this book give confidence and convince many of eternal reunion on the Side Beyond.

The Hague, 15th September, 1937

Jozef Rulof

*Have no fear of death
For eternal life is within you*

ALCAR

CHAPTER I

*The passing over of father X and his return**

THOUGH I experienced many wonders through my spiritual gifts, the experience with one of my patients was not only miraculous, it also made me understand how strong the spiritual powers of man can be when he passes on to external life having completed a rich life. Passing over means happiness for one person, sadness, sorrow, grief and deep darkness for another. But those who have love and are spiritually open to life as it comes are the happy ones on the side beyond. They will see light and receive much love such as they gave to so many others while on earth. God knows the way their life has been and they'll be rewarded according to their inner strength.

A patient came to see me requesting me to diagnose a person from a photograph. I took the photograph into my hands and after a few minutes I heard my leader Alcar say: 'There is nothing you can do, the disease is in a terminal state; he will die. Tell her that you cannot cure him, but that you can treat him if they so wish.'

I notified the lady who answered: 'After I tried so hard to get him to agree. This man is a priest and his faith stops him. You cannot even help him now that I persuaded him?'

'I can help him', I said, 'but I can't cure him.'

'That disappoints me bitterly', she went on, 'we are so anxious to keep him. Oh, he is such a good person. However, it will comfort him if you help him.'

'No doubt', I said. 'But you should not tell anything about this to his relatives, they are not to know. One more thing, I have to go out of town in a month.'

'For how long?' she asked.

'Three weeks.'

'Well, what should I do? Should I bring him to you? Then you can meet him and you can continue right away when you are back.'

'That's all right with me', I replied.

*) On request of his relatives no name or initials are mentioned.

‘Is he seriously ill?’

‘Yes, very seriously.’

Some days had passed when one afternoon the patient came to see me. He was a tall, slim man, a beautiful personality. He radiated something which I sensed immediately. He had beautiful blue eyes with a childlike expression, beaming with love. He laid down to be treated and was seemingly very curious to see how this was done, for he had never been magnetized before. He gave himself willingly, closed his eyes and opened himself to me entirely. After the treatment which did him good, he said: ‘Look at my trousers and coat. I can get into them twice over for I have lost much weight.’ He laughed at his own appearance. He had an other nationality and spoke Dutch with an unusual accent. But his manner of speaking was so attractive and his voice so pleasant that everyone would become endeared to him.

Charming, I thought, nice to hear him speak.

‘I feel peaceful now’, he said, ‘it has done me good. You have a lot of power.’

One of my patients had given me a figure of Christ which she had sculpted for me.

He looked at it and asked: ‘Are you a believer?’

‘Yes’, I answered. ‘I’m very religious.’

‘A beautiful sculpture. A great artist who made it. Magnificent.’

The way he pronounced the word magnificent expressed his entire personality.

‘Marvellous’, he said again, ‘very sensitive.’ Then he left.

When he came for the second time, his first glance went to the figure of Christ; the image of God’s perfect Child especially interested him. I could understand that, for he was after all a priest.

‘It has done me good’, he said, ‘a lot of good. I’m glad I decided to be treated by you. Do you know that I am a priest?’

‘Yes, I have been told.’

‘Oh, by her?’ he said smiling.

‘Yes, she told me’, I said.

What a beautiful smile, I thought. It would steal anyone’s heart. Anyone who saw him smile would feel a flow of love right through himself.

'I have never resorted to this sort of thing before but I trust you completely!'

I thanked him for the compliment and began treatment. During treatment I felt that he kept his eyes on the figure of Christ and that I could penetrate deeply within him. To be allowed to treat a person in this way is blissful. He absorbed my radiation and magnetic powers which would bring him relief. I also felt that I was being intensely connected with him. Meeting such people was not a daily experience. To open oneself completely is possible for only a few. I regret it that I could not change his condition, other, higher powers were needed to cure him. I could trust the message my leader had passed on to me, though it was nevertheless a great disappointment. Meanwhile this treatment had also done him a lot of good.

'You have helped me a great deal', he said.

'I can only do my best and let us hope that it will continue to do you good. We'll have to wait and see.'

I probed him to feel what he thought about his condition but he was relaxed.

'Yes, we are all but human', he said, while looking at the figure of Christ. I understood: we would have to become like Him.

He cast down his lovely blue eyes and said: 'The Son of mankind'. I felt how deeply his love reached out to Christ. For a moment he sat in deep meditation. Then he looked up at me, his eyes like suns, beaming to meet mine. I felt his inner warmth flow into me. A beautiful moment, I thought, he gives himself entirely. He was like a sun and his entire being radiated love. No wonder they did not want to lose him; they couldn't miss him.

'I have experienced a lot during my life', he said. I felt what he meant.

From his own life he passed on to what he was now in contact with.

'I've never had to deal with these things, though I have heard a lot about them. I should be off now', he said and he left.

After the third treatment we had become good friends. We were of the same mind and gradually and carefully he began to ask questions. All his questions were directed at his own life and religion. He was

very concerned about the misery on earth for, he said, there was no need for people to suffer so much. He felt all that misery and that made him sad. I also understood that he could move mountains. This priest had great faith and trust in God's justice. When he told about his own life and all the misery of people tears welled up in his eyes and his voice gave evidence of his deep love.

I asked him whether he would like to see my paintings obtained through psychic powers.

'Gladly', he said, 'but you should explain them to me, I would like to know what they mean.'

I told him that I could not paint or draw myself and that I had received them in trance. He merely smiled and kept silent. His beautiful smile reflected his admiration for this phenomenon. For some time he stood in thought looking at my paintings.

'Wonderful', he said, 'but alarming.'

'Alarming', I continued, 'why alarming? Isn't it marvellous to be allowed to receive something that beautiful? The spirits come to me with good intentions. There surely is nothing wrong to be seen in all these paintings? They all express love and faith, faith in eternal life. What I have received is love.'

He kept smiling. He walked from one painting to the next. He contemplated all this for a long time as if he wanted to solve this mystery by himself. Then he looked again at the figure of Christ as if he tried to get the truth from Him. I left him to it. I had respect for his personality. I was in no way going to force myself on him.

After he had seen everything, he said: 'I'll go now, we'll talk about it next time.' He shook my hands warmly and left.

During the next meeting he quite unexpectedly asked: 'Do you believe in Mary?'

In Mary, I thought, what does he mean by that question?

After I inwardly felt what he meant by that question I said: 'But of course I believe in Mary. I believe in all saints. It used to be my religion!'

'Not anymore now?'

I probed again, felt what he was aiming at and said to him: 'Let me explain.'

The priest looked at the Christ, as if he felt what I was about to say.

‘I received a different religion from the spirits, that is to say from those who passed away from us. This faith is deeper than the one I had and knew before. However, I should tell you first that I do not call the spirits, for they do not let themselves be called. I used to believe in all the saints and why should I no longer believe in them now that I know all this. All the saints you know have an other and much greater meaning for me than before. I am learning to understand their lives on earth and the mission they accomplished. I do feel how beautiful their lives have been. I could not appreciate that before, the spirits have explained this to me. They who died on earth and returned to us know all the saints and they know how we should live to acquire this sacredness. They tell us that we must love life and that after our death on earth when we have fulfilled a good life we will be happy and meet all the saints again.’

He nodded his approval and agreed.

‘The lessons I receive from the spirits invariably deal with the problems which keep mankind occupied most of all, which are faith and love. They show me the way to live, in order to obtain happiness and light in life after death. I find this life in nature, in which I learn to understand God’s life. Nature is God, they say. Their doctrine is deep and full of truth. They tell me about their lives and I have been allowed to see it repeatedly by the parting from my body. I have seen how pious and sacred their life is. They tell me, as I said, that we have to love all life because it is created by God. And they who say this, how could they be devils? People can’t believe this, although it is the truth. Believe me when I tell you that if I received nourishment for the mind that pulled me down, I would not have anything to do with those spirits. But everything is still clear and pure and I’m sure it will stay that way. They only give me love and this has become my faith. Since you say that you know a lot about this, you can surely understand my situation. They point me to Him Who stands behind you, to that great figure, the Christ. They say we all have to follow His example. He died for us. We’ll receive His love when we follow the road the spirits show us. They live behind the veil and this veil is lifted for me. Isn’t it magnificent to be allowed to observe their beau-

tiful and pure life from earth? It is a great mercy to receive such a gift and I am very thankful. To be allowed to serve as an instrument for high spirits is a mighty and wonderful task which it is very difficult to accomplish. My life has changed since I have come into contact with them. They say that all religions are one and that all are true. The connection I have now, this faith, is deeper than everything else. Through the spirits I have learned spiritual laws, and no other religion can give me that. I am in contact with these laws, they are the laws themselves. They showed and pointed out to me how their lives on earth were and how they are now. They are happy and will remain so forever.'

'Do you really believe', he asked unexpectedly, 'that we live on and that it will be as they say?'

'But of course. I told you that I see them and that I know their life. I have been there several times and I assure you that the human being does not change when he enters that life. We remain the way we feel now. Nothing changes.'

He smiled again but said nothing.

'Can't you accept it?'

'No', he said frankly, 'it is too incredible for me, too good to be true.'

'You believe in eternal life and yet you think that everything is different?'

'I don't know, but I'll wait and see.'

'It is the truth all the same.'

'You are a priest too', he said to me.

'People', I went on, 'who are on the spiritual road and tell others of it are priests.'

He looked at me and said: 'Very good, very clear.'

After he had gone Alcar said to me: 'A human being in the true sense of the word. There are only a few priests like him. Such people are rare on earth. He need not be on earth much longer, he will soon see our life. His feeling is attuned in the spirit.'

Wonderful, I thought, the way Alcar spoke of him. I heard my leader continue: 'You'll get to know him better.'

One afternoon, after I had treated him, he asked me: 'What do you give me really? I feel so refreshed and cheerful after your treatment.'

And what are you doing when you put your hands so gently on my body where I feel pain?’

‘What I do? I’ll tell you. When I close my eyes I’m praying and asking God for strength to help you and to ease your pain. Without His help and power I can’t achieve anything. After my prayer I begin to focus on your condition and I feel in my own body where you have pain. I subsequently concentrate on my leader who will tell me what I should do and I act accordingly. It all relates to your illness, for Alcar wishes to change the pain and sorrow of people into happiness. Not only physically but especially spiritually. I feel and see him beside me, and I even hear him speak to me. He can see through all matter and my knowledge is his. I can’t do anything without him and I open my heart and soul to him. When he tells me to stop I know I have treated you sufficiently. I can trust him in everything and rely on him. He is a master and a father to me, I see through him, I learn about life through him and he solves difficult spiritual problems for me. I learned through him to appreciate God’s sacred love so far as it is in my power to appreciate it, for am I not only a human being? In his loving hands people feel safe, they can completely give themselves to him. My leader, your reverend, is a spirit of love and as such people who come into contact with me will get to know him. He who gives himself into Alcar’s hands will never feel deceived.’

He looked at me in surprise and asked: ‘How did you learn that name? Who told you?’

‘He himself. I told you that I can see spirits and hear them speak. He told me his spiritual name himself. When my leader was still living on earth he had an other name. I see his beautiful personality, he radiates a pure and clear light and his teachings are the same as His.’ I pointed at the Christ. ‘Everything is love!’

‘Beautiful’, he said. ‘It does me good and gives me support... If only it will stay that way’, he continued.

‘I’ll take care of that. It is a mighty grace and I’m not ungrateful. My gifts are sacred to me; it is my purpose in life and I feel I have already taken leave from the earth. Believe me when I tell you that I know life after death better than my earthly life.’

‘You have a lot of power.’

‘Yes, I have. Once again I’m grateful for that. I am clairvoyant and clairaudient, I paint, heal and am a writing medium, but to be allowed to depart from my body is by far the most magnificent gift. To be allowed to stay there and to see their life, oh, that is wonderful! This is a great gift from God, which only few people receive. To people who do not know these powers they are not wonders and all this is of no value, because they do not accept the truth and lack the sensitivity for it.’

‘Is departing from the body as you term it the most beautiful experience?’

‘Yes, the most beautiful and mightiest of all. For by telling people about it they will change their life and war and murder will cease to exist.’

‘You are a prophet.’

‘No, father, I’m not. I am just an ordinary person like all people, but what I tell you is the truth. Isn’t it marvellous to tell people about eternal life you have experienced yourself? They can hang on to that because they need support.’

‘You could tell a great deal about that’, he said.

‘I have done so already and if you want to know about my leader and my life and that of those on the side beyond you can take with you the first part of my book. I have that in my cupboard. It will give you a true image of life after death.’

He let it pass and asked me: ‘How old are you?’

‘I am thirty-eight.’

‘Splendid, then you can still do a lot for people. I haven’t done anything else all my life and I never regretted it. On the contrary, it always makes me happy. But’, he said, as if he remembered my words, ‘do you see the spirits as you are yourself?’

‘Yes, as I said, I see, hear and feel them. They are like we are, but they are further ahead on the spiritual way, at any rate those who possess light. There exists what may be called hell and those who live there will have to cover a long way and each of them will have to break himself down. And that is not so simple, people have no idea how difficult. On the whole we human beings are too self-centered. I have seen hell and heaven, various hells and heavens on the side

beyond but there is no fire. What burns in hell is the fire of passion and violence in their souls, I mean those who live in the darkness. I related this in my books.'

I went to the bookcase and took out the first volume of 'A View into the Hereafter' and I said to him: 'This is my first written work and the second volume has just been published. It is not a literary or scientific work, but it contains the holy truth. You will find it amazing and wonder whether it will all be like that when we enter that life in the future. However, I was allowed to experience all this. In the book you will get acquainted with my leader and also with many other spirits. You will be surprised to read how magnificent life after death is, that there are no wonders anymore and that all problems cease to exist when man gets to know all those wonders and problems. It is not a romantic vision or fiction, it is reality.'

I gave him the book. He took it into his well-proportioned hands and asked: 'May I take it with me?'

'Yes, do, I have plenty. When you're finished reading you may if you like read the second book as well.' He cordially took his leave.

When my patient came to see me some time later she said: 'You know, he is very fond of you. He calls you André and Jozef and he says that André floats in the universe and gets his wisdom from there and talks to the spirits. Where in heaven's name does he get all this from? Have you talked with him and told him about your experiences?'

'I talked with him a great deal, but didn't he tell you that I have given him the first volume of my book?'

It was an indication that he must have been reading it, for I knew the passage in the book dealing with the universe.

'He is improving', she said very happily, 'don't you think so? We all see it. He has been so cheerful recently and he praises you for that. He undeniably feels better. So he is improving, isn't he?'

I let her finish, realizing what she wanted and when I did not react she asked: 'Why don't you say anything? He does improve, doesn't he?'

I did not answer directly and said: 'Let's be grateful for what we have been able to accomplish and not run ahead of things.'

‘But we see him improve.’

‘I said to her: ‘What we achieve is profit.’

‘Profit, you say, oh, how horrible.’

‘Not at all horrible’, I said, ‘there is nothing that can be done. We should be glad that he feels all right and we should wait and see.’

‘We cannot do without that sweet man’, she said.

‘We cannot change fate.’

She left in distress. It was a pity indeed that he should die. The priest would be missed as he was much loved but if he felt well he could be happy. She wanted him to be spared, but her priest and father had to die. I could not help disappointing her, for I could rely on what my leader said.

I was curious to know what he would say about my book, for he seemed to be broad-minded. I was not surprised when he came again and asked for the second volume.

‘We’ll talk later’, he said, ‘and I’ll ask you a lot of questions, but first I want to read everything.’

After the treatment we did not talk and I said farewell to him for three weeks, as the time had come for me to leave town. He felt fine, was free of pain and he would see me again when I returned. He wished me all the best and said: ‘I shall keep quiet and read.’ The priest left.

My patient who was yet to see me said: ‘Last night I was with him, there was mass. After mass he suddenly said to me: ‘Jozef knows of my illness, he and you know, and no one else.’ I thought that I would sink through the floor. How did he know? I didn’t tell anybody. Does he know that it is serious? Is it really true, does he suffer from that illness? Can’t it be cured? I don’t understand why he said that to me’, she said again. ‘Can you give an explanation?’

No, I could not and I told her that I did not know.

‘I do hope’, she continued, ‘that he won’t get worse while you are away.’

She left and I prepared for my departure.

Alcar said to me: ‘He feels his end is nearing.’

I started my trip. Even though far away from him I sensed his condition. Alcar said to me that his condition had worsened. Upon

my return I was called right away. He had been in bed for some days. I realized that the beginning of the end was approaching. If only it wouldn't take long. The disease could be lingering on. All his friends and loved ones were despondent and thought that if I had not gone away his condition would not have deteriorated. However, I knew better.

On a Wednesday morning I went to visit him. When I entered his room he beamed with happiness and was pleased to see me again. He took both my hands, looked at me and said: 'My Jozef! How I have been longing to see you.'

I felt his deep love for me, which made me very happy and it was as if he did not want to let me go.

'Thank goodness you are here. I finished your books, Jozef!'

I trembled. What was he going to say?

'Splendid! Splendid!'

He closed his eyes, he did not speak a word. He laid there very still, apparently in thought. At that moment I felt the peace of the spirit coming from him toward me and I became still too. I sat down near his bed and both of us were lost in thought. I thought of his warm friendship and the love he felt for me. I gladly accepted his pure love and I was most grateful for it. How short had I known this human being and yet it seemed as if many years had passed. I prayed for him and started the treatment. Beside me I saw my dear leader, the spirit of love who had connected me with the patient. Now we were one and I waited for my leader to speak, as I saw that he examined the patient. I did not have to wait long and when Alcar connected me I heard him say: 'There is nothing we can do, he'll soon pass over. I'll prove this to you, just be patient.'

I was shaken. Now what? I prayed to God to let him leave this life without pain. I dared not ask for more, there was nothing more he could be given. He would have light in life after death and light meant happiness. The man whose hands I was holding had fulfilled a good life and was prepared to die.

With his eyes still closed and his hands folded, he said after a long silence: 'Beautiful, Jozef, beautiful for people but few will believe it. Difficult, it is very difficult to accept all this great love, Alcar.'

He spoke haltingly but I understood him. Thank God, I thought, he has understood my work. He had spoken only a few words but it did me good to hear them from his mouth. It made me happy.

Indeed, few people could accept it. I heard so often that it was too simple, not literary or significant enough so that everything I told about life after death could not be appreciated. They found it too sweet! One day, however, they'll all become sweet, as sweet as honey. When these people were faced with the most important and final problem, when their eyes were opened, when they were allowed to see behind the veil, standing before God's holy throne, then nothing would be too sweet or simple and they would want to possess a very great deal of this simpleness. There they would see themselves, not until then would they appreciate all this. I did not write for those people. They could not be reached.

He who was lying on his deathbed, he, the priest, felt the warmth and the spiritual power which radiated from everything and above all the great love Alcar possessed. I could not have expected more. From people who suffered grief and sorrow, who had been left behind alone and belonged to the highest classes of society I had also received letters telling that they were very, very happy. In the hours of parting Alcar had supported them with his deep love. They knew now that they would meet their loved ones again. They had seen this mighty event taking place; at the deathbed of their loved ones they had observed something. The dying person had exclaimed that himself. For all these people my books had become a spiritual support, a strength to carry on life by themselves. Through Alcar's words they had taken the cross upon their shoulders, the cross which God had made them bear. People could not be reached and were not ready to give themselves until they suffered grief and sorrow. No worldly scholarship could help them, then they yearned for spiritual warmth, for a similar feeling and love. Their eyes were opened and they listened to the soft but clear voice and they found themselves. However, the others were not in for nourishment for the mind, they wanted to have their feet firmly on the ground, as they said. They had gone astray; life on earth had absorbed them too. They threw my books on the fire stirring it up, while inwardly perishing of cold and spiritual poverty. It

never occurred to them that their time might come soon. If I had been allowed to write my books only for him I would certainly have done so, fortunately many others were interested. I felt happy that the priest understood me so well. Not that I needed this, I just went ahead, because I saw the life I wrote about, I departed from my material body and was allowed to experience it. Everything was true, everyone will experience it when they enter that life. Many people led a materialistic life and laughed at everything, also at their own ignorance. These grown-up, adult people were like little children, though children are often more sensitive than adult and learned people. Those interested in life after death and living up to it were the happy ones on the side beyond. The others would need many years before they would see light, as their mind was confused. Spiritual life is difficult to reach. But when one feels it within, it brings happiness and eternal truth, a powerful confidence and the possession of a sacred life. It brings love, pure, perfect love. This human being felt it.

‘Jozef’, the priest said suddenly, ‘I’m going to float far away from the earth.’

I was startled. It was exactly what I had been thinking of. It seemed as if someone else had given him the strength to tell me this. It brought tears to his eyes. The priest was like a child and I felt the same. We were two adult beings and yet children in the spirit. We had one God and had passed into each other. We felt one life, one love, he as a priest and I as an instrument. We both served one God, wanted to serve one God, we had one Father and knew one truth. He had acquired this truth and wisdom by study and by experiencing life as God wanted man to. As a result he had developed. I received it direct from the hereafter and had been connected with eternal life. I was allowed to see through his study and so I understood his theology and life behind the veil.

All this mightiness passed through my mind, I was taken up into the cosmos by my spiritual leader Alcar. I knew now that I was a part of that powerful, mighty and Divine life. Yet I had never studied and came from a rural village. Nevertheless, I had received a knowledge and belief as pure as crystal. It was simply nature, it could not be learned, one should feel it. The priest felt it, he was gentle, gentle as

life itself and he stood open to that mighty life. It was reflected in his beautiful eyes, in his voice, in which the gentle feelings of heart and soul manifested themselves and this characterized his personality. This childlike purity characterized his whole being. As a child he would presently enter the spheres and find that place in the heavens where unknown beauty awaited him. This priest loved people with all their faults and sins. He knew the passions and understood because he wanted to understand. He looked beyond their mistakes and gave, gave himself completely. His heart had always been open and those who had knocked at the door of his soul were always admitted. The door to his soul cracked in its hinges, they were wrenched out, the door-posts were smashed. He did not try to repair them for he knew that they would be smashed again. He left the door open and everyone, old and young, rich and poor, could enter. He let them because he possessed much love, it was not otherwise possible to help them. Who knocked at his door was admitted and many entered. But some came with mud and dirt on their shoes, he did not notice, he did not want to. He loved them with all their faults and sins.

‘Come in’, I heard him say, ‘do come in, don’t be afraid, my door is open’ and with a smile he welcomed them and put them at ease. ‘As you see, the door is destroyed and I cannot and will not close it anymore. It will always remain open for everyone.’

This is what life had taught him and many people had come to him. Some put their shoes outside the door and approached him gently. These people felt respect, a spiritual respect for his personality and honoured his dwelling place of the soul. They did not want to disturb his inner peace and quietly went home. He helped them in body and mind. However, there were others who came without feeling, they did not feel or show any respect. He would look at them in amazement but said nothing. Man needed help and he was prepared to give that. Although trembling with fear, being aware of their mistakes and faults he would manage to control himself. Composed, he smiled and made them feel at home. His constant smile performed wonders. Many entered, looking him sharply in the eyes, which made him shiver and tremble, but he stood before them as a child, surprised at such inhumanity. His beautiful dwelling place of the soul,

always well-kept so that God could enter, was defiled by man.

When man had left he remained behind with all this human vice. He had to cope with it himself. Nobody could assist him and he needed no help. He knew and had the power and knew how to keep his spiritual dwelling clean so that God could enter at any moment. He possessed that great power and deep down within his soul lay this pure love.

No, nobody could stain the home of his soul. A sea of love washed it clean, nothing remained in its place and the fire of his inexhaustible love wiped it dry. Nobody knew his secret nor did they want to know. He kept this treasure to himself and only smiled which drew all people to him. That was the way he lived, the way he had to live. That's how I understood this priest.

It was quiet around the patient and I thought of Alcar's words that he had been a great priest. I felt the stillness of death, the departure from this world, the entrance on the side beyond. I felt this problem within me, I felt and saw it and it absorbed me. What I now experienced everyone living on earth will have to go through. I felt the priest, fathomed his inner condition and knew how happy he would soon be. He had lived as a human being, as a child of God.

Unexpectedly he opened his eyes and asked: 'Do you have faith in people?'

I was startled. He had taken over my thoughts again for he continued: 'Death is my friend, Jozef.'

Did he already feel the spiritual language that is only used and known in life after death?

'I do', I said not knowing what else to answer. He raised his eyes and looked at the picture of Christ that hang above his bed. It was to Him that he directed his beautiful eyes. A child asked for strength to be taken up, to advance his departure. Then, after a few seconds, he said: 'You are a blessed man, Jozef.'

It was as if Christ Himself had said this to him.

'You should not forget the saints', he continued. Then, very unexpectedly, after having directed his eyes at the Christ, he said: 'I'm going to die, Jozef, before the end of this month I'll have gone. Then I'm going to float, just like you.'

How is it possible, I thought. Had Christ told him that? Is he in such close contact? Where did he get this from so suddenly? I was amazed that he was so calm. He sensed the gifts I had and inwardly I thanked him for his few but so deeply felt words. It contained a warning for me to keep my gifts pure and exalted. He was now far, very far away from me. I followed him inwardly and I felt that he succumbed entirely. It was another secret he alone knew, he felt connected with the Son of men.

He again looked at the Christ. Tears flow down his face illuminated by a ray of light. You are an angel, I thought. He had acquired a knowledge which only those dying experience. He had already passed into that inexplicable condition wherein worldly laws and learning dissolved and were absorbed. There was no doubt in him, I did not sense the slightest hesitation. This was a wisdom he had just now experienced in complete silence which had come from a higher source.

I experience something mighty this morning, something unnatural. It is bound to be supernatural, I thought. It radiated him, these powers passed into him and he told me, he let me share it with him.

‘Will you help me, Jozef?’ he asked unexpectedly. ‘I’m going.’

When I looked at him, I trembled. I felt a deep happiness.

‘But of course’, I said and I saw that he was crying again.

He sensed me and said: ‘Not because I’m going, Jozef, not because of that, don’t think that.’

I understood and sensed why his tears were flowing. He was thinking of all his children. To part from them was difficult for him. They could not miss him, for they could no longer enter and find an open door to warm themselves. Oh, it was not so easy!

He spoke again and answered by inner thoughts. It was amazing.

‘To part from them is difficult’. He had clearly perceived my thoughts. It proved to me that an other force was working in him. It showed that he possessed great love and that he was able to pick up spiritual powers and truths because he was already in contact with the spirit. Such a beautiful event was rarely experienced at a deathbed. This was indeed a very special transition, a preparation for the eternal world. Not only did he feel his passing over, he also already knew the spiritual language spoken there. He already had the possibility to pass

from one man into the other, yet he still lived on earth. What I experienced in that moment was magnificent.

‘You must go now, Jozef.’

I took my leave. Hardly half an hour had passed but what a great deal I had experienced.

On the way home I contemplated all those things. How beautiful this morning had been. How mighty to leave this life so convincingly. How delightful it was to be allowed to help the dying in this manner. I had seen many pass over but not one like him. Some were afraid, others took nourishing food, for they did not want to die. But whenever death comes no scholar can help neither could spiritual powers accomplish a change. No one can escape it which is the only just moment on this terrible earth.

This priest was familiar with death. To him it was a welcome friend, a friend who delivered him from his suffering, who brought him happiness, light, love and beauty, and yes, eternal life. What remained of death? Where was its power? Where remained all that terror when death could be called a friend? With him death had nothing to feed on, for he knew no fear and felt no misery or sorrow which death fed on. Death would experience poverty in his case. It would starve because it was not fed. He was in empathy with death, he smiled and death smiled back at him. They were familiar with each other and had become great friends. Life had taught him this. He received everyone in the house of his soul and did not grumble when they were rude, but welcomed and approached them with love. As a result he had taught the meaning of death and he knew that it meant eternal life. He saw through its mask, he was clairvoyant and saw behind the veil of destruction and terror. He saw that death was not the end but progress to unknown regions. For him the cruel man with the scythe had been replaced by an azure heaven, a paradise of bliss. Fate ceased to exist, to him it was all God’s holy guiding. God called him and death yielded and disappeared and could not approach him. This priest had everything he needed in the land of eternal truth. Death was pleased that among all those people a few were not afraid.

‘Listen to me’, I seemed to hear death say, ‘you man of the earth listen what I’m going to say. Look at me, I’m not dead. A flame

burns within you, it is God sending you His love, keeping all of you alive. That which you see, your outer appearance, that will die. But within you is something that lives on and will live on forever and shall learn to know endless depths. Exalted happiness awaits you but only those who see eternal life in me. I did not give myself the name 'death', it was you, you human beings, because you do not know me. To you I was 'death', but only for those who are themselves living dead. A spark of eternal life, the eternal truth lies within you. Do not let my name spoil your life. I am not death, I am life and he who knows me will be happy.'

I had been able to follow everything, but who was it who spoke to me like this? Death! It was a living creature, with a sharper view than we who thought to be alive. Its being was cold and at the same time it possessed the warmth of the sun through which it could warm everybody who saw life in it.

With a feeling of great happiness I entered my home. What a morning! So much received and experienced! What a blessing it was to be a medium. I got to know life behind the veil and all of this through the priest I had met such a short time ago and whose great love for man I had discovered.

It would not be long before the priest would learn the real meaning of death and he would pass over in a purple coloured light. The purple light would blend with thousands of other shades which were the radiation of his own inner life. It was his heaven which he felt and saw. There the spirits would wait for him. Everlasting beauty and peace would await him. Little did I expect at this moment that there were more beautiful and sublime experiences in store for me regarding the priest.

Soon it was Saturday. I was looking forward to visit him. He felt my powers and understood me. The priest was already waiting for me. He took my hands in his and said: 'My Jozef.'

How fond of me he had become. Tears filled my eyes. He deteriorated visibly, the illness could not be stopped. I sat down beside him, put my left hand on his forehead, my right hand on his chest and radiated him. He, the priest absorbed this power which gave him the peace he needed so much for his last days on earth. He felt the

beneficial action of life-magnetism.

No medicine could help anymore and neither could I. After I had prayed I heard my leader say that I had to concentrate in the spirit. The moment I did I seemed to observe forms of intelligence. Yes, I was right. Around the bed of the priest I saw various spirits. They were dressed in beautiful garments and radiated a magnificent light. They were looking at the man who would soon pass away.

I wondered what the meaning of this could be. Soon it became clear to me, since I heard them sing spiritual songs and two voices in particular caught my attention. Once was a tenor and the other a bass, while the other voices completed them to merge together as one. It was heavenly! The tenor voice was of unprecedented beauty. It moved me deeply, it sounded so mighty and lofty.

When the song ended Alcar said to me: 'The priest is connected to an order and those who have come to his deathbed want to make his passing away easier. They have come to him from the hereafter and they are spirits of love. The spiritual power of this event will pass into him. He is still unaware of it though he will sense something.'

I discovered that I was being connected with the radiation of this event. The love of all these beings was manifested as a light which was directed at the patient. It surrounded him and would remain so to arrest other forces. This was spiritual peace, a consecration in the spirit. The light now enveloped him as a spiritual wall, a fortress of love power. What I was allowed to observe was marvellous. They who were already living in the hereafter and had known him on earth knew that he would die, as he knew himself. I felt a connection in this, one understanding. Love continued beyond the grave. All these creatures had been priests on earth and had accomplished good lives. He would be admitted in their midst for he belonged to them and the fact that he had already been in contact with them on earth was very special, few people received that.

The patient had fallen asleep and I left quietly. The spiritual beings had also disappeared. When I went downstairs his wife asked me what I thought about her husband's condition.

'Will it be long?'

'No', I said, 'it won't be long though I don't know yet when. If it is

necessary I'll tell you.'

The next time I experienced other wonders.

When I entered I was asked to wait. A priest had arrived from Paris, but the patient would only see him one minute. I smiled for I felt that he did not want to miss a second of the time that I was going to be with him. After a minute I was called in and I entered the sick-room. The patient was very happy and he yearned to tell me something. I sensed this as soon as I saw him.

'Listen', he said, 'sit down. I have been floating, Jozef, very, very high, just like you. It was beautiful. I saw wonderful things.'

He repeatedly paused for a breath and to see whether I would be amazed. He was very, very happy.

Then he continued, 'I saw wonderful flowers. No, not here, they are not that beautiful here. These were different. I also heard singing, very beautiful indeed.'

I was startled. Would he have heard the singing?

'Wonderful singing', he said again, 'oh, lovely. Beautiful voices.'

Remarkable, I thought, the man is a clairaudient, clairvoyant and clairfeeling medium. In the last moments of his life these gifts had apparently come to him which I fully understood. His feelings passed on into the spirit. No wonder he was happy. I consciously saw this experience often, but when I told about it people could not believe it. He, the priest, was now in contact with eternal life. When he had finished telling me about it, his eyes were filled with tears.

'I have seen a lot of people', he resumed. 'Beautiful, beautiful lovely voices.'

While saying this he looked at the picture of Christ to thank God's Son for everything.

As usual I seated myself beside him and treated him. Alcar told me to be attentive as something was going to be shown to me. I felt the priest sink away from under my hands. Suddenly I saw a ray of light in which a radiating being manifested himself. He became ever denser so that I could clearly see him. He moved from the top to the bottom of the bed and made it clear to me that I had correctly seen and felt. Now within that light I saw an apparition, a young spirit of radiating beauty. I took him to be between thirty-five and thirty-

seven years old. The spirit faded and I saw another one. The apparition showed me something, I saw a cradle which contained a dead child. Above the cradle I saw the figure seventeen. It was lit so that I could clearly observe it. Seventeen?, I thought.

'Months', I heard and then, 'died!'

A short and concise statement which left no doubt and I immediately understood the meaning when I heard the spirit say: 'My father!'

My father?, I thought. My God, what a mighty wonder. His father? So he was the son of the priest, a son who had left the earth at an early age.

Alcar said that I had correctly felt and I waited what was going to happen next. A child who left the earth at seventeen months was returning at the age of thirty-seven to meet his own father and to help him passing over? That was a very special event. It was a deep mystery inscrutable to the human mind. What wisdom! How marvellous this knowledge was and what a mighty problem. The child had been living, so it was not dead, otherwise it would not have been able to manifest. And it had grown up. But where? Was that possible? I clearly saw a beautiful creature, a spiritual apparition. Now wasn't this a mystery? I was shown a supernatural mystery and I was connected with it. A problem people on earth were unaware of and which could not be understood. It was the truth, though, for I saw it. These were spiritual problems and laws people only got to know after death, in the existence where my leader and millions of others live. Several times I had been allowed to stay there where the apparition had grown up. It was mighty evidence of life after death if one could accept it. What a treasure of truth I was given. Hundreds of questions entered my mind and on all those questions I could give myself an answer.

Where was death now and its power? Man deceived himself. Who could still believe in death? A young life, the child who was considered to be dead returned to the earth as an angel to help his father on earth and to escort him to the side beyond. How deep was this mystery and how did this being know about it? How did he know that his father was going to die? How did he know anything about father or mother for he did not realize the meaning of father and mother when he passed away. Yet he returned at this moment when his father

would pass to that other life, where his child lived.

My leader instructed me to listen and I heard the beautiful creature say: 'I have come to take him away: this has been granted to me, it is God's will. Ask my mother whether I died at that age, she'll confirm it. A band of love kept me connected to them. An eternal band of love binds us, it binds all people to their loved ones who live on this side and will wait for them when they too pass over. I was allowed to leave the earth at a tender age. This in itself is a mighty grace. You see that I am alive and you hear me speak to you. It is all the holy truth. Convince yourself and ask her.'

Deeply moved by this event I listened to this spirit in admiration. I heard him say: 'I grew up in the spheres of light, know that life is eternal. I think the way you think and live in the spirit. I see and hear you and I can connect myself with your life. I know that he who is lying there is my father, my material father. However, we have and know only one Father, Who is God. I thank you that you were prepared to listen to me and to open your inner eyes to me. I also thank you for the love you have given him. Thank her who is my mother too, for all her love. I feel and receive their love because I live and will always remain bound to them. I know that they love me and that one day we'll meet again forever. This moment is sacred to me, always remember that. Would you please tell all my loved ones? I live in the spheres of light and my father shall also find light and happiness. He will soon be with me, all this is God's holy Will, His Will be done! It is the truth, and because of this it is sacred and people shall bow their heads to Him Who is Father of us all. It is a mighty grace for you to be allowed to experience this. From this side I call out to you and to all people: Have no fear of death, we live in heavenly beauty. You'll see light if there is light within you. All this is love, Divine love. I'll stay with him to the end. His material body will be buried, but his spiritual body returns to life, the life that is God. No man can change this. Go now, I'll watch over him. Nothing will disturb his peace. I thank you.'

I watched the spirit withdraw and fade away. I felt myself floating, I wasn't myself anymore, for I had experienced a sacred event. Before I left I thanked God for everything I had received. I took leave of

my dear friend, brother and father.

Downstairs I asked the mother of the apparition, the wife of the priest whether it was true.

‘Did you have a baby’, I asked her, ‘who died at the age of seventeen months? A boy? Would the child if it had remained alive now have been thirty-seven?’

I need not doubt the truth, she burst out crying.

‘Yes’, she said, ‘our son died that young.’

Oh, what a wonder, I thought. How true and sacred it all was.

I heard Alcar say: ‘Tell her that you spoke to her child. She must know.’

So I continued: ‘I have just now experienced something very beautiful. Your child manifested himself at his father.’

I felt however, that she didn’t know or understand what the word manifest meant and that I should not go on, it was too deep, too unreal. People could not accept supernatural things, so I took my leave.

Throughout the morning I did not have the courage to ponder over this problem. I had to be at ease, it also had an impact on me. Many problems stirred through my mind. I saw depths and wide views at the still unknown human horizon. A terrible thing confused all this magnificence, all this beauty, and that was death. This image destroyed everything so that people could not accept eternal life. People shrugged their shoulders and returned to their daily cares. Death destroyed the happiness of people, it brought grief and sorrow though it could only mean great happiness. It put its veil of death in front of eternal light and obscured the holy truth only because people wanted that. They loved death and did not want to see the light but the truth shown here was that death meant life. A seventeen months old child returned as an adult and told that he had grown up in the spheres of light, in eternal life. The child lived in heavenly bliss.

Oh, death, disappear from the earth and don’t destroy human happiness. Go and put away your scythe, for you are love. Radiate people with your eternal light, your warmth and strew flowers on their path and illuminate their ways where you used to bring ruin. Death, what remains of your power, your old age and terror? You are like the child, the child who left the earth and returned as a young man.

Within you, people of the earth, lies this truth. You live in the material and have eternal attunement. Eternal life glows in your souls, death melts and evaporates, yes, dissolves and life goes on, higher and higher until it reaches the highest heights and feels God, there where the child of the priest grew up. Put away your dark garment, it is only pretence. We know the truth of eternal life, for it was shown to us a little while ago. Nothing can change that.

I felt a time coming when people will not accept death anymore, that death would be on the wane, that its character changed. Its kingdom of gloominess collapsed, it could no longer exist. People dethroned it. It had embittered life on earth long enough. People should know that there is no death and that only life is reality. Grief and sorrow will finally change into happiness and being together eternally on the side beyond. All evidence of this was remarkable, how deep was this wisdom. How immensely wonderful, how mighty everything turned out to be. A child who had left the earth at an early age returned because it knew that his father was going to die. The seventeen months and thirty-seven years enclosed one life. For man on earth this mightiness was covered by a veil but I saw through it and understood everything. Thank God we can now say this, with those who have preceded us and returned to tell us. They call out loudly: 'There is no death; there is nothing but life!' Oh, God, what enormous truth You give us and such great happiness. However, they won't accept this truth until they can see it for themselves. They don't want and can't accept it and are afraid that their own construction of knowledge will collapse. They rather prefer to believe in that archaic creature, in a death which frightens them and brings grief and sorrow when they could be happy. They sleep their deep, spiritual sleep and will go on sleeping. They do not hear this soft but clear voice, they don't want to hear it and the house of their souls is and remains closed.

Must death stay in existence and keep on spoiling people's happiness? Isn't it a bliss to be given the truth while still on earth, through those who passed away before us? Open yourself and receive life! It could be your child, sister, brother, father or mother who asks to be admitted. Doesn't this certainty give us the strength to shoulder everything God has given us to bear? Doesn't it give us the answer to our

question: 'Where are our dead? Are they alive?' How long has mankind been asking this? Now we receive messages from them, our beloved ones. Does this not tell us that love connects us and will bind us forever?

Around the head of the priest lay an aureole of spiritual truth, woven by his own child. Through him we got to know eternal life. If one of those who love him will accept this message and death will dissolve, it would be worthwhile and the return of his child would be rewarded.

I had learned that the priest was a real spiritualist though he did not use this word. He was a spiritualist in his heart and soul for he lived in the spirit. This is real spiritualism. It is what people call work of the devil which makes them afraid. Spiritualism was no more understood than death though both meant spirit and life. Through all this people learned to understand a sacred spiritualism which dissolved all misery and death became 'life' and gently smiled like a child. The devil who had hidden behind spiritualism had changed into a heavenly creature. Death passed on into it, both were one, brothers in the spirit. I could have carried on contemplating in this way for hours. There seemed to be no end to it because the end of this wonderful event, of this problem, lay in eternity. That's where it existed, the problem was man, the child of God.

It was not the end of what I was to experience. I was still ignorant of mightier truths and wonders than those I had received so far. Soon, however, I would experience these as well.

Saturday morning came and as usual I went to see the patient. His eyes now had a radiance which I had observed in angels who live in the spheres of light. This radiance could also be seen in children; purity of the soul radiated from those small creatures. I stood in front of his bed and the priest opened his eyes. A wave of love passed through me. Eyes revealing depth and feeling, eyes sending a message of love and telling me of imminent departure. They closed very softly, very slowly and I knew that they closed for the earth. A shock went through me. Wouldn't they open any more for me? How you have changed, I thought, my dear friend. It won't be long now. I thought of the first time when my woman patient came to me and my leader Alcar had given me the message of his approaching death. How true it all was.

How pure and what might lay hidden in this event. When they wanted the spirits can know everything about the human being. Would his lips speak again? Would those loving blue eyes look at me once more? Or would they really remain closed? The few steps from behind the bed where I stood to my usual seat seemed to take ages. I felt that he would not speak or open his eyes again. Within him lay eternal peace and this peace affected me. Beside him the young, heavenly being was still watching, his child who was thought to be dead. I saw and felt this being, he had laid his beautiful hands on the head of his father. A mighty light radiated over the priest. In this light which was around and within him he would pass over. In the spheres of happiness and love he would wake up and live.

I felt the tranquility of the spirit and in this condition one could only feel, the spoken word would disturb the peace. I prayed intensely that his departure would not take long. How exalted this deathbed was! In the spirit lay the patience of eternity. His hands radiated that light. The priest had fallen into a deep sleep, the healing magnetism had rocked him to sleep.

Only a few minutes had passed when I heard that I should stop. It was my leader who gave me this message. I also heard: 'Take leave of him, Jozef.'

Is he going to pass over?, I thought.

'You will soon know, do go now!'

For the last time I looked at him who had been a friend and father to me.

'Farewell, brave priest, many will miss you.'

At the door I stopped. Would his eyes open again? Would those lips say nothing more, have they got nothing more to say? He lay there like a marble statue. Even his respiration seemed to sleep. I had to leave something beautiful behind but I was to receive something even more beautiful. But I did not know that at the time, I was to experience that later.

The human being lying there was worthy of that name. How beautiful a human being was; he radiated, he had cosmically awakened. The human being was a child of God, as God wanted to see all His children. What a beautiful place a world would be if all people were

that way. I felt an urge to go, Alcar make me leave the room. Downstairs I was asked again whether it would be long, but I did not know yet and I wished them strength. I departed.

To be allowed to experience all this was a mighty blessing indeed. To feel it was spiritual happiness, to be allowed to see it was even more wonderful. The priest was like a child, he was the father, the shepherd of souls and friend to everyone who needed his help. As a child he would enter the spheres of light, as a father and shepherd of souls he was the driving power and the angel of salvation. In him I saw the symbol of happiness and real humanity. The radiation of eternal life fed his day-consciousness, he had lived in it.

Sunday and Monday passed without any news of him. On the Monday evening I was to treat a patient as usual and the man entered at the appointed time. While treating him I had the most remarkable experiences which were new to me. I felt a different, intensive influence. This influence was not as usual and I wondered what it might mean. The patient I treated was unaware of it, it was only meant for me.

I concentrated on my leader and I heard Alcar say: 'Look around you, Jozef, see who is here.'

Who is here?, I thought.

'Look who has come', I heard again. 'Look who is standing beside you!'

I attuned myself spiritually, I looked and startled. Did I see correctly? Beside me stood the priest. He was radiant! My God, I thought, what am I going to experience now? Is that possible?

'Have you passed away already? Do I see correctly?' I asked.

Then I heard a gentle voice which I recognized and had grown so fond of say to me: 'Do you see me, Jozef?'

'Yes', I said, 'I see you, I find it amazing.'

'Do you hear me, Jozef?'

'I hear you, yes, I hear you! Have you passed away?'

I heard him clearly say: 'No, not yet.'

Oh, what a mystery, I thought. The spirit of the priest stood there in front of me. This was a rare event, for those who can manifest themselves directly carry great inner assets. These people have fully consciously entered eternal life.

‘Jozef’, he said, ‘I am floating, I am floating! Now I am going to die. Oh, how beautiful it is here, Jozef. Will you help me?’

‘Of course I’ll help you.’

I thought I would sink through the floor. I saw him smile, his special, beautiful smile. He had not lost it in that other life. How wonderful everything was, words failed me. My mind was in a turmoil, I could hardly concentrate. Then I felt that Alcar helped me. How beautiful he looked! Beside him I saw a young and beautiful being I knew. How is it possible, I thought. It is his son. The priest looked younger already, yet he was still connected to his material body. Father and son were already united. This was an unforgettable moment. He would gladly have shown himself to all his loved ones, but that was not possible. Beside me stood the priest with his own child. Yet he had to return, but it would not be long before he would be free from earthly ties and could go wherever he wanted. A dying human being had passed out of his body. Wasn’t this wonderful?

‘Alcar’, I heard him say, ‘Alcar is here. I have seen him. Splendid, Jozef.’

He was still standing beside me. He was more than ever alive. Never before had I experienced a wonder like this. I had seen many people pass over but not one of them possessed the inner qualities that he was found to have. Eternal peace radiated from him. I felt my heart beat faster. He had not changed at all, apart from having become younger.

The priest looked at me and said: ‘The books, Jozef, it is all true! Beautiful!’

This was too much for me, it had not crossed my mind. Somebody from the hereafter telling me that!

‘I cannot talk much yet’, the priest continued, ‘everything in the books is true, Jozef!’

Tears of happiness rolled down his cheeks, he was so happy to be able to tell me all this.

‘I have to go now’, I heard him say, ‘but I’ll come back.’

The apparition of priest X and his son faded away before me and I knew where they were going to. Back to his material body to experience his last hours on earth.

How I thanked God for having been allowed to observe such a beautiful and exalted event. How we all have to thank God for being given these proofs of living on. He had given me proof in a way I would never have considered and it all served to convince mankind of life after death.

All this took place while I was treating my patient who had not felt or seen anything. It all happened without his knowing, because he was not connected. Would he believe me, I thought, if I told him what I had just experienced? He would think about it again and again, not knowing what to say, as he would not be able to solve this mystery. It would be too much for him.

I had been connected with three beings, I had treated a human being taking away the pains he had come with and I had spoken with beings in the spirit one of which was about to die. What wonderful forces of nature!

Still, all these things were quite simple if one knew and saw, heard and felt them, if one was prepared to accept. When one had the eyes to see, the ears to hear their clear but soft voices. All these problems were solved and the wonder was no longer a wonder, they were human powers of the spirit, it was the love the human being had. For me this problem was solved and it was a natural event. But those who cannot see or feel this laugh at it. He who has not acquired this level laughs, but he laughs because of his own ignorance.

People on earth, does this mean something to you? Does it make you happy? Do you accept that you live eternally and that we proceed on our road from one planet to the next? Do you feel that life on earth is part of eternal life? That eternal life is within us? Does the evidence not show that those who passed away on earth live in an other condition? Whether they can give us this proof is up to us. We must open ourselves, open our souls, then we may receive, receive much bliss. Our beloved ones will return to support us in our last hour. They prove to us that they will be waiting for us. So do not laugh at knowledge you do not feel or know. Do not laugh at an other religion and don't curse an other human being for you curse your own eternal attunement. Live a life in the spirit and the treasures of the spirit will be heaped upon you. The gates of hell will remain

closed to you for the spheres of light will be waiting. The human being curses himself when he thinks only of his material life and let his inner self, the eternal body, die of spiritual neglect. To ignore yourself spiritually is to enter the land of eternal peace dressed in rags. After thousands of years people still laugh about these wonders. They are still being ridiculed and the scientists still think themselves 'learned'.

Do you hear the spirits knock? They knock at your house but you won't let them in, yet they ask you to open your door. Some knock softly and others loudly. They all knock, but man keeps the door of his spiritual house closed. Nobody is allowed to enter.

Oh, human being, do not be afraid, they don't destroy anything, they come with nothing but love. They quietly enter and bring you spiritual wisdom. They bring light, a lot of light and greetings from your loved ones who have passed away.

But people say: 'I don't want to have anything to do with all this.' They barricade their doors and don't want to talk about it. They ignore the knocking, they live in a modern era and don't need this kind of love for they have their own love. But what kind? Self-love! The door closes and the spirit leaves. The few who have opened the door soon forget about it or they are disappointed because the kind of love the spirit brings is beyond their understanding. They don't want that life, they can't understand that love. The price is too high and too much effort is required. Spiritual love requires losing oneself, discarding one's whole personality. People turn a deaf ear and remain hardhearted. They don't want to feel that love nor hear that knocking. They cannot be convinced. They see strangers in these spirits and do not want anything to do with them. If they would be willing to open themselves their mothers or fathers, sisters or brothers would stand in front of them. They return with a heart full of love to warm them but they don't want to recognize a dead person. The spirits will return time and again until the doors will remain open forever. Not until then will all be united and the spirit at peace. The church and spiritualism will be one and death has become life.

Aren't they who return full of love? Isn't all this worthwhile thinking over? Here it was a child who knocked and thank God, it was heard. All this should be thoroughly felt. Pull out your spiritual feel-

ers and probe that invisible life. There are thousands who will help you. By feeling you will see, and this is knowledge. It is not until then that the human heart will break open and the human being will bow his head. Many accept this in time, others are too late. In their life of darkness all this could be spiritual nourishment bringing light. How true everything is, I thought, as true as man has a heart and knows he is a human being. They are ignorant of the truly living human being, isn't that terrible? That human being must tell these ignorant people that they are living dead. Man can't fathom the depth of a soul. He cannot accept the invisible life, yet it lives within him, he himself is that great mystery. He curses everything he does not understand, including himself. When spirits who have known eternal life return to us, must we close our eyes to them? Have we the right to tell them 'go away and don't bother us'? Can't we let them in for a moment? They will take us to unknown worlds and show us unbelievable glorious views. They will tell us of nature's magnificence and steer us clear of the seas and storms of life.

After my patient had gone Alcar told me that I should record the experiences received. I told a friend and my wife what I had experienced and that the priest would die that night.

The next morning after dressing I saw him. I walked to the living room and I felt that I was acted on. When I entered the room I saw the spirit of the priest next to the statue of Christ. I was startled and stood rooted to the floor. He stood there before me in a radiant garment, looking at me with that beautiful smile on his face. I sat on the couch and I felt that I was contacted with him. There stood my friend, he had died on earth! He had said farewell to his worldly life. Now he was forever spirit!

'I died', I heard him say, 'last night. Oh, it is so wonderful here!'

I cried, I was deeply touched by such beauty and sanctity. I nodded but was unable to utter a single word, it was too much for me.

'I died and I live', he said again. 'I am floating, Jozef! Jozef, I floated to you', he repeated. 'Nobody knows, only you. I can't speak much yet.'

With short breaks, word for word, he had spoken. I saw him raise his eyes. The priest beheld the infinite cosmos. There he would meet

his eternal rest and his spiritual assets in life after death. He was already far away from the earth. The light he radiated was the love within. To love, light and happiness!

‘Where are you going now?’ I asked after a short while.

‘I’m going to have a good sleep’, he answered, ‘I am tired.’

I saw that my leader spoke to him. The priest looked at him and left.

‘Farewell, my Jozef’, I heard him say, ‘I’ll be back’ and he faded away before my eyes. It had been indescribably beautiful.

That evening the newspapers were full about his demise. Everyone who had known him spoke highly of his noble human feelings. A great priest, father and friend had gone; nobody could take his place. He had foreseen his own death. Never before had I witnessed such a deathbed. I would not be likely to experience one like this in the near future.

A fortnight passed. One afternoon, sitting quietly in my room, I suddenly saw the priest. Alcar brought my attention to him and connected me with him. Smilingly he came up to me.

‘Everything has passed now’, he said, ‘I’m awake, awake forever.’

He put his arm around my shoulder and fell silent. He stood there lost in thought and I felt what was going on in his mind. I experienced a vision of his life. I saw the moment we were connected which connection contained beautiful scenes, too beautiful ever to forget. I subsequently saw his passing over and entrance into the spirit world.

This was a powerful, deep experience. He stood beside me as a philosopher. Life had given him this wisdom. He showed me many spiritual conditions he had passed through. Detached from the earth he lived in the third sphere, one sphere higher he would enter the summerland. After this he showed me another image, it was the image of the woman who had introduced us.

‘Thank her and remember me to all the others. I live and I am happy. So long, Jozef, I will be back.’

The time had come to put all this down in writing. When I had received the message from Alcar I saw the priest together with my leader. The priest was pleased to see me again and to experience all this from the other side. He sat down beside my writing table and

when everything had been written down he left. He could not tell much.

‘Later’, he said, ‘first I have to acquire a lot, and experience everything!’

He could not give me a description of his sphere. He was not a person of many words and first had to learn spiritual life. I knew the third sphere, however, as I had been there with my leader and I also knew the happiness enjoyed by those who live there. They all are spirits of the light and possess love, pure love. What more can I say? The proofs are evident.

To all the friends and relatives I proclaim: ‘Your beloved priest lives and is happy. You will meet him again for he won’t forget you. If this convinces one of you he and his son will be happy. He is waiting for you and thanks you for your love.’

I have passed all this on according to the truth as I was allowed to experience.

*He who calls himself a master on earth
Is the pupil on the side beyond.*

ALCAR

CHAPTER II

There is no death, there is only life

ONE day a woman came to see me, requesting a diagnosis. The diagnosis which I was allowed to assess through my leader Alcar implied: 'Nothing you can do about it, but you can give her relief.'

How am I going to tell her, I thought, but while I was thinking of this she interrupted me saying: 'I know what you are going to tell me.'

I looked at her and thought: Does she know her condition?

'The doctors', she said, 'have given me up, I need not tell you any more.'

It was overwhelming, the courage to admit her illness and to accept this fate, few people were able to. It required strength and personality.

Then she asked me: 'But you can give me some relief, can't you?'

I wondered whether she was clairvoyant and clairaudient as she had read my thoughts and diagnosis so accurately. She was certainly sensitive and extremely susceptible.

I answered: 'I can't restore your previous condition, but I can most certainly ease your condition.'

She placed herself in my hands. After two months, however, I had to continue the treatment at her home as it had become too tiring for her to visit me. Her illness deteriorated visibly. I told her that my first book was being published and she became the first person to order it.

How surprised I was when my leader said at the same moment: 'She will not live to read it!' His words were short, but to the point.

Not read it, I thought, that means that she will soon pass over, for my book would appear in two months. This was a most remarkable message, it meant the death of my patient with whom I had become such good friends. I did not doubt for a moment the truth of what my leader had told me, but I did not discuss it with her.

Jeanne, as she was called, was convinced of eternal life and we often had stimulating conversations. She told me a lot about her life but her conversation always returned to life after death, she was profoundly

interested in it. I got to know her as a strong personality. She was broad-minded for she had learned in life to acquire the positive powers. When she told me about her life she was like a little girl even though she was past fifty. Inwardly she carried a great treasure, she had an unaffected nature, loving everybody who came to her, gentle in feeling and ready to help others.

‘You never know’, she said, ‘how you may need them yourself one day. I have always kept that in mind.’

One morning she told me: ‘When I have arrived in the hereafter I’ll come and visit you from there. You will see me, won’t you? Or don’t you think so?’

I said nothing, but smiled and thought: How does a person, a patient arrive at such an idea?

‘Don’t laugh, I’ll come back to the earth’, she continued. ‘Would you like that, Jozef? Just imagine how beautiful, how marvellous it would be to be allowed to experience that. At least’, she added, ‘if I may, for you just cannot do there what you want. I have read about it and know quite a lot about the difficulties connected with it. So many say that they will return but you don’t see them or hear from them. Others come and manifest themselves to their relatives and tell them that they are happy and alive. Yes, life there must be wonderful. People should think deeper about these things, but most of them are afraid. How lovely to be there, to know that you are alive and still know everything about your life on earth, don’t you think so?’

‘Yes’, I said, ‘it is mighty and it makes you happy.’

‘One must have led a good life’, Jeanne continued, ‘otherwise it is not possible. What’s your opinion about it?’

‘I agree with you’, I answered, though meanwhile I thought of other things. They were beautiful words I was listening to and many people could take an example from it. I knew of people who had no appreciable illnesses and who were already afraid of dying. Jeanne spoke of death as a real friend, she had great strength, it convinced her of an other life.

I continued: ‘It is there as you say. You must inwardly possess the power to return to the earth. Not everybody who arrives there can make contact with people on earth right away. That is quite difficult

and we have to acquire it. Those are laws, Jeanne, is spiritual property, love that we must feel for all life that God has created. That is why so many people cannot come back, they don't know themselves. They may indeed be in the sphere of the earth but do not have and know the power to reach material beings. They wander in our vicinity impatiently waiting for the moment to come into contact. That is a terrible situation, having to live in it means much struggle, sorrow and grief. They thought that life in the spirit would be like this life, but that is not true. It depends on the radiation man has which is power of love, personality or however you want to call it.

There are people living on the side beyond who do not even know that they died on earth. You can imagine how far these people are away from the truth. They should first realize that they discarded their material body and that is very difficult. Oh, if people only knew how natural life on the side beyond is, how real, how human; they would change their way of life and be prepared to learn to know themselves. But they live their material life and who does so cannot connect himself with people on earth. However, they will also receive help, that's why there are higher spirits. They escort them to the earth to connect them with their relatives. But to do this individually spiritual assets are required.'

'Don't you find it sad, Jozef, not to know that you have died on earth? It seems to me something terrible.'

'Indeed, Jeanne, it is spiritual poverty. These are people who have forgotten themselves and never thought of eternal life.'

'Then I am a happy one, Jozef, for I already know a lot about it, and I'm not afraid of death.'

Jeanne was lost in thought and spoke on. 'Why', I heard her say, 'Why don't people want to be convinced? When they hear talk of death they shudder with fear and yet it can be so lovely.'

'What do you mean by lovely, Jeanne?'

'I was thinking of this world. It could be so beautiful here if people knew, really knew that they will live on and attune to that other life. Then there wouldn't be so much sorrow, there would be happiness for everyone, a great and mighty happiness. They would not kill their fellowmen and love everything alive. That is how I visualize the earth

and that is what I was thinking of.'

Jeanne was a searcher of the good. She expressed my thoughts and I wanted to give myself entirely for that purpose. Yes, the earth would then be a lovely place and all would be children of God.

'Oh', Jeanne continued, 'I don't know where I shall arrive, whether I possess light or darkness, but I'm certain of one thing, I have never been bad. I haven't done anybody harm, at any rate not consciously. If people talked about me or if they annoyed me I left and ignored them. Then you can remain calm and they can't hurt you for you are in control. I learned that from my mother. She was brave, wise and sensitive. People who can't do that have to learn it. Mastering this is not so easy, it takes half a lifetime and many still fail. They get angry for no reason at all and in the life beyond we are not allowed to get angry, for there is only peace. If it were not like that, life would not be worth living. No, Jozef, I have not been bad, at least not intentionally. But people sin without being aware of it, isn't that true? And sometimes we commit very great sins, which we have to make up. God will know where my place will be. Every human being sees light and receives his place according to the way he lived. He assigns his own place in the hereafter. That is the way I feel it, that's how it will be. Isn't that so, Jozef?'

'That's right, Jeanne.'

I wondered how she had received all this wisdom.

'God knows all people', I continued. 'Nobody can hide from Him. However thick safes and buildings are, God sees through them. He knows all His children.'

'I really enjoy talking to you about these matters, it never bores me and I could carry on forever. Through talking you realize that you are alive and you feel your blood circulate. 'Accept life', my mother used to say, 'and don't be afraid if things do not turn out the way we want to.' Yes, mother was wise. Oh', she continued, 'I have no fear of death even if I had to start that unknown journey tomorrow. The sooner the better! Life on this earth is not so pleasant! You work day and night and you have no rest, always faced with misery. There hasn't been much sunshine in my life. For years I lamented things I had wanted to experience, but weren't destined for me. God's will be done.'

There is nothing we can do about it. I often thought of what my mother used to say: Accept, child, and take things as they are, it could be a thousand times worse. I learned that too and my dear mother spoke the truth. When you look at other people you do not want to swap your own misery. They have even more struggle, grief and misery. You must learn to carry your own cross, others can't help you with it. Isn't that so, Jozef?

'You are brave, Jeanne', I said, 'very brave.'

'People always look at others', she continued, 'but when they know what the others have they don't want to change places with them. Usually they are cured straightaway. Most people always burden others, which I never did. Wherever they come they tell about their grief, yet nobody can help them. They must cope with it themselves and that is a good thing, otherwise one would lean on others. In this way lives pass without really living. Knowing everything about someone else you feel how happy you still are and you can accept your life which – unnoticed – has become a little lighter. For a while you don't complain. The sun shines again which does not occur so frequently in man's life. There are times when you think sorrow is over, but then it returns and you are faced with it again and you begin to worry again. 'We are here to learn', my mother said, 'and what you learn here you don't have to learn with our Lord.' Don't you think that was sensible of her, Jozef?'

'Very sensible, Jeanne', I replied.

'During my life', Jeanne continued, 'I have always been like that. What other people did I don't know, for I never had many friends. When the sun shone I enjoyed it. Soon enough dark clouds would dim the light again. For my mother it was better in the hereafter than on earth, for she was a good person.'

'Your mother was a wise woman, Jeanne.'

'Yes, she was, she helped many people, rich and poor. She was not educated but she possessed worldly wisdom. How she knew all this I don't know, but she always gave advice and every question was readily answered. I believe I have inherited a lot from her, if that is at all possible. In some things I am exactly like her, for in my character I see qualities she also possessed. To her dying was not the end. She said:

‘That is the moment you really begin to live.’

‘It is splendid when people can think that way’, I said, ‘for life is not so difficult then. That is to have great faith which we should all have, then everything becomes easier.’

‘When my mother passed away, Jozef, I was the only one who could control myself. My brothers and sisters had lost their heads and were brokenhearted. I accepted it all as a law and said to them: ‘We surely meet her again.’ But they did not have my faith and had no confidence. To them it was a great loss, for me a short parting. Yes’, Jeanne continued her thoughts, ‘it is indeed a large journey you are going to make, far, very far from the earth and yet it is so near. But you should feel that, clearly feel that or it would be meaningless. For all of us that time will come and we have to pack our cases.’

I could not help laughing, but she continued: ‘You don’t need much for it, though. It is the cheapest journey you’ll ever make and yet it is the biggest. I lie in bed thinking about it a lot, then I get a peculiar feeling and I often dream about it. Some people, I imagine, go through valleys and over mountains and enjoy beautiful scenery on that journey quite distinct from what they see in their own country. They can enjoy them if they are not nervous, for most people will have lost themselves and are afraid of what is ahead of them. I sometimes saw many travellers in front of me and I followed them one by one. Among them I saw people who did not want to make the journey at all. They resisted but they were pushed into the train and went ahead towards the unknown. I saw others who were very sad because they left so many friends and loved ones behind. Especially those who had many children did not want to because those children were left behind by themselves. I saw people who behaved like wild animals, they did not want to go on this journey at all. It all happened so unexpectedly. They would rather stay at home enjoying a glass of wine and a lot of other things. They had such good life on this world and I could well imagine that. Who wants to go to unknown regions if you have such a good life at home? But I also saw people who packed their cases straightaway and started the journey. My own mother for example, she said goodbye to all of us and the journey commenced. I hope that I may depart the way she did. She left in silence and that was splen-

did, very beautiful. It was exactly as if she was carried into the train. She longed for it, too, and I knew that there were many who accompanied her on her journey. Though I did not see these invisible beings, I did feel them. I also saw people who had gone on their journey without having been able to take leave. They were already on their way before the relatives heard of it, who were naturally stunned by it. Yes, they were sad, very, very sad.'

Suddenly Jeanne said: 'Do you think I'm talking too much, Jozef?'
'Not at all, Jeanne.'

Then she went on: 'Don't forget that there is nobody here with whom I can discuss these things. People are afraid and when you lie alone like this many things go through you mind. I have seen people travelling through dark tunnels which I could see from far away. Then I thought: Oh, what a difficult time you'll have because I saw no other way, they had to go through it. Don't you think what I tell you is silly, Jozef?'

'No, Jeanne, I enjoy it.'

'But now the most remarkable thing of it all. I usually dreamt and I saw people in front of me and I knew already what I had been dreaming about. Yes, I knew many people who had to make the journey. Sometimes I heard it a few days later and I wondered if it had any connection with my dream. That won't be possible, will it? What do you think?'

'I'll tell you what I think. In the first place it is possible. Those dreams are imposed. Dreams given you by intelligences who are spirits. I personally feel and see that it can't be otherwise. A reason that you saw many people start a journey is that the spirits wanted to tell you beforehand so that you experienced their passing away. Those dreams are quite remarkable, you should have recorded them.'

'Among those I saw pass away were several relatives and this gave me a real fright. When I have to make my journey I hope there are a lot of mountains around me as I like mountains. I would climb to the top and then look over the entire surroundings. That is lovely! Even as a child I used to climb on anything and my mother had to take me down because I carried out daredevil feats. When I had climbed on top of something I told my mother what I imagined.'

Yes, they were happy moments with my dear mother. No, Jozef, I'm not afraid to go on the journey.'

'Where do you get all that wisdom from, Jeanne, from books?'

'Not all of it, but I feel a lot for nature and, as I said, I learned a lot from my mother. I'll tell you something which will explain why I am not afraid of death any more. Isn't that what you mean, Jozef?'

'Yes', I said, 'that's what I mean.'

'In former days, as a child, I saw a lot, but when I grew up I did not see much any more. What I want to tell you happened not long ago. At the time I was very frightened, for it happened so unexpectedly. They think that I am out of my mind, or that these are hallucinations but I know what I saw. I do not hallucinate for I'm much too sensible. A person who does not believe in these things and can't see anything himself thinks that you imagine things. But listen. A friend of mine died some time ago. It happened quite suddenly and I was very shocked, for I spoke to her only a few days before she passed away. Her name was Greetje and she was a famous artist. You would recognize her name if I mentioned it. She had an accident. I was very upset about this sudden departure and I cried for days on end. I could not understand the reason for it. I was convinced of life after death, but I could not shake this sadness off. A number of times I had spoken with her about spiritualism, for she had a gift, she often saw very clearly though she did not want to have anything to do with it, also because life took too much of her time. This sadness lasted quite some time. Now and then it became a bit easier but suddenly it would return with great intensity. I prayed a lot for Greetje, but that did not help either. Don't you see her?' Jeanne interrupted herself, 'I often get the feeling that she is here.'

'No, I don't see her, but I see someone else, I'll tell you about that later.'

She continued: 'One night I saw Greetje and I startled terribly. It was exactly four o'clock in the morning when I woke up. I thought to myself, what is up, why am I wide awake? I clearly felt it was something unusual. While I was lying thinking of this I saw her standing in front of me. There she stood, Jozef', and she pointed to the place where she had observed the apparition. 'Right in front of my bed!

Terrible, I thought and I screamed out for help. My sister who sleeps in the next room came running in and asked what was the matter. 'What is wrong with you', she said, 'you look white?' My whole body trembled. When I had become calmer I told her what I had seen. Do you know what she thought? 'Come, child', she said, 'you just imagine things. Go back to sleep, I'll tuck you in.' But I did not allow myself to be talked out of it. 'I was not dreaming', I said, 'I was wide awake, I have never been more awake. She stood right there!' But my sister looked at me as if I was Greetje myself. I did not want to frighten her and said no more about it. I did not think I would fall asleep again as I thought about her all the time. Yet I must have fallen asleep for suddenly I woke up again. I immediately thought of Greetje and of what I had seen and sure enough there she stood again in front of my bed. This time I was not frightened at all and remained calm. She looked at me and smiled. Oh, that was lovely, how happy I was, for I felt great happiness come within me which I cannot possibly describe. That moment my sadness and fear of death disappeared. I first rubbed my eyes and I thought: Is it you or isn't it? But it was Greetje! She smiled again but when I mentioned her name she disappeared the way she had come. I did not understand it and I remained thinking of it for quite some time. I could not find an explanation and I have never seen her again. Did I frighten her and was it my fault that she vanished again so suddenly? Shouldn't I have mentioned her name? Do you know, Jozef? Can you give me an explanation? Why, I thought, did she show herself to me to disappear straightaway? I found it strange, for I wanted to ask her a lot of questions. Shouldn't I have mentioned her name?

'Listen', I said, 'I'll explain this to you. What you experienced is most interesting. When a spirit manifests itself it does so under its own power. Did you think you saw Greetje through your own ability, through the gift of clairvoyance?'

Jeanne thought about this and said: 'Yes, because I saw her.'

'Right, that is what I want to explain. It is just the other way around, Greetje wanted you to see her. So you saw her because she wanted to. Why don't you see her now? Do you have this gift? Yes, in a small way, because you are sensitive. But now you don't see anything and

that is my point. The spiritual world is now invisible to you because you don't have the level of sensitivity which the gift of clairvoyance implies, otherwise you would be able to see all the time. Do you understand?

Again Jeanne thought about it and said after a short while: 'No, I don't understand, I can't grasp it, I really saw her.'

'Now listen. The moment you saw Greetje you were connected with her, your feelings were united, you felt what Greetje wanted you to feel. That is why she could wake you up so suddenly. During your sleep Greetje contacted you but when you rubbed your eyes this contact could already have been broken because you returned to your own sense of feeling. However, Greetje maintained this contact. You had the same feeling and she could manifest herself as she wanted. She brought you to a higher spiritual level, which was clairvoyancy. In this condition one can only feel. So when you began to speak and mentioned her name you returned to your own thoughts. Your concentration was again focused on yourself, the contact was broken and you saw nothing anymore. For why didn't you see her later? You were clairvoyant at that moment, weren't you? You should be able to see her now also, but that is not possible. That is why it is usually the other way around. You broke the connection with Greetje. Most people think they have become clairvoyant but this is not yet their own gift. It is marvellous and a mighty bliss to be allowed to have such an experience, that is if you enjoy it. Greetje may have been there for quite a while, but she could not reach you any more. That was only possible in that unconscious condition. You had returned to your day-consciousness and out of reach for Greetje. In your sleep, as I said, you and Greetje were one in feeling. The way you saw Greetje I can see in my day-consciousness. I can see all the time but only if my leader wants me to. You see, again through contact.

When the spirits must pass on a message they must want to make contact. I open myself and receive and pass on what they have to say to me. It is not so easy to open myself completely, but my leader taught me. When I see, I consciously pass into their life but Greetje pulled you into her present life. Do you understand now why she did not return?'

‘Yes, now I understand, Jozef, it is quite simple.’

‘I know the way I see, Jeanne, and I know all those degrees of clairvoyancy. There are seven degrees, but no clairvoyant on earth can reach the seventh degree. There is a great deal more to tell about this.’

‘You have explained all this to me very clearly. I see, feel and hear that it is true, there is no other explanation. And you see those wonders all the time?’

‘All the time, Jeanne and I can understand that you were frightened. I was also frightened when I saw my leader for the first time and he is even a very high spirit.’

‘Greetje looked wonderful, she beamed all over, but it was such a surprise to see her.’

‘Most people who see something in this way usually break the connection at the same moment for they tried to see it better. But that means returning to their own sense of feeling which disrupts the contact. Greetje probably stayed with you for a long time to see how you would react. This is how our loved ones are around us while man is unaware of their existence. They would love to tell everything about that beautiful and mighty life in which they live, but people are beyond reach. They are around and within us but man does not feel or see them.’

‘Greetje was rejuvenated and beautiful, I saw her as a woman of thirty. If all people could only see for a moment they would not be afraid of death any more. Then the earth would change, because they would live a better life. And that is why I am not afraid any longer. Did Greetje take this sadness away from me? Did she know I felt sad and that I often cried? Can you explain that to me as well? I would like to have heard her voice for a moment. Nevertheless, I thanked God that I was allowed to see her.’

‘I’ll explain this. So it was Greetje?’

‘Yes, nobody else.’

‘She must have been in contact with you, presumably from the moment the accident happened. When we pass over we’ll first of all think of those we loved most of all. The power of love binds us together and we will learn about these spiritual powers only in that life. When Greetje woke up in that life she will certainly have felt that

you were mourning. Because she felt that you pulled her back to the earth.'

'I did?'

'Yes, you.'

'How is that possible?'

'It shows you how strong the power of thought can be. You'll experience that later when you enter that life. You disturbed her happiness because you were mourning and was connected with her. This is a great handicap to those who arrive there. Greetje came back but saw that you did not see her, yet she tried to change your sadness into happiness in a way you now know. When she showed herself all that misery disappeared and you returned to your own level.'

'How beautiful that is, Jozef.'

'It is really worthwhile for these conditions have a deeper meaning. You realize that thousands of people who have passed over are pulled back and when they visit their loved ones they find that they cannot reach them. That is awful and a sorrow springs up so intense and forceful that only spiritualism can solve it. That is why spiritualism is sacred and it is a mighty grace for people to have received this from God. People on earth still know so little about all these laws. So there was only one being who knew that you were mourning and that was Greetje. She knew, she felt it, you were one with her, one in feeling. If Greetje had not been able to reach you and you would have suffered that grief for a long time, life would have become unbearable for you. Those who keep mourning perish and that is not God's intention, in particular when man is aware of eternal life.'

'It is touching, so beautiful, Jozef, to see them.'

'So it is, Jeanne.'

'How blessed you are that you can always see them.'

'I am and I would not like to part with my gifts, not for anything in this world.'

Suddenly she said: 'What is your opinion of me?'

'My opinion of you?'

'Yes, I mean about my illness. I won't get better, for I know what's wrong with me. There is no cure for me. Do you know that too?'

She looked me straight in the eyes and I felt that she wanted to

know the truth, but I looked at something else and pretended that I had not heard her. What makes her think of that so suddenly, I thought. Her question was to the point and too drastic for her condition. I considered this in a split second. I was not yet allowed to tell her this, although she knew much about life after death and was prepared to die. So I avoided the question and kept looking in the other direction where I observed something.

Then she asked: 'Do you see something?'

'Yes', I said, 'I see an intelligence, a woman. She has been here for quite a while and is waiting to be connected. I already saw her when you began to talk. I think you'll know her, for you look like her. I'll describe her.'

I had hardly finished telling her all the particulars of the being I observed when she called out: 'Oh, mother, are you here? Mother, is it really you? It can't be anyone else, it is my mother.'

The spirit showed me something, and simultaneously Jeanne said: 'Here, Jozef, look, here it is.'

She showed me a medallion she was wearing and in which was a portrait of her mother.

'Where is she, Jozef?' Jeanne's eyes filled with tears. 'I feel mother, Jozef, she is near me. Is that possible? Does she not say anything?'

I saw the spirit who was her mother put her arms around her child and kiss her.

When I observed this Jeanne suddenly called out: 'I feel her, Jozef, it is as if she has put her arms around me, just as she used to when she kissed me, I can feel it on my cheek!'

I trembled with emotion. Jeanne was clairfeeling, one degree higher and she would be clairvoyant. However, this connection was broken and there followed a short silence. Jeanne felt the peace of the spirit which had entered her as a result of the arrival of her mother.

She had to digest all this first, but after a short pause she said very unexpectedly: 'Do you know, Jozef, what I feel now that my mother and Greetje have come to me?'

'No', I said, though I felt what she wanted to say.

'That I'll soon be leaving, – die', she added.

It is amazing, I thought and again her eyes pierced me. How right

her words were, but I resisted her gaze and calmly continued: 'Oh, well, what can I say about it, it is not always connected with death. Suppose everybody would pass away when the relatives manifested themselves. That is not possible, is it? They are often in the sphere of the earth to do work here.'

Meanwhile I thought that in this case it is indeed to come and fetch you, for it won't be long now. Jeanne was becoming very sensitive. She spoke and felt the truth because it was within her.

But she was not satisfied and said: 'Is that what you think? I have become so sensitive of late. Sometimes I think I see them, but then I am afraid that I imagine things and I don't want that.'

Alcar directed me not to tell the truth and to leave. So I completed my visit and left.

It is remarkable indeed, I thought, that she felt the spiritual world now that she was soon to leave the earth. However, I knew all these conditions, with many people I had been allowed to observe these powers and actions. When they were about to start their great journey, as Jeanne phrased it so beautifully, they felt in the spirit and passed over into that life. The sensitivity she already had as a child and had always been within her had now become conscious. I thought she was very brave, I only heard a few speak the way she did. She was not afraid of death, to her death was a trustworthy friend.

One morning when I entered she asked me straightaway: 'Do tell me, Jozef, when I die will I be loose of my material body at once?'

'Are you starting again? First good morning and then we'll see.'

And I first began to treat her. However, after the treatment she referred to it and asked: 'Well, what do you think, will I be free from my body? I've read about it you see.' She looked at me like a child and smiled.

A splendid question indeed, I thought. Sick people would not often ask this question for they do not want to hear about death. I admired Jeanne for the way she accepted her situation so completely.

Then I said: 'Yes, you'll be free.'

'Do you know that straightaway?'

She looked at me in surprise and waited for an answer.

'I'll tell you how I know: I see and feel it. Are you satisfied now?'

‘No, not yet, I would like to know why and what is the cause of it, you know what I mean.’

‘Well, listen. The way I feel you, I observe your spiritual attunement and see your radiation, I can tell you that you will be free from your material body.’

‘Oh, that is quite simple, I expected to hear quite a story. I am happy, though, for I have been lying and thinking of it for the last few days, it occupied my mind. Suppose, I thought, that I would not be free from my material body! Can you tell me more about it?’

‘I told a lot of it in my book.’

I looked at her and wanted to know how she would react. But she ignored it, and I felt that several problems were occupying her mind.

She was full of the great journey she was going to make and said: ‘If only I don’t have to wait long, I’m prepared to make the journey.’

She had already forgotten her first question and she burst out laughing. Jeanne had a very strong sense of feeling.

She continued: ‘I’m not going through dark tunnels, oh, no, I can see myself already in a beautiful nature! I only hope that I don’t have to suffer too much, then I am most grateful.’

You are a dear, I thought, a real darling. She had a strong faith and profound conviction. I would do everything I could to comfort her as much as possible.

Suddenly she asked: ‘Has your book been printed yet?’

‘No, not yet, but it will soon be.’

‘Fine’, she said, ‘lovely, I like to read it. It is so nice and quiet here.’

Poor Jeanne, she would not read it. It moved me deeply.

‘Tell me something about your book, Jozef, will you? Or can’t you spare the time this morning?’

I had already prepared myself to talk to her. These conversations, as my leader Alcar said to me, would give her the strength to go through everything. They would support her during the difficult hours ahead and also upon her arrival in the spheres.

‘Just ask me something’, I said, ‘what would you like to know.’

She did not need any time to think, she immediately asked: ‘When I die, will I see mother and Greetje right away?’

‘Yes, you’ll see them.’

‘Lovely, I’ll be so happy. I am very curious to know how everything is over there. Will they be waiting for me?’

All we need, I thought, is her asking me whether they would come and fetch her. However, I did not have to tell her as she continued talking herself.

‘Do you believe that I’m looking forward to it? What is there for me in this world? Nothing! Always alone with my sister I cannot relate with. I love the peaceful silence, they have written so much about. Oh, that silence! Have you felt it there? It is hard to believe but I feel it must be true. To be connected forever! Jozef, just think of that. Aren’t you envious that I’ll soon be going there?’

Jeanne was a philosopher, her thoughts were taking her far. She amazed me again and again. Indeed, I would very much prefer to die. Death was the most beautiful thing I could receive on earth. She had the same strong desire. Yet, she had never been in the spheres, she was not clairvoyant and did not possess that great contact I had. I felt nevertheless why she was so sure of everything. Her journey was coming nearer and nearer and the more that time approached the more sensitive she became. It was quite natural, all people should be like that, they should open themselves, death would be no agony but a journey to eternity.

‘How mother will coddle me, Jozef.’

‘What is that?’

‘Coddle’, she repeated. ‘That is a word she used, a word many people have to express something dear. I’m going to live near a high mountain in the hereafter that I can climb whenever I want to. Is that possible?’

‘Yes, that is possible. People build their own homes in the spheres. We have started that on earth, at least those who want to enrich themselves spiritually. Others live in darkness and cold and suffer from spiritual poverty.’

‘I’ll tell you about it when I’m there and may return to you. I’ll pray for it, Jozef, and I know that I can reach you, it would seem quite easy to me. I feel you are a brother and therefore I’ll be able to reach you easily. It is as if I have known you all my life, even though we only met a few months ago. You are so familiar, so open, Jozef,

you give yourself entirely, you are like a child and yet you are an adult person. Oh', she went on, 'if I am allowed to tell you how I arrived there and how my life is, as well as mother's and Greetje's on the side beyond, I can't imagine how mighty it will be to experience all this. Yes, I'll pray for it and keep on praying that God will hear my prayer. I also pray that it will not be long now, for I'm longing to be with mother and Greetje.'

'It is wonderful that you can talk about it with such relaxation.'

'For that I'm most grateful to God and I'm happy that I have met you.'

Jeanne lapsed again in deep meditation and when I concentrated on her I saw and felt that she had entered into spiritual contact.

'Did you see it too?' she asked unexpectedly, as if she knew that I followed her.

'Yes, I saw it.'

'What did you see, Jozef?'

'Eternity.'

'Really, was that eternity? I saw an other country, a country quite different from the earth and I saw light, a great powerful light. Then I saw people dressed in beautiful garments and it looked as if they were floating. Look, I thought, they are not earthly people and I felt they were spirits. My God, how beautiful that was. How much you can see in a few seconds. I felt I was there and that I experienced everything myself. Did you feel that too? How did that happen so suddenly?'

'At that moment you were clairvoyant!'

'Now I understand even better what you meant, when you explained to me about Greetje. Now I understand, I feel it, it is deep within me. My journey, my great journey!'

She spoke softly word for word, gazing in front of her, lost in thought.

'I am being warned, I feel it, no, I know it. They are packing my cases.'

Then, as if waking up, she said: 'I talk a lot, I heard myself! What does that mean, Jozef? Please explain that to me.'

All the time I had been listening to her quietly and attentively and

meanwhile I had contact with Alcar. Jeanne spoke in half-trance, she was taken up in spiritual life though still in her material body. That was the way many mediums spoke and I knew this condition.

‘Well’, she said, ‘say something.’

‘I have to think first and concentrate on my leader’, I said, but in fact I didn’t know how to keep the truth from her any longer. ‘My leader connected you with the spheres, he let you see this because you are so brave.’

She was as happy as a child and said: ‘That is nice, Jozef! How kind of your leader to show me a glimpse of that mightiness. Tell him that I’m very glad. How beautiful death is. Shouldn’t people be happy now? What more do they want? What a blessing to be allowed to leave this valley of tears. It is unbelievable and yet I saw that it is the truth. Many are afraid, but I’ll gladly go. Isn’t it marvellous for you to be able to talk to people or patients who are not afraid of death? Who are prepared to die? No, I’m not afraid, don’t you think that’s marvellous, death stood in front of my bed and smiled at me. But death was mother and Greetje my friend, my sister! Who is afraid of death now? Not me and nobody would be if they experienced all this. To many death means sorrow and grief, the loss of their possessions, nothing but misery. Since I know it all my life has changed and become fuller and I feel the meaning of life on earth. Before that I was a living dead. Spiritually I was in an unreal condition, now I’m beginning to live, now that my end draws near. That is how I see it and feel it, Jozef.’

I looked at her full of admiration and Jeanne continued her deep human conversation.

‘Death in the shape of Greetje is sweet. Greetje whom I knew for years and who died stood there in front of my bed and lived, she was young and beautiful. She lived in a way she had perhaps never done before. She had awakened, I clearly felt that. If she can return so can I. She’ll show me that way and I’ll learn it. I’ll find you, Jozef, I’ll come back to you!’

She looked at me, tears flowing down her cheeks.

‘I am so happy, so very happy that I have been allowed to see for a brief moment all this mightiness that awaits me. How can I thank God!’

She took both my hands and shook them warmly.

‘When you think deeply enough of death’, she resumed, ‘nothing remains of its misery. Death was rejuvenated and had become more beautiful. It took away all misery from me. People find it cruel and hard because they don’t understand death. But I know death now and we’ll soon know it completely but with a different beauty. How great it all is, Jozef, but the best thing of it all is that those who are dead know more than we do who are alive.’

She’ll soon be there, I thought. Another few weeks and my book would be published. She was not to read it, was she? While I was considering this she suddenly asked a question that startled me: ‘Is it possible, Jozef, that I could read the proof sheets?’

‘The proof sheets?’ I repeated her question, ‘what makes you think of that so suddenly?’

‘It just crossed my mind.’

How sensitive she got, for she had adopted my thoughts.

Jeanne continued: ‘I thought that if I pass over soon I won’t be able to read your book. Perhaps the printers have advanced far enough so that I can read the proof sheets. Haven’t they finished yet?’

With all my strength I had to try to conceal my inner feelings. Jeanne had become clairvoyant, clairaudient and a clairfeeling medium. Death, the passing over to the spiritual world was the driving power for these gifts. The process of dying inspired her because she innerly wanted, which made her feel and see the new life. It was remarkable, indicating that her end was very near. The printers were nearly ready. Another fortnight and she would be able to read the work.

‘No’, I said, ‘they have not yet advanced that far.’

‘What a pity’, was all she said. It seemed as if she felt that her end was coming near. ‘Don’t you see Greetje or mother?’

‘No, at the moment I see nothing.’

‘How do they come to the earth, Jozef? Is that straight forward?’

‘By power of thought’, I said.

‘So, through your will you go to where you want?’

‘That’s right, but there are still other conditions and laws we have to acquire after arrival.’

‘Oh, I thought as much’, she continued, ‘for it seemed too simple otherwise.’

You are amazingly astute, I thought.

‘But I know that too, Jozef.’

‘So you know that too? What do you know?’

‘The way they move about.’

‘How do you know this?’

‘I experienced it once. Listen, if I wanted to go very fast it went automatically. In my dream I floated over mountains and valleys and I was conscious of everything. Is that because I am so fond of mountains? I went as fast as the wind. Is that possible? Had I departed from my body?’

‘Yes, that is possible.’

‘Is it really?’

‘Everyone departs from his body sometime, consciously or unconsciously.’

‘But I dreamt, Jozef, didn’t I?’

‘You think that, but you were in the spheres and fully conscious. Many people are in the spheres at night. You often hear from them when they wake up in the morning that they have spoken to relatives who died a long time ago. Though they remember everything and speak of the beauty and happiness they can’t accept it. Life on earth occupies their minds and the spiritual forces are wasted. Such dreams are mostly departures from the body, although there are also wish-dreams. For example, like you said, that you are fond of mountains. You can experience that spiritually without departing from your body. In that case you are and remain connected with your material body, but in the spirit you make far journeys.’

‘I remember another very beautiful dream, Jozef. One night I dreamt that mother told me that I should see a doctor and that I should not put it off. When I woke up in the morning the first thing that came to my mind was my dream. Yet I did not go because I did not believe my dream, for I did not feel ill. I felt a little pain, but it was not worth going to a doctor. Imagine though, a few days later I dreamt the same thing again. Mother said as if she was still on earth talking to me: ‘Child, do go to the doctor otherwise you’ll need an opera-

tion.' I was startled and wide awake. That very day I went to see the doctor. What do you think he told me? 'You are just in time, otherwise an operation would be necessary.' What do you think of that?'

'Marvellous, Jeanne.'

'Was this a dream, was it mother or a departure from the body?'

'It was your mother. She gave you that spiritual truth, it was not a departure from the body. She did not want to run the risk that when waking up in the morning you would forget about it again. She acted upon you consciously and put that knowledge within you, held a spiritual conversation with you and made you wake up after that. You woke up and you knew it had been your mother. You were afraid, the spirit of your mother brought all this about. She made you experience all this, just as Greetje did. You have gone through wonderful things, Jeanne.'

'Yes, I have. Mother warned me of more things. One morning I wanted to clean up the front room when before I opened the door I heard a voice say: 'Don't enter.' I stood stock-still because I recognized the voice of my mother. I did not see her however much I tried, but you recognize of all people the voice of your mother. Why not enter? I thought. I could also enter that room by way of a small corridor. So I did and when I went into that room I immediately saw that a heavy painting above the door was leaning on the door so that if I had walked in the painting would have fallen on my head. Isn't that amazing?'

'You were well protected.'

'Now I know when these things reoccurred, it was when my health deteriorated.'

Excellent, I thought, grief, sorrow, illness and other phenomena make people sensitive.

'When I think of it I have actually experienced quite a lot. So I could hear it, Jozef, because my mother could reach me, otherwise the painting would have fallen on my head, wouldn't it?'

'Yes, you could be reached. Your mother acted on you and she succeeded completely.'

'You are like a philosopher, the way you explain everything to me.'

'And you', I added, 'are a know-it-all.'

Jeanne laughed and I prepared to leave.

‘Are you going, Jozef? Bother, then I have to wait another two days.’

‘Yes, I have to go. There are other people who need me.’

This departure was difficult, Jeanne felt it too. She looked at me but said nothing, but I knew what she thought because I sensed her. Not an other word was spoken. Around her lay the death she was waiting for. We both felt it.

When I visited her next time I saw straightaway that her end was nearing. Death was in her face, her friend she would soon get to know. She was spiritually conscious of everything and at once she began to ask questions again.

‘We were talking about dreams last time, weren’t we? I said shortly before you left that I knew when it had returned to me. Do you remember?’

I gathered that she was thinking about these things day after day and I asked her: ‘What do you mean by that?’

‘I want to know how it is possible?’

She was very much to the point with her questions. My leader said not to tire her any more and to take leave. She knew enough now!

‘Well, aren’t you going to say anything?’

‘You are impatient, Jeanne, I must think first.’

In actual fact I was in contact with my leader but she could not hear or see that. ‘The reason you dreamt a lot is that you are ill, it makes you sensitive, but only if you want to learn spiritual life. The more sensitive a person is, the more he can see in the spirit when attuning to the spiritual life. It is not until one has lost a loved one that spiritualism is an asset, until then it was considered to be nonsense. I often experience that, very often, when people come to see me. Then you cannot tell them enough about life after death, they want to know everything about it. It is not until then that they start reading spiritual books and go deeper into it. Their hearts are broken and they can be reached. The more struggle, illness, sorrow and grief people go through, the more sensitive they become, however terrible that may be. Do you see what I mean?’

‘Yes, I understand.’

‘When people could give up their possessions then they live according to God’s will. If they don’t, they are in conflict and often perish.’

‘I may congratulate myself then’, Jeanne said, ‘I’m not attached to possessions.’

When I visited her the next time the general practitioner had spoken to her and had her taken into hospital. She could no longer talk. How fond of her I had become! She had become a sister to me. For a while I stayed with her, we both felt the stillness of the spirit. She did not speak a word, but her eyes asked for strength. With her hand in mine I prayed to God to let her pass away soon. Motionless, with a snow-white face, the marks of nearing death on her lips, she looked into that awe-inspiring space from where a ray of light shone upon her. She had lost her vivacity, her life on earth was drawing to an end. This was a natural passing over, a spiritual surrender to Him we call God. Into your hands I deliver my spirit! This thought occurred to me. Was it hers as well? Was she thinking of it? The great mystery was beginning to be revealed.

Human beings of the earth, do you know that you live eternally? Do you feel that one day we will appear in front of God’s holy throne? That we will stand naked so that everybody will see how we are and how we feel?

A child of God was going to pass over, she did not have to wait much longer. Her cases were packed. Jeanne had fallen asleep and quietly I went away.

‘Farewell, little girl, farewell’, I said in my mind, ‘greet my friends in the spheres, you will soon see your mother and Greetje, both in happiness and eternal beauty.’ My task was finished.

A few days later her sister came to see me.

‘Will you visit her once more? She is asking for you.’

‘Gladly’, I said, ‘I’ll visit her tomorrow.’

‘She has so much deteriorated that you won’t recognize her any more.’

The next day I went to visit her. Jeanne was already unconscious. The light in her eyes had faded. I was glad that I had been able to talk with her so much. That would be a great help when she entered life on the side beyond. Within her she had that knowledge, it was the

peace for her spiritual life. She already lived in the unknown, in the spirit, far away from the earth, there where Greetje and her mother lived. Where would she be at this moment?, I thought. Perhaps she saw and heard already in the spirit. Dying is really a wonderful thing if we know where we are going. Death was present in her eyes, which had lost their sparkle. The vitality that used to radiate from her eyes had disappeared. All the discussions we had had together flashed through my mind. How splendid those times had been, how strong she had been and how daringly she had talked about death! Not a tear of sorrow or fear had she shed. Jeanne was a strong character and I was pleased that I had been allowed to meet her. She was a good example, I would not forget her in all my life. She would float to the heights, those unfathomable heights she loved so much. Death made her body unrecognizable but gave her an eternal garment instead, which would become ever more beautiful.

There she lay, the talker! If she could hear me she would laugh at it herself. For her and myself there was no sadness, no sorrow, no agony or misery. Jeanne went to a festival, she made a splendid journey but I had to wait. How I had loved to go with her! Oh, how deeply I felt the happiness of those who were allowed to pass over in this way. I took her small hand which such a short time ago she had held out so warmly and full of happiness. It was cold, so that it was apparent that she would soon die. I concentrated on her and felt that she had fallen into a deep sleep. I could not find her any more, she was in the spirit, far away from me. Her sister cried, for to her Jeanne was dying. What a difference in spiritual property. They were from the same mother and yet so very distant from each other.

I saw that my leader Alcar stood beside me. Now I can no longer speak with her, I thought. What a pity I had not come earlier but I had not been able to spare the time. Other patients needed my assistance. I did not blame myself as I had previously said farewell to her.

I had been standing for a few minutes in thought when I heard my leader say that I should concentrate on him. I did what Alcar wanted and heard him say: 'I'll connect you with her.' Then I felt myself sink away. Where was I going to? I had no idea where my leader was taking me. I did not understand. Then I felt something very remarkable.

I knew I was holding Jeanne's hand in mine, that I was standing beside her bed and that her sister was sitting to the right of me. It was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop. I felt I was descending all the time and that I entered the world where Jeanne now was. I approached her in the spirit, this was very unusual, I had never before experienced anything like it. Or did I imagine things? Were they hallucinations? But I was conscious of everything. I thought I sensed Jeanne and it was as if I was near her like before when I came to visit her. It was something mighty, something supernatural. I got to know laws of which I had never even heard. It was amazing. These powers were not known on earth, I was quite sure of that.

Then I heard Alcar say: 'Listen, my boy. They are not hallucinations, not chimera of the brain, not thoughts of your own. I am going to connect you with Jeanne so that you – listen carefully – may speak with her although she is in an unconscious state according to the earth.'

'Did you say speak with her?' I asked in astonishment.

'Yes, Andre. This is not possible for man on earth, but with my assistance and power you may presently speak with Jeanne. Jeanne is alive, she will remain so and because she is alive it is possible to speak with her, even though she is far removed from her earthly consciousness.'

Words failed me, it was all too profound for me.

'In a flash', I heard Alcar say, 'I can connect you, but I want you to experience all these transitions and the depth of her sleep. Her spiritual body lives already in the spirit and because I live on this side and know her attunement, I can connect you with her. I repeat, only through spiritual activity from our side can this wonder be brought about. I also want to show you that unconsciousness does not really exist. Her unconsciousness means that she is entering spiritual life. Consequently, the medium has left the material body, it lives on on this side and it is the spiritual body. Jeanne finds herself in a condition unknown to her, but I see where she lives and I know all these laws. Presently, when she becomes conscious in this life she'll understand this level.'

Oh, how wonderful this is, I thought, too deep for the human mind, man cannot comprehend this.

‘Nevertheless it is the truth and nature’, I heard Alcar say. ‘All these laws are within us, we are them ourselves, they are the power of love man possesses.’

I now felt a deep quietness coming into me. It was the same peace of the spirit which I felt on the side beyond, when I visited the spheres with my leader. Jeanne was nevertheless still attached to her material body. When this chord, a lighted silver chord which I could clearly see, would break, she would die and be able to leave her material body, it was not until that moment that she would have died for the earth and now I understood the significance of this great enigma.

I felt a soft longing take hold of me and when I concentrated on Jeanne I knew that it came from her. Jeanne had fallen asleep thinking of me. How amazing, how wonderful this event was. For the earth, for her sisters and brothers she was already inaccessible. Who would ever know what dying people were thinking of? I was allowed to witness it. Mysteries in the spirit were made clear to me and I learned to comprehend them. The distance between us became ever smaller and I felt Jeanne coming into me, we were spiritually connected. I felt her, I was one with her in soul and spirit. Whether she felt me too I did not know. Then a great happiness came within me. It was like the rising sun, an awakening in the spirit, a resurrection of a deceased, whose life began to awake again through the action of high spiritual powers. That was Alcar, my spiritual leader. Jeanne was happy, she felt me too and now happened the greatest wonder of all that I might ever experience through my gifts.

In this immense stillness I heard Alcar say: ‘Pay attention, Jozef, I’m going to connect you. You will be able to speak with her.’

Suddenly I felt a voice within me saying: ‘Have you come, Jozef?’ It was the voice of a child and I was deeply moved.

‘Yes’, I signaled, ‘it is me, Jeanne.’ It was as if Jeanne spoke to me from behind a veil, her voice was a soft whisper, which I felt and understood.

Then I heard Alcar say: ‘It is the same power as when you spoke with your material body from a great distance.’

Now I understood, I had already experienced it. I felt Jeanne’s voice. She spoke the way spirits speak with each other, it was the spiritual

language she already knew and used. How amazing this mighty event is, I thought. I felt that she entered me completely, we were one in soul and thought. I saw her in front of me and the veil I had observed a moment ago was removed. Beaming with beauty I saw her for her spiritual body was already changing. Jeanne was passing into the spirit and because of her good life on earth, of the love she possessed and felt, her spiritual body assumed this marvellous radiation. The words that now came to me nearly took my breath away.

Jeanne said: 'Now I'm going to die, I am in the process of it, Jozef. Now I'm going on my journey, my cases are packed.'

Oh, my God, I thought, who will ever believe that I experienced this? I trembled, not because she left but because I heard her say it and she was conscious of her passing over. There were hardly words for it.

'Go', I said, not knowing what to say, 'go, dear Jeanne, may God be with you on your way. I'll never forget you, we have become brother and sister forever.'

The silence became intense and in this silence I felt that Jeanne withdrew from me. I did not hear and saw her any more.

After a while, she returned and said: 'Are you still there? I was falling asleep again for I am so tired. But I woke up again. Do you know what it is?'

The old Jeanne, I thought, how moved I was by her question. I felt all this through my leader and I said to her: 'My leader Alcar made me feel that we are in contact with each other through his power. Alcar concentrated on something else and you resumed your previous condition.'

Jeanne did not react but a moment later she said: 'Jozef, I saw Greetje and mother, they have come to fetch me.'

I was so amazed to hear this that I could not speak.

Then Jeanne asked: 'Why don't you say anything?'

Moved by all this, I said trembling: 'You are a wonder, Jeanne.'

'You think so? No', I heard, 'I am not. There, that light that is the wonder.'

Jeanne then said: 'I was asleep, Jozef. Do you know who woke me?'

'My leader, Jeanne.'

Alcar made me feel that I would return to my day-consciousness.

‘We must not tire her too much, she needs all her strength.’

Then I said: ‘Have a good journey, Jeanne’ and I felt myself returning in a flash. I also felt that Jeanne wanted to say something, but she could not reach me any more.

I woke up beside her body. Everything was as I had left it in the spirit. In a quarter of an hour I had gone through eternity.

Then I experienced another wonder. Jeanne had wanted to say something, but I had already gone. Yet her will to talk manifested in her material body. I only heard a hik, hik, hik sound of which only I knew the meaning. Her sister told me that she heard this sound several times the previous day, it was a strange unpleasant sound. To me, however, it was not unpleasant, it was Jeanne’s longing to speak to me and her relatives. What a wonder, how clearly she wanted to continue speaking, in the partly cast-off material body. Her body was no longer able to; the spirit no longer had the power over the material body. How simple this problem was.

I subsequently experienced an other wonder. My leader was inexhaustible.

‘Look at the clock’, I heard Alcar say.

I did so and I saw that the hands were illuminated and started to turn. It was a large electric clock which hang on the wall facing me and the hands read a quarter to two. I saw this with my earthly eyes. I subsequently began to observe in a clairvoyant state. I wondered what the meaning of this could be when the hands stopped.

‘Jeanne will pass over at the time I’ll show you.’

My leader could not have made it clearer to me. The hands slowly started to turn again. When they reached seven o’clock they stopped and then crept slowly until they reached a quarter to eight when everything dissolved. I understood and thanked my leader for everything from the bottom of my heart.

‘God, my Father’, I prayed in silence, ‘I cannot thank you enough for all this, but I shall make it known to mankind. This is my gratitude, Father!’

I looked once more at Jeanne, said goodbye to her and left the room. Her sisters were already waiting for me.

‘Don’t cry’, I told them, ‘she is a spirit of light.’

I did not want to tell them that I had been speaking with her. They would not be able to digest that.

‘You’ll understand that she is dying’, I continued, ‘nothing can change that. She has known this herself for a long time and I thank God that I have met her, for she is a great woman and is going on this journey full of joy. When it is all over will you please come and tell me if everything happened in accordance with what I’m going to tell you now? In the first place I advise you to stay here, she’ll pass over to-night at a quarter to eight. You must know this, tell everyone else.’ They promised me to do that and then I took leave.

I went home deep in thought. Who would believe me if I would make this known later? Man laughs at laws he does not know and which he will not know until on the side beyond. What a morning! How fantastic Alcar was. Who would think about it? Those were psychic laws at the fringe of human understanding, but how simple it all really was. My life indeed had been enriched by being allowed to witness all this, the gifts I had received from God were mighty. People should accept these laws though they could not understand them, they could not be felt, to that end people should pass on into the spiritual life. Jeanne wanted to keep contact with me! That hik, hik sound was remarkable. Death is unpleasant, yet it was love. My book was published, but Jeanne was passing over. How true everything was. Spirits can see and know everything about us if they so wish.

When I arrived home, Alcar said to me: ‘This was only possible because Jeanne possessed these spiritual powers. Those who do not have this attunement will not be able to experience all this.’

I understood, a child may understand this but people did not want to. Mediumship is sacred, by being a medium I experienced this beautiful event.

A fortnight later Jeanne’s sister came to visit me. I was very curious what she was going to tell me though I had no doubt about it.

‘I have come to tell you’, she began, ‘that Jeanne died at a quarter to eight.’

How exact everything has been passed on, I thought.

‘How is it possible that you saw this in advance?’

‘I saw nothing’, I said, ‘the spirits can see, we are only instruments.’

‘But you said it.’

‘That is true, but that very phenomenon that people do not want to accept, that’s the point. Once again: It is the spirits who see everything, those with whom Jeanne now lives.’

‘We now feel happy that she has passed over. Her death has made me think differently and I learned a lot during her illness. Oh, she was so brave, she was so spirited. During her last days she talked continuously about her journey, she saw mountains and talked about her friend Greetje. I have begun to believe now that there is more than we can imagine, I have awakened. I used to think that Jeanne was hallucinating but now I know better. During the last days I was at her deathbed all the time. Sometimes she said: ‘Look, there is mother again. Look, mother is here! No mother, she does not see you, not for a long time, but I do! Oh, that is too much for me, to what do I owe all this? And Greetje as well?’ I just went away and thought that she would go mad. But she didn’t. She told me such beautiful things when I was alone with her. She often mentioned your name and said: ‘You know that is how Jozef sees all the time. I know why I see things. They come to fetch me, yes, sister, they are coming for me, I may go on a journey, Jozef knows.’ She talked for hours on end, telling me what was around her. I know that she used to be able to, but now everything was quite different. She spoke philosophically and she was more wise than the rest of us. When mother died – I can remember that like yesterday – she acted quite indifferently. We blamed her for that. She said: ‘You will learn to understand that. One day you will realize it. There will come a time that you feel there is no death.’ And then she told about spiritualism. It has opened my and my sister’s eyes. One morning she said: ‘Look what mother brought me.’ I did not see anything and asked: ‘What do you mean, Jeanne?’ ‘Don’t you see it?’ She spoke like a child and my heart shrunk when she asked me that. I said I did not see anything and I thought: You see, she’s going mad. At once, as if she had caught my thoughts she said: ‘Do you think I’m mad?’ You can’t imagine how this shocked me. ‘Come and sit beside me’ and she took my arm pulling me close to her. ‘Now listen carefully.’ I’ll never forget the way she looked at me. ‘I’m going to mother.’ I began to sob vehemently. ‘Don’t make it so

difficult for me in my last hours, come, be brave.’ She was the weaker one and had to support me, for I felt broken. ‘Come’, she said, ‘look at me and listen. I am going and I am most happy that I may make this journey. Jozef knows too and I know that I won’t be able to read his book any more. Now I know what mother and Greetje told me. Look’ – she pointed at the table – ‘there are flowers, spiritual flowers and they are only for me because you can’t see them. Jozef would see them, but I won’t see him any more. Oh, I am so fond of him. You must thank him warmly when I have died and tell him how highly I think of him and what he has meant for me.’ When I promised her she added: ‘Will you stop being afraid now and think that I’m going mad? I’m not going mad, child. I can see again and Jozef has evoked that in me through his power, otherwise I would not have seen anything. Anyway that’s what mother says.’ Is that possible?’

‘Yes’, I said, ‘that is possible, but the gift must be there. Jeanne was very sensitive.’

‘Finally I wanted to say that we would like to read your book, which she could not but had wanted to so much. Jeanne gave me money to buy the book. For me it would have been a bible’, she said.’

I was greatly moved. I had never received so much love. How great Jeanne was to think of that.

‘I’ll have the books in a week’s time. If you come back then I’ll inscribe a remembrance to Jeanne in it.’

We were both very moved, I because of Jeanne’s love, she because she now really understood her sister.

‘I could tell you a lot more, but I’m not able any more. You knew her better than we did and I’ll love Jeanne even more now.’

Jeanne’s sister left and I sat down and sent many loving thoughts to her. I had gained another sister.

Jeanne returns

A few months later I saw Jeanne and I recognized her immediately. She was rejuvenated and beamed with joy. While reading a book I heard Alcar say: 'Look, my boy, who is here!' I concentrated in the spirit and saw Jeanne standing beside me. At the same moment I was in contact with her.

'Dear Jeanne, you are here?'

Jeanne answered: 'Yes, Jozef, it is me, I was here before but I was not allowed to disturb you.'

It was a sacred moment for me and I heard her say: 'I'm alive and happy. Do you see me, Jozef?'

'Yes', I said, 'I see you.'

'What do you think of me?'

'You have become younger and you look lovely, I'm happy that you have come.'

'Oh', I heard her say, 'I have thought about you all the time, Jozef. I have come now to thank you for everything. You have been good to me, you gave me such a lot of spiritual strength. I awoke through you and I consciously entered this life. I am with mother and Greetje, Jozef. They came to fetch me. I don't see Greetje all the time, she works hard on herself, but if I want to see her I can.'

Jeanne put her beautiful hands on my head which I clearly felt and said: 'Do you feel me?'

'Yes, I feel you, Jeanne.'

'It is lovely to come to the earth and to be seen and felt. Now I am in this life, Jozef, about which we spoke so much.'

It was a moment's silence and I felt what she was thinking. She was thinking of the time that had passed. Then she said: 'I was not able to read your book any more though I was the first to order it.'

Amazing, I thought and asked: 'You still remember?'

'Yes, I know, nothing is lost. Everything you told me about this life is the holy truth, Jozef. Does that make you happy? It is unbelievable how natural this life is. How much do you know about our life. If only people could accept it, for it is a great asset to enter here with that inner truth. You are then far ahead of those who know nothing.'

Entering here is the greatest wonder. You feel as if you still live on earth, it is so natural. Those who don't know anything about eternal life will have to be convinced of it first. You'll realize that the more subtle aspects of the dying process are lost for it is a mighty grace when you can experience them consciously. We talked much about this life and I'm grateful that you had the patience to listen to me. I'll never forget the time you spent with me. God knows that I'm thankful, for it cannot be expressed with words.'

'Is everything as I told you, Jeanne?'

'Everything, Jozef, but it is mightier, you won't be able to describe it. The fact that you know and feel all this, Jozef, is astonishing.'

'Who brought you here, or did you come on your own strength, Jeanne?'

'Mother! But I can find my own way too. It is as we discussed. You spoke of laws, which I still remember. Well, I have learned to understand those laws. If you don't have those powers you must first acquire them, otherwise it is dark on earth and you can't see people. You can only reach those whom you are bound with by love. You understand what I mean. Do you see mother? She is here.'

I concentrated in the spirit and saw a beautiful scene, mother and child together. They were forever united.

'Yes, Jeanne', I said, 'I see her.'

'Mother is a darling', she continued, 'she has helped me so much.' Then after a short interval: 'I know the way to the earth, Jozef. We see through all matter. Now I know how Greetje showed herself to me. Everything is simple, but how deep and incredible when you live in your material body. Oh, if only I could have imagined this, I could have spoken to my mother and Greetje while I was still on earth. But you must feel it, not until then do you pass over into this life. I see in your radiation that you have been here very often, Jozef. That knowledge lies around you and is visible to every spirit who possesses love. It is all so wonderful. You can do everything here, Jozef, if you have the inner ability. You must possess these powers inwardly. This pure power of love and the capacity to feel love for everything that lives. What a beautiful task you have! Do you know that I may return again to tell you some more about this life, Jozef? The master beside

me tells me so. What a great bliss that is! Isn't it lovely?'

'It is incredible, Jeanne.'

'But it is true, you'll hear about it. I can't stay long now because I'm going with my mother to my sisters and brothers. Isn't that great? She knows how to find them and I'm going to learn that too, but mother says that I won't be able to reach them. They will not see or feel us. Isn't that terrible'

'You see me clearly, Jeanne?'

'Very clearly, Jozef, just like on earth, but in quite a different way. There is light around you, I see you in a haze and that haze is your radiation which has several colours. It is amazing. Every human being has a light or dark haze. I see that you are looking at me, Jozef, and I can see into your eyes like on earth. How mighty this is. You speak, feel, hear and see me and yet I'm invisible to those who do not possess these gifts. I feel the same way I did when I still lived on earth and I have not changed in any way. I have experienced many wonders already, one wonder being even more beautiful than the other. Everything is impressive! Do you feel me, Jozef? I pressed both your hands.'

I felt her and a lovely feeling flowed through me.

'I must go now', I heard her say, 'but I find it difficult to leave you. I'm busy talking again, Jozef. Oh, how happy I am. You can understand our happiness, for you know this life. Mother sends her regards.'

'Give her my love, Jeanne.'

'She hears you and she is very grateful. She has received those thoughts sent out, the way I did in the last days before I passed over. I'm going now, Jozef, but I'll be back.'

Jeanne and her mother dissolved before me, the connection was broken. I could not concentrate on reading any more and I put down the book. How wonderful everything was. Death is not death, but life. Jeanne's prayer to be allowed to return had been answered, she was alive.

After she had gone Alcar said to me: 'Later when she'll return she'll tell about her life on this side. Others will also come and you'll write down what they relate. Have patience now, she is a spirit of love and is happy.'

It is nearly four years now since Jeanne passed over. I saw Jeanne when I had started the first chapter of this book. She would tell about her life in the second chapter. When I had finished the chapter of the priest X, I was connected with Jeanne. Jeanne's words flowed into me; we were one in soul and spirit.

'Here I am again, Jozef', she began. 'You have done a lot of work, I see. I haven't much to say, but it is worthwhile telling mankind. Now I see your leader, of whom you told me so much.'

I saw that Alcar had made contact with her. It was a beautiful moment for me.

Jeanne continued: 'You may first ask me some questions, Jozef.'

I smiled and Jeanne felt what was going on inside me.

I heard her say: 'Yes, Jozef, we have changed places, I know a great deal about this life now.'

I asked her: 'How do you know exactly what I was thinking of?'

'I read your thoughts, that is very simple because we are as one.'

'Is it difficult for you to concentrate, Jeanne?'

'No, I can easily reach you.' After a moment she said: 'Do you feel the silence, Jozef? That lovely quietness we talked about? Oh, it is so peaceful here, but you must have it within you. It is the power of love.'

'Did you see mountains and valleys, Jeanne?'

'Yes, Jozef, I'll tell you about it. God has given me all I wished for.'

I then asked her whether she knew what happened to her, which she replied: 'I can remember everything, it is deeply etched on my soul. During the last few days before I passed away I experienced amazing things. While I was lying there and heard my sister weeping I wanted to talk to her, but I had no longer power over my material body and vocal cords. That was a terrible moment for me. I felt so powerless, for I was already living outside my material body and was at the border between two worlds, between the earthly and spiritual life. My sister's sobbing made me feel sad. Oh, if people could control themselves at a deathbed for it is so difficult for those passing over. They feel it and that is why it is so terrible. You would like to help those being left behind but you can't. Yet you feel them near you, they pull you back, but you can't get back any more. Do you

understand all this, Jozef? It is an enormous struggle, an anxiety, which is not necessary. If only people would realize that dying means life. It is entering into eternal life where there is light and happiness, where relatives are waiting. If only they could bridge this gap, but I see an unfathomable depth that shall remain for a long time. Only by means of spiritualism that will become possible. It is the bridge and connection with our world. When I felt that I could not contact my sister any more and I became sad, I suddenly saw mother and Greetje, which made me so happy that it took my sadness away. How I would have loved to tell my sister that they were alive and that everything is true, but she would not be able to believe it. Greetje and mother spoke to me, I understood every word and they told me that I would soon be with them. That gave me peace and I waited patiently.

Then I fell asleep. I don't know how long I slept. I subsequently felt a strong activity, a strong flow which made me conscious. You know from whom these forces came and that I felt you enter my mind. I can't describe this mighty event, I can only feel it. However it is the same condition we are in now, because we are one. What you experienced at my deathbed, Jozef, was a sacred event. Now I know why that had to take place. It is to convince mankind. You can't imagine how mighty it is to be in contact with people on this side. Just a moment, Jozef, I must concentrate. The master tells me that I should not stray off the subject. At the moment you approached me the connection had already been made. I felt conscious and becoming lighter. It was a most remarkable feeling. I thought like everybody else and yet I knew that I was going to die on earth. You understand how conscious I was of everything, for nothing had changed. As a result I knew that the spiritual body is the vehicle of what I was going to leave. I can't describe what I felt at that moment when I really saw that there is no death. A mighty bliss came over me and I felt grateful for everything. My whole life passed by in my mind.

Then I saw that a silver string kept me tight to my material body which string first would have to break, only then would I have died on earth. I subsequently saw a great white light and with that light I saw you. But it took quite some time before you were with me. I felt you coming nearer and nearer but I was not afraid, for I knew that

mother and Greetje were with me. You could not see them because you were connected with me. When you were very near me I called you. I felt you come into me, I passed into you. Oh, how happy I was when I felt you. We talked together and it will be a wonder to people, and a wonder it was. You wished me a good journey, I heard you and I saw you. Then you had to go, I wanted to say something but you had gone and I felt myself sink back.

Shortly before I died I heard my mother say: 'Jeanne, you'll soon be with us, Greetje is here too, so keep calm.' Then I was no longer aware of anything and I died unconsciously. Between my sleep and passing over there was a short period of time in which I was not conscious. Mother told me about it later for I wanted to know. After the silver string was broken I was taken to my own level in the spheres. I was free, Jozef, free from my material body and I awoke in life after death. Death will occur in dependence on one's inner feelings. For some passing over is better than for others. Some go to light and others to darkness. For those who are ignorant it is most difficult but all who arrive here, can't understand the wonder that they are still alive. They touch and feel themselves and this is a great mystery. Everything seems incredible, they hardly believe it. If it is difficult here, how is it on earth? Here, however, they are free from all earthly worries and live in happiness and love.'

At that moment a patient came to see me who needed treatment. When I had returned to the typewriter I heard Jeanne say: 'You had to treat somebody, didn't you? Yes, I saw it and in this way you helped me too. Your radiation mingles with theirs and your power makes the body resume its normal processes. It is simple really. On earth you cannot see that, it is too fine, it can only be seen in the spirit unless you are clairvoyant to the highest degree as you told me on earth. On this side if you possess light you can see everything in the material, otherwise you are in the darkness and how can you see light if there is darkness?

My first impressions in the spirit were tremendous. I was lying on a high mountain and looked into a deep valley. Around this mountain narrow paths ascended, leading to the top. A great happiness overwhelmed me. I was lying there alone, I did not see another soul.

In the distance people were walking in the beautiful nature. It was a magnificent view. Then I started to think. How did I get on this high mountain, I thought, have I already died or am I dreaming? No, I was not dreaming, I had died, I was quite sure about it for I felt different from how I felt on earth. I shouted for joy and called out: 'Jozef, I'm free, I am awake!' These were my first thoughts and immediately I thought of our talks. But where were mother and Greetje? I found this strange, where were they whom I loved so much? Suddenly, through the greenery and flowers which surrounded me I thought I saw a figure. She was still far away from me but coming my way. Then I thought again of myself. How is it possible, I am on a mountain and I love mountains. Who could ever have imagined that. I did not doubt for a moment that I had died, for I felt it, I saw and heard it from nature. The tranquillity around me was unknown on earth. Here everything seemed to sing a beautiful and magnificent song, and it filled me with joy. Thank God, I thought, I am in this tranquillity. Oh, Jozef, I was so grateful to you. Then I felt the need to thank God for everything.

I saw the figure again, but she disappeared before my eyes. Did I know her? She was wearing a beautiful garment having various colours. Something in her appearance looked familiar to me. I knew her but where had I seen her before? On earth? I had not yet met anybody here. Again I saw her and this time there was no doubt about it. I called very loudly: 'Mother, mother, is it you?' A moment later I was in her arms! I won't describe those first moments, I would not be able to. Meeting again in life after death is a mighty bliss. When you know that you have died on earth and live eternally, surrounded by flowers, birds and relatives, everything is so Divine and overwhelming that it is impossible to put it into words.

Then came the second surprise, Greetje, dressed in a beautiful garment stood before me and embraced me. My dear friend, my sister, was alive, rejuvenated and beautiful. You see that everything that happens is well prepared because I had to wake up in tranquillity. Subsequently when they had told me a lot, I fell asleep again for all this had overwhelmed me. However, it did not take long before I woke up again in indescribable happiness. I was to remain in that condition,

always and eternally. I had slept for six days according to time on earth. That was not long, many people sleep for months.

When I woke up I was fully conscious and asked mother a lot of questions which she answered. Mother is an even greater philosopher now than when she was on earth. 'Little philosopher', she said to me, 'are you starting to ask questions again?' That moved me deeply, for it reminded me of my childhood on earth. We cried for joy. Who would not weep after receiving so much love and truth? Everyone who enters here and is connected with his loved ones is deeply touched. You should see them, you can't think of anything more beautiful.

I had arrived in a sphere which bordered my own level. It is a purification sphere, a place where one prepares oneself. We walked in nature and once more my life on earth passed before me. Oh, if only people could accept this, I thought. I am alive and everyone is alive here, though on earth they think that we are dead. What a great miracle this is. Around us were trees, flowers and birds of perfect beauty. Everything nature on earth produces is found again in our life, but I tell you everything is of greater beauty than on earth. I saw many buildings and temples. In the building where I awoke thousands arrive from earth and they will proceed to enter their sphere of existence. Some stay here longer than others, for everything is in accordance with your inner attunement, the way you feel and the love you possess. Here one knows how to appreciate someone and to support him. Here a person is a child of God. You know what this means. We know each other better than on earth, for here one cannot hide anything, they see into your life and you see into theirs and you merge into each other. Here your good deeds are appreciated and they understand and feel how you mean it. Here you are open to the very depth of your soul. So is the human being, the nature, so is everything. Houses and buildings are not closed, that would be earthly and here we do not know earthly conditions. We are glad that we have nothing to do with the earth any more and that we have completed the cycle on earth. How I longed to part from the earth and I am not sorry but happy that I did not need to live into old age. To be allowed to die young is in itself a mighty grace.

Together with mother I went back to the earth for I was to meet you. I floated towards the earth. People can't imagine this but one day they'll experience it. You know that we spoke to each other and that I returned to the spheres. I stayed there for a month, and then I passed on to my own level in the spirit, which is the second sphere, where Greetje and mother also are. Mother arrived at the same place as I did, that is why we understood each other so well on earth. People who feel one on earth will meet again on this side. Their attunement keeps them connected. Those who have a different attunement will live in separate spheres and don't see each other. They did not want to communicate on earth and here they are not able to however much they wish. It is too late and not possible any more, their ways part until one of them is prepared to attune to the other and to receive him in love. They first have to discard their earthly life. Those who possess the spiritual connection and have love are the happy ones on this side. The loving bond I had with mother and Greetje was the reason why I soon met them again in this life.

As I told you we walked a lot. In my new surroundings we walked in nature and I had conversations with other people who are my brothers and sisters. In this way I learned to understand my sphere and felt that it became my property. When we had finished talking I began to contemplate work for that has to be done to continue your development.

For a time I went into seclusion to come to myself and to consider what I would do. I felt and saw the many weaknesses I still had and in this way I came to myself and learned to know myself better. The peace and quietude around me brought me in an exalted mood. I wanted to advance but I sensed that this was not so simple. You have to experience life and walking about does not offer any progress, so that I wanted to study for something. In this spiritual quietude I learned to understand how our dear Lord wanted us to live. Educated or not, there is only one way we all have to follow. Learning is not recognized here. Those with love are wise for they see and this is knowledge and means spiritual wisdom. I advanced that far through the beauty of the spheres, meditation and exalted music and I decided to offer myself for others. Working for others means doing some-

thing for yourself. Such is our life, in this way you proceed.

I'll tell you what I did. When I had come to myself I asked mother what I should do. She recommended that I should attend a school. 'At that school', she said, 'you will be told about this life and all transitions in the spirit and the universe. You learn to understand the attunement of the soul and the pupils subsequently make journeys with competent guides to see the reality of everything taught.'

I was quite prepared to do that. Deep, very deep within me I felt that power for nothing can be done here on the advice of others if you don't feel that yourself. It is essential that you insert all the love you possess. You must be convinced, there is no doubt. To doubt is to perish, to be living dead. But I lived, I knew and felt what I wanted to do.

So I started the course at that school, Jozef, and took an exam after some months. On earth one would not be able to learn anything special in that short period and neither can you here in fact but the lessons were theoretical and the guides would show and explain all we had learned. We inwardly possessed these powers, but we had to convince ourselves of the truth. Do you feel what I mean? Hundreds of us went on tour together, divided into groups. I had taken leave of mother and Greetje for it would be a long journey. My first journey in life after death of which you told me a lot on earth, I was allowed to experience, Jozef. Mother and all the other spirits had also made this journey. 'Go', mother said, 'and when you come back you can start on your beloved work.'

First we learned about all these transitions and spheres which are below our own sphere. We visited unknown spheres where people lived who were not so happy as we were and we got to know sorrowful conditions. We went from sphere to sphere and we understood everything. This knowledge becomes your possession, which I just mentioned. You feel it, you possess it, you only have to observe. There is nothing but life in the universe, Jozef. Every spirit who has seen this will tell you that. If people on earth could see what lives around them they would become afraid and would stop doing wrong and above all not speak evil of those who have passed over.

We went as far as the border of darkness but we did not descend

into hell. We learned how to concentrate in the universe and to float and to understand and acquire various other spiritual powers. I saw the sun, moon and stars from this side which is an unforgettable spectacle. They who don't carry inner light are in a terrible darkness and, of course, can't see anything of all this. I saw people coming from and going to the earth, they were working there, either to collect the dying or to protect their relatives on earth. There is work for every spirit and it all serves to help people on earth. In the sphere of the earth millions of spirits work. The earth as seen from here is terrible. That is caused by the evil which lives on that planet and which is very hard to imagine. One should first see and experience it, it is dreadfully sad.

The guides followed a fixed plan and taught us what was necessary. Step by step we have to clear our spiritual way, to acquire it which means going forward gradually as eternal development progresses. In the sphere of the earth we saw nothing but sorrow. They have erred for thousands of years and it will be a long time yet before they are on the right way. We also learned the purpose of life on earth. We stayed there for a considerable time.

After that our guides returned with us to the spheres of light to celebrate Christmas. Here Christmas is celebrated earlier than on earth and in quite a different way. Here it is not an occasion for eating or drinking. It is a festival of meditation. Christmas in the spheres is to learn to understand the life of God's perfect Child. Thousands and thousands of spirits take part in this holy festival, from high and low they come together from the various spheres. Christ was born and died on earth. I know now how everything happened, but it is different from how people, young and old, are taught on earth. I cannot talk about this, not even a high spirit can and they don't try for they all have a great respect for this holy event. Everybody is impressed by that great and holy event with which they are connected. The Christmas tree known on earth is with us a column of light which represents Christ's holy life and death. You get an image of Christ's holy life, you feel the religion of the mighty event here on earth, clear as crystal. So our Christmas is a festival of prayer and meditation, you come to yourself. God's holy Child comes into us, everyone who

takes part in this festival feels it. I saw garments that sparkled and many beings radiated a light I had not seen before. They were high spirits and leaders from other spheres. I am unable to describe the music I heard there. It was amazing and you had told me about it. Everything is true, Jozef, everything is love. Love means happiness and light in the spirit. All knelt down when the festival was over to thank God for everything. In silence we returned to our own sphere. Mother and Greetje were waiting for me there. My journey had lasted nearly a full year. They too had experienced all this. Our guides left again with many others.

For quite some time I stayed with mother. Then I felt the desire to be alone. I retreated to reflect everything I had been allowed to experience which took quite some time. Whenever I wanted to see mother I called her by thought and she came to me if she could. At this stage I acquired all these powers and wisdom and it penetrated my soul deeply.

I meditated for a long time and I felt that I was admitted into other conditions I now understood. I had become conscious and knew what I wanted to do. I could now devote myself to others and I decided to become a mother for small children who had died on earth. This was also my mother's work and I wanted to do the same. Greetje did other work and worked hard on herself. She had a more difficult time than I when passing over. Her death was a terrible event – the tearing apart of the spirit from the material body.

At last the time came when I was given three children to look after. The two older ones, both young boys, soon went into other hands and I could give myself entirely to a seven year old sweet little girl.

Children from seven to fourteen years old arrive from the earth into the first or second spheres.

Her father still lives on earth but her mother is on this side, though in a different condition. We walked in nature and I taught her all I had learned. I told her about life here, visited the earth with her and showed her how she was born and died there. A child also learns all spiritual laws though not until they have reached a certain age. Young and old, all have to learn. The children feel and know struggle for their feelings are earthly and they have to adjust themselves to this life as well.

They have not committed sins but all the same they have to be purified since they have been in contact with the earth. Their development here is quicker than on earth. Freed from all earthly agonies they can concentrate on themselves and this too – it is lovely to watch – they learn perfectly. This work is most rewarding, I love doing it and try to guide her in the spirit. My foster child knew that her father was still living on earth and that when the time had come she would be connected with her mother. Here mother and child are together if they have the same level. But there are mothers and fathers living in the dark spheres who won't reach the spheres of light for a considerable time. Many years will pass, the child lives on, but the time will come when mother and child are connected. I have seen heartbreaking scenes. Children asking for their father and mother and when you know that mother and father led a terrible life on earth I need not tell you how sad all this is. But I have also seen other most happy events. I'll describe such a happy event to you in which the mother was connected with her child.

My little girl had advanced that far and so had her mother, so that they could be united with each other. The time was set and with a guide we were going to visit her mother. The mother had died shortly after her child had left the earth. She did not join her child in the same sphere but lived in the one below that of her little darling. A mother who knows how she can reach her child will do everything and will soon achieve this. However, if she lives in the darkness hundreds of years may pass before she has progressed that far. This mother had reached the first sphere and the child lived in the second sphere. The mother was taken to a connecting stage and we descended to meet her. Such a reunion is a mighty bliss for mother and child. Those who are mothers can best understand this feeling. They feel this great force and know the holiness of this connection. Mother-love is the most powerful love we know here, until this love will change into spherical love, which is universal love. Then the sister- and brother-love is felt by the mother for her child and by the father for his son.

This reunion was a beautiful moment. From afar I saw the mother approaching accompanied by a sister in the spirit. They did not yet see each other, but as we got nearer the child suddenly saw the mother,

she ran to her and the dear little girl jumped into her mother's arms. I witnessed a reunion in life after death and I thought of my own entrance and felt this mighty and divine happiness. We kept walking in nature and when the time to leave came we joined them and the mother asked me many questions. She thanked me deeply for looking so well after her child and she would make up for it later. She will then do the same as I do now and give her love, her pure mother-love to other little ones. This is the way we learn and one gives to the other which is serving love. In this way we proceed step by step and will reach the summerland which is in the fourth sphere. There we will feel a higher love and are freed from all earthly thoughts and then pass on to spiritual life. What life is like there you have already described so that I need not say more about it. We returned to our sphere. Then, after some time when my dear child had passed into her mother's hands I prepared for other tasks.

I went on another journey together with mother and Greetje. In this way I'll continue to serve others. I also hope to be given a task on earth to protect other people. That will take a long time however, for I have to acquire a lot of things. But I am on the road that leads upwards to regions still unknown to me. When I'll have returned to the spheres I will receive different work. Mother is with me and will always stay with me. I have nearly come to the end of my story. We will all be very happy if we convince some people of our life.

Dear Jozef, I would like to say a lot more, but I must stop. I only described flashes, trifles. I could fill a book about my life, but others are waiting. I see a brother standing next to me who wants to speak to you so I'll stop. He will underline everything with his own life and he'll have to tell you more than I have. His life is different, as everybody's life is at a different level and everybody has to discard other earthly properties.'

Here we stopped and I came into contact with an other intelligence.

Then Jeanne continued: 'I have been allowed to experience a lot in the few years that I have been living on this side. Can you imagine, Jozef, what life is like of those who have reached the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh sphere? What do I know of eternity? Oh, it is so

little, but yet, as I said just now, I could go on talking about it. All those millions of beings who live in the higher spheres, these radiating figures, want to help mankind, for everything you will and are able to receive happens through their powers and leadership. I'll often pray for you and I hope that God may give you the strength to give a lot to people. Once again, Jozef, these are only flashes. I'll now take leave from you, but from time to time when it is possible I'll return to you. Work, work in the spirit. You do our work and there are many you can help. I wish you happiness and much light. Farewell, Jozef. I thank the master for his great help. Jeanne.'

Jeanne had gone. She lives and will live forever. Some day we'll be with her and remain with her eternally, with those who went before us. Jeanne returned to her mother and Greetje and I had again received wisdom in the spirit through someone I had known on earth.

*He who 'feels' eternal life
feels protected.*

ALCAR

CHAPTER III

The return of a mocker

IN a similar condition another being who passed away tells of his life on the side beyond. He returned to me as the result of a talk about life after death we had shortly before he departed. Gerhard was an acquaintance whom I met occasionally and who worked as a coachman for an undertaking business.

I had been at a cemetery and on my way out I met him, he had carried someone to his final resting place. He beckoned me from a distance to come up to him.

After exchanging the usual pleasantries he asked: 'I have heard that you are doing strange things, is that true?'

I knew right away what he was getting at and asked: 'Strange things, you say? What do you mean?'

'Oh well, I mean that spiritualism. Do you practice that?'

I smiled and asked: 'Is it strange to do that? Do you know what spiritualism is and means? Surely you don't think that it is a kind of game, do you?'

'I don't know', he said, 'but you hear quite a lot about it. I don't know much about it and I think it is ridiculous. I heard that you draw and paint through the dead.'

I clearly felt his sarcasm but I let it pass.

'Do you fool people?' he continued. 'Is what you hear people talking about really true? I do not believe in it at all. I'll tell you something', he said and he looked at me.

I meanwhile searched his mind and when I felt his condition I had to laugh. Seated on his wagon high above me, covered in blankets, the whip in his right hand he went on: 'Why do you laugh? Do you know already what I'm going to say? Is it a hoax? I thought as much.'

I did not answer and let him finish, it was too comical!

'Dead is dead', he said and he looked me straight in the eyes. 'You know what work I do, every day I'm with the dead, but not one of them opens his mouth. How can a dead body speak anyway? The

dead should be left in peace. People who have dealings with it', he brought his hand to his forehead, 'are mad.' He burst out laughing. 'People don't know how to entertain themselves, it is so boring that they look for something else. So you mean to say that the dead draw through you?'

He smirked and looked at me as if he felt sorry for me.

'Have you finished?'

'Yes, that's all.'

'Very good, then I'll answer you. You are not a bad bloke but you don't know anything about these things and you should not make fun of it. You are a mocker of the worst kind and an ignorant person. You laugh at something you don't know nor understand and of which you cannot sense the origin or truth. Many people act like you and that is not to their credit. I ask you, do I look like a madman? Have I changed? Do I look insane? Well, answer me.'

'No', he said, 'I see nothing peculiar about you.'

'Well then, I paint and draw through the spirits. That is through people who died on earth but live on. They return to us and make the most wonderful paintings through me. You know that I have never painted and that I can't paint myself. Anyway, when I receive these paintings I don't even know that I'm doing it.'

'It's a mystery to me', he said, 'a great mystery. But you have changed.'

'That's what you think but I have not changed in any respect. I have only become a little wiser about the great problem: Death. Really, Gerhard, you should not mock these things.'

He was apparently not convinced and said: 'Be honest with me: Do you really believe that it is the truth? As I said dead is dead to me. There is surely enough rubbish in the world without making more.'

'Rubbish?'

He felt that I was annoyed but I said: 'Do you like reading?'

'Yes, I read now and then.'

'Then I advise you to read books about spiritualism, a lot has been written about this subject and perhaps you'll change your mind.'

'Have you read them too?'

'I have read little but I see the spirits.'

'What are you saying?' he asked in astonishment, 'do you see them?'

‘I see and hear them’, I continued calmly. ‘I know their life because I see it and I hear them speaking to me.’

This was too much for him.

‘But you don’t do these things, do you?’

‘Do what? What do you mean?’

‘Well table-dancing like those others.’

‘Which others?’

‘Don’t pretend you don’t understand me, you know very well what I mean.’

‘Aren’t spirits real spirits, isn’t influence real influence? But you don’t understand anything about it. That same little table you laugh at and which you call rubbish has comforted many mothers and fathers and children and contacted them with each other. But when people don’t understand it they ridicule it. In whatever way the spirit manifests itself, spirits are spirits and there is no death. You say that none of them opens his mouth and that is true, could it be otherwise? A dead body will indeed not speak, but the spiritual body can and that is eternal. As I said, you are not a bad chap and a good family man but stay off these things you don’t know anything about.’

‘Don’t you attend seances, or whatever you call them?’

‘Rubbish’, I said and now I looked him straight in the eyes, waiting what he would say.

‘I mean it seriously now, I don’t know anything about it, do I?’

‘Yes’, I resumed the discussion, ‘I have experienced quite a lot in that respect. You wouldn’t believe it but if it interests you, come and see me sometime. You can have a look at my paintings which were made by spirits through me.’

He did not reply but said: ‘When I’m there, and started mocking again, I’ll come and tell you.’

‘What do you want to tell me then?’

‘That I’m alive and I’ll knock like this’, and he thumped his whip a few times against his carriage and called: ‘Knock, knock, knock’ and he burst out laughing.

I controlled myself. He felt he had gone too far and asked me: ‘Are you angry?’

‘Not with you, people who speak in that way don’t bother me.’

'I can imagine', he said, 'but it gives me the creeps.'

'It gives you the creeps, eh? Do you know, Gerhard, what gives me the creeps?'

'No.'

'That mockery of yours about the dead.'

'Now who is mocking worse, you or me?'

His words were hard and he continued: 'Every day we see new faces, but no one says a word.'

'Are you starting all over again?'

He could not be convinced however hard I tried. Yet I did not give up so easily and I said to him: 'Don't forget that when your heart gives up you'll enter that life as a mocker. And that can happen any time, every second and then you'll face eternity as you are now, most unhappy. I think that then you'll give up all that mockery.'

He said nothing, he looked straight ahead and prepared to leave.

'Look, there are my colleagues. Are you angry?'

I shook my head and his last words were: 'All the best, old chap, and good luck with the spirits.'

I only partly heard him, for I was too absorbed in thought. What a mocker! That is how people think of holy spiritualism and ridicule it. He is not a bad fellow, but ignorant of the great truths. I had not known him in this way before. Dead was dead to him and he knew nothing about spiritualism. They should be left in peace, it was the old story. I found it sad.

Surely all those great scientists who had given themselves were not insane! I had known Gerhard for years, but hardly ever saw him. A mighty discussion, I thought, but he cannot be convinced. He knows death, but death will remain dead for him. How simple it was for him to remain ignorant, it made life easier. A strapping fellow, and yet what is he really when he speaks like that. They laugh at their own ignorance. Never yet has one opened his mouth! Not for him and neither for all those other undertaker-assistants who thought like he did. Every day he was among the dead, he was familiar and not frightened of them. They were dead, but he did not know death though he carried the dead to their final resting place. Bones could not speak, it was as simple as that. An other, an eternal life did not enter their

mind. Anything in connection with spiritualism and death was eerie and yet spiritualism was the most sacred gift from God. Poor spiritualism!

But one day their eyes will be opened, though not until on the side beyond. They'll see here and experience that they live forever. Death was still a terrible thing causing sorrow, grief and misery. He pulled the wool over people's eyes and they will continue grieving at funerals and were broken. They don't know any better and don't want to. They remain deaf, blind and unfeeling.

Life that had existed in the material body returns to eternity. From there it supported those people willing to come in contact. How grateful people should be for that wonderful connection. Spiritualism has nothing to do with the devil. It is their friends and loved ones who return to them in order to tell them that they live and are happy. Is there anything more sacred than this? I know spiritualism as radiant as a sun, as pure as eternal life itself.

I would not have thought for a moment that Gerhard was to pass over so soon. A fortnight later he was dead. Death had caught him right away, far from wife and child. The mocker now lived in life after death. I was shocked when I was told. How strange are the laws of God, of which so little is known.

It was as if someone had called him and said: 'Come, friend, see and observe, see whether you are dead or if there is eternal life. Observe, human being of the earth, nothing can be hidden here, here you'll learn to know yourself. See and feel that eternal life is within you.'

Many thoughts passed through my mind. It was indeed most remarkable and I was glad that I had talked to him about it. That simple meaningless discussion full of sarcasm and mockery would be something for him to hold on to. I could still hear the smacking of his whip which on the other side would be knocking on his soul until he would awake. I knew that he was alive. How surprised he will be, I thought, when he also realizes that he is alive.

As regards his illness I heard the following. A few days ago he didn't feel well. In the morning his throat had swollen and he had died that same evening. It was as quick as that. From familiar life he had en-

tered the unknown. How would he be feeling? I would soon be seeing him, I thought, for he will visit me as Jane, father X and many others I had known had returned. But would he have the necessary power? I doubted that because he had not advanced that far. Through my journeys which I had been able to make with my leader by departing from the body, I knew that one has to possess the power of love in order to be able to manifest on earth. He would know little or nothing about that yet. He would remember his conversation with me for nothing of life on earth is lost when one enters that other life. I prayed for him and waited, but he did not return. It was not until several months later when I was engaged as a medium to attend a seance that Gerhard came through with a short message of his life. It was a great pity that I was not present that night as I had to attend a patient seriously ill. The next day I received this message: 'Tell Jozef it is me.' He mentioned his name and said that I would recognize him. Yes, I knew him and I thought it strange that he had said nothing about our last meeting. Now I'll see him soon, I thought, but another week passed and it was not until the next seance that I came in contact with him. The people who attended the seance were all intellectuals and had not known the simple coachman. This took away any idea of telepathic influence when he came through when they heard later that I had known him. This was proof that he was alive, but it puzzled me why I had to wait that long, for if he had come to me I would have been able to see him. However, my leader told me to wait and that I would find out the reason for it.

The following week I went as usual to my friends to the seance. They discussed the previous session and also Gerhard, which they had hardly understood. I saw Gerhard even before we started, which pleased me very much. When I took my seat he stood beside me. I did not concentrate on him, but as usual on my leader and waited for what was going to happen.

After a while I was connected with Gerhard and I asked: 'Is it really you, Gerhard?'

'Yes, it is me. I live, Jozef, I'm alive.'

I thought of our conversation. Here he stood, the mocker! He kept his head bent down. I felt a deep and sacred respect in him. How

human and how great this meeting was. I felt the sincerity of life in him, he was awake, open to all that was living. How you have changed, I thought.

Gerhard was overjoyed. 'Do you feel me, Jozef?'

'Yes', I said.

I felt he put his hand on my shoulder. A gentle, intense feeling of pure love flowed into me. This love came from the heart of a human being who had learned to understand life. It encouraged me and I felt very happy. We could not say much but he remained by my side for the rest of the evening. But we were one in feeling, I felt him, he felt me. I noticed that he watched everything that happened very closely, while an other spirit stood beside him who spoke to him from time to time. I did not learn anything about his life but I kept hoping that Gerhard would come through but he did not so that the evening passed without another word of Gerhard. Strange, I thought, why does not he say anything? Wouldn't he remember our conversation? But that was impossible, for nothing is ever lost. Somewhat disappointed I went home. I concentrated continually, perhaps, I thought, I would see him at home and he would speak to me then. But that did not happen either.

I asked Alcar why Gerhard had not spoken anymore to me, or through the cross-and-board. Hadn't he come through the week before?

But Alcar said: 'Do you find all this strange?'

'Yes, Alcar, I do, he can speak to me, can't he?'

'He would have liked to, but it was not possible. Our laws are not like the laws on earth and our life is different from yours. His time has not come yet. Try to understand, in everything there is guidance, also in this. Wait patiently', Alcar said to me, 'he will return and tell you a great deal about his life on this side.'

I accepted, there was nothing I could change though I found it strange. For a long time I neither heard nor saw anything more of Gerhard. I prayed a lot for him, but I stopped after a full two years. Nothing, nothing at all had I heard or seen from him. I did not understand that, I could not explain it. If one person could return to the earth and receive connection why couldn't he? It was so simple. I wanted so much to know how he felt and how he had arrived there,

but around Gerhard lay and remained a mysterious veil.

A few years passed. I did not think of him anymore, other problems occupied my mind. One afternoon when I was working on the second chapter of this book and the spirit of Jane was interrupted because a brother wanted to see me, I saw Gerhard who came to visit me.

Gerhard said: 'I'm allowed to tell you that I am here. Do you see me, Jozef? The master says that I may wish you good day and that I may tell you my story after Jane. Did you know this?'

'No', I said, 'I didn't know.'

'When the sister has finished I may begin. I'm so happy, Jozef! See you later!'

Alcar said: 'You did know about it for it was told to you some years ago and now that moment has come. We have planned all this because we knew that this would once happen. Now that moment has come.'

I bowed my head and understood. I had forgotten. I saw a spiritual web in front of me of which all the threads were thought out in advance and woven into each other, of which we people on earth know nothing and could not understand. Spirits can see far, very far ahead if they want to. This was a lesson to me and it also taught me to have complete confidence in them. I felt a deep respect for this great mystery. There was sacred guidance in everything. Those who had lived on earth and now live on the side beyond know secrets and truths that remain hidden to us earthly people until we too would enter that life. Then we would learn all those mysteries. Then mysteries and wonders were no longer mysteries and wonders, we would learn the holy truth. Those who had gone before us lived in that mighty life behind the veil which had been lifted for them. They had learned to know themselves and that life. The truth was revealed to me which is knowledge and wisdom in the spirit. I bowed my head and willingly submitted. I found Gerhard cheerful. His voice was filled with happiness which vibrated deep within me. The spirit of Jeanne continued, had soon finished and took leave of me. I then waited for Gerhard to come through.

When I sat down at my typewriter the next day I did not have to

wait long. I had observed Gerhard early in the morning. He took his place on my right side and Alcar who conducted the proceedings on my left.

Gerhard had tears in his eyes. How he had changed! He could not speak a word, he only looked above him as I clearly saw, as if to ask God for strength for this event. Gerhard had come to fill part of this book. I waited for him to speak. He stood where priest X and Jane had stood, the mocker! He who thought that it was all nonsense.

‘You must leave the dead in peace’, I could still hear him say. But I did not want to think of that now and I opened myself entirely so that he could reach me. I was to receive a spirit, a human being who had lived on earth, whom I knew, saw and felt. He stood beside me, strong, young and handsome. His eyes were shining and he was surrounded by a beautiful light.

The connection had not yet been made, but I felt him coming closer and closer toward and within me. I knew how this was done. To serve as a writing medium the spirit must be able to fully connect himself at least in this case, for there are other possibilities. Gerhard came into me, and we became one in feeling. I was raised into his life and he began to speak. I felt his story going through me and at the same time it was being recorded by me. Through feeling I experienced what he was telling me. While writing I experienced all this, I felt his struggle, sorrow, grief and happiness and his love.

I was not allowed to remain in this condition for long, as I would not be able to cope with it. Within a fortnight that part of the book was completed. I was watched over in everything. During that time my mind was living in the spheres, but I also had to live through my existence on earth and I was continually in contact with people on earth who needed my help. I lived therefore in this double condition until the book was ready.

I felt empty inside now unable to think of anything belonging to the earth. An intense influence came in me so that I felt the tranquillity of their life.

He’ll begin in a minute, I thought and I felt correctly because I heard Gerhard say: ‘So, here I am, finally a bit calmer! I was a bit nervous, but out of sheer happiness. In addition I have to focus upon

my earthly life to be able to give you a clear picture of all my experiences which is not so easy because I am overwhelmed by it all. I thank our Almighty Father, Jozef, that it has been granted to me. I, the mocker, who thought that bones would not speak – the only truth I spoke during our conversation. I still remember, word for word. But now, dear friend, I'm happy, but first I ask your forgiveness. How did I ridicule you and the holiest gift to mankind. I did not believe in eternal life and to me dead was dead. I have had a very bad time, but all that misery is gone now. I have worked hard on myself! The heaviest task was not enough when I realized and accepted that I had died on earth. I did not believe that I had died, but more about that later.

I am just at the beginning of my eternal journey and yet I have a firm base. Really, Jozef, I have a firm base and I can't sink away. This base is permanent, I experienced it and had to discard myself completely. Do you feel what it means to discard yourself? I had to learn that because I couldn't. Nothing was given me. Nothing for nothing people say on earth, but it is on this side that you really realize this. I came through it, and how!

I'll tell you about it, I'll tell you everything up to this moment, which is for me the most beautiful of all the time I live here. How I have longed for it and what I had to go through! It was a terribly hard time. People won't believe it, but not an inch of ground is given you on this side. Here you must earn everything, pay with your own spiritual blood, but when you have advanced to a certain level there is happiness, you feel happy you have acquired it, at any rate up to that level, for we proceed ever further. You are happy because you understand life, because you are alive where previously you were a living dead. Not only do you learn to understand life on earth, but also the awe-inspiring life in the universe.

I talk and think differently now as you'll notice, I have changed. A lot has happened in all those years and I have learned not to laugh at other people anymore. I was stupid, very ignorant. All are who act like I did. I was mad, Jozef, not you and other people who know about spiritualism and accept it as a religion. It is sacred, sacred! He who relies on it does not build castles in the air, but works on his eternal home. Not until here did I understand that. Oh, how have I

been able to bear everything, I took back word for word so that I thought I would choke. But I succeeded, however difficult it has been for me.

Our life is natural, false naturalness is only known on earth because people do not know nor feel or want to see the forces of nature that are within us. This unnaturalness brought me in a terrible condition, a condition of madness. I refused to accept what they told me, for it cost me my whole personality. However it was for my own good, for the salvation of my soul and when I finally understood this, I accepted. But it cost me a lot of energy and exertion because I did not know nor understand myself. Everything would have been different if I had convinced myself of eternal life and would have accepted it while I was still on earth. Man on earth cannot imagine all this, he has to experience it and they all will but not before they are on this side. Nobody who lives like I did on earth can escape this. Here they will learn and the mockers will stand in awe for what they ridiculed. I look upward and have asked for forgiveness a long time ago. I indeed received it because God is love. Now I know this unknown mightiness I once pointed at when I provoked and laughed at you. I must not think about it anymore but how ignorant and narrow-minded I was!

I accepted this a long time ago, but it is not so easy to acquire eternal life. It is great to stand on ground of eternal substance, to know a world in which you never have to wake up and where tranquillity of the spirit embraces you as a mother does her child. Where there is nothing but light which will remain forever and where you only wake up to still higher and beautiful spheres which await you and all children of God. Spheres that appeal to you, and absorb you and where God looks after you, eternally. I awakened through the love of sisters and brothers. When I knew and saw that there was no damnation and never had been I bowed my head deeply to our Father. I could when I realized that I was alive, and sent my prayer, praying as a child of God ought to pray. And I, who laughed about the dead, may now tell of my own life on this side. Could you have thought of anything so beautiful? I could not but as you see this wonder also will happen.

It is tranquil here, Jozef, I know this quietness. It is the quietness of the spirit, of those who work for you, who give you nourishment for the mind, who protect you and want to convince mankind of eternal life. Here in the sphere of the earth, where there is never peace which peace can never be found I find spiritual peace, the peace of the spirit, of the higher being. I come to you from the first sphere and I'll stay there for a long time to come.

Now we'll begin.

My passing over

I had known for some time that I would be allowed to return to you. It has given me the strength to hold my ground. Only this knowledge has got me through. How difficult it is for you to know so much about our life and yet to live on earth. But you are conscious, you see and feel, it would not be possible otherwise. Life on earth was a mystery to me, now I know this mystery, it is I myself. You can understand what this means to me. I now know that eternity already reigns on earth. Bearing this in mind you can stand everything and cope with it and I admire you, Jozef! It is wonderful to me that you hear and see me and that my words are written on paper. It will be a mighty story for I have a lot to tell and I shall begin with our conversation at the cemetery.

You know that I regret my words and you have forgiven me already. I knew that I had hurt you. I don't know how it happened but I did it intentionally. I wanted to hurt your soul and yet I did not know why, which I found very strange. Now I understand. Influences were acting through me which desired to hurt you. A medium for this side has to suffer from them and will be continuously accosted. My mockery did not trouble you too much and everything you said was wasted on me like so many things that can enrich life on earth. I did not know any better, Jozef. People often hurt each other intentionally or unconsciously, but mostly consciously and that is terrible. It is not until later that you sense how terrible it was, and everything becomes clear and you'll begin to understand the prob-

lem. Then you feel deep within you the gap between you and that other human being. When you see and feel that you have abused a sacred phenomenon something deep within you begins to awaken. That happened to me on this side. Awakening like that causes much pain, you feel remorse which causes inner suffering, like whiplashes on your naked body. You long to make up for it and it causes much grief because you're not able to. You have lost that opportunity and then you feel how far away you really are from them. You would like to crawl on knees to them but they are invisible. They live on this side in other and higher regions and are happy while the mockers live in the darkness where they will remain if they are not capable of making up for everything. And all the time you feel it and suffer for remorse, so that you might perish. This is how I felt when I understood: It is how people must have felt when they crucified God's perfect Child. It is the everlasting truth that will teach people and make their heads bow when it is shown to them until their personalities have been broken down to the root. I felt respect for that great unknown Mightiness, for God. That is why I took back all my words and buried my old self. Now I know what spiritualism is and means, now that I am a spirit myself and alive.

When I left you at the cemetery I sat shivering and trembling on the wagon. I did not know why. I thought I had caught a cold, but wondered where it came from so suddenly, I found it most strange. It was not natural and I felt frightened. But why this fear so suddenly? Several thoughts went through my mind, but I could not find the answer. I thought it was your fault, through that cursed spiritualism and the dead. I continually had cold shivers and thought that something hot would do me good. Every time I thought back to you and I felt this fear rise in me. In that way a few days passed, but I could not rid myself of that fear. Strange things went through my head. Suppose, I thought, that I had to die soon? If I live on, as he says, I'll return to him and say: 'Here I am' and I'll knock so hard that he won't have peace in his own house.

Why I was so angry with you I still could not understand. I became more and more restless and my fear became more intense, so that I thought you had bewitched me. I wanted to come and see you but I

did not get the opportunity. Who knows what would have happened, because I was beside myself. Could it be the dead, I wondered, that frightens me? No, because that's nonsense, isn't it? Several days passed but I remained in that inexplicable condition.

Then I felt ill, really ill, I felt I had a temperature but I ignored it. In this condition I lived the next few days while my fear increased. It was as if the devil was at my heels and all this I attributed to my conversation with you about spiritualism. I felt ever more restless and ill. It often happens that you are too ill to work but that you force yourself until you collapse. You have to work in order not to lose your job. So I dragged myself on and I just didn't know what to do for my fear remained. One moment I blamed you, the next my illness. It remained a mystery and became ever more unnatural. I wished I had never called you over to me, I thought it was you who put that fear into me. It can't be otherwise for immediately after you had left this terrible condition came over me. I asked for this fate. I should not have mocked. Though my fear increased I kept it to myself and tried to find out more about spiritualism.

When my friends and I had to wait I lead the discussion to spiritualism. I asked them if they knew anything about it. Some said that spiritualism caused nervous breakdown. There you are, I thought, that's what has caused my restlessness. My nerves are upset merely because I talked about it with him. Should I who was not afraid of anybody become upset by that cursed rubbish? But I couldn't relieve the fear and I began to think that I would lose my mind.

But now that I know and understand everything, Jozef, it is mighty and instructive and has a deep significance. I didn't know any better and if I had known I would probably not have grasped the deep significance. Within me something was stirring, there was fear and that meant that I was soon going to die. I did not consider that for a moment, that reality was far from my mind. I attributed that indefinable feeling to my illness and all other things. Many people will experience something similar and if they do it means their death on earth. It was a warning, an inner voice that spoke to me, but which I did not understand, did not want to understand, because I rejected everything that had to do with this other life. Forces of nature were

working and they had to do with me. Something within me was breaking, I was connected with a spiritual problem and that was my death on earth.

In this way many people will feel their death beforehand and yet will be unable to understand it because they are unnatural and have subdued these forces of nature. This is because we don't want to learn about spiritual life. The eternal flame in us can't burn because we don't give it nourishment for the mind. The human being is then a living dead.

Do you know what I mean, why I was afraid and what that fear meant? How natural it is, and how profound? The feeling which I should have had to sense all this in advance you, Jozef, possesses. Your feeling, your inner life is attuned to this life. You and all people who have the same attunement are open to these forces of nature. It is a great happiness to possess this feeling. On this side it is light and light means wisdom of the spirit. How could I have been able to feel that spiritual action? For dead was dead to me! Deep within my soul I should have felt eternal life but I did not. Thousands of people won't feel those forces and yet they are so near, within themselves. One can only feel this when one is prepared to break down one's personality, to bend one's head and to keep searching until one finds oneself. Then an other world will open and he will see beautiful landscapes, hear lovely music and feel the peace of the spirit. And is this not worth receiving it? To acquire this man should know himself, for deep within lies the eternal attunement. Old and young, rich and poor, learned and uneducated, we all have to learn, we are the children of one Father. The prophecy within me, which I felt and make me restless, this prophecy that I would die was lost through my lack of spiritual attunement.

Up to the last day I stayed on my feet and when I woke up in the morning it was to be the last day of my life on earth. But I must not run ahead of events. On the last day I worked and came home in the evening I went straight to bed for I had a temperature and felt seriously ill. I didn't want to have the doctor called in, I did not like doctors. My wife advised me to call him but I kept refusing. That night I did not sleep a wink. I thought of you all the time and tossed

and turned but I could not fall asleep. Then I began to realize that it was my illness that had upset me. In the morning my throat was so swollen that I could hardly breathe. The doctor had to come and see me. But when cosmic laws and powers put an end to our life on earth would a doctor have been able to save me if I had called him in advance? A question, Jozef, which many people will ask to which there is only one answer and that is: No! Strange, people will think, but it is the truth, the holy truth for it is God's will.

I threw off the compresses which my wife had applied around my neck because they made me choke. After the medicine the doctor had administered I slept for a few hours and I woke up feeling a bit better. I was already sorry that I had not called him earlier. How obstinate and stubborn one can be. This stubbornness made me unmanageable and it has cost me a lot of struggle on this side. Half an hour later I felt much worse, I could not keep my eyes open, my throat was burning and I had a high fever. My whole body was burning as if it was on fire, so that I realized my condition was rapidly deteriorating.'

Gerhard paused for a moment and said after a short while: 'I must concentrate hard, but everything is fixed on a spiritual film and this film is being unwound by the master. Nothing has been lost. It contains my whole earthly life. I am supported, I could not have told this on my own for I'm not a linguist. But where there's a will there's a way.

In the afternoon the doctor came back and shook his old and wise head. Apparently he did not know what to do. I heard everything that was said, I was aware of what was going on around me. Evening came. I thought that my head was about to burst, but I kept calm and started thinking. The fear which I had not felt that day returned and I understood that I was going to die. I wanted to speak and tell my family, but I couldn't. Oh, the agony, wanting to say that you are going to die and not be able to speak. I'll never forget that terrible inner struggle. I did not want to sleep even if it had been possible, neither did I want to die. I hated death and everything related to it.

I saw everything around me enveloped in a haze and in that haze I saw shadows. When I observed those shadows I wanted to scream, but I couldn't. I lay there powerless and couldn't move. It was horri-

ble for my fear became unbearable. The shadows walked around my bed, up and down, imperturbably. I clearly saw lips talking to me which I could not understand and eyes looking at me, devouring me, questioning and laughing at the same time. Then I saw that the shadows were human figures which made me shudder. They were floating around me, above and below me but however much I tried I could not see them clearly. They remained indistinct wrapped in a haze and they were going to spoil my last hours on earth. At least, so I thought, for I was told later in the spheres that they were the brothers from the side beyond who come to fetch the dying. With all my strength I tried to keep calm and subdue my fear. Everyone who is conscious to the last will see shadows. This is the connection with the life on the side beyond. He begins to feel spiritual life, he passes over into it and this process is gradually taking place. It is the departure from the earth, life on earth is discarded and you pass on to where the shadows live. However, the process of dying differs for millions of people because these people feel and are different. Every person has his own level and individual condition and he will experience his passing on to this world according to his feelings and the love he has. For one this will be happiness, light, love and warmth, for another terror. But one thing is the same for all – and everyone will experience this – they will all arrive here alive.

When my end drew near, the shadows became clearer. I saw that they were people, people like you and me and thousands of others. I wanted so much to tell this to my family but I couldn't, my throat was closed up and I had no power over my material body any more. I saw my wife and child and heard them cry and then to know that I had to die! An unbearable feeling came over me for I was still unable to move, so that I thought I would become mad. I lay there motionless but my mind was working and suffered immensely. I was aware of everything and yet I had to depart from the earth. It was driving me mad for I did not want to die, I was still so young. I became frustrated and excited because I could not speak. But I had to, I tried to sit up which I could not either. Nobody around me felt anything of my terrible struggle. My chest twisted and my heart thumped in my throat, yet I was conscious of everything which I remained until

the last second. Shortly before the end I could suddenly sit up. Where this strength came from so suddenly I did not understand. This too was explained to me on this side where I learned about the working of inner life in those hours. I wanted to tell them that I was going to die and I uttered some sounds. They did not understand me, they did not know what I was saying. Through all this misery I could still think. Then I called for you, only for you, because the mystery revealed itself and I thought I understood it. Suddenly it became clear to me that these shadows drew and painted through you. Thousands of thoughts rapidly rushed through my mind, I could not stop them. I gathered all my willpower and wanted to speak, but it was as if my throat was torn. I thought of my life on earth, of my family and friends. I did not want to die and resisted. Through all this I felt my end drawing near. If I had closed my eyes and relaxed peacefully I would have died in peace, in spiritual peace. But as I said just now, I did not want to, I hated death.'

Again Gerhard paused a moment and I saw that he was deeply lost in thought. His hands pressed upon his forehead and bent forward he stood beside me. What was going on within him just now?

After a moment he said: 'I was lost in thought and you felt it. Now I come to the end of my life on earth. I'm going through this terrible struggle again and I have to concentrate very hard for it. I must be able to express myself clearly, otherwise it is of no use and the beauty of it will be lost. For beautiful it is, in spite of the terrible event. Calling for you was the last thing I did on earth. At least if it was speaking, it was more like a hoarse cry, a frightening sound. At that moment I passed away. I felt myself sink and I thought I was falling into a deep ravine. There seemed to be no end to it and while falling my mind worked very fast and my entire life on earth passed before me until the moment I fell and died. Then I thought I was torn apart, I felt a terrible shock, my spiritual body left the material and I became free. I shouted for help, but in vain. Then I became dizzy and sank away deeper. I lost consciousness and I was dead for the earth. To the earth I had died, but I was born in the spirit, I lived in the spirit and that meant eternity.

My awakening in the spheres

In an unconscious state I was passed from the earth to wake up in the spheres. There I was to become unconscious many times until I became eternally awake. I slept for three weeks according to time on earth.

When I woke up I thought I was still on earth. I was not dead and had had a good sleep, I lived and felt rested. I'll soon be better now, I thought, but where is my wife? I saw nobody around me and I found this strange for I was ill and should be cared for, I was not accustomed to be left alone. Where was she? I called but received no reply. I rubbed my eyes and I noticed that I was in an unfamiliar place. What does that mean, I thought? I looked at myself and was shocked. I was wearing my ordinary clothes and I was lying in bed with my shoes on. What's the meaning of this? Lying in bed with my clothes on, I thought, how is that possible? I was wearing the nasty black suit I wore when driving the funeral wagon. Then I began to think fast. The walls were bare and the familiar things I had hung on the walls had disappeared, I did not see any picture. Where was I? This was not my room. Was I in a hospital? Had my illness deteriorated so that I had been taken to a hospital? No, that couldn't be, for they would not put me to bed like this. But what then? I wanted to undress myself and came to a horrible discovery; my clothes were elastic and I could not get out of them. It was eerie, it was as if my clothes were made of rubber and however hard I pulled I could not take them off. Just imagine! Yet I wanted to take them off for I did not want to lie in bed fully clothed and I wanted to go back to sleep because I felt it had done me a lot of good. During the last few days I had not had much sleep and I felt getting tired again. I had not recovered yet and my illness would get worse if I got upset.

But my surroundings gave me no peace. It occupied my mind all the time. Where was my wife? I shouted very loudly but I did not receive an answer. She should be here with me, or had she gone away somewhere? While thinking about this I felt my pain and fever return. I began to tear at my clothes again but they were stuck to my body as if they were part of me. I belonged to them, my whole being lived in it. It was a mystery to me, not until later did I understand the

meaning of all this. I found it not only horrifying but also amazing. I had never worn such clothes before. What had happened to me for goodness' sake? I kept thinking about it until I suddenly understood. Of course, that's it, I should have thought of that before! I had run away from home in a fever and had been taken to an institution. That is why I am now in a strange place, it could not be otherwise. The people who were looking after me had gone away because I was asleep and they did not want to disturb me. Accepting this I became calmer.

There was a dim light around me, so I thought it was rather early. I'll turn the light on, I thought, so I got out of bed, which was actually a couch, to find the switch, but I did not see a lamp or switch. Yet there was a dim light. The walls looked a greyish haze, a kind of vapour which I found a very strange phenomenon. Where for heaven's sake am I? If there isn't an explanation soon, I'll go mad. My head was strained. I went back to my couch and I again contemplated my condition because I wanted to know what it was all about. After a while I once more tried to pull off my clothes because that awful black suit irritated me. The pain in my throat became worse, I felt my fever and that terrible fear taking hold of me again. My illness was not gone yet for I felt all that misery again. But I wanted to keep calm, I had to, but my thoughts went over everything again and all kinds of ideas went through my mind. When I got to the moment that I lost consciousness I could not remember a thing and I felt dizzy. I felt myself sink away and lost consciousness. I woke up again. It never crossed my mind that I had died and did not belong to the living on earth any longer. Why should it, wasn't I alive? How could you think of death and accept your own death when you are alive? Was that possible? I woke up and felt rested again. Sleep did me a lot of good, I felt refreshed and cheerful. Will that terrible illness have gone soon?

You understand, Jozef, how earthly my feelings were. I lived in eternity but my feelings were as on earth and that is the way I thought, because my inner condition had not changed.

Again I thought things over. Now where is my wife? If I had been taken unconscious to a hospital she would surely wait for me to regain consciousness. That is the way I would have done, so why didn't

she? Perhaps she is waiting in an other room, so I decided to call her again. I shouted at the top of my voice and carefully listened, but I did not hear the slightest sound. The walls of my room were echoing everything back to me smothering my shouting. Then I lost all control, I was furious, jumped off my couch and kicked against the walls. But this was no help, I just heard a dull thud, which astonished me. Were these no walls? Were they covered with material? I touched them and realized that they were not brick walls. Everything here was strange, eerie and mysterious. I walked about back and forth, searching for the entrance but I could not find it. Damn, where am I, who has locked me in? I am imprisoned like a bird in a cage. This made me feel more miserable. I would have destroyed everything if I had been able to, but there was nothing I could vent my rage on. Everything was bare and misty. If only daybreak would come, I thought, they'll come to me then. Once I thought I heard voices, would there be people outside? I began to pull at my clothes again but it made me tired and I had to give up. Everything was mysterious, unreal and unnatural. The room I was in was strange, I could not take off my suit, there was no light and the walls had no door.

Suddenly another thought struck me. I was in a mental hospital, yes, I was mad, really mad. The fever and the tension had made me lose my mind and what I was wearing was a straitjacket. No wonder that my wife was not with me. But she would soon come to visit me. Then she would see that I was not mad. All my suffering would be over and I could go home again. They had to lock me up because I was wild and violent and I had not calmed down yet. Easy now, Gerhard, otherwise they will think you are not better and you do want to get out of here far away from all this mysteriousness? This was how I tried to come to my senses, but for how long? Soon I started to think again, I felt I settled for something unnatural, because a straitjacket was different. This what I was wearing was my undertaker's suit.

I started again and would have gone on like this for years if no help had come to convince me of my strange surroundings and condition. That is how people who live, feel and think as on earth arrive in eternity.

I did not think of you or spiritualism and I was completely occupied by what I was thinking, so that it absorbs you and you are not able to think of anything else.

I lived in the spirit but I thought the way I did on earth. It kept me captive, it was my life, it imprisoned me and I was unable to think of anything else. I felt terribly unhappy and thought that there was no way out for me. There was so much I did not understand and had changed, but what? Everything had changed, but I had not, I had remained the same person I was on earth. I was not aware of it and could not realize it because I did not know any better.

Convinced of my death on earth

Do you feel how terrible this condition is, Jozef? Could it be otherwise? Maddened with fear because of the strange phenomena I laid down to have a rest. I could no longer concentrate. Suddenly I thought I saw more light. Now they'll soon come and see me. How amazed I was when at that moment a door opened which I had not seen and a human being entered. Astonished I looked at the man who stood in front of me. He was an energetic young man with a handsome face, so that I thought I saw a wonder. At last a human being.

He looked at me for a while, smiled and said: 'Brother of the earth' and kept looking at me.

What does that mean, I thought. Brother of the earth, I repeated to myself.

'Brother of the earth', he repeated, 'Don't be afraid. Is it so strange to see a human being?'

This man made me even more nervous than I already was and I asked him: 'What does this mean?'

'I'll explain that to you, but first you must keep calm and listen. Do you want to know where you are?'

'Yes, I'd liked to', I answered, 'but who are you? Tell me where I am. In a madhouse?' I added. 'What are these clothes? Why was I put to bed with my clothes on? Why is there no light? Why didn't I see the door? Why is everything so mysterious?'

He kept looking at me and said smiling: 'I'll answer all those questions. Who I am and what my task is will soon be clear to you. I have strange things to tell you.'

'Strange things you say? Isn't everything mysterious enough?'

He looked at me and I sensed that he was a good person.

'You have died on earth.'

'What?'

'You have died', he repeated and kept looking at me. 'You are now living in eternity and I have come to convince you of that.'

In eternity?, I thought. But that's impossible, because I'm alive. I pitied the man and I got nasty misgivings about him. He is a lunatic! You see, I was right, I live among madmen. One of them had come to see me. However sorry everything was I burst out laughing. But I soon composed myself for his eyes penetrated me and stopped my laughing.

I thought again of my own condition and asked: 'Do you know that I'm not well yet, that I have been seriously ill? Do you want to add more misery to that? Don't you see how serious my condition is, that you are making it worse? I was just feeling a bit better and here you are with the story of death and brother of the earth. Be honest, what sort of nonsense is this? Have you been here long? Is that how you entertain yourself?'

My visitor did not answer and continued looking at me. I looked up at him and saw two eyes full of love looking at me.

'Listen, brother! I advise you in your own interest to accept that you have died on earth. Otherwise we won't get anywhere and I'll have to leave you for a while. You will be alone again and return to your previous condition. Do you want me to go?'

'No, no, don't leave me.'

'It is in your own interest to listen to me. I am not mad as you think, I have come to help you.'

What was that? He expressed my thoughts. However I did not see anything extraordinary about him and he continued calmly.

'I have to start again, so listen: You died on earth and now live in the spirit.'

He looked at me as if he expected me to speak again but I had

made up my mind to let him finish first.

‘You are not in a hospital and you are neither mad and your clothes are not made of rubber. That is what you were thinking, isn’t it?’

Did the man know what I was thinking? My own thoughts, how did he know? How is it possible?’

‘You thought’, he continued as if it did not concern him, ‘that I was a madman, but I’ll prove to you that you are wrong.’

I felt foolish, I could not think properly and was frightened.

But he continued calmly: ‘Once more, your clothes are not of rubber’ and he laughed heartily which made me feel better after so much stress and misery I had experienced in so short a period.

His smile performed miracles. It encouraged me and a spark of light came in me so that the misery I had suffered and felt only a moment ago had gone.

‘Do I talk like a madman?’ he asked again.

‘No’, I said becoming very passive, ‘not really. But what does all this mean?’

‘Listen’, he said, ‘you need not do anything else at this moment. Your thoughts are focussed on your life on earth and that is why you can’t get rid of all your misery, of everything belonging to the earth. I ask you to accept this for the moment. When a person dies on earth he enters this life. So you live in eternity but you have not realized that you have died.’

‘How could I’, I interrupted him, ‘I’m alive.’

‘Exactly, you are alive and yet you have died. Have you ever heard on earth about eternal life?’

I thought I would sink through the floor because I suddenly remembered you, Jozef, but I said nothing.

‘I read in your thoughts’, he continued, ‘that you were told about everlasting life but that you ridiculed it.’

There was a short silence; I looked at him and we searched each other’s souls so that our thoughts merged. How did this man know all this? Who was he? A human being, but of what sort! I could not speak a word, I shrunk back with fear, for I saw myself on earth, I heard myself talking to you and I felt my own sarcasm. It hurt me, my heart throbbed in my throat.

‘You see’, he went on as if it was quite simple, ‘that I know everything about your life on earth. I’ll tell you some more, but you must keep calm and try to understand. It will be clear to you that I am not a madman and that I’m trying to explain the truth and nothing but the holy truth. You were told about eternal life but you could not accept it. Now listen carefully: In order to be able to change over to this life you must have the essential powers. That is: You must be able to adjust spiritually to life in this world. We know that your way of thinking and feeling is earthly and that you do not even realize that you died on earth. How then could you have an idea of your eternal attunement? That is out of the question! You now live in eternity and you have discarded your material body. The clothes you are wearing do not exist, they are unreal, unnatural on this side. So you live in an unnatural condition for you do not possess the spiritual powers for this attunement, that is for this life. You have to acquire these powers and I’ll help and support you. Yet it is simple when I tell you that our way of life is one of mind power. The way you think about things you’ll attract them and you pass on to that condition. Everything will be the way you are and feel. When I think of earthly clothes, of something I wore on earth I can dress myself in that garment because my concentration is focussed on it. I pass on into that condition. You’ll learn all this. I have to convince you so that you can get an idea of your present life. Is it possible on earth to know everything of someone else?’

‘No, it isn’t, I have not yet met anybody who can.’

‘But we can. You think of something and I’ll tell you what you think.’

Now what? I thought of our talk at the cemetery, it was foremost in my thoughts and I was sure he would not know anything about it.

But how surprised I was when he said: ‘When you were at that cemetery and you were told about our life you thought it was the work of the devil.’

Stop it, I thought, are you a devil yourself?

‘Our life, as I told you just now, is a life of mind power. When I pass into your life I know everything about it. Surely I’m not a devil, but your brother in the spirit and if you really want to you can make

rapid progress. When you were told about spiritualism it embittered your life. Subsequently you became ill and you saw shadows on your deathbed. When your end drew near these shadows became clearer so that you noticed that they were human figures. They moved around you which meant the end of your life and at that moment you died on earth. Then you imagined that you were falling deeper and deeper. Your earthly life passed through your mind up to the moment of death and you slipped into unconsciousness. In that condition you were taken here and you woke up several times and fell asleep again.'

'How do you know all this? It is as you say, I experienced that, but how do you know?'

'I said just now that I can read in your life, try to remember, don't forget or I shall have to repeat myself. I can therefore experience what you have gone through and what happened on earth. I'll give you more proof that I know everything about your life: You were a coachman!'

'You know that too?'

'Yes, didn't I say that I know everything about your life. You cannot hide anything from me. Nor from anyone who has these powers.'

I bowed my head to such power and wisdom.

He continued: 'I'll try to convince you of your own condition which you do not understand. But everything, your own happiness and life and your misery are in your own hands. When you are prepared to think differently you must first of all accept that you died on earth. Then we'll soon make progress. As long as you are unable to do that all those earthly phenomena will return and make your life on this side like hell. Your wife is still living on earth and will not come to visit you.'

'You know that as well?'

'Once again I know everything, we on this side, my dear friend, know everything of everyone who enters this sphere.'

Jozef was right then after all, I thought.

I had hardly finished thinking when he said: 'Yes, your brother on earth spoke the truth!'

I understood then that this man knew everything about me and that his intentions were good. I felt respect for his knowledge, al-

though I could not grasp it. It had struck me that he had remained polite in every respect. However, I still could not accept that I had died on earth. Couldn't he have learned these tricks? Lunatics could tell the most eerie things and believed themselves that they were true.

How surprised I was when he said: 'Now you are sliding back into your previous condition and we don't want that, we won't progress like that. I have indeed learned those 'tricks' and you'll have too as well otherwise you'll remain a living dead.'

He appeared to know everything which made me feel quite inferior.

'I know it is very difficult', he continued, 'to discard your life on earth, it takes time. But you must accept that you have died on earth, otherwise you keep going around in circles.'

I decided to do what he said and to accept and I said: 'Don't leave me alone any more for heaven's sake.'

'I won't leave you alone except when it is necessary. You are not such a rough character as you tried to make out. Try to discard that as well. The purer one thinks, the more beautiful his surroundings on this side are. You are in the country of the side beyond, which we call the spheres. The sphere where you are is the first sphere of existence in the spirit, in other words: Those living here have no spiritual knowledge yet. In this sphere as in all others millions of people live together. You'll see them when the time comes and when you have passed on into this sphere. It is not possible before that time because you first have to come to yourself. When you are prepared to accept we'll soon achieve this aim. Always remember that everything I tell you is the holy truth. We do not mock life, it is too important. You'll soon know what our life is like. It is different from earth, but you are the same person here as you were there. You see that you are alive and you'll live eternally. Gradually you will learn to understand this life and acquire it. Passing over and entering this sphere, feeling that you live eternally all this is still beyond you, but after a while it will become clear to you. Now I have to tell you a few other things and you will be surprised when I tell you that you have slept for three weeks according to time on earth.'

'I have slept for three weeks?'

'For three full weeks.'

‘It is unbelievable.’

‘Some people sleep for months at a stretch, wake up and fall asleep again.’

‘Do all people experience the same things?’

‘No, for each person the arrival, the awakening and the acceptance of this life is different, it is individual. Your present life is an attunement in the spirit which you do not yet understand. But you soon will. Some people we take back to the earth as soon as possible, others cannot be given these proofs. We can convince them but we have to act in accordance with their inner powers. As I said, you slept for three weeks and nobody forced this sleep upon you. This is your own inner condition. Your attunement to this life is material, you lived in an earthly way and now you feel and live life in the spirit. As I told you I can read your mind and because my own life was like yours I can help you. All of us who live here were once on earth and have died there. When I entered this life I slept for a longer time than you, so let that reassure you. There are people who need months and years before they wake up. Their lives on earth were ruined, but they caused it themselves. Nobody else inflicted that punishment on them. God does not punish anyone and no child of God will be lost.’

‘Remarkable’, I said.

‘This is really the most natural experience of all. I have come to you to convince you of your own life and to explain eternal life to you. You’ll have to awaken and that awakening means to adapt yourself to life in the spirit, to take possession of this sphere.’

‘I’ll do everything I can’, I said, ‘to adapt.’

‘Good’, the brother said and I felt that he was sincere. Then he added: ‘We are making progress already, you must carry on in that way. In the first place you must be able to control yourself.’

‘Yes’, I said, ‘I’ll behave myself. May I get up now, I feel much better?’

‘You can try.’

Try, I thought, wouldn’t I be able to walk? I had walked already! So I tried to pull myself up but before I could get one foot to the floor I was overcome by dizziness and I felt the lump in my throat and the fever return. How terrible, I thought, what’s happening again. Was I

still ill? I cursed inwardly because I was in great pain. Would I never get my health back?

The brother looked at me and said: 'Don't curse, you curse yourself, you curse your own life. If only people knew and accepted this. You curse God, for your life is divine. You curse your eternal attunement.'

I was startled, for he had not heard me curse, I had forgotten that the man knew everything.

'Have a bit more respect for your own life. Man is like that and those thoughts are earthly and material. You curse the tranquillity of the spirit and life and all that life is God. So you curse your heavenly Father and that is wrong, my friend. I could go on for hours to make you see that it is wrong, but let this be enough. As you see, you cannot move yet by your own strength.'

'But I did when I was alone, I walked up and down and I felt all right.'

The brother smiled and said: 'You did all that on my power.'

'On your power?' I asked in amazement. How is that? I could live and move on his power. It remained a mystery to me.

'You are living on my power and through my will and you have nothing yet of your own. Didn't I tell you that you still have to acquire all this? You are not free yet from your life on earth and train of thought.'

In thought you are still living on earth and that is why you feel ill and why those sufferings keep returning. When you were alone I supported you from a distance. You also will learn to understand these powers. From the moment you entered here I connected myself with you and I'll remain connected with you continually until you have acquired those powers. You do feel that our life is quite different from that on earth. You live in the spirit but spiritual powers are still unknown to you. I told you all this before, but you do not comprehend. Think, keep thinking, dear friend, otherwise we won't get anywhere, but you must think more naturally. Natural thinking takes you into this life. A moment ago I withdrew my powers and will, that is why you fell back into your own life. You did not feel anything, did you?'

‘No, I felt quite all right.’

‘But those were my powers, I’ll prove that to you.’

Suddenly I thought I would die for thirst and I asked the brother for a drink.

He smiled and said: ‘I’ll give you a spiritual drink.’

A short pause followed and I waited for things to happen.

He then asked: ‘Are you still thirsty?’

‘No, I’m not.’

‘Would you like to know why not?’

‘Please tell me.’

‘Pay attention then: I concentrated on your mind and put the suggestion that you were thirsty. That’s what you felt, it entered your mind and yet it was only my will and concentration. You have to discard feeling hungry, thirsty and other sensations which I could induce in you. I only want to show you that first of all you are not ill or need not be and secondly that you need not suffer any hunger or thirst. These are nothing but earthly thoughts because you still think and feel that way. It is your sense of feeling that asks because you do not yet possess the spiritual attunement. Here we do not know illnesses, hunger or thirst, nothing at all of the bodily needs on earth. Maintaining your material condition may cause sorrow and sadness and even ruin in this life. So you see that our life is not so simple and that you lived on earth in an unnatural condition. We have discarded that life and yet you feel your heart beating, yes, blood even flows in your body, but all spiritual substance. You’ll have to learn all these things. Step by step we follow the path of spiritual development. If you could concentrate on an other suit the one you are wearing would vanish but you can’t yet. You can try if you wish.’

I did what the brother asked and I saw that my black suit faded but that was all I could manage.

‘Your concentration is not strong enough yet, but as soon as you can attune to this life all those conditions and also your illness will disappear. Your concentration now disintegrates and you’ll have to accept one condition of consciousness in the same way as on earth. It will be clear to you that nothing can be hidden here. I advise you to concentrate on me for by doing so you will attune yourself to me and

everything will become easier for you. I'll be in a better position to help you acquire these powers. When I concentrated on you at the beginning after your arrival pain and thirst, fever and all other symptoms disappeared and you were able to move. Now you feel this sickness again because I drew back my concentration. That is why entering this life is the most difficult time for those who arrive here from the earth. To convince them of their eternal life is, as you understand, not so easy. You're living here on your own level which are your surroundings, your house, your room and your light on this side. You tried to turn the light on, but you could not find the switch.'

'No', I said and felt like broken. Here they knew everything, what surprised me yet again.

'It would not be possible, my friend. We have light according to our inner feelings. Your house is built in a spherical form and I cannot just explain now why, for you would not understand. Accept however that it is your inner life, the way you think and feel and possess love. Love, my brother, to possess love is light and happiness on this side. When I tell you that there are people living here who own the most beautiful temples and buildings and can call these their spiritual homes you'll feel how far away we are from that. What you observe, your spiritual light is according to your love, your attunement. You tried to find an exit but there was none and you felt imprisoned in a cage. Yet I entered, so there was an opening for otherwise I could not have come in.'

My heart was beating in my throat, I was at a loss for words. The brother approached me, and laid his beautiful hand on my shoulder.

I felt a blissful power enter me and he said with a soft, loving voice: 'Your life on earth was not spiritual, yet you were not a bad person. You did not want a spiritual life because it was too difficult. Living an earthly life and feeling materially is not difficult. You lived your life and felt nothing of that great and divine life that resides within you which is called cosmos and of which you are a part. That life is God and we human beings have the divine attunement and we can be as that great and mighty life is. However, we are still far away from it but we already sense something of these powers and laws which are of God. We lead a life as we feel it. You feel earthly, many others feel

animal-like and coarse-materially and all build themselves a house. This is the explanation of how a spiritual dwelling is erected. He who feels divine builds a temple in harmony with the universe. But if you feel materially you'll find your house after death on earth the way you felt on earth, in a material and yet spiritual level. Can you follow me?

'Yes', I said, 'how mighty all this is!'

'Now listen. I made all this clear to you because I connected myself with you, I brought you up to my own level, otherwise it would not have been possible for you to understand. Now I ask you, why couldn't you find the exit whereas I was able to enter even though there was no apparent opening? That exit was not visible to you because you did not inwardly open yourself to this life. You locked yourself up, spiritually speaking you shut yourself in a cage because you did not want to live spiritually. Is all this clear?'

'I feel it, brother, but I can't put it into words.'

'I don't need to talk further about your clothes, I already explained that to you. Everything will become clear to you later on when you will understand your own spiritual home. Your surroundings will change when you try to understand this life. I'll leave you now for a moment but I'll come back when you think you need me.'

The brother left. I was by myself again with thousands of thoughts, afraid to be alone. I had got to know one human being. I began to think. One thought followed the other, some taking me back to the earth and when I had finished thinking I returned to this life until finally I could no longer remember anything. A turmoil of thoughts whirled through my weary mind. Thoughts about my house, clothes, the universe and all those spiritual levels float into each other, at the same time I felt the fever and pain return. Yet I wanted to remain calm, I was not yet convinced of the life I was living. Would that be possible? Could I immediately pass into an other life which was entirely new to me, and which I did not understand nor feel, as he said? Would I have been able to do that, Jozef? No human being from the earth who enters here can do so, even if he has a different attunement.

Oh, I thought, how hard it will be for people who know nothing of spiritual life! I ask you, can a human being enter right away into that large unknown world? You will understand me. When on earth I

did not believe in it, my life was earthly and I had no assets for this life. I did not possess these powers as the brother told me. I had to learn life in the spirit to be able to adjust to my new surroundings. It was a new and unknown world to me. A world full of secrets but natural and real. I was unnatural and unreal and because of that I mocked my own life, cursed myself and closed myself so that I was blind, spiritually blind and could not find a way out. It was misty around me and I had no light, I was a long way away from that high level. I saw myself in a labyrinth of human development. I had to find a way out, but how? I was dead and yet alive. I was living, but a living dead!

I was convinced that it would be fatal to me not to accept what I had been told. It was as if I stood in front of a high mountain which I had to climb to see light on the other side. Not until then would I see life with all its beauty and possibilities. The brother had the ability to see right into me and I wanted also to learn that and many other things. That was the ability, I thought, that he meant. He would help me find my way out of all these unnatural things. The way I followed on earth was the wrong one. In the brother I saw the light that would enlighten my path in this darkness. I had to follow him and I wanted to, but I felt that I was not yet able to. However much I thought and concentrated I could not grasp his explanations which resulted in regressing again to chaotic thought, so that I gave up. The brother as he called himself, was a strange person. But in and about him was such a natural power as I had never known. I had to take back the idea that he was mentally disturbed.

I wanted to see him again, for I did not want to miss this unknown mighty person for anything. I needed help, a great deal of help. I thought of him and of the words he had spoken but I could not understand them any more.

While I was thinking of him the door suddenly opened and he came in. Now I saw the door. Would it stay open? I startled because he stood so unexpectedly in front of me.

‘Did you call me?’

‘I don’t know’, I said, ‘I was thinking of you.’

‘Focussing your thought towards me connects you with me. How

are you? Feeling a bit better?’

‘I feel fine’, I said.

‘You see that we are already making progress.’

What wonders I have experienced in such a short time, I thought, to which he answered: ‘You will learn to acquire all these wonders’, and I understood that not a single thought could be hidden.

Breaking down and building up

Now I’ll tell you about this life. What we discussed so far belongs to your present life, they are spiritual realities. I have told you about attunements and that each individual has his own level. In addition love is light and means happiness on this side. I’ll think back to life on earth to explain some levels to you. This will give you a clear idea of the universe and eternal life. Man on earth lives in the pre-animal-like to the material level. You know already that level means sphere and that human beings are living in these spheres. These lives or souls have and feel love and in accordance with this love they are tuned to this life. You are now in a condition which is the coarse-material level. This sphere, as I said before, borders the first spiritual sphere. People who have reached the material level live in the first, second and third sphere and subsequently enter the fourth sphere which is the first blissful spiritual level. Only then are they free from earthly thoughts. I’m trying to explain to you that you live between all these levels and that you are now on your way to acquire the first sphere. The fourth sphere is followed by the fifth, sixth and seventh and all these spheres belong to one cosmic degree, the third degree which is the universal level.

As I said in all these spheres people like you and I live but in a higher condition. Life on earth serves to develop us in the spirit and to return to God. All of us who are here and lived on earth have had to acquire these powers, that is to say being convinced of our eternal life. This should have happened already on earth. Those who forget themselves on earth and lead life as it comes are here confronted with their own life and must try to free themselves from it. So you’ll un-

derstand and accept when I tell you that the spiritual body, the body you now have, is the eternal one that carried and guided the material body. Your feelings are the way you felt and acted on earth. I explained all this to you and that you entered spiritual life with your earthly level of feeling. I left you alone to contemplate the things I discussed with you. But you are not yet able to think straight, you can't understand any of my explanations. You keep thinking of your life on earth, you return to that life in your mind which is wrong. You may make comparisons but you must start from this side. Try to keep all this firmly in your mind, contemplate over what I said and compare this life with your life on earth. In this way you'll learn to see the difference between material and spiritual life. It is very difficult, but I'll help you. I'll influence you in different ways and this will all help you to enter this life. Do you understand what I mean? You live in the eternal life, at a level in the spirit, but that level is material. Together we'll try to discard these material feelings and to acquire the spiritual ones. You feel quiet now, the spiritual peace and power we have, because I focussed my concentration and will on you. You live through my power and I'll leave you in this condition so that you can quietly absorb everything.'

Quietly and intensely I had been listening but I could not keep my eyes open. I became drowsy again, no matter how hard I tried to fight against it. I felt that loving hands reached out to me and I dozed off. I dreamt of my parents, my wife and child, I saw them together and heard my mother say to my wife: 'Come on, dear, life goes on, you are still young and have to look after your child. It is God's will and he will be in paradise, won't he? He is better off than we and nothing can change it. We must accept it.' Then I heard my wife say: 'He was so young and it happened so suddenly.' I saw that she cried and both were feeling sad. It made me feel sad too. How I longed for them. Was I in paradise? With God? With God in paradise? Who was God, that unknown power? What did I know about God? On earth I thought of God in the same way everybody else did, as a great, unknown power and as this power was so mighty and far away I left it at that. I was satisfied and did not trouble to attempt to know this God. I did pray and went to church, but in spite of this – I knew and

felt it – this God remained far away from me.

That was when I woke up and I went on thinking. God, yes, who was God? Would that unknown Greatness know that I had died? That I possessed nothing, that I was not dead but alive? Who knew God and what He meant to us? In the brother I sensed God, but I did not know why. Was the man who guided me and who did not get angry part of God? Strange that mother had spoken of God and that this occupied my mind. Yes, I had to learn to know God, otherwise I would not progress any more, and I wanted to get on to the spheres the brother had told me about. I was part of God, my life was eternal, I was living in the universe and that universe was me. That is how the brother had explained it. I had died, yet I was alive and in the spirit. Did I begin to feel it? Was I on my way? I began to think differently. To many people on earth God is a person and that is not so, at least according to the brother. Here God means life and I lived in God. Were the wonderful powers the brother had Divine? Was I part of it now that I had died? And what about the earth? Was this life not the same as on earth? I remembered, he had told me about it. 'He was still so young!' my wife had said. Young and dead! Was I dead? But I was alive, wasn't I? How does that make sense? Death and life, therein resided the solution of my own problem. I could not yet make a distinction between the three mighty phenomena God, life and death. But I realized, though I did not understand it, that I already knew and felt more than those on earth. For them I was dead and I knew that I was alive. I was ahead of them, I lived in that unknown world of which they knew nothing. Even so death remained a mystery to me like God remained a mystery, neither could I understand my present life. However, I began to feel, so there was hope! My dream gave me an idea of this mightiness and this brought me in an other condition. I was living in paradise, my mother said, but what was my paradise like? Mother, I thought, how little do you know of my paradise. Yes, that's what the priests, the church and her religion would say. I was with God in paradise. But I was imprisoned in a cage and that was my paradise. Yes, mother, I do live. To them I was in paradise and yet they were crying and felt that I was dead. Why cry over me when I am alive?

Oh, people of the earth, you will be surprised when you find your paradise on this side! But it is not as you think. I was with God, but I had to laugh about my paradise, notwithstanding all my misery I was amused because of the comparison I made. For those on earth it was difficult to believe, but I lived in reality. My paradise was a small room without an exit. And in this paradise I was locked in and was tied to it. Yet I was happy because I felt that I could concentrate much better. I began to feel and to try to free myself from that paradise. I was still lost in thought when the door opened and the brother entered.

‘Rested? Had lovely dreams and slept well?’

I looked at him and my eyes asked: ‘Can’t I even think or dream without you knowing it? Can’t anything remain hidden?’

‘No, my dear friend, nothing. God knows all His children. God lives within us and the Divine level is in our soul.’

‘But surely my thinking has nothing to do with God?’

‘That is exactly what I want to talk about. Listen! Your life is God, it may be Divine, so you have to do with God, also when you think.’

‘Because I am alive?’

‘Exactly, because you are alive. Our life and that of millions of beings living here and on earth and on all other planets, all that life is God. I know what you are dreaming and thinking of. If it is possible for me to know everything about you, just think what is possible to those beings I told you about. Once more, what will the powers be like of those who live in the spheres of light? Something within you attunes to that divine life which is God. But every person, every life sees and feels differently. Yet thousands are like we are. The way you feel millions of others feel. My way of feeling is shared by others and we all progress until we have reached the Divine level. Thus, every life feels in accordance with the love it has. Love, as I have already said, means light and to have a lot of light is happiness, it is your paradise on this side.’

The brother looked at me and smiled and I knew why, because he knew everything.

‘So we are all on the way to develop spiritually.’

I thought of my dream for I could not yet understand it and I

asked: 'I heard mother speak of God and His holy Will, but how do you know I was thinking about that? Did mother speak the truth?'

'Your mother spoke the truth but it wasn't your mother, it was me.'
'You?'

'Yes, dear friend, nobody else. Didn't I tell you previously that I would work on you in various ways? I sent my thoughts to you for I wanted to give you an image of God. All this serves to make you free from earthly feelings.'

Nothing is safe here, I thought.

'Nothing', the brother said, 'for this is your eternal life. The powers you admire you must try to acquire yourself and when you feel this life you would not want another.'

'You are a wonder', I said.

'So you will be. Isn't it marvellous to have these powers? Wouldn't you like to have them? Everything is the result of concentration and willpower. You see that I keep in touch with you all the time. Your curiosity has been aroused, a glimpse of illumination pierces through all that darkness, so that you'll soon be able to distinguish your spiritual life from the material. When you have followed me properly you'll feel that I help you in your thinking, but I could also destroy your thinking if I so wanted. You do not have the power to think yourself as you should do. Your way of thinking is earthly, material. As I said before you'll understand later that from the time you arrived here you have acted and lived through my thoughts.'

Again I was puzzled and I said: 'If you go on like this there will be nothing left of me!'

'On the contrary, everything spiritual will remain, only the earthly part is broken off.'

'Where do I start then, am I nothing now?'

'Exactly, now we are getting somewhere, you are nothing in the spirit yet. That's why I'll try to destroy your inner earthly life to be able to reach you in the spirit. Thus, breaking down and building up, only then you'll begin to live on this side. So I break your pedestal but won't leave you alone and help you build up an other life, a new pedestal, that of the spirit. Instead I give you our life, our eternal life and wouldn't you like to change your earthly life for such happiness?'

You don't know our life yet, but the powers I have and which you admire you'll also receive. You'll acquire that life, that concentration.'

There I was, a nothing, a nobody in eternity. On earth I did not think much of myself, but certainly more than nothing. How much many people living on earth will have to discard. Had I, a simple coachman, still something to discard? I was nothing and yet I was too much in this life, I had acquired too much of the earthly life and had learned nothing in the spirit. I should have lived a more spiritual life. To pray and to go to church was not enough, it did not give spiritual qualities. Religions had nothing to do with this life because this life is different.

'Exactly', the brother said, so that I understood that he followed me in everything, 'if you had lived more spiritually on earth by giving love to everything that lives you would have entered the first sphere. You are like a raw diamond, rough on the outside but inside your eternal attunement radiates. By serving life, only by serving you will reach that sphere. They who live in the first sphere have acquired that, they have a spiritual foundation and won't sink back. But for that you have to discard your earthly life entirely.'

'But why have I deserved all this?'

'You couldn't have asked a better question, go on like this. Listen and I'll tell you why we help you, that is what you mean, isn't it? We who live here, the brothers and sisters in the spirit, are here to help you and everyone else. We serve life and by serving others we'll progress to a higher sphere. Rich or poor, learned or simple, there is no difference here and everybody is helped. We feel love for all and we are open to life. Everything I do for others, I do for myself, it is the serving love. That is what our life is like and the possibility to advance.'

I bowed my head, Jozef. Everything he did for me and told me meant love. Really, on earth I had never met people like him. However, there are people like him on earth, as the brother told me later.

'There are difficult times ahead', the brother continued, 'and I advise you therefore to control yourself in everything. Think things over calmly and quietly. By doing so you'll begin to feel the attunement and connection as is necessary for you. You will then become con-

scious of this life and you will pass on to it because you will then live spiritually. Do you understand what I mean?’

‘Yes, I understand you completely.’

The brother looked at me and said: ‘You will be surprised by what I’m going to tell you now, however, don’t let it discourage you. You understand me, you say, but I must tell you that you do so on my powers, otherwise you would not be able to understand me. You still can’t stand on your own feet, for to live here on your own power means to be awake in this world. You still fall asleep and wake up again until you reach the first sphere. Many people on earth think they have love, but it is self-love which has no meaning on this side.’

‘How difficult it is to live here’, I said.

‘But real and natural. In this life you can’t make mistakes. When you put your mind to it your surroundings will change and the treasures of the spirit will be yours. There is another thing, beware of gross thinking. Thinking and speaking in that way will make you attune to other conditions which are the dark spheres.’

‘I’ll do my best, brother, and I hope that you’ll stay with me. You know my life as you know yours.’

‘That is true and when I tell you that my earthly life has been like yours, although my position in society was different, then you’ll feel that we are the same in many ways. That is why I understand you so well. Everyone who arrives here will receive a teacher who has a similar attunement. When I entered here, as I told you, I had not yet reached that level.’

‘I am very happy, brother.’

‘Thank you, we have already become friends and we will remain friends, brothers in the spirit, won’t we?’

At that moment something broke within me and I fell on my knees and cried for a long time. My heart was broken, I had surrendered. I was deeply moved, I thanked God and prayed to that unknown power for forgiveness. I felt like a child, again my earthly life passed through my mind and I felt entirely broken. Something inside me had been destroyed which was my earthly pedestal.

I now felt far from the earth and yet at that moment I experienced my life on earth. I felt that the brother put his hands on my head and

I heard him say: 'Very good, my friend, it is nice to have a pupil who feels the power of the spirit and is prepared to bow his head.'

I looked up at him and said: 'I'll do my best, brother, but do have a little patience with me.'

Again I thought of my life on earth and saw myself as a child, open and willing. That is how it should be, how I should become, I did not feel important anymore for I was nothing. How many people on earth did not want to be nothing, but will be here. All those on earth who fancy themselves are nobodies in the spirit. It is following a path leading straight to darkness. All of us who live on this side and on earth, including those in the higher spheres, are children in the spirit, children of that unknown God.

Jozef, the master says I must stop now. Tomorrow I may return. I realize that I have told a great deal and yet I'm not half finished. It goes quickly, Jozef.'

I still heard him say: 'I thank you, master and I thank God for this opportunity. Oh, I am so happy! But you don't want to be thanked, neither do those who live in the spheres of light. Until tomorrow, Jozef.'

I saw Gerhard fade away and I came back to myself so that the contact was broken. Amazing, I thought, how quickly he has developed, how he has changed. The simple coachman had become a true human being and a spirit of light. I did not know what I had written down but I would soon read it. I did know what he had said because I had experienced it, but how it would be on paper I did not yet know. In this way a deceased could tell about his life on the side beyond, because the human being, the medium, was lifted in his life.

The next morning I saw him again. He successfully tried to connect himself with me. I opened myself and heard him say: 'Here I'm again, Jozef. I am so happy.'

I spoke to him by feeling, he could receive my thoughts. He felt me and said: 'Yes, Jozef, I have now acquired what the brother told about, I'm sure you know all this. I have acquired those powers and learned a lot, but it has not been so easy. It's really wonderful.'

I understood and felt what he meant. Gerhard had gone through the miracle of dying on earth and returning. Now he was in contact

with a human being on earth whom he had once ridiculed. Now he was a spirit himself.

‘I admired your paintings’, I heard him say, ‘they radiate. They are spiritual products, and are of great value and love, they radiate your entire room. One must sense these pictures, otherwise they mean nothing. The light they radiate has a healing effect because it is the spiritual tranquillity of the higher attuned spirit.’

I made him feel that I had to visit my patients.

‘Oh’, I heard him say, ‘I’m going with you and I’ll follow you in everything. What happiness, Jozef!’

Soon I was ready to go and once outside I saw Gerhard beside me. Who would believe me? A human being whom I had known on earth but who was now in the spirit walking beside me and talking to me. Gerhard experienced an earthly event. It should encourage people to work on themselves, to learn to know themselves as he had done. These wonders were for everybody who enters life after death. But people should start during life on earth. If they wanted to live spiritually, loved everything alive and served others they would advance that far. To be able to see this on earth they should have the inner light.

There he was, the man who had passed away only a short time ago. Not a word was spoken and yet we were one, we talked the spiritual language, the language of the mind. Gerhard had come to understand life, which he had learned in the spheres. When something surprised him he let me feel it. Sometimes he floated above me then came down again as if to show me what powers he now had. No, I could not yet do that, I was still bound by the laws of gravity. Then he walked beside me again and showed that he could walk right through people on earth. Thus are the possibilities in the spirit, for the human being who lives in eternal life. He took great pleasure in it for he now disappeared into the ground up to his head as if to show me that nothing on earth obstructed him.

He felt, saw and heard everything in the material and when he had made this clear to me I heard him say: ‘This has taken a long time, Jozef and I suffered a lot before I was able to concentrate on earth. Now I can see everything in the same way as when I was still in my

material body and yet I am a spirit. Isn't it wonderful?

When I visited my first patient I saw Gerhard and my leader beside me. Alcar showed him how people could be helped from the side beyond. Through magnetic radiation diseases ceased to exist as the material body resumed its normal work. Gerhard knew this but he had not yet experienced it. He was quite surprised to notice that Alcar's radiation lit the human body.

I heard him say: 'I'm going to learn all this, Jozef, when I am ready and have returned to the spheres.'

After I had treated my last patient I returned home and Gerhard asked: 'Are we going to start in a minute, Jozef?'

'As soon as possible', I said, 'for I'm very eager to hear other things you have to tell.'

'Man', I heard him say, 'you are to be envied, how mighty it is to be allowed to work for us.'

When I returned home I felt a strong influence, an urge to begin. I concentrated on him and I felt a peaceful state of mind come over me so that Alcar could connect me with him. Gerhard descended into me, I felt I was lifted and he could start.

My new environment

'When I had knelt before the brother a feeling of dizziness, of sleep overcame me which I could not resist. I went to bed and slept for a long time. When I woke up the brother was standing in front of me and asked: 'You did not dream now and had a good sleep?'

'Yes, brother, I feel fine and a bit better, it has done me good.'

My throat did not hurt and nothing else troubled me so that I felt refreshed. I would soon be better. Thinking of that he smiled and I understood what that meant.

'I have come for you', the brother said, 'we'll go for a walk so that you can admire this land and the surroundings in which you live.'

Thank goodness, I thought, because I was longing to go outside.

'Will I be able to walk?'

‘Yes’, he said, ‘that is now possible.

My home was now open, I myself had unlocked it and I would take care that it remained open. I was still wearing my black suit that seemed to be joined with me for I could not yet think of other clothes. Although I could think I did not yet have sufficient spiritual property and concentration. For I had not yet learnt anything, I had not been in this life long enough. My clothes corresponded to my entire personality. I had arrived here as a coachman and I would stay that way for the time being. It frustrated me nevertheless, for what did I have to do with life on earth? Sooner or later, I thought, this is bound to change.

I followed my teacher outside. How strange everything looked to me! I saw that the building I was residing in was very big and that it had been built in an earthly way. It could hold about a thousand people. There were people everywhere and many were dressed as on earth. A few wore garments which differed completely from all those others. Were they teachers like the brother who taught me how to pass on into this life? They wore garments similar to that of my brother by which I thought I recognized him. Some people wore very smart clothes and jewelry but others were in rags. There were old and young people, the younger ones were about twenty years of age, though I did not see any children. Nature was similar to autumn on earth. Would winter be approaching here already? What month of the year was it exactly? I had no idea but found it rather chilly and dull. It was not a place to stay in for long and by no means to recover health. In autumn on earth there were shades of green and yellow but they were absent here. Nature here was rather strange, unnatural. It looked as if everything had faded and the crop not fully grown. I could not give a better comparison.’

I had to laugh while writing it down: nature that had faded, I had never seen that before! I saw Alcar smile as well.

‘Is that so funny?’ I heard Gerhard ask. ‘That was really nature as I saw it. The brother walked ahead of me and I followed him. Everything I saw was strange. Where was I? I forgot all the explanations and what the brother had explained to me. I could not make any comparisons because everything I saw was new to me. Suddenly I thought

I understood. The atmosphere looked as if it was soon going to rain. It was misty.

We walked along a road winding through the landscape. Notwithstanding the mist I could see fairly well into the distance. I felt cold and shivery, some sunshine would do me good. If only I would not have to stay here too long. As I said I saw many men and women. Nobody looked at me which I found very strange, they ignored me. Didn't they realize that I had only arrived here a short while ago? Or didn't they want anything to do with me? Were they of higher rank and of a better level? It was beyond me and it amazed me. Wasn't it worse the trouble to give me some attention? Not one of them seemed surprised that I was here, they all behaved as if it was none of their business. They seemed to be sad, they were quiet and absorbed in themselves. What were all these people thinking about? I could not grasp that and the brother had meanwhile walked far ahead of me, I would ask him about this later. He was apparently lost in thought too so that I did not want to disturb him. It seemed to me that most of these people were ill, they looked so pale. Well, I thought, they won't get better here quickly, this is no healthy climate. But there will surely be other regions than this one. Everything I saw looked so earthly. The brother had told me to concentrate but on what? I was also told to think which I did all the time, I thought too much which tired me out. Surely I had begun to discard my earthly way of thinking now. I imagined that he was pleased that I was doing my best. Never before in my life had I contemplated so much. But I saw nothing but long faces and people who looked ill. Others I clearly felt were mourning, nothing escaped my attention. Everything held my interest, but what should really have my attention I was not aware of. I lived in eternity yet my way of thinking was earthly. I did not see any flowers, but flowers die in autumn and that was, I thought, the reason I did not see them. Alongside the road was a ditch and the water in it was grey, wherever I looked the scenery was dull.

I was rather curious as to where the brother was leading me. He had walked quite a way ahead of me. I also noticed people who were different to those I had seen and I didn't understand why they were different. They were not so pale and I thought they were healthier

and more alive for their complexion was different. Weren't they like the others? They didn't have that greyish complexion that I saw in nature. With deep interest I looked at them but they also ignored me. Wasn't I a human being like they were, a brother in the spirit? Were they better people than I? No distinction was made here but look at them. Were they the wealthy people from earth? Didn't they want anything to do with me? A sorry lot they are, I thought. Who do they think they are? Some of them brushed past me and still ignored me. Finally the brother waited for me and told me to sit down. At the edge of a hill I found a nice place and sat down. Was the brother going to tell me about those people?

I felt correctly for the brother said: 'You are already beginning to take over thoughts from other people for they were really my thoughts.'

'Your thoughts?' I asked.

'Yes, my thoughts.'

I found this remarkable though I had not realized, since I had been thinking the way I always did.

'Listen to what I'm going to say', the brother said. 'I asked you to think over everything we discussed, so that we may progress.'

I was already pleased, so I had done my best.

But he continued: 'All these people you have seen have come here just like you, so they also died on earth. They are wearing their earthly clothes and don't know any others, because they cannot concentrate and lack the essential love. They will not cast them off until they arrive at the first sphere. That is why they wear these garments like you do, because they do not know any other life. Our life, as I have explained to you several times, is a life of mind power and people's feelings of love will determine their level in this spiritual life. Their way of life, like your own, has not been bad. We have talked about that too. I have been following your train of thought. The people having that different complexion as you noticed will soon leave this sphere. The people living here have not acquired anything on earth. Your affection for others saved you from a total downfall, otherwise you would have entered a different sphere. Here everything is indeed bare and grey, but we know of other lands that are more beautiful and where there is nothing but happiness. There are flowers and green-

ery and people wear spiritual garments. The way you think about nature and make your comparisons surprised me. You described nature very accurately, but bear in mind that you were describing your own image. You are like nature.'

'What do you mean, I am like nature here?'

If that is true, I thought, then it is autumn and misty within me. I had to laugh at this idea.

The brother, however, remained serious and said: 'Don't laugh, dear friend, just wait a while, I have other things to tell you. Your ideas of life and nature on this side are priceless. However, I advise you to change your way of thinking. In this way you won't get any further. You described your own image, think about that. Nature is equivalent to your inner attunement. The more refined you think, the purer your thoughts are, the more your surroundings will change and become more beautiful. Nature is like you feel yourself. There is life here, but there is no spiritual love and consciousness. That's why everything is grey and misty and you are like them, inwardly sick.'

I trembled.

The brother continued: 'It is not going to rain here, as you thought, but it will remain like this for thousands of years to come until this sphere will change into one of light. There is no light here and there is no light in you.'

To have light on this side, dear friend, is knowledge. To possess light means happiness, pure happiness, and that is to love life which is in everything. That is to accept the cross that God has given us to bear. That is to feel love for others and to have a sincere understanding of life. Then you do not speak of a sorry lot, you always respect life.'

I thought I would sink through the floor, he knew everything I had been thinking.

'These other thoughts are far from you', the brother continued quietly looking deeply into my soul. 'We bow our heads and pray from the deepest of our soul and beg God for forgiveness. Then we reflect and need not be told a dozen times. We become respectful and honour life and learn to be able to love. I hope you will become serious for you do not yet realize your poor condition. You were thinking, but in what way?'

It gave me a terrible shock.

'Life in nature', the brother continued, 'will be able to bloom only when another source of warmth shines on it. Here is no sun, no light, so everything remains dismal and sad. Also those you met and including you will meanwhile remain in that condition. You'll have to stay here for some time, which is up to you as well as to those you met. Don't get alarmed, it was necessary to show you the seriousness of life. Don't be afraid of your condition for a change is taking place in you and not everything I told you has been lost. You will learn to think deeper and follow the way we have covered step by step. Those who are walking around here are thinking of their lives on earth and of the life they are now living. They relive all their experiences they have had in this life. They compare both conditions of life and they try to acquire spiritual wisdom. They meditate, they think everything over again and try to attain an other but higher condition. They concentrate intensely on what the brothers and sisters explained and showed them. What they experience on this side becomes their property. They gradually learn to think spiritually, passing over into this life. They concentrate on freeing themselves from earthly life and nobody will disturb them. They felt and knew that you passed by but they are too much concentrated on their own lives to give you any attention. They don't want to be disturbed and we respect one who works on himself. There are however thousands of people here who don't want this and they have been here for years. I'll show them to you later; you have seen some. Those who seek themselves consider everything, they separate the good from the bad qualities until they have discarded all their material feelings and transcended them to the spiritual. Are you beginning to feel the meaning of this life?'

I felt repentance and it grieved me that I had thought so indifferently about these people.

The brother went on: 'That is why those who arrive here find this life so difficult. Yet it is simple once you put aside your earthly feelings. You'll experience this yourself which is development in this sphere. When you begin to understand the incredible aspect of this life it will become knowledge which is spiritual wisdom. When you feel yourself thawing inside, you will feel warmth, the warmth of the spirit.'

When you lose your earthly feeling your spiritual eyes will open and you'll see the beauty of our life. You must try to discard all fantasy and illusion for we don't know fantasy in this life. Everything is reality and he who does not want to be real and natural will have to learn it the hard way. He will remain asleep for a long time, spiritually asleep, to start again. Then earthly life will pass into that of the spirit and he can then put to use what he learned on earth. But only when he is sent to the earth to work for mankind. For this work strong spirits are needed, spirits who know to cope with situations. You have to discard what you learned on earth. Everything you acquired on earth is only useful on this side if you have love.'

Difficult, I thought, and the brother had already read my thoughts and said: 'Everything is difficult, but with some effort you'll succeed.'

'Would I become like you and be able to read other people's thoughts?'

'Yes, you will indeed, it is the spiritual language, we speak no other. In order to speak spiritually and to connect you must have much love.'

I began to feel tired again and asked: 'Why is it that I become tired and sleepy all the time, brother? I'm overcome by it again and again and quite unexpectedly.'

'The reason is that you do not yet think spiritually. You still live between both conditions. These phenomena will reappear because they belong to your attunement. But nature will aid you. It is your divine attunement that gives you life. One day you'll awaken to stay awake forever. You live in an unbalanced condition, your present life attracts you but you keep thinking in an earthly way and that is too much for you. Those forces of nature act on you but you cannot yet absorb everything you experience because you lack the required spiritual power. Everything you experience is strange because your feelings are earthly. You cannot avoid that for the time being. But by sleeping and resting you will achieve that. You will get free from your confused unnatural way of thinking, bringing you back to your previous natural attunement so that you can start afresh, until you spent your energy again. You will realize all this later, I can't explain any better, you must go through it yourself. Within you there is a power, the Divine core, which is present in everybody's life and will take you

to a higher level, which makes you live even against your will. It is the great and mighty incomprehensible power, it is God, God's holy Power.'

'Has my life on earth had no value at all? Thousands lived a worse life than I did and murdered to enrich themselves or to acquire other things. I am aware of my shortcomings and I have done wrong, but I did my work, looked after my wife and child, I did not steal or kill, went to church and prayed and yet I'm nothing.'

The brother looked at me and said: 'All this is to your credit, if this were not the case you would have entered at a different level where it is not misty but where total darkness prevails. All this is of value, but no divine property. All those sisters and brothers of the earth you are thinking of have sunk deeply. They too will have to free themselves from it. Don't compare their level with yours, they'll live, but in hell on this side.'

Hell, I thought, hell?

'Yes, hell.'

Wasn't I in hell? No, because in hell there is fire, I was told that on earth and I did not see fire. Would hell be nearby? I saw nothing of it.

I began to feel dizzy. I still heard the brother say: 'You will learn to know hell.' With that I fell asleep.

Sleep, nothing but sleep, how nice to rest and to sleep, but my sleep meant weakness, spiritual weakness.

How I learned to control myself

I had fallen asleep where I had been sitting. Again I dreamt that I was on earth and saw my wife in conversation with someone else. The dialogue I heard became fateful.

'Yes', I heard my wife say, 'you hear this now that he is dead. It is hard to believe, who would have thought that? I think it is terrible!'

'Yes', the other person said, 'it happens that you are mistaken about someone. Everyone has his secrets. You get to know them after they have died.'

Secrets, I thought and I began to feel frustrated. What secrets?

My wife went on: 'Oh, if only he were still alive.'

I heard her continue though it was lost on me because I was angry. I thought I would suffocate. What did she know about me? What had I done? Surely that was not possible? I was quite ignorant. Had somebody told lies about me? What kind of talk was that 'if only he was still alive'? Wasn't I alive now? She had touched me to the depth of my soul. That was the limit, hadn't I had enough misery?

In this state of mind I woke up and thought about this conversation. It made me nervous and I began to feel angry. Who could have thought that? Did she believe this gossip? Didn't she know me better? Had she no faith in me? Had I deceived her, was I a cheat?

I felt my illness take hold of me again with all those other earthly torments. Thousands of thoughts stormed my mind. No, this was too much for me. Had I ever deceived her? Could she think about me the way she did? Who was that other person? What did she mean by: 'It is terrible' and 'now that he is dead you find out about him'? Oh, I wish I could stop, my own thoughts made me dizzy. I would cure her of that, I wanted to find out who spoke to her like this behind my back.

My throat swelled up again and I got very thirsty. I tried to calm myself down but I couldn't. Once more my thoughts returned to the earth, I wanted to know the truth. Who stained my name? Who made me appear bad after my death on earth? I had arrived in a state I had never experienced before. On top of that I was very thirsty for the pain in my throat and the illness returned. Was there no end to all this? I felt a stabbing pain in my chest and the fear returned which I had suffered on earth.

I screamed for help but there was nobody near me. Then I called for the brother but he did not come either. So I remained alone in all this agony and misery. I wanted to put an end to all those wicked rumours, I was not dead, I was alive, and I had not deceived her, never! I would show her that I need not be ashamed. I was not mean as she thought I was. I feared I would go mad and in desperation I beat myself on the chest with clenched fists so that I thought I would faint. I jumped up from where I had been sitting and walked around like a caged animal. I could barely utter a sound any more and I felt

my body glow as it had done on earth when the fever was at its highest. But I had to keep calm for I went from bad to worse and was incapable of doing anything.

I wanted to be calm and think but I was unable to however much I tried. I had gone too far, I had lost my self-control and felt as if flung from one direction to another. Where was the brother, why was I left on my own? I could hardly look out of my eyes, nature and everything around me changed. The light I had observed faded and it was as if it became dark. No light, nobody to ask a question! My God, have You no pity on my? What have I done to suffer so much?

'God', I cried, 'God, please help me! If there is a God, how can You really let this happen? Why do they leave me alone here? I am going mad, I am going mad.'

I forced myself to keep calm, and I managed to some extent. I wanted to think, I had to find out the truth. I thought at the beginning when I arrived here with the brother and he told me about everything that lived here. I could remember every word. Then sleep overcame me and I had dreamt. Now pay attention I said to myself and keep calm. In my dream I heard speak, then I woke up, I lost my temper and the old symptoms returned. That cursed illness, when for goodness sake would I recover? But that was not a matter of importance now. It was about that claptrap, I wanted to know why she spoke like that. I could not shake off my illness. It crept in my body again and I felt as I had on earth.

Dreadful, I thought, in what state am I? All that spiritual nonsense about this and that, I would go crazy of all that spiritual stuff. And that is what I would have to acquire? I was not myself and would never be again!

All these thoughts raced through my mind, I could not stick to one of them. I was in a spiritual tangle of spheres, people, animal and nature, all whirling into each other.

Then suddenly there was peace and I heard a voice say within me: 'Who instigated her, who was the one who destroyed our happiness?'

But I could not keep this thought either as it was pushed aside by others. Again I cried for help but I felt that my throat was closed up. My cry for help was a nasty, hoarse sound, the cry of an insane per-

son. And there was that darkness which I could not understand. I saw no star, no flash of light. I had nothing to hold on to. I cursed the moment I had dreamt and everything related to my life on earth. It was a mess of many problems I could not make sense of. I got no reply from God. I did not see the brother and there was no creature near me. Once more I cried at the top of my voice until my throat seemed to crack up, but the brother didn't come. Call me when you think you need me, he had said. Now I was screaming and still nobody came to me. I cursed all those problems, cursed myself, my wife on earth and all that was in and around me. I cursed all those silent people who were working on themselves, dreaming and thinking over and over again what they had experienced, and who passed me by like living dead. I cursed the moment I had arrived here. Was this supposed to be my heaven in life after death? I was in a mad house and everyone who spoke to me as well as those walking around in nature were all intellectual lunatics.

I was overcome by an other dizzy turn so that I laid down again. But I could not sleep, however much I wanted to. One thought followed another, I was hopelessly confused by my condition. I wanted to sleep and couldn't. In my sick head everything whirled into each other to the extent that I lost what little concentration I had. I who was nothing battered on that nothing while I thought that I would lose consciousness. But I didn't, I remained conscious, but I could not sleep. Insanity was in and around me and in all those people, all these spiritual powers and acquiring it must be the work of the devil. This demon must have me in his power, I had lost my way and had landed in this terrible place. This idea put me in such a state that I thought my mind would explode if help did not come soon.

If the people who live here want to help others they should come and help me now and if they could read other people's thoughts they should hear me. But where were they? There was no sign of these people. Poor devils they were just like me, they were only imagining things. Levels in the spirit, I had to laugh at it. All these different levels made me mad. Ah, you people with all your good qualities, come to me then, come, I need you, I need help. 'Help, help', I shouted again, trying to contact them, but there was no reply.

That dark grey nature depressed me. Where had I turned up? What an agonizing mood I was in, I had never before known this. I was not myself, that I felt clearly. But how had I actually got in this situation? I suffered from intense thirst, I wanted to drink and ran off to find the ditch I had seen earlier. But however much I searched I could not find it. Oh, that terrible thirst!

What was it that the brother had said? 'You have no thirst and no hunger and there is no illness! You need not feel ill for you live in the spirit and have died on earth! Your life is a life in the mind, if you would only accept that.' Didn't I accept then? Didn't I think? I was losing my mind! And in addition the brother had said: 'I have been on earth just like you, I lived there, but in a different condition.' Nonsense, senseless talk, the way lunatics talk, nothing but nonsense. Here live only lunatics, I was sure about that now. 'We are brothers and sisters in the spirit', I heard him say who had told me all this rubbish. They lived for God, they lived for all people. They lived for those who came to them but they left me alone in this wretched condition a human being could possibly be in. If I was no longer normal, they weren't either.

Deep within me I felt a burning pain. It was a strange sensation which I could not describe. It was as if I was being consumed and scorched. The burning sensation intensified my thirst.

These feelings faded however and I began to think again, for I wanted to know the truth. I wanted to know what that gossip on earth meant. It worried me and I kept thinking about it, these thoughts forced themselves on me. How could I find out? How mean it was to speak of me like that.

While I was back on earth in my mind and listened to that conversation I suddenly felt peace coming over me. I thought to be able to concentrate better or did I imagine that? No, I was at peace and listened attentively. I was also careful, I concentrated on myself because I wanted to remain in one condition. If I could manage I would make progress.

I said to myself: 'Gerhard, what are you doing, you will be losing your mind if you don't keep calm! Why do you get so angry? Yes, what for?' I felt I became quiet, very quiet, but I continued: 'Are you

dead or are you alive?' Yes, I was dead but alive at the same time.

Now I heard a voice within me saying: 'Doesn't this mean anything to you?' Yes, it did mean quite a lot but what? Whom were these thoughts coming from. They were not mine anyway, but who could it be?

I did not receive an answer and began to think again. If I was dead anyway why should I be bothered with that gossip on earth? I was not there any more and gossip was a run-of-the-mill event. People were mean and why should I get angry over that? Did I still have anything to do with it? Strange, now that I had calmed down I was no longer thirsty, I had no pain and my illness had nearly gone. It all had practically disappeared now that I felt relaxed. The light was changing because it was not so dark any more.

'Keep calm now', I said to myself, 'don't lose your temper again. Remain quiet, Gerhard, you are doing all right now, the problem will be solved for you. Think, but stay calm.'

Something awoke in me which made me feel a kind of happiness. I was still feeling calm but I hardly dared to think for fear of getting angry again. I put a wall of self-preservation around me, as I did not want to slide back into that previous condition for anything. I was trembling on my feet.

'Stay the way you now are, Gerhard, hold on!' Involuntarily I repeated the brother's words. 'Hold on to the fact that you have nothing more to do with the earth, then you'll progress.' I repeated these words many times and I succeeded in staying calm.

Still I should think over otherwise I would not get any further. I wanted to get out of here, as soon as possible I had to learn everything. I felt that something had to be sorted out and I thought of my wife and the other person I had not seen. What they had said to each other was terrible but did it really concern me? If I had been on earth what would I have done? Give her proof by talking to her. Precisely, I would talk, but would I gain anything by it? If she did not believe me there was nothing I could do about it and I had to accept it. Then why did I not accept it?

'Detach yourself, Gerhard, get rid of all those thoughts, you have got nothing to do with that, for you have died on earth. You are

away, far away from the earth.'

That very moment something broke within me and a glowing beam of light pierced through the darkness and made me intensely happy. I felt and understood that I had forgotten myself. Life on earth had nothing to do with me any more, which meant that I should put that life out of my mind and change my way of thinking and if I did so I felt happy. Then I would be free from illness and thirst and all other torments. Yes, that was it, I had been having wrong thoughts. I had brought myself into this situation because I did not control myself. But... then? I did not dare to think how many lives and the love of all those people here I had ridiculed and cursed. How could I have forgotten myself like that? I buried my head in my hands and dared to see no more light. How terribly I had been behaving! I looked around me but there was no being near me. Would God know everything? Then I bowed my head deeply and I felt miserably. How I had suffered! I had fought a horrible fight. For nothing? How could I ever make up for it. Would it be possible? Could I ever do this?

There was something that made me feel happy, it was deep within me. If I listened to it silently I could feel it and when I felt it I could hear it. Was it something beautiful? Was this happiness? Although I was dead, I was alive, that was the happiness I felt. Yes, oh God, I felt it, I had conquered something and through that struggle I had discarded my earthly life. I felt free, completely free from the earth. How ignorant man is, I thought, who exchanges earthly life with spiritual life. How incomprehensible man is when he does not understand himself and life. I thought about everything I had just been through. I had faced a problem and that problem had been solved in myself. I did not believe that I had died but now that I accepted it everything in me changed and my illness and misery went. I had not been able to accept because I thought in an earthly way; I had been a living dead throughout that period.

All these dreaming people here were now dear to me, I loved them because I belonged to them and I asked them to forgive me. I wanted to make up for everything, because I now understood why my suit was made of rubber and why, for the time being, it would remain so. I felt more alive and I saw light, though it was only a small weak

glow. I had now entered this life and cast off earthly life. It had to be so, it couldn't be otherwise. Because I had lost my temper I had in my mind returned to life on earth, so that my illness and all those other torments had come back. If I could remain in this new condition nothing from the earth could trouble me any more. It had been horrible, but I had gone through it once and for all and I would take care that it would not return. Deep inside me was a spark of that wonderful power the brother possessed.

Who on earth thinks that he knows himself. How much had I suffered for that! When man faces the decisive moment he will curse everything as I did until the moment of acceptance. Everybody has to learn to master himself as I had, at any rate partly, done. For I felt that I had still more bad qualities which I had to conquer and change in the spirit. However, in this struggle I had conquered myself. I had discarded my life on earth and had entered spiritual life. To conquer myself I had beaten and lashed myself. Now I could bow my head, yet I was only at the beginning of the long eternal way. So much more was yet to come which I had to acquire. Every person will face a hard struggle before one conquers himself. Nobody will escape this either here or in life on earth. Those who start the struggle already on earth are the blessed ones and do not have to go through so much on this side. We have to continue this struggle and discard our negative qualities until nothing is left. Then we are in that large infinite space and everyone knows us and reads our mind but then we no longer have anything to hide. That's the way I felt this within me, that is what I should become.

Yes, dear brother, now I was able to understand you better. Now I felt happiness and was not sleepy any more. Nothing troubled me at this moment and I sat there with both hands supporting my head and I could contemplate everything. Happiness and peace had entered my mind.

Suddenly I heard a soft voice, which I recognized and had come to love, saying to me: 'Well, brother Gerhard, my friend.'

Gerhard? Never before had the brother called me by my name and it was him speaking to me, it could not be otherwise. Did he know my name? It had an attractive sound. It caressed me and did me good

to hear my name being said. But I did not dare to look at the brother so I remained sitting in the same position while he continued to speak.

‘Truly, a life and death struggle, the fight to enter eternal life from earth.’

His love penetrated me, but I did not stir. Hadn’t I cursed him and everyone here a little while earlier?

Then I heard him say: ‘You had to sort this out by yourself, I could not help you, you had to awaken. All people who arrive here are faced with the same struggle over and over again until they accept. You have dropped two properties which both belonged to the earth. One was death and the other anger. You have acquired self-control now. God will reward you for every victory gained over yourself. You have suffered, but death gave you eternal life in return and by self-control you obtained that blessed peace which is the tranquillity of the spirit. Death took you to darkness and collapse, the other destroyed your hatred and smothered your violent feelings. It is certainly worthwhile to struggle with yourself. The happiness you now feel is the result and reward. Many people fail because they lack the strength. Keep going on, Gerhard, my friend and brother, I’ll help you in everything. You thought you heard your wife speak, but let me explain this to you.’

I pricked up my ears; what did that mean?

The brother continued: ‘I wanted to put an end to it altogether. I had made calculations and knew that you would be able to master yourself and I felt how far I could go. I played a game, a most dangerous game, with your whole personality at stake. Yet, I did not risk anything for I knew that you would succeed, because I knew you. Once I was in a similar condition, but through different forces and I was helped as well. You had to lose yourself, you discarded everything and you won. I, Gerhard, broke you so that your earthly attachment has gone. Through a vision I connected you with the earth again and put two contradictory forces into your mind and made you hear untruthful things. It was I who spoke, not your wife. Consequently, what you experienced – yes, look at me, Gerhard – happened through my will because I wanted to free you. You had an experience in the spirit, by spiritual influence you have fought with yourself.’

I looked up at the brother and he felt what I was thinking.

'I too', he said, 'cursed life.'

'But I cursed in ignorance.'

'God will forgive you as he forgave me. Stand up and come with me, I thank you for the willpower you have shown.'

I took the brother's hands and kissed them.

'Not that, Gerhard, not me, but thank God for everything. And now, follow me.'

Arm in arm we returned to the building and I felt like the prodigal son coming back. I had become a different person.

'Now you are free', the brother said, 'and now the time has come to return to the earth, this is your reward.'

'To the earth?' I asked in amazement.

'Yes, to the earth. Don't you want to see your family? Your wife and child for example?'

'O, yes, I would love to see them again.'

'Then I'll be back to fetch you, for I'll leave you for a short while as you'll feel the need to be with yourself.'

The brother left. At once I knelt down and prayed intensely to my great Father whom I asked forgiveness. After that a soothing peace flowed within me and I laid down to contemplate and rest. All was quiet within me now, nothing disturbed the peace and I felt happy, the first natural happiness since my death on earth.

Back to earth

There was more light around me and, as I said, my home was open and it would remain so forever. I understood my situation; nothing was strange or incomprehensible to me any more.

I was longing to see my loved ones. I tried to imagine the earth, but I had to give up since I did not know where to begin. Where was the earth, the planet I had lived on? How were my beloved ones and how long had I been dead? Were my wife and child still alive? Were they in good health? The brother knew that I had a child. I had the feeling that I had been here for quite some time. How I had changed already, and yet I hadn't done anything and achieved very little. I had merely

worked on myself, that was all. Yet I thought differently and it didn't require an effort because I was no longer mixed up. That struggle had been unbearable, it should not have lasted any longer. Now I fully understood the brother. But I was not yet able to fathom eternal life, I still had to learn that. How simple it all was, and yet so difficult.

How much people had to discard who lived to the full and those who had no love for anything at all. They will have to make up a great deal. I already felt sorry for them, they were poor souls when they arrived here. Oh, I shivered when I thought of them. I was only a child in sin, I had not committed big sins but still I had to discard a lot. On earth I wished for everybody's happiness, I did not hanker after wealth, I just lived my earthly life. Yes, it was earthly. I felt and understood the great and enormous difference between the two lives. I had not been bad but not good either. I lived between the material and spiritual level, floated in space and had no spiritual ground under my feet. I arrived here in the same condition and had now discarded all these earthly meaningless ways. I thought of all my friends and acquaintances who were poor in the spirit just as I was. How did they feel themselves, these unfortunate ones? Every Sunday they went to church and yet I knew only too well that they had no spiritual property. In that way they would never receive it nor acquire it. Their way of life was not in accordance with it, they were coarse-material, sometimes even mean, very mean. On their faces one could read their religion, they burned candles and incense and cursed other religions and people. Now I saw through all this, now I understood all this earthly behaviour.

I wondered how many candles my mother had lighted for me. Maybe dozens and still I was not in heaven and would never get there through all those candles. But the church, her religion and faith urged her to act like that. I had to work on myself, that is the only way and I seriously wanted to.

On earth I knew people who begrudged others everything and yet they were pious and believed that they would enter paradise. I saw their distorted faces and heard their cries, asking why and what for. They would receive their heaven and the gates of heaven would be opened for them but what kind of heaven? Oh, when they arrive here

their sorrow will be terrible. The more struggle one is faced with on earth the happier he will be on this side. Now I felt all this, now I had learned to know myself.

Finally the brother called me and we were soon in the countryside. Everything was strange to me. I'll tell you, Jozef.

We walked in nature and while walking all that nature and everything around me faded away. Then I felt myself getting lighter and my surroundings vanished. Everything had disappeared. We had been taken up in the cosmos and floated in space on our way to the earth. I remained in the same light, the same light that was around me and that I could call my own. So this was my own attunement, the love I possessed. In that light I was going to see the earth.

The brother explained everything and I asked him many questions about everything we came across on our way. You just can't imagine what a tremendous experience it is to float in the universe. I felt as if I still lived on earth though I knew I had died there. In spite of seeing and hearing everything there was much I did not understand. The disappearance of my sphere was amazing. People on earth cannot imagine this, but one day they will experience it.

I saw planets, stars and other celestial bodies where people live, people like we are, but in a higher condition. We met other people whom I could only see through the powers of my teacher. All this is concentration, adjusting yourself inwardly, passing over to those levels, which power I did not yet possess.

I asked the brother how long I had been in the spheres. He said: 'Six months and a few days, according to the time on earth.' Six months, to me it seemed an eternity. I thought of my wife and child. How would they be when I saw them again and could I find them? They would be happy to see me again.

It became dark around us, but I could see through my own attunement for my light remained and yet I was in an unknown darkness. When I asked the brother what this meant he said: 'We are in the sphere of the earth.'

Amazing, I thought.

'Whom do you want to contact?' the brother asked me.

Contact? What did he mean by contact?

‘You want to go to your wife and child, don’t you?’

‘Yes, I’d love to.’

‘Then I’ll concentrate on you while you keep thinking of your wife and child, that is making contact. By concentrating on a subject we’ll get connection.’

Now I understood what contact meant. So I thought of my house on earth, that’s where I would find them. It was not difficult and as I was longing to see them I remained in contact with them. Nothing seemed simpler.

‘Look’, the brother said, ‘there in front of you, that is the earth.’

I saw a mighty globe which radiated a weak light. Closely around the globe I saw a circle of light.

‘The radiation of the earth’, the brother said, ‘that is the planet earth, that is where you lived and where you died.’

It was a mighty sight.

‘Do you know where they live?’ I asked.

‘I don’t’, the brother said, ‘but you do, don’t you?’

How could we find my wife and child on that big earth?, I thought.

However the brother said: ‘Keep thinking of them, your own thoughts will bring you to them. In turn I connect myself with you, and as I said, your concentration will take us to them.’

‘How simple it is’, I said to the brother.

‘Everything is simple once we understand those powers, but I advise you to remain calm in everything you will experience. Be careful to control yourself.’

‘Yes, I’ll do that’, I said.

The next moment I got the feeling that I could not think any more. However much I tried, I could not concentrate.

I asked the brother what this meant and he said: ‘I withdrew my influence from you and you felt you were floating on without concentration. You would keep floating in the same place without getting any further if you were not being helped. I did this to show you that you’ll have to learn all this yourself. Strong concentration is necessary to make a connection. In the future when you have acquired these powers, everything will be different. This is how we continue to develop you. The time will come when you can stand on your

own feet, move on your own powers and act when required. Now we are on earth. This journey took a long time, but if one has the ability one can move as fast as light and contact with the earth if the need occurs. This will come later.'

How surprised I was to be back on earth, I saw houses and streets, though people and everything appeared to be quite different. Now I could look through people. Had they changed? No, I had changed and my whole condition. I saw the earth from this life and that was quite peculiar so that I gave a cry of surprise. What a miracle it is to be dead, yet alive, and to see once more on earth. To see people and to hear them speak and to walk right through them while they feel nothing. To experience this is the greatest wonder for the human being when he returns to earth for the first time. It moved me deeply, everybody would be impressed by this.

I noticed that we were in a neighbourhood I knew. Then I saw the street where I used to live. I wanted to rush forward to my house but I felt that I was held back.

The brother looked at me and said: 'What was our agreement? To stay calm and to control yourself in everything. Be careful, Gerhard, you'll see strange things.'

But when I was way down the street I ran off to the house where I had died. I grasped the doorbell to find I lacked the strength to make it ring. What could that mean? I wanted to ring again and this time I noticed that my hand went right through the bell.

The brother who had meanwhile caught up with me looked at me and said: 'In this way you'll never get in. I'll solve this problem for you. Why such a hurry? You live in eternity, don't you. Where is your self-control?'

I cast down my eyes and realized that I had already forgotten myself. How difficult it was to constantly remember.

'Come, we'll enter.'

The brother went ahead of me and entered through the door.

'They don't have to open the door for us, we are spirits, Gerhard, we have discarded the material body. Come, follow me.'

I experienced an other wonder, who would have expected this? All these spiritual laws and possibilities were new to me.

We were soon upstairs. I felt my heart beat fast, for now I was going to see my child and my wife. Here I was in my own house, here I had died and here was everything I had left behind. Would I see them and did they still live here? Now I heard talking, I called my wife and waited for an answer. I heard nothing. I ran to the living room where I heard voices. I clearly heard that the discussion was about domestic affairs. I called out again but there was no reply. The voices were not familiar to me. I thought I could see a shade near the window. Once more I tried to call my wife, but again there was no reply.

I looked at the brother who asked me: 'Isn't that your wife there knitting?'

When I looked more closely I saw that they were different people. I didn't know these people but they could answer all the same, couldn't they? I was in my own house, where was my wife?

'They can't hear you', the brother said.

'They can't?'

'No, because you are a spirit. Your soft but clear calling cannot be heard by people on earth.'

I shouted at the top of my voice.

'They won't hear that either', the brother said.

What did all this mean? I had lived here, my wife and child should be here.

'Oh, please help me, brother, I want to see them, I don't want to return until I have seen them all.'

'Be calm and stay that way, Gerhard! Is she your mother?'

'No, she isn't.'

'Then we are in the wrong place. I knew that.'

'You did?' I asked in surprise.

'You were thinking of your house and so we came here, but you should have thought of your family. I followed your thoughts. It will teach you to focus accurately and to think of what you want to meet and see again. Do you follow me?'

'Yes, brother.'

'Other people moved into your house.'

'But how is that possible, in those few months?'

‘It must be so, but we’ll find them. Come, follow me.’

That was the first disappointment I got on earth. It had not entered my mind.

‘She may be staying with my mother, will you take me there?’

As I said it was the first unpleasant experience. Yet I was pleased because I had found again something, if only my former home. We went through the streets and were soon in the neighbourhood where my parents lived. I managed to control myself and I closely followed the brother. Here lived my mother. Several pieces of furniture in the hall showed that she was still living here. I recognized several pieces of furniture still in the same place where I had put them.

‘Mother’, I cried out, ‘mother, I’m here, Gerhard.’

I listened carefully but there was no response here either. Through the excitement I had completely forgotten what the brother had explained to me. I ran into the room where I had often been, but I saw nobody. Would I be faced with a second disappointment? That would be terrible. The brother took my hand and stopped me.

‘I’ll help you, you still don’t know how to concentrate. Look over there!’

I looked at the place where the brother was pointing and saw my mother.

I rushed over to her and shouted: ‘Mother, mother, I’m here, Gerhard.’

But mother ignored me.

I called her again: ‘Mother, look, I’m alive, I’m here. You think I’m dead, but I’m alive.’

My mother neither saw nor heard me, I remained invisible to her.

‘Don’t you hear me?’

I kissed her on both cheeks, but she pretended not to feel me. I thought I would sink through the floor.

‘Mother, how hard-hearted you are! What have I done? Look at me, it’s me. What does all this mean?’

Suddenly my mother said something to somebody who was with her. I heard them speak but it was very strange. Again I tried to get my mother’s attention but I did not succeed. I was losing my self-control and I felt my fear return. Again I cried out but she still did

not hear me. As before I heard her speak to somebody who was near her and then I saw whom she had spoken to, I saw my wife.

‘Did you call me?’ she asked.

I did not hear any more and I ran to her and took her in my arms. How terrible, she did not feel me. She walked away and I could not stop her. I hung onto her neck, thus trying to hold her back. But she just carried on. The hearts of the people on earth must have turned to stone. Whatever possessed them to ignore me? I shouted as hard as I could but she did not hear me, it was as if I was not there. I ran to her again and pressed her against me and kissed her on the mouth, cheeks and forehead, but she did not feel me. I did not exist any more for her because I was dead. Yet I was alive.

Dizzy, my head bowed down I stood there feeling forlorn. How I had longed to see her only to find that I could not reach her. I tried to contact my mother again, but in vain. I embraced her, pinched her on the arm so that I thought I would hurt her but she did not feel anything.

I called out again: ‘Mother, have I changed so much? I do love you.’

I shook her, but I only shook myself, I could get no connection. I knelt down in front of her and looked up into her eyes, but she looked right through me. Her eyes only saw what belonged to the earth, she was unable to see me.

I was overwhelmed by grief. A deep sorrow befell me, I was broken-hearted. How much had I suffered already! I had not counted on this, it was too much for me. Her eyes were and remained blind to me. She could not hear or feel me. Not to feel me, not to see or hear me, oh, what a disappointment!

This made me angry; I lost control and ran to my wife. I pulled her against me with all my strength, kissed her violently on the cheeks, mouth and forehead. I heard the strong beating of her heart but had to let her go for she walked through me.

Nevertheless she must have felt something because she said to my mother: ‘How odd, just now I had some palpitations.’

My mother did not answer but looked at her. I followed my mother’s gaze and I felt the anxiety, thirst and swollen throat return. I lost control but there was water here and I ran to the kitchen to turn on

the water tap. But I was not even able to do that. Couldn't I even get a drop of water? I battered on the tap but my hand went straight through it.

I ran to the room again. I did not see the brother, I had forgotten all about him. I struggled with myself like a madman. I had forgotten spiritual life and my composure. What terrible experiences I went through!

Again I knelt down and called: 'Mother, mother!'

Then I jumped up and tried to get my wife's attention, but she felt nothing at all. She was even further away from me than my mother.

In a corner of the room I suddenly noticed my child. I called the little one, but the child did not hear me either. My God, I thought, another problem. All my loved ones were deaf and blind, apparently I did not exist to them any more. Looking at my child I calmed down a bit. It played there so peacefully so that I could think more clearly.

It was then that I saw the brother. He stood at the entrance of the room, his arms crossed over his chest and looking at me. I trembled and was ashamed of myself and felt paralyzed. He shook his beautiful wise head and came up to me.

'Gerhard, my friend, you'll never reach them like this. I left you to yourself but I noticed the way you acted and forgot everything again. To the earth you have died, dear friend, will you always keep this in mind? Listen: If they were clairvoyant they would have been able to see you, but they can't see or hear you, for they do not have this gift. However hard you shout, they don't hear you. You can't hurt them physically, even if you wanted to.'

The brother's eyes penetrated me and I understood. How rough I had been.

The brother continued: 'They live in the material, you in the spirit. For them to be able to see you a connection is needed. Those who live in the spirit and are clairvoyant and clairaudient and thus have these gifts, can see and hear our soft but clear voices. They see and feel our life. People on earth must be interested in our life otherwise they are out of reach to us, however good instruments we may have. Their faith and many other things are against them. However, I can under-

stand your condition as many people forget themselves when they return to earth for the first time. But you must be able to control yourself in everything.'

I looked at the brother with tears flowing down my cheeks.

'What should we do? Where are my sisters and my father? Is it night or day?' I asked the brother.

'It is afternoon on earth, but where your other beloved ones are I do not know at this moment. You see, there are various conditions preventing you from getting into contact with them.'

What was left of my joy? There they were, my loved ones, but I could not reach them. There was nothing more I could do. They lived and I lived but we were unable to make contact with each other.

I was calm again, near my child I had found my rest. Thank God, I thought, that I did not completely return to that horrible condition. But how distressing it is to return to the earth and not to be heard or seen. Yet I could not leave for they pulled me to them and kept me captive. I felt their love and that made me dizzy. Once more I kissed my mother, wife and child and returned to my mother. I knelt down at her feet and prayed that one day I would be allowed to contact them. I sank away deeper and deeper and I was no longer aware that I was alive. There was great sorrow within me which overpowered me and which made me fall asleep.

When I awoke I lay in my own room. I was far away from the earth and I reflected on everything I had experienced in the sphere of the earth. What a disappointment! But who had brought me back? I could not remember anything at all of my return journey, though I clearly remembered everything that happened on earth. Meanwhile I took care to stay calm, I did not want to have an other relapse.

Then, with my head in my hands I cried for a long time, I could not stop. Could people on earth imagine our sorrow? Oh, on earth one does not know such a sorrow, this is the sorrow of the spirit. Oh, sacred spiritualism, the medium for connection! Without it I could not tell all this. I did not yet know much about it, though I now felt how sacred spiritualism is.

I thought about it for a long time; I wanted to return to the earth to experience it again, but this time fully aware. I had not learned

much. If it were only possible to return. The brother had taken me back. How good of him not to leave me alone in the sphere of the earth. I had forgotten myself and nearly hurt my mother. Oh, how I regretted this. When I still lived on earth I would never have done such a thing.

How unnatural it all was, this meeting again and yet it was reality but very strange. I could still feel the beating of my wife's heart, I had clearly felt it and it had given me a start. Yet she had neither seen nor sensed me. There was such a gap between her and me, the only possibility of bridging the gap was spiritualism. But they did not want to have anything to do with spiritualism. While I contemplated on all this my teacher entered.

'Still feeling sad, Gerhard?'

'No', I said, 'not any more, I have to accept the inevitable. I thanked God and I thank you too for everything. I would nevertheless ask you whether I may go back, as I would very much like to experience it again, but this time consciously. Now I'll be able to hold my ground.'

'Of course, we can go right away and I'm delighted that you have come to that conclusion yourself. You have to go again otherwise your mind will not be at rest.'

I prepared myself and we were soon on our way to earth for the second time. This time I floated towards the earth consciously. I learned to concentrate so that I could go ever faster and I enjoyed it. I focussed intensely and we floated at high speed. Now and then I would slacken my concentration so that my speed would slow down. I found this highly interesting. I looked at the brother and he smiled.

'Go on', he said, 'I'll follow you.'

I felt so happy to have mastered this and with this joy all my sorrow had gone. By passing on into this and learning it I acquired another power. Now I saw the earth very clearly in front of me and we would soon be there. I had found the way back to earth through my own power.

'We can go even faster', the brother said, 'we'll try, don't be frightened, there's nothing to crash into!'

I felt an intense concentration and we flashed on. Everything disappeared around me as I had focussed on one point. Wonderful powers

of the spirit, how mighty human powers can be. My previous fears had gone and we entered the sphere of the earth.

‘Did you assist me, brother?’

‘No, this time I left you on your own’, the brother said.

How happy I was! Again I arrived at my mother’s house and we walked from room to room but I didn’t see anybody. Aren’t they at home?

‘They are asleep’, the brother said, ‘it is night-time now on earth.’

So I went to my mother’s bedroom where I would find her. At the door I stopped and listened. Was it my mother there lying in bed? The brother beckoned me to go nearer. Yes, it was her, my mother was sound asleep.

‘Your mother is ill.’

‘Ill?’ I asked.

‘A slight ailment.’

‘How do you know that so quickly?’

‘I see it in her aura, concentration, my friend.’

This time I did not call her as I knew that she would not hear me anyway.

‘I see her so clearly’, I said to the brother in surprise, ‘what does that mean?’

‘Last time you were excited and you saw her through my power. Now you see her consciously.’

Was this something else I had acquired?

‘Just by controlling yourself’, my teacher said.

‘Is she going to pass over, brother?’

‘No, she’ll recover. She’ll have to stay on earth for many years yet. You’ll go and fetch her when the time comes because you’ll feel that inwardly.’

Now I looked at the place the brother was pointing at and I startled. What was that? Near my mother and bent over her I saw a shining figure. The being radiated a beautiful light, which lit my mother. A beautiful being treated her, his hands were on her forehead. Mother was being treated, assisted by a spirit, I felt it immediately. How was it possible that I had not seen this being earlier.

The brother whispered to me that this was a spirit of higher

attunement whom I was not yet able to clearly perceive until later. The spirit remained over my mother in the same position for quite a while and a powerful beam of light radiated from his hands. He turned unexpectedly and looked at me and I gazed into two beautiful brightly radiating eyes. They were like my teacher's eyes for I recognized the same powerful radiation.

The spirit was familiar to me, but where had I seen him before? Suddenly I remembered.

'Grandfather, oh, grandfather, is that you? Here, with my mother? I know you died a long time ago! Did you know that I live in this life as well?'

'I knew, my boy, I knew long before you entered here.'

'And you did not come to see me?'

'Everything at the right time.'

What wonders I was going to experience now?

'How did you get to earth, grandfather?'

'I could ask you the same question.'

'That is true', I said, 'but it is marvellous to know someone here in this life' and I rushed into his arms. It was as if we still lived on earth. How many times had I sat on his knees. How grandfather had loved me! I thought of my childhood and the many good times we had.

'How long has it been since you died?'

'A very long time, my boy.'

'How did you know that mother was ill?'

'Wonders in spiritual life, Gerhard.'

He laid his hands on my head and I felt his peace which became part of me.

He looked at my eyes and said: 'Will you try to stand firm and work on yourself?'

'Yes, I promise', I said. 'You have been a good person, grandfather, I heard so much about you.'

'When you were a little boy I came back to earth from time to time. I'll tell you something about my life, come and sit down beside me.'

We sat down in a corner of the room, also my teacher and grandfather told about his life. Oh, what a beautiful moment that was! He

told about his life on earth and his passing over until this reunion. How mighty it all was. It also opened my eyes. He lived in the second sphere and was a happy spirit. He watched over her, his child, my mother.

Isn't it wonderful, Jozef? Will people ever be able to understand this? I'm telling you the holy truth, Jozef, I was allowed to experience all this. One has to experience this himself to sense the wonder of it and then one thanks his Father, his God.

How great my joy was. We stayed together for some time but we could not stay here for long.

'Follow your leader, do what he will tell you, Gerhard', grandfather said. 'Work on yourself, I shall care and watch over all of them!'

'That is a great comfort', I said, 'I can work on myself now with an easy mind.'

'We'll meet again, I'll help all my children, including your wife and child.'

'Do you know where they are?'

'In the room next door, follow me. Do not forget that they are asleep and need that rest. Will you approach them quietly?'

'In peace, grandfather, in peace.'

He escorted me to those who belonged to me. There was my beloved child and on the other side her mother, my wife. She was dreaming of a reunion, but she would not be able to accept that I stood here near her, looking at her attentively and following her dream. That was too much for her mind. But some day, some time her eyes would also be opened. No, she did not think evil of me, there was love in her, love for me and I thought of my own dream that had been implanted on me. I could now cause her to dream and I felt how I could reach her. Dreams can be given to people, dreams given from the spirit. Dreams that are prophecies, dreams of love and reunion. I felt deep respect for that mightiness which is God.

Then she moved, I had to stop so as not to disturb her. How easy it is to contact a person in his sleep. In sleep his concentration does not function and the spirit can easily make contact. I followed the working of her heart and felt that her nervous system was under strain. She was mourning because I had died and yet I lived. I put my hand

on hers and kissed her on the forehead.

Suddenly she moved, her mind became conscious and her material organs began to work faster again. I saw and felt how the spirit started to work in the material body. I found this most interesting. She woke up and opened her eyes but she did not see or feel me. At the same moment I moved back from her and she fell asleep again. I could have stayed here for hours but that was not possible. I was lost in thought for a while. How beautiful man is when he has spiritual qualities and can attune himself to the side beyond. My teachers had allowed me to experience this. Both looked at me and I understood: It had been my grandfather's wish and I was most grateful to him. From my wife I went over to my child. I caressed it and put my arms around it, then I quietly took my leave from them.

'Follow me', my grandfather said, 'I want to show you someone else.'

In an other room I saw my father. I had not thought of him at all as we did not have a strong connection with each other. Remarkable that this was felt in life after death. Yet I loved him with heart and soul, but our natures were different, our characters did not agree. On earth I had not been able to understand him and now I saw why it had been impossible. I laid my hands on his head and thought of the time when he too would enter this life. On this side we would understand each other better. Because of my mother's illness he slept in this room, I perfectly understood.

In a corner of the room was my portrait and next to it a candle was burning to honour me. I was dead and that was the custom for a dead person. I watched the little flame. Did it make me happy? No, I would much rather have felt that the holy light of spiritualism was burning in their souls and that they knew that I was here and alive. That would make me very happy. However, their religion stopped them and I was still unable to bridge the gap. I knew their faith was sincere, which was the terrible thing about it. My mother often went to church to pray for me and all others whom she loved. She would pray for me most of all, I knew that only too well.

Mother, I said inwardly, mother, pray for yourself, that God may open your eyes. That God may give me the strength to awake all of you.

At this moment I felt that my life on the side beyond was beginning. I said farewell to my grandfather.

‘Let all this give you strength, Gerhard.’

‘I’ll do my best, grandfather.’

‘I’ll be going now.’

He looked me into the eyes and not a word was spoken. I took his hands and felt them dissolve. His whole being faded away and was wrapped in a haze.

‘Farewell’, I heard him say, ‘God bless you.’

The light disappeared and my grandfather had passed into a condition unknown to me. There, behind that haze he lived. Now I knew for I had seen and spoken to him. From there I felt his love coming to me. That is how a spirit withdraws after having manifested himself on earth, the spirit who lives behind the veil and is hidden to man on earth. That haze is a reality which I had learned to know. It concealed a treasure precious to me. Behind that haze was the sacrificing love. It is life in and around man, of which many people are still unaware. Only spiritualism can lift this veil so that we become visible. It is the most sacred gift for man. How thankful I felt, so very thankful. Having experienced all this I murmured with tears in my eyes: ‘Dear God.’ Then, covering my face with both hands, I fell down on my knees to thank God for His mighty blessings.

Can you understand and feel what was going on inside me, Jozef, that I was allowed to experience that after so many disappointments and searching? That there is a love surpassing everything, so that you lose yourself. All this makes one tremble with holy respect for that mightiness and makes one realize one’s insignificance. Through ignorance people degrade the most sacred of gifts and ridicule God’s holy powers. Powers which enable people on earth to communicate with us. When I realized all this it took away my breath. I felt a reflection of another still higher love, a deep warmth which flows through the human soul. I wanted to give myself completely to experience that one day. I had visited the earth for the second time and now I felt enriched in the spirit. I was free from all my earthly phenomena and I knew why. I now prepared for the return to the spheres. I had enough to consider for the time being.

I did not yet consider you, Jozef, later on I did. That was because other things absorbed me completely and then you can't think of anything else. Such is our life, only one thing is possible at a time.

We had soon reached the spheres and I started to think everything over again. I remained in this condition for a very long time, Jozef, it could have been weeks. Then I felt that loving thoughts were reaching me and I realized for the first time that you were thinking of me and praying for me. Oh, how happy I was that I could receive this consciously, I thanked you wholeheartedly. A prayer has a lot of power when it is sent consciously. You sent your happiness to me but other prayers often make you sad because man himself is sad. Thoughts of happiness and understanding flowed into me. Now I can tell you that a prayer can work wonders when sent in full awareness. It gives strength and warmth. I felt your love and friendship for me.

Then I started to think again about myself. I prayed fervently to God, for I wanted to do something for other people. I was at perfect peace with myself and I could concentrate. I had learned to know God, I now knew a little bit of that mighty Being Who watches over all His children. Now I could pray from the bottom of my heart and I thanked God for all the blessings given me. I then went to see the brother, for I could now freely move in my own sphere. He looked at me and he was happy too. How I had changed!

'Look at nature', he said, 'everything will look different to you now, the dullness has disappeared.'

I now saw nature as it had always been and that was because I had changed so much and become an other being.

'You see', the brother said, 'that man is very close to nature when he enters here.'

I was now like all the others who lived here. Something was working inside me and something had awakened. I asked the brother what I should do, I could not stay like this. I wanted to acquire other powers, I wanted to serve and work just as he did.

'Listen, my friend', the brother said. 'We have come to the point that you want to work for others. You have a strong will, but you'll also need knowledge to help others. You still don't know much about this life and there is still a lot for you to learn. What I showed you in

the sphere of the earth was on your own behalf to make you free from the earth. You do feel that I chose the right way? If we had returned immediately you would have forgotten yourself on earth and the consequences would have been disastrous. But all this is over now. We could return and I could explain all the spiritual laws and show you how we do spiritual work such as your grandfather and others do, but that requires knowledge. This can be acquired here in our own sphere. So, if we did return, you would learn, but you would not be able to do anything for others and that is not our aim.

So listen, Gerhard: Attend a school here where you will be explained all the different conditions of transition, from the highest to the lowest. You will learn of the various heavens and hells.'

'Hells, you say?'

'Exactly, I have already spoken about that but that was at the moment that you fell asleep.'

'Remarkable', I said, 'you still remember that?'

'I had not forgotten but listen. At the school you will learn about the spiritual attainments, other laws and forces, planets and stars, man and animal, up to the highest level. That is the cycle of the soul. The school will take a few months according to time on earth. Anyone whose mind works naturally and who has discarded life on earth and has passed into this life will follow this course. After you have finished you may descend to the dark spheres and your task to do something for other people would commence. Going down to the dark spheres is the most difficult work we know on this side, but one learns more in three months than in other situations in three years. That shows you how difficult it is, but at school it will all be made clear to you.

Life in the dark spheres, my friend, is terrible, you must decide if you want to go, I can't advise you. I only tell you the possibilities. Think about it very carefully because it requires a lot of sacrifice to work there. No fire is burning there, as I said to you before' and he looked at me, 'the fire you will see there is the fire of passion and violence, the people who live there have sunk deeply. You would only go down there to help others.

Come, we'll take a walk and I'll show you other people who have

been here for quite a long time but who have not yet acquired anything. I told you about them before. Meanwhile you consider what I just told you and later you tell me what you have decided.'

We met many people, but the brother remained silent. I considered what to do, though I was not long in making up my mind. Yes, I wanted to go down, I had to proceed to acquire spiritual powers. However terrible it would be there, I wanted to go.

I asked him: 'Did you go down when you were told about it?'

The brother nodded that he had and I had already made up my mind and said to him: 'I have decided, I'll gladly go down.'

'Excellent, Gerhard, you follow my way and that of thousands of others'. He took my arm and continued: 'I thought so, no, I knew that you would decide to do the heaviest work. You'll be rewarded for that in the future.'

'When can I go then?'

'Not so hasty, aren't you first going to school? Subsequently you will experience other conditions which I'll show you before you descend. I admire your strong will which makes me very happy. At school, as I told you before, you will be taught various laws and the teachers are spirits from higher spheres. In the darkness you will be faced with a number of problems that could destroy you. You could sink back and we don't want that to happen.'

'But that would not be possible, would it?'

'Not so quickly, you don't know those who live there, you are still unaware of their frightful and horrible powers. All those powers and obstructions might discourage you and I want to guard you against that. I won't gamble with your whole personality at stake. The risk is too costly. When you come back from school I'll show you many other conditions which will also encourage you to do your best. There are some surprises, but after your exam. They'll teach you how to attune yourself. You have experienced some transitions for instance that to the earth.'

We arrived at a large square where a lot of people were assembled. Among them I saw many I had met before. Now I understood all these people, I knew their level and I could follow them in the spirit.

'Look over there', the brother said, 'that old lady left the earth a

long time ago. She is dressed in an earthly fashion because that is the way she thinks, but one day she'll have to discard that clothing. She should in order to be a simple person discard her possessions. But this is not possible yet. If you follow the working of her mind you feel your own attunement and it will be clear to you how much she still has to throw off. First her dresses then her entire personality. That's why you may consider yourself fortunate that you arrived here in your funeral suit, otherwise you would have had to discard even more. No gold or precious stones darken your spiritual light, no money or possessions call you back to the earth.

But look at these poor people, they wear the clothes they had on earth and that in itself would not matter so much but it does not belong to this life. That is why their struggle will be terrible. You know how discarding takes place, I don't have to tell you that. They will also curse this life and everything related to their own personality. Not until then will they become free from earthly life and will enter here. They live in the spirit but in feeling they are still on earth. That lady is crying because she thinks she is being neglected. We cannot get through to her and are therefore unable to help her. It would have been no use explaining all this to you at the beginning, you would not have understood. Yet many of them know that they have died on earth. Others cannot yet accept that and they live their lives the way they want to. They are living dead in eternity. They should begin working on themselves, till then their condition will not and cannot alter. Later you'll be able to talk to them, now I would strongly advise you not to. The brothers and sisters are here to help all of them, which will now be clear to you.

That old man over there is a living dead. He feels he is a nobleman, but that belongs to the earth. On this side we are all children in the spirit and who is not will have to learn that. He feels he is a personality and boasts of what he was on earth and of what he achieved.

But you know that all this is earthly and has no meaning here. They talk about earthly situations while they live on this side. So it is not surprising that they lack spiritual property. They live in a sphere between the coarse-material and the spiritual attunement. They have no light and have cut themselves off from all the beautiful things we

have on this side. Isn't it tragic? They are told of this life and they listen attentively but fail to live up to it. They feel happy, but for us that kind of happiness has no meaning. Therefore they are living dead, exactly as they were on earth, that is the way those people live there and in that condition they arrive here. They cut themselves off from spiritual life, they have no need for it yet. But that time will come, perhaps after many years. Believe me when I tell you that decades will pass before they begin to work on themselves. They are not bad but they have no qualities. This shows you how wonderful it is to know about life after death while still on earth and to arrive here with little earthly property. Those who attune themselves to our life when on earth and live accordingly, all live in the higher spheres. They have reached the first and second sphere and are the happy ones in the spirit.

Among these people here are the intellectuals of the earth, they do feel love, but only for themselves. Here poor and rich are together, but children live in higher regions. A child who dies on earth at a tender age has a different attunement than they have. But all these different levels you'll get to know at school. Once again, all these people and there are thousands of them here, are not bad, their lives were not animal-like, but they have to discard themselves. I could show you hundreds of similar conditions, but this will suffice as you can imagine all those other conditions. Look, there is our building.

To school

I'll return and then we'll leave for school. I'am sure you will soon make progress there.'

I laid down to think all this over. How poor in the spirit these people were. Those who have no love are living dead in the spirit. I would do my best for I wanted to make progress, I intended to work hard on myself. Now I understood the brother in everything. How simple this life really was. On earth there is religion but all those religions had no meaning if they felt no love, no love for everything that lives. Within the human soul resides the Divine core, man is

attuned to God. These people, however, were dead, spiritually dead. If I were allowed to live my life over again on earth how different I would be. I would acquire nothing but love, for love means light and happiness. My teacher possessed much love, for he was open and gave himself completely. That is how I wanted to be, like him and many others.

Soon the brother came for me and took me to an other very large building not far from where I lived. When we took leave he said that he would come and see me from time to time. I had now grown very fond of my teacher for he was like a father to me. It was not easy to part from him but it was to my own advantage. With a few kind words this difficult moment passed and I entered the large building. I was given a beautiful room, where I could study, meditate and come to myself.

Hundreds of sisters and brothers were together who all wanted to acquire knowledge. All had reached the age of around thirty, some were younger but there were no children. All were convinced of their eternal life.

I waited in my room for someone to call me. I had plenty of time to think over all that I had experienced during my stay on this side. I went over my life on earth and the beautiful things I now had. On earth I had never dreamt of the way I now felt and thought, my life there had been so very different. Now I was alive, on earth however I had fallen asleep. I had never thought about my inner condition and my level. I lived, but how! You'll have to feel love for life. Otherwise you have no part in it and you don't feel all that God has given and created. My mind returned to this again and again, I could not stop thinking of it.

I had not yet heard that condemned people lived on this side. On earth priests talk about damnation and hell and I would soon get to know this hell. I would descend to it and it was terrible there, as the brother told me. But I was not afraid, what others were able to do I could do as well! I was preparing myself for it, I wanted to acquire everything related to it. I no longer felt hunger and thirst, only a spiritual hunger that I wanted to satisfy. There was only one way which I had decided to follow.

A wonderful stillness present around me comforted me. In this tranquillity I felt life on earth still clearer. A terrible vermin gnaws at the souls of human beings, a monster called 'comfort', the comfort of earthly possessions. I was happy now not to have known property. This monster gnaws at many souls as a result of which many people perish. They will be as the brother showed them to me. Most of those I had seen had been in this life for fifty years or more and they were still holding on to what they owned on earth, which darkens their eternal light. Comfort serves us, but don't forget that it is only temporary. Only now did I understand all this, in this tranquillity, while I prepared myself for a spiritual training. I felt the deep significance of life on earth.

I would not have to wait long for the first lessons to commence, I was of course full of curiosity. I was led to a large hall where several hundred people were gathered. All levels of society were together here. No distinction is made between nationalities and religions, white and coloured people were one in the spirit. There is no question of white and coloured here but I only learned to understand that later. Nobody laughed at my funeral suit, I saw people dressed in rags. We had already become sisters and brothers and appreciated each other. Those who were in rags would soon depart to higher spheres where they would receive their spiritual garments. At school we were one in everything.

Spiritual life was explained to us. It was pointed out to us what life on earth meant. Birth on earth, life in various conditions of transition, from youth to old age followed by death. We received a clear understanding of all these various transitions. I saw many human deathbeds which all vary according to the state of the dying person. It was all very impressive and instructive. We were also shown how the spirits help a person when he is dying, how auras are broken and connections are made. Subsequently how people enter this life and will receive their happiness and sphere according to their attunement. With all this a month of earthly time passed.

The brother came to visit me and we walked in nature where he asked several questions which I all answered.

'You have made good progress', he said 'and you have understood

everything. You see how useful it is to meditate.'

I made me happy to hear this from my teacher. With renewed energy I continued my work. We were taught about cosmic forces. When I started to tell you my story I mentioned this to you. These are forces which may give a person a premonition that he is going to die. It was explained how these great inner powers may get lost so that man can't feel them any more. You surely understood me when I told about them?

Then, the endurance of our inner capacity for spiritual attunement. That was explored in depth and we spent more than a fortnight on that subject. To feel the depth of the human soul is awe-inspiring. We could understand all this because our minds were free from the earth. All this is related to the constitution of the human body wherein the times of transition man experiences on earth reside. They are the years the human being goes through successively until the human level, in other words adult life, is reached. These are all cosmic events, of which nothing on earth is felt, the human being goes through them unconsciously. The meaning of this lies hidden in the soul, these are unconscious forces and have to do with the love man carries. When awakening – as I will call it – the spiritual level manifests itself which is cosmic. The human being comes to the earth with a definite purpose and he cannot escape his destiny. All this we learned and understood because, as I said already, in feeling we had left the earth. But had I not worked on myself, I would have to wait until I accepted and had discarded myself. Those who do not want to will remain living dead here. The next lesson was about the first moments in this life. I had already experienced many transitions of sensitivity through my own teacher, as I have told you before. Remember that I tell you all this in flashes. It would otherwise take too long and that should be avoided, the master says. We were also taught how to make contact and to understand the various conditions, hells and heavens, from the lowest conditions to the higher spheres. We learned that every human attunement can be hell or heaven. That's why they speak here of heavens and hells. Through beautiful visions we saw the heavens going past our minds, and we were enchanted that so much beauty is in store for us. The depth of hell we knew already and we then returned

through all the transitions to the highest heaven of spiritual attunement. Then we learned to know the cosmic degrees which were quite difficult to understand but all this gave us an idea of all life existing in the universe.

Another month passed and my teacher came to visit me again. I was overjoyed to see him. He was again satisfied with my progress, I had done my best for I did not stop before I felt and understood everything taught. To this end we took walks in nature as life which is present in everything will help the human being. In this way I learned to solve various problems that I would be faced with later. During this time I made many friends who became my brothers and sisters in the spirit. They will remain so forever. Subsequently there was an examination and individually we were questioned. I made only one or two slip-ups and none of us had to be re-examined. We realized how essential it was for us to know all this. Now I understood the many problems that the brother had explained to me, soon I was to experience and acquire them.

I passed the examination and when the brother came to fetch me we returned to my sphere and the building where I lived. Though I was not aware of it I had passed for the course into an other condition, for the building was not very far from the building where I lived. Yet I had entered a transitional condition, as the brother told me. The spheres merge into each other of which I was unaware because it was the first transitional condition next to my own sphere. When progressing an other condition it can be observed because everything changes as I would later experience.

Contact with Jozef on earth

On our way the brother told me that a surprise was waiting for me, he had told me about it before I went to school. I was very curious but I could not imagine what it would be. I was grateful to receive some happiness, I looked at the brother and asked him to tell what it was.

‘Listen’, he said, ‘I have been allowed by the higher spirits to ac-

company you to earth in order to attend a seance. At the seance you'll see someone you have known on earth.'

'My parents?' I asked immediately, 'will you help me to communicate with them?'

'No, none of you relatives, but when the contact is made you'll recognize him right away.'

'Oh', I said, 'then I know whom you mean.'

The brother smiled.

'Jozef', I exclaimed, 'nobody else could give me this great happiness, he can be reached.'

I had felt correctly, because the brother said: 'We'll go to visit him.'

I took both his hands and thanked him deeply.

'His own leader has committed this to me and there are more surprises, but they will come later.'

I had not thought of this possibility at all, so it was indeed a great surprise.

'How have I deserved this, brother?'

'By yourself, you have now developed to the extent that you can be given this experience, but there are more surprises.'

Filled with happiness I returned to my own surroundings. The light was bright for me and I eagerly absorbed its beams. For the first time I felt alive, how delightful it is to be allowed to feel this.

'As I explained to you before, I could have taken you back to the earth but then you would have missed all the experiences you have now had.'

I understood the brother and I was very pleased that my development was gradually progressing.

'We act, as will now be clear to you, according to the inner power man has and to which he is attuned. You have entered here step by step, but others, faced with the facts, will lose themselves for a long time. But that is also calculated, nothing is done here without a purpose. Others will and have to regress, which is essential because they cannot be reached otherwise. But they'll pull themselves together and make a fresh start. I explain this to you so that you'll be able to realize that every human attunement is a personal condition to which we act accordingly. I also told you once that there is some quality present in

you. These powers enabled me to act in this way and to show you our life. So we'll continue to proceed, until you have reached the first sphere and pass into other hands.'

'Must I leave you then?' I asked in surprise.

'We'll never part, we shall be one forever and remain so, linked inwardly, but you'll do work like I and many others do. We shall soon leave. I'll leave you alone now and come for you in a little while.'

You can imagine, Jozef, how happy I was to see you again and now you know why it took me such a long time to come. I had no idea what a seance was all about. I had never experienced one on earth because I was afraid of them and I thought it was the work of the devil. But now I felt the great blessing of it.

I did not have to wait long and we were soon on our way. In a short time we had reached the earth. The brother went ahead of me and we entered a living room on earth. I saw various people gathered around a table on which there was a wooden cross and a board displaying the letters of the alphabet. You know of course all the necessities for a seance. I did not understand the first thing about it, yet I soon felt the meaning of this cross and board. I saw many high spirits but no matter how I tried I did not see you. This was a great disappointment to me but I was not discouraged when the brother told me the reason later on.

One of these high spirits was the leader of all. He was the master under whose guidance you are, but not your own leader, but the master of all these high spirits. You know whom I mean. The seance had already started and we had to wait patiently for the time when I would be given the opportunity to say something. A bluish veil surrounded all those people so that they were completely shut off from this world. These people taking part in the seance were invisible to the thousands of spirits living in the sphere of the earth.

The brother said to me: 'It is a great mercy to us to communicate and also for those on earth. Many on earth try to achieve this connection. Others suffer grief because the connections they had built up for years were cut off by earthly people using spiritualism for sensational purposes. Their work for many years will be destroyed. Beware of those who wilfully break off these communications, for they load

struggle and sorrow upon their shoulders by destroying somebody's happiness. They forget that the masters descend to the earth, to this sphere of passion and violence, to give them nourishment for the mind. They forget how difficult it is for us and also how eagerly we are to contact our loved ones. They, Gerhard, are those who bring grief and sorrow where happiness could have been given.

This master who establishes the contact is a master from the seventh sphere. In this way people on earth are connected in the spirit and many proofs of eternal life are given to them. However, many of them are not satisfied and keep demanding more proof. When these proofs are not given spiritualism has no value for them, their evening is spoiled and they lose interest. They don't understand how difficult it is for us to supply them over and over again with the proof they want. They should discard their personality for a few hours. These connections are achieved through concentration and willpower. When their beloved ones are allowed to stay for a little while on their side they are not only happy but also draw strength for their development. When they pass to this side they will be bound forever. But many of us are distressed when those mighty connections are broken off. There are many causes for this.

In the first place those people who misuse spiritualism as a sensation. Then there are those who pose as mediums and misrepresent our world and deceive people. They will have to suffer a lot when they enter this life. Finally those who refuse to open themselves and think too much of themselves. For all these people it is better to leave these things alone. They don't realize they are on sacred ground and that an enormous gap has to be bridged between material and eternal life. Now watch the proceedings.'

I clearly saw a high spirit taking possession of an earthly person. He was middle-aged and acted as a medium. This was a wonderful experience for me and in particular to watch it from this side. The spirit radiated a beautiful light wherein his whole being was enclosed and he was trying to take possession of the material body. I clearly saw the spirit descending and enter the material human being while the two radiations merged into each other. Watching both radiations I understood that man on earth has to possess the same radiation of sensitiv-

ity in order to make contact with that person possible. In the case of a different radiation, one which did not merge, it was impossible to manifest oneself through that earthly medium. How great is the mercy for the spirit that he can make use of an earthly being, a material body.

The brother said to me that I had felt this correctly and that he had helped me by quietly working on me. He would continue to do this. I also felt that the spirit would leave behind a feeling of great happiness in that material body after he had left it.

At that moment I saw the earthly human being leave his material body. The medium was welcomed by loving spirits who took him away from the circle to bring him to the spheres where he would be shown the spiritual life. He would return to the earth filled with spiritual wisdom.

But suddenly the spiritual body flashed back and collided in his own body. It was a terrible shock, which we felt vibrating in our own bodies. What had happened? I was aware of a disturbance, but I could not establish where it came from. The material body convulsed because of the rapid return of the spirit, sweat poured from him and his heart leapt into his mouth. I clearly saw and felt it and I realized how difficult it was for both beings. The spiritual leader, the spirit who was forced out of the material body, also felt this terrible event as if he was forcibly thrown out of this body. The medium awakened with a terrible shock, as I said, but received earthly help. On our side we made magnetic striking movements over his material body so that he calmed down and could breathe more quietly. I felt the great danger of this occurrence.

An other spirit explained by means of the cross and board what had happened. This spirit concentrated on those who were holding the cross; their sense of feeling was eliminated so that he could speak to them. The cross was surrounded now by a dense blue haze made up of spiritual and earthly energy, radiations of spirits and material beings.

Then I became aware of the high spirit concentrating and the cross started to move. I clearly saw which letters were being spelled out, all these letters made up words which words formed sentences and so the human being learned what had happened. Although it was simple

I found this amazing event almost incredible. Those present at the table pronounced all the letters and when the message was received they read it out to all others and to the medium to put him at ease, as he was overstrained.

‘We were interrupted by the elements’, I heard.

Elements, I thought, what does that mean? Those present seemingly understood but I who lived on this side knew nothing about it.

The brother said that I had to concentrate on him and when I did I understood what happened. I heard a thunderstorm and rain pouring down. These forces of nature caused the disturbance. How strange that I had not heard anything of it.

‘You see’, the brother said, ‘everything is connection and concentration, you’ll learn all this.’

The leader said through the cross that they would take possession of the medium. They could not leave him in this condition as his nervous system would be damaged. All those present were asked to attune and concentrate, they should also pray.

I subsequently heard the high spirit say: ‘This disturbance was not our fault but earthly forces were working against us. We have made our calculation and this disturbance will cease to exist when the medium is prepared to open himself completely and detach himself from everything.’

All of us on this side engaged in prayer and so did those present. This was a sacred moment to me and never before had I experienced such a beautiful event. Behind me were hundreds of unfortunate spirits who were allowed to attend this seance and had arrived here silently. The brother drew my attention to them, for I had not yet seen them.

The spirit once again tried to make contact with the material human being. This time it went smoothly and in a short time I saw the medium departing from the body and his journey to the spheres began.

Oh, God, how great are the gifts people receive from You. These were my thoughts when I saw this sublime action taking place. Then I experienced another wonder. I saw the radiation of the high spirit shining from the material face so that it was clearly observed by those present. This was a sacred moment and we lowered our heads. I noticed however that the people who were sitting did not bend their

heads so deeply as we on our side. They did not know and see who was speaking to them. The shining figure who had taken possession of the material body started to speak through this same body. The voice of the instrument sounded soft and gentle; previously I had heard the medium speak with a different voice. The spirit used the earthly organs and succeeded in speaking perfectly. He addressed those present and they received a spiritual lesson, a message from this life. It was all about love and the mighty meaning of it. They were advised how to live if they wanted to reach the spheres of light. The spirit told them about his life in the spheres and on earth. Sixteen hundred years – I trembled when he mentioned this – the spirit had lived in the spheres. Oh, woe onto you people, who defile and destroy this life, I thought. Now I understood the words of my own teacher when he said that those will have to suffer who willfully break down these connections.

It was a beneficial lesson to me and when it came to an end I saw that the medium had returned and descended in his body again. He awoke in an exalted state and felt happy.

Then everybody was allowed to ask questions and they asked for advice on illness and other earthly problems. A spiritual doctor subsequently came forward who also was a spirit of higher attunement and he answered all their questions. Direct answers were given to closed letters, the letters were subsequently opened and it was revealed that the correct answers were given. I thought this was amazing, I could not have done that so I understood how far ahead of me all these spirits were. Not only did they know what the earthly being was asking but they also gave the correct diagnosis.

I heard people say in surprise: 'How is it possible, they know everything. There are no secrets to them.' The one who was given help was very grateful. Other earthly questions were answered by an other spirit.

Then it was my turn to enter the circle and for the first time I was allowed to make 'my voice' heard on earth. Needless to say that this was a big moment for me. But however much I concentrated I could not succeed.

The high master said to those present: 'He has not been through before, you must help him.'

Then I heard someone say: 'Can we help you?'

A lady with a beautiful radiation asked this question, she had a lovely voice.

'Gladly', I spelled out.

My thoughts got through by leaps and bounds and thank God that she understood me. I did feel that the high spirit helped me.

I said: 'Tell Jozef that I'm here. He knows me and understands who I am.' I did not give my name though and only said: 'The coachman, he will know.'

'All right', the lady said, 'I'll give him your message.'

I heard her word for word. I was so glad that she would pass my message on to you that I could have kissed her garment. I know how disappointed you were that I had not mentioned anything of our conversation, but that will come later and you will understand why.

I felt that there was much happiness at this seance. I saw two spirits who lived on our side whose wives or loved ones were in the circle. I need not tell you how strong such connections are. They lived and those on earth knew about this life and as a result they were connected again. For a few hours they remained in close contact with each other. I understood all this through my teacher. How immensely mighty spiritualism is, how beautiful such sessions are. Wisdom was received by means of the cross, but, as the brother said to me, there are several other possibilities. For example by using a table that can spell the alphabet by knocking. This is a very simple means for contact. How I trembled when the brother told me this, as I knew that I had once mocked that table. But by now all these things were far behind me and I understood now how ignorant man can be. This evening ended with prayer, I would be allowed to come back another time.

How many good things I had been allowed to experience in the sphere of the earth! What now, I thought, would I have to go back to my own sphere? I did not know, but after our departure the brother said: 'I am now going to explain material life, what was taught to you at school. Come, follow me!'

'So we are not going back?'

'For the time being we'll stay in the sphere of the earth.'

'I won't be seeing him just now?'

'Yes, later.'

Later became the next day for I had to experience other conditions first. We walked along the streets as if we were still living on earth.

'We are spirits', the brother said, 'nevertheless we can take part in everything that material man on earth experiences. We pass on into their lives and what they experience, feel and see, we also experience. The way we can connect ourselves at a seance is also possible in normal life.'

Now I saw life on earth much clearer than when I was living on earth. I saw through everything which was not possible then. I saw the people and the astral being with them. We entered an earthly building in which were many people and I heard music. This music sounded a cocophony, screeching, shrieking and yelling in our ears. Where were we?

'In a cinema', the brother said, 'we won't stay here however, I only wanted to show you that it is possible for us to experience this too.'

I saw many spirits who were all here to observe or to protect their loved ones. Observed from this side I found this performance most unnatural. I felt that life was mocked, there was something representing a great danger for spiritual life. People wanted to enjoy themselves and in this way amusement was offered. I knew that spiritual life could be shown by means of the film. What I now observed, however, was pure sensation. Nothing of value for the mind was shown here and had no educational use. This was pure passion. It had a bad effect on people and their feelings. Around them were many demons. I saw animal-like beings I had not yet seen before on this side.

'The earthling', the brother said, 'cannot hide himself from these creatures. The astral being seeks enjoyment and he only finds this by being able to contact himself with the human being on earth.'

How natural all this was. I clearly heard the material voices, and I saw everything just like the human being experienced it in his material body.

'How mighty it is to see all this from this side', I said to the brother.

I observed life on earth as I had never known it. We went to other places which I would never have visited in my time. But the brother

wanted me to learn the animal nature of the human being because I would meet such beings again in the dark spheres. He explained everything to me and I shivered of so much animalization. I saw those who had destroyed themselves and others. In silence I thanked God that I had not known this kind of life during my life on earth.

There were many men and women together. How deeply they had fallen. Many of the men were caught in the traps that had been set up for them. I knew that these people were still living on earth and watched them from this side which was terrible. We saw right through them and felt what they wanted and behind these masks we saw passion and animalization. How can people forget themselves that much! 'These human beings', my leader said, 'have sunk to the limit and only on this side will they see the depth of their own dark and terrible life, which will mean nothing but sheer misery.'

Around and within them I saw the astral beings; they held the women in their grasp. They were the animals that had lived on earth and had returned to the earth. They relived the same life they had on earth and they lived in the material body. They sank ever further into the cesspit and would remain there for many years, until one day they would start an other life. How much these human beings had to discard. Comparing their lives with mine I was a saint, though I had not yet acquired spirituality. I saw a deep darkness and shivered to think of so much misery. Oh, if people only knew that they are never alone, then they would avoid all these terrible influences. Every thought they form and send out is received and they attract what they desire and that's the way they go on. Then there is no spirit who can free them.

We did not stay here long for I would not have been able to stand it. In this way I learned about the spiritual laws I had been taught at school. This was the reality of life and I felt these forces within me, so that if I had still lived on earth, I would never have associated myself with these things. Within a short life on earth I saw the poor human being destroying his eternal life.

Those who yearn for domestic happiness, understand each other as man and wife, those who want to make the best of life on earth, raising children, experience the greatest happiness and the mightiest

grace God can give. That is the purpose of life on earth, the highest form of all human conditions. That is sacred happiness, and it is the course all people will follow one time.

I watched life on earth by day and night when man is fast asleep. It is then that the astral demon attacks the evil living human being to feed on his vital life-force. The brother explained all this to me. The astral demon attacks the human mind and the human being yields to its desires thinking that he wants that himself. In the midst of the night the human being murders and steals through his own passions and astral forces. But also when the sun shines these demonic forces cannot be stopped. Once the contact has been made it remains and everything will be experienced if the human being is open for it.

‘You do realize’, the brother said to me, ‘that a lot will have to change before they want to be children of our and their holy Father.’

Then we visited several churches and other buildings and I understood that only spiritualism can bring a change to dogmatic religion. The spiritualists have brought about communication between us and the earth. I thanked the brother for these explanations.

Now the brother showed me something most remarkable, the passing over of a human being to our world. We went straight through houses and in one of them we stopped.

The brother said: ‘Look, our brothers are here, the helping spirits to lend spiritual support to the dying person.’

We were in a spacious bedroom, where an old man lay dying in bed. At his bedside were several relatives who were crying. The man who would pass over had not fulfilled a good life. I saw the shadowy figures I had observed at my own deathbed; they were the spiritual helpers from this side. Everyone who passes over is helped in this way. Not only helping spirits were present, but also those who lived already on this side and who desired to cause misery and sorrow.

‘This dying man’, the brother said, ‘has many people waiting for him and they all want an account of the wrongs he has done to them.’

Indeed not a pleasant prospect, I thought.

‘Come, we’ll go on. I could show you many deathbeds, but that will happen later. You have been told about these things at school and now you’ll be able to understand everything better. This man will not

be one of the happy ones to arrive here.'

I subsequently experienced many other attunements, human conditions, which I had learned at school. Now I understood all these transitions, it would not have been possible otherwise.

Then he led me to a place which was the most beautiful I saw during my walk on earth. We entered a room where someone was busy writing, which I could clearly see. I wanted to have a look at the man's face; he sat with his back to us, but the brother held me back.

'Stay here', he said, 'you must not intrude.'

Through the power of the brother I saw around him a shining figure who inspired the earthly being.

'See', the brother said, 'a beautiful connection, the man who is writing is a medium in our hands. He receives and writes down what his spirit-guide, or control as it is called, gives him what he has experienced on this side. This medium can depart from his body and receives our spiritual life, as was shown to you at the seance. He, however, can depart from his material body consciously which is only possible for a few. The being you see beside him is a spirit from the fifth sphere, a master of light. I have been in contact with this leader in the past and was allowed to do some work for him. You see, Gerhard, that the medium is deeply in contact with our life and his master. He serves as an instrument for us and his leader wants to convince people of our life. We must not disturb them, that's why I prevented you from stepping forward.'

A few steps away I stood watching.

'Oh, what a blessing to be allowed to do this work', I said to the brother.

'This human being is in feeling far away from the earth. He has seen the spheres and has descended into hell, accompanied by his leader, to experience life there. He will write down all these experiences and you see how this can be done.'

Around the earthly being I saw the blue haze which was around him as a wall of spiritual energy. It was not possible to penetrate it from this side, to our world he was unattainable.

'A magnificent union', I said to the brother. 'You could not have shown me anything more beautiful.'

At this moment I began to feel something strange, as if I was attracted to him. I did not know the meaning of it and I dared not ask the brother, fearing that it was my imagination. Yet I could not free myself from that feeling that had entered me so suddenly.

I could not restrain myself from telling the brother what I felt and I said: 'I have a very peculiar feeling I did not dare to tell you for I don't want to deceive myself.'

'What is it, Gerhard, just tell me.'

When the brother smiled I felt that he knew more about it.

'When I look at him I see Jozef, can that be?'

'Listen, Gerhard. The man who is busy typing out our life is your friend on earth who told you about our life before you passed over.'

I pressed the brother's hands for sheer happiness.

'Jozef! Is it Jozef? What a joy to meet him again like this.'

Tears filled my eyes. How great is the spirit who guides him and how important the meaning of this message! A wonderful task.

Now I can tell you all this, Jozef. When I saw you that first time I couldn't. I was only permitted to watch.

I felt respect for the high leader and love for you. There came a moment that I thought I would collapse. The high spirit suddenly turned around, looked at me and smiled. He knew that we were there and the communication was broken. You rose and left. You came out of the blue haze invisible to the earth and walked right through me. I heard you sigh as a result of the emotional strain and the strength of the inspiration. I startled because I thought you would see me then. But oh, what a disappointment, you did not see me, you acted as if I was not there. Even you were blind and yet you were clairvoyant? I called out your name but you did not hear me. Deaf, I thought, he is deaf and blind too. And yet he is a gifted instrument.

'Is he clairvoyant?' I asked the brother.

'Not only clairvoyant, he can also hear our voices.'

'But he did not hear me when I called him and he walked through me as if I were not there.'

I was bereft of words! Then you returned and again you did not see or hear me. I was really distressed. He who told me of this life and said he saw spirits apparently saw nothing, was blind and deaf like all

other people. It was not like I had learned at school. I wanted so much to speak to you for I sensed your urge and strong will to learn our spiritual life. I felt that you knew more about it than I who already lived here. You put all your power into this world and you opened yourself as a child, everybody could come and see you whenever he wanted. But although you were open you were secluded from me and many others. No being, no spirit would be able to contact you without your leader.

You were at once reconnected with your leader and your fingers worked at full speed on the typewriter. In this condition I could no longer contact you, your spirit was far away from me. Your material body carried out the work while your spirit was lifted to this life. The brother made me sense all this, otherwise I would not have understood.

The brother drew my attention to the paintings that you had received from this world and a new wonder was revealed to me. Every painting had its own radiation. Then after I had admired them all I sat down close beside you and kept looking at you. I could not keep my mind away from you. I collided with something, I could not penetrate the haze, nothing from this side could disturb you.

It is amazing, I thought. Together you were one, the master who stood beside you had combined himself with you in the spirit. As one soul, one desire, one life, I felt. Meeting you again in this way made something break within me, a longing to become like you. Yes, that is what I wanted to acquire. Would it still be possible to catch up with you?

The human being who receives the spiritual connection while still living on earth and lives in accordance with it is far ahead of the spirit on this side. When the material torments are over, these people go to those regions far above the earth. People who know already about eternal life on earth are gifted. But again, Jozef, if they live in accordance with it, otherwise it has no meaning.

‘Yes’, I called unexpectedly, ‘I want to become like him.’

I said before that something in me was broken, something had awakened and I wanted to acquire this.

‘I want to become like him, I want to see and feel as he does!’

‘You will receive this, Gerhard’, the brother said, ‘you are going to work for other people as he does on earth.’

‘I want to become part of that life in which he lives, yes, I want to learn that kind of life. Will you help me?’

‘You have already started’, the brother answered.

‘But why doesn’t he see me?’, I asked.

‘I’ll explain, listen: This instrument sees only when his leader desires. He sees through the will of this high spirit. He has learned this through the years in which this contact has been built up. So he only opens himself when his leader thinks it necessary. You will experience this later. In this condition he may not be disturbed. He walked through you and he did not feel you, he would not have said anything to you, not even if he had felt or seen you. He only sees on command and then he cuts himself off from everything else. If he could not do this thousands of astral beings would rush to him and destroy his spiritual communication. An instrument like this is precious. A medium cannot be readily developed to such a high level. I have known his leader for quite some time because I was allowed to do work for this master. That is how I know the way the master acts on him and closes him off from all these dangers, so that he cannot be destroyed. However loudly you call him he won’t hear you, for the simple reason that his leader does not allow it. When this connection is broken you will be able to reach him, but again only when his leader approves. The human being who serves as an instrument for higher spirits has to have a strong and powerful nervous system; if they are weak, they cannot be trained for this work. If a disturbance or splitting between the spirit and the material body occurs, you surely feel where it would take him. But, as I told you, these mediums are selected carefully and even then there are a great number of forces which may oppose our aims. A medium like him must have first of all have great confidence and a strong faith. Furthermore he must have a great deal of love for our work and the will to serve mankind. If he gives himself unconditionally to his leader no disturbing factors will arise. He has to give himself in all respects, cancel himself out completely. And to do this is not an easy matter, that is mediumship and it is not until then that an instrument can be reached.

Now listen, the higher a medium develops himself the higher the spheres where an instrument can enter, though the more the dangers increase for he is open to a range of forces. You have seen life in the sphere of the earth and I showed you the astral world and now I ask you: Are you surprised that his leader keeps him from seeing beings except when he thinks it is necessary? Once again, a medium needs a strong nervous system to prevent disturbances resulting in all sorts of ailment. Don't forget that all those transitions you were taught at school he was allowed to experience by departing from the body. And having to live on earth in spite of this requires strength and much discipline. If this instrument had the feelings of an ordinary human being and you know what I mean by this, it would not be possible for him to insulate himself from all that life on earth. But in feeling he gives himself as a child to his leader.

That is essential and therein resides the secret to achieve all this. It is submission, Gerhard, and great trust and faith; it is his love to us and to man on earth. It is to change sorrow and misery to the mighty, quiet reunion of this side. That is serving, nothing but serving. That sensitivity lies within him. He, your friend, does in spirit live on our side. He gives his whole being and will continue to do so. In return he receives our wisdom and when he goes back to earth with these spiritual treasures he writes it down on paper as he is doing now. He is full of our life and it is almost unbelievable how much caution is needed on those who work with such a medium. For that reason only spirits of light are allowed and capable of doing such a task. It will be clear, Gerhard, that the instrument has to digest all the spiritual knowledge it has gained by the parting from the body when back in the material body in full consciousness. But he who lives spiritually is never lost and the one who can open himself like a child will receive a wisdom the scientists of the earth do not know. When this has been achieved there is no more danger and the medium passes into our life consciously.'

'My God', I said, 'what a possession! To know so much concerning our world and still to be on earth. Is there no danger to him any more, brother?'

'No, Gerhard, he has overcome that danger, in no way is there any

danger to him. He is conscious and who is aware of his condition is alive and owns it eternally. He, your friend, is free from all material pleasures and desires. He only lives to work for his leader and his gifts and the urge to serve mankind cuts out all dangers. He lives the way an instrument should live if the medium wants to acquire something. However, man on earth will not yet accept all this because he wants to see and hear everything himself first. Jozef has attuned himself to our life but people who live and think materially cannot sense the sacredness of our life. Nevertheless many people will be reached and they will help us to spread spiritualism on earth. Doing this work is a blessing from God but for those who forget themselves it may become a curse. Only strong legs, as they say, can carry wealth. But many can and then much is being achieved. Once again, Gerhard, do not worry about him because he is in good hands.'

This was the first time, Jozef, that I met you on earth after my death. Great are the gifts mankind has received from God. As quick as thought your fingers ran over the typewriter. During the time I was there you filled ten large sheets of paper. Soon one volume would be ready. I had known you on earth and knew who you were. You had not learned much at school so your ability to do this struck me as incredible. Now I experienced what I then saw. The words I had spoken to you at the cemetery lashed my soul. How sacred was spiritual life and spiritualism, I would like to repeat this a thousands times over. An enormous peace lay around you, the tranquillity of the spirit who worked through you and was your leader.

I felt that the brother wanted to leave, yet I could hardly tear myself away from you. I wanted to stay here much longer but my visit had to come to an end. I had become richer in knowledge and I was no longer disappointed that you did not see me. I understood the great difficulties in being a medium on earth. It was a mystery to me how you could stand making journeys into our life and still live on earth, Jozef. Yet I felt it and I did not have to worry about you because you were well cared for. Then we took leave from you and the master.

On our way I asked the brother various questions and after his explanations I was completely reassured.

We visited cemeteries and met the earthly people who came to see the graves of their loved ones. I witnessed terrible scenes, but why do they seek them there? They aren't there at all! Put your flowers beside their photographs in the room where they lived, worked, and spoke to you instead of putting those expensive flowers on graves where there is nothing but bones. It brings sorrow to the spirit who lives on this side.

From where I am I want to shout this out to everyone. They visit their deaths and beside them in a splendid garment and light those who are imagined dead move on. Isn't it distressing that they don't know this on earth? When I talked to you of all these things at the cemetery, Jozef, as I said before, I spoke the real truth that bones cannot talk. I was mocking and I should not have done that. Beside the people who were mourning I saw the spirit sad at heart because he could not reach them. I saw various situations, one of them touched me particularly deeply. I'll tell you about that.

Suddenly I thought of my own material body. Where was my body? Had it been buried in this cemetery? I looked up at my teacher and he knew right away what was on my mind. I understood why we were in this place.

So I asked the brother: 'Is my body here?'

My teacher took my hand and said: 'Are you strong enough to see your own body, Gerhard?'

I thought about it for a moment and said: 'Yes, I want to see my own body. Now that I have gone through all this I also want to experience it however terrible it might be.'

'Come, follow me.'

'How do you know where I was buried?'

'Concentration, my friend, nothing but the power of thought. You yourself now form my connection, through you I'll find your remains.'

I trembled and felt my heart beat fast. We walked past several graves and finally my teacher stopped me. I read: Here rests G.D.

'Your own material garment', the brother said to me, 'your body which covered all this during your life on earth.'

I sat at the edge of my own grave and looked down. There I lay,

dead, but I was alive and looking at what once belonged to me. Through the soil I saw my body in a decomposed state. Can you imagine anything more horrible, Jozef?

I thought of my life on earth. Flowers decorated my grave, put there by my beloved ones. I felt their thoughts of love for me who had died. It was a horrible scene. Why, I thought, do you seek me here, mother, instead of right beside you? How many times had my dear ones been here and had cried so that I could feel their sorrow. In a while only the bones would be left here, that would not take long.

However hard I tried I could not get back into that body. Something held me back and I knew it was my teacher preventing me. I had discarded my earthly body and received an other which was eternal. My God, how mighty this is, how small and insignificant people feel who are granted to experience this. I felt insignificant and small, it had caught me unprepared. However horrible it was, it was instructive. Here my mother tried to find me again, here her tears flowed, but I would never return to this place. I wanted to be far, far away from it. I thought I would have been able to stand all this, but it became too much for me. However great is God Who rules everything. Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return! I thought of these words. I had been dust and had returned to dust.

At the edge of my own grave I prayed sincerely, asking for strength to open the eyes of my beloved ones. I prayed for that and so did my teacher. Never again would I come back here, I knew and felt it.

Mother, my dear mother, please don't return here any more! I live and am happy and one day I'll see you again. Strew flowers on the path of the living. Give love, mother, to all that lives, only then you'll feel eternal life and you won't look here for me any more. Then you know that I am alive and that I can return to you. Don't seek me here, what lies here I don't want to see again. Thank God, I am alive and the body in the grave is dead. For the last time I looked down on my body after which I rapidly left never to return.

Then I thought of you, Jozef, and admired you even more for writing down about our life to make this known to mankind. In silence we left, I was lost in deep thought.

We subsequently visited spiritual meetings where many people had

come together. We came in a large hall where messages were given by means of objects. Around a medium I noticed several spirits who were longing to be admitted because relatives of them were present in the hall. Many came in contact with each other in this way, but hundreds on this side and on earth went away in disappointment because they had not received communication. If people could see how many spirits were present, they would not have believed it. Yet only a few were recognized. This is also pure and sacred work and worthwhile to make themselves available to it. I learned a great deal on earth and I understood how difficult it was to see and hear us. I learned to understand this difficulty because the brother explained everything to me now that I was allowed to return to the earth.

From there we visited other countries. I had never travelled in my life before but now I went on faraway journeys with the brother and I visited the whole planet. Everything he showed me was wonderful. We entered everywhere, we walked into palaces and other important places and buildings. On our way I met many spirits, brothers and sisters who were learning to know these places like I did. We travelled from north to south, from east to west. This took a long time. I understood a lot and I saw many amazing things. I saw displays I don't want to mention here but I saw the truth of life on earth and also the many horrors of it. Oh, beware him who forgets himself! When one lives like some I saw the spheres of darkness will be waiting. Then they will see, hear and feel what wrong they have done.

Unexpectedly the brother said to me: 'We'll stay here for a moment.'

I looked around to see what he wanted to show me. He said nothing which I found strange as he invariably explained everything to me. Then I began to see where I was and in front of me I saw you. What a surprise!

'Jozef', I called, 'it's me!'

You felt me immediately and said: 'Is it really you? I received your message, Gerhard, how you have changed!'

Filled with gratitude I embraced the brother. Unnoticed to me we had returned to you to the same place where you took part in the seance. This also surprised me how everything can be found again so

quickly. The brother helped me to connect me with you. I heard you speaking to me and you know that I could not say much, which was a disappointment to me as well. But when I was told why I was not allowed and able to say much I felt grateful. Only you did not understand and the moment has come now that I can tell you the reason. You also know now why I did not return to you during that week. I was on a trip with the brother though I had been to see you before that but I was not connected with you at the time. The whole evening I stood beside you and towards the end we left.

It was after that that I was told I would be allowed to return to you if I could stand the strain to give an account of my life through you the way my leader did. The brother had known this for a long time, because the master had informed him. You know what happened so I can go on now. It is amazing how far ahead one can see on this side, Jozef! Isn't it wonderful? While I was still living on earth it was already known on this side what was to happen.

On the way back to my own sphere the brother told me of this important occurrence. How happy I was when I learned about that. The high spiritual leaders, you know them, had said to the brother that I was allowed to fill part of the book. If they want to, a high spirit can indeed see hundreds of years ahead.

When at last I returned to my sphere I had a very great deal to think over. So I went into the peaceful nature and I there acquired everything. Months passed but when I was finally ready, the time had come to descend into the darkness. Now I was prepared, Jozef, first at school and subsequently through life on earth and when I had everything turned over in my mind I was finally prepared to work for others and on myself.

During that time I also had talks and discussions with the people I met; they could no longer influence me because I now stood firmly on the spiritual way. There had been a thawing softening within me; I had learned to know myself.

I talked of my experiences with many people. Just fancy, they laughed at me and did not or could not accept it. These people were the living dead, they had already heard about it several times but they did not believe it. They were the kind of people who would not wake up for

the time being. Now I saw through them and knew their level. They called me the pastor because I was still dressed in black. Here, too, they know how to make fun and to mock! But, as you know, they ridiculed themselves. I just let them keep on mocking, they would do so for the time being. They had been in this ill-advanced conditions.

To hell

The brother came to fetch me after I had told him that I was ready. From my sphere hundreds would descend and I would meet them at the border of the dark spheres. My own teacher accompanied me to the border and he would act on me and help me from his own sphere. I knew now that this was possible for I had already learned it. I'll never forget the moment of our parting. When his eyes met mine and I saw his great love, my soul became full of that mighty energy and I sank again to my knees to thank him for everything. But he wanted no thanks, never will anybody here who works for others hear of any thanks. Then he went back, my teacher, to help someone else.

I became part of a small group. We were first given a few tests and we subsequently had to concentrate on the secret sign by which we could recognize each other. That sign was a seven pointed star which was the symbol of our spiritual level. Those without attunement would not be able to observe this sign. So I had acquired some spiritual advancement, however little, but I was awake and who is awake is conscious and alive. I felt very calm. Around me I saw a reddish-brown light and the deeper we went the darker it became. If I had known what was awaiting me I would not have been so calm, I would not have been able to control myself. Of course I was curious to know where the brothers would lead us to. It was said to be dreadful. The tests we had to pass took quite some time and after that we were given a talk and several possibilities were pointed out to us. We had capable guides, many of them had descended several times and they were still prepared to do this work to help those unfortunate people. First of all we had to control ourselves, that's what the brother had

impressed upon me before he took leave of me. I already felt that it would be dangerous there. At last the moment had come, which for me would be a great moment in my development.

We split into hundreds of groups. We were a group of five led by a capable guide. We did not enter through the gates of hell as the guides connected us directly with the centre. If we went through the gates we would be attacked immediately as the guides told us and which I understood later on. I still felt quite calm, but once we were connecting and were absorbed in that condition to accept that life, a horrifying fear consumed me and I got the feeling as if someone suddenly tried to strangle me.

‘That feeling is worst for those who descend for the first time’, the guide said.

I found this dreadful, for the brothers who had descended with me were changed like beasts. This was another shock to me even though I had learned about all these things at school. Nevertheless it surprised me and you’ll understand how useful these spiritual lessons are. When this was over and I had calmed down somewhat we strolled along the streets like on earth but around us the human hyenas were lying in wait and they would leap on us given the opportunity. The guide had helped me and others who were very upset and we continued into the unknown and bestial life.

We did not have to wait long. I smelled a ghastly stench, the fumes of those who lived here. I had heard about this too but even so I heard my heart beat and I was no longer at ease.

You have heard all this from your leader and the master tells me that I need not tell you any more about it. I thought of you, Jozef, having the courage as a human being from earth to defy and stand all this.

All the powers of darkness had gone through me and with my group I arrived in hell. We were now attuned to this life. Millions of people lived here, the wasted of the earth. There I was going to work and stay for a long time.

The guide drew my attention to a fight. I looked and within a few seconds hundreds of them were joining in. Those who had fallen kicked and hit out until they were crushed unconscious. Even then

they were not left alone, they were dragged along until they looked a sickly sight. I was shocked to see so much cruelty and I clenched my fists ready to rush forward for this was not human any more.

However the guide held me back and said: 'Do you want to be destroyed yourself? Haven't you been taught that intervening with them would lead to your own destruction?'

I knew but I had forgotten.

They lay on top of each other like wild beasts and I saw blood. Knowing that one lives in the spirit it was unbelievable, though I had been told at school. Those defeated screamed of agony. Together with one of the brothers we managed to free someone from being crushed by the mob. It was an unconscious old man. He had almost been torn to pieces.

What's he doing here anyway, I thought to myself.

We carried him away and waited for him to regain consciousness. The brother next to me who had been here a few times before gave him treatment. It had not occurred to me to do this myself, even though I had been told at school as well as everything I would experience in this life. This life was well known by those in the higher spheres.

Deep wrinkles marked the man's face and he looked more like an old wild animal. How deep had he descended, and what sins had he committed on earth? He cried and called out for his mother when he regained consciousness. The magnetic treatment quickly restored his consciousness. This treatment performs wonders in this life. It is pitiful to hear a very old man crying for his mother.

'Oh, help me', he wailed. 'Oh, those monsters!'

'We want to help you', the brother said. 'Come and follow us.'

The wretched man looked up from his bloodshot eyes. He just kept staring at us.

Suddenly he called out: 'Go away, go away and leave me alone.'

He screamed abuse and curses at us which would have destroyed us if his words would have come true. We ignored his outburst and tried to calm him down.

'We are friends', the brother said to him but it seemed that he had not yet met friends. He looked at us as if he was going to tear us to

pieces. I saw then how difficult it is to convince these people of an other life. He ignored all we told him and kept shouting to leave him alone. He cursed and swore at us, even at God and before we realized what happened he jumped up and ran off. The darkness swallowed him up once more, to live his life again in the old way.

I had received my first lesson. I had wanted to help a human being who did not want any help. Whatever way we had tried to speak to him was to no avail.

Again the crowd absorbed us and in the dark corner of a street we came across another person. Did he want any help? I approached and addressed myself to him. He looked as wild as the previous one but a little younger. The brother was next to me.

‘Can we do anything for you?’

‘For me?’ he asked unbelievably.

‘Yes, for you. We are brothers.’

‘Be damned for all I care, ah, brothers!’ we heard him say.

I saw how wild and savage this creature was.

We did not give up and I said: ‘Come, there is an other country where you won’t be attacked. Follow us, be done with this life. Don’t stay here any longer. If you want to you can start a new life.’

But he left the place where we had found him.

Now we were alone separated from the other brothers, in the midst of this pool of violence and terror. The brother took me to a place where there were only hovels and caves which people were living in. He had been in this area on his previous visit and he wanted to go there again. After having looked for some time we found the place and were in the middle of the worst squalor I had ever seen. We heard mourning and followed the sound. Somebody was in need of help.

We had soon reached the spot and in a dark cave lay a human creature. In this darkness it uttered lamentations from which I could hear that it was a woman. What is going to happen this time? As we approached I saw the appalling existence of this life. A woman? A mother on earth and yet so deeply sunken? My mind went back to the people I had met on earth with my teacher. Was she one of them?

‘What have you done’, I asked her, ‘to deserve a place like this and to have such a miserable existence?’

She made no reply. There were hardly any clothes left on her. She began to lament still louder and told us to leave. I saw that her clothes were torn to pieces.

‘Go away’, she shouted at us.

She thought that we were devils too.

‘Leave me alone.’

It struck me at this moment that they all wanted to be left alone, but what do they do here?

‘We want to help you’, the brother said.

‘I know what that means’, she said and she began lamenting again.

She shrunk at every step we did.

‘You damned men, I know what kind of help you’ll give. You are all cursed. You want to have us first and then throw us aside like rags. I’d rather be strangled’, she said.

I understood that her soul had been shattered and her heart lacerated. No matter how hard we tried to convince her, it was of no use.

‘Vipers, dogs, monsters! I’d rather be strangled’, she said again. ‘By force but then over my dead body.’

For God’s sake, I thought, what has she been through? I understood and thought it was terrible. The brother acted upon her by concentration which calmed her down a little. I bent over and spoke to her. I was not aware of what was happening around me as I was too absorbed in my effort to help her. Suddenly she uttered a terrible scream and before I knew what was happening we were both leapt upon. She screamed for help but it was lost in the turmoil. A wild-looking human beast had both of us in his claws. I rolled over the ground and clung to her in an attempt to protect her. I did not want to let her go. At the same time I hit out at the beast, but it was as if a fly attacked an elephant. It was much too strong. I lost consciousness and can’t remember what happened to us. In a quiet neighbourhood in different surroundings, away from that dark hell I came to myself. The poor woman was still unconscious. The monster had nearly choked me and I asked the brother what had happened.

‘We were freed by other brothers’, he said, ‘and we are now in an other sphere.’

‘Thank God’, I said. ‘Can’t they reach us here?’

‘No, that is not possible.’

‘Where is that animal?’ we heard her ask.

‘Relax’, the brother said.

The brother gave me magnetic healing treatment and I quickly recovered. I could still feel the terrible claws around my neck. What a frightful monster it was that attacked us. I looked at the poor woman and I felt happy that she had remained with us. She was also helped. With a few healing strokes the brother healed my damaged throat. Then I was able to think better and I felt my strength return.

The woman asked: ‘Where am I?’

‘Just stay calm. You’ll soon feel better, you are in safe hands.’

Now I had learned life after death in the hell and had not been made a hearty welcome. The woman had meanwhile fallen asleep; we let her sleep and would wait for her to wake up again.

The brother said: ‘When we were attacked some of us came to her help and saw what condition you were in. I had freed myself by returning to my own attunement for I was unable to overcome that animal. You should try to avoid that, they taught you that, didn’t they? You must keep out of their grip and approach the unhappy ones with tact, but you’ll soon learn. Yet you were able to protect her and that was not an easy thing to do.’

The woman woke up again and had apparently listened to our conversation. In any case it seemed evident to her that she had landed in good hands.

She looked up at us and said: ‘Will you accept my thanks? I’m glad that there are still good people to be found. Can we hope and trust again that we will be given help? Is there a God Who forgives? I want to follow you. I know that you mean well and I don’t want to return here. Damn him who brought me to that life, the man who destroyed me, that wretched scoundrel who ran me to ruin. Can and will God forgive me? How I have sinned. I gave myself to that animal and he violated me and dragged me down into that hell. I fell with him into the deepest depths because I loved him. How he has wrecked me.

Mother, oh, mother’, she suddenly called out. ‘Mother, come to me and forgive me for what I have done wrong. Forgive me my sins.

Oh, mother, he kicked me, beat and sold me. Oh, that animal in human shape! Deeper and deeper I went down, mother. How long have I prayed. Do you not hear me? You are not able to come to me but still I know that you love me. Oh, have mercy, my God and my mother. I do not want that life any more, I do not want to go back. I'll return to you, my God forgive me my sins.

Mother, mother, do you hear me? I was told a long time ago that I could call for you and that you would come, but I didn't have the courage. Now I call you, don't you hear me? Mother, do not let it be in vain or I will fall back. I can't go on any longer on my own.'

I cried, Jozef, and the brother with me. Poor child, I thought, poor woman. I sat beside her and prayed with her for her wish to be heard.

Suddenly her look became misty and when I looked up I admired a beautiful being descending on what seemed to be a shining cloud. Before her eyes floated her mother. She manifested herself in this darkness to save her child. That was the love of a mother for her child. At the last moment the higher spheres interfered. She could now be reached, I saw and felt it. That was possible for a high spirit. When someone is lost and prays sincerely for mercy there can be communication that results in a miracle. The being called for her mother and wept all the time. This incredible scene took place right in front of me and I had never witnessed anything as sublime before.

'Mother, will you forgive me?' the poor woman asked. The spiritual being nodded with a smile on her beautiful face. An angel of light had descended to hell to help her own child.

'Let me tell you what I have done', the unfortunate woman said.

'Say nothing', I heard the mother say. 'I know everything. God has forgiven you. Work, work on yourself. I'll support you from where I am.'

'Mother, oh come to me. Why don't you come down from your height to be with me? Mother, stay with me, dear mother.'

But her mother answered: 'Dear child, I must go. But I'll come back.'

'Oh, you are an angel, mother. Will you really come back?'

'I'll come back, my child. I'll watch over you. Thank God, my prayers have been answered', I heard the beautiful creature say. 'I knew that sooner or later we would reach her.'

At that moment she faded from our sight. I had experienced something wonderful. She had returned to her own sphere of existence, her own heaven. This had been a great moment and I had seen it in hell. We could have beautiful experiences here too, it seemed.

We carried the woman to an intermediate sphere and entrusted her to other hands. She would be taken care of and would receive spiritual assistance. She had gone far astray but there was one who watched over her, her mother. She had beseeched God to help her and the prayer had been answered. At the most unexpected moment the supreme powers acted which made contact possible. Her child had now returned to the right road. I was deeply moved. To share this event was well worth all my previous difficulties. It was only after time in hell that she felt and realized the horror of her life. How she had suffered merely because she thought she loved someone. She had loved an animal in the guise of a human. She had followed this monster though, for the animal did not leave her alone and her own life had not been different from his. I felt happy because I had actually been able to help someone.

For a short time I remained with the brothers and sisters and when I felt fully prepared we both went down once more. We had decided to stay together. For the second time I was in awe of the darkness and evil smell. It was dreadful to have to go through this again. We strolled once more through the streets of the city which had been built through hate. Everybody feared being attacked. They avoided each other. I saw places where one could get a drink just as on earth, but drinking the liquid here would burn your insides. This was something new to me. It was sickening and we continued on our way. Nearby some people were fighting like wild animals. But this time I did not interfere. They were not yet ready for help.

The master says that you have experienced all this so I do not need to go into it further. But I keep wondering over and over again, Jozef, how it is possible that you, as an earthly human being, have been able to stand all this? Anyone who comes here will go through the same difficulties and would ask himself the same question. Those on our side who hear about hell and feel they want to gain spiritual knowledge will descend to learn all about these conditions, as I did. For it is

spiritual wisdom to know all this.

Suddenly a group of people approached us that included our guide. We were pleased to meet them and I was very surprised when the guide asked me if I had been able to help that poor woman.

‘Do you know about that?’ I asked.

‘We know everything when we want to. You see that we remain in contact, even when you are on your own. I wanted to show you that you do not need to be afraid and that there are always helpers, wherever you are.’

To know that the guides were watching over the younger brothers made me feel very confident.

‘Concentration, my friend’, he said and I understood him.

After this conversation we split up. We had been in various buildings and I had already learned a lot about this life though I would not be able to find my way back to the intermediate sphere. But I would learn that anyway. That was spiritual property and I wanted to acquire that. A glimpse of the animal-like life had become visible to me. I saw various fights but I did not interfere and let them fight, for I had learned my lesson.

We carried on walking for several hours and unexpectedly arrived again in the vicinity of the holes and caves. Fights were going on there too and at a certain moment I lost the brother and was left isolated and forlorn in that terrible place.

What do I do now, I thought. How will I ever find the others? I searched and searched but I did not see the star by which I could recognize one of the brothers. For a long time I thought what I should do.

Like a hunted deer I ran from one street to another. I was driven in all directions until I became totally confused. I could not concentrate any more as I was overcome by fear. As a result I lost my concentration completely and I decided that the best thing for me to do was to find a secluded place and wait until a brother found me. Then I would be safe and if it was one of those terrifying people I would just have to try and cope with it. At a corner of a street I took my position and waited. Why hadn’t I paid more attention to the way we came with the brother? I had not thought about it.

It was not long before a fierce looking character approached me at the corner where I stood.

‘What are you doing here?’

I was taken by surprise and did not know what to say, but I clenched my fists to be ready in case he attacked me. Before I could make any kind of reply he hit me and I became involved in a terrible fight. He forced me to the ground and sat on top of me. He was like a tiger. What powers these creatures had! I was no match for him, I yelled out for help and felt completely lost. Then I lost consciousness.

When I came to and opened my eyes again a few brothers were with me. I was back in the intermediate sphere. My cries for help had been heard and they had freed me from its claws. They were dreadful, those beastly people and again I had received a lesson at great cost. I had learned by all misery, I became rather discouraged however as I still had not managed to find my way out. How difficult indeed it was to work there.

It had all been too much for me and I wanted to go back to my own sphere as I could not stand it any longer. I felt completely demoralized. I thought about it for a long time. Wasn't it foolish to be beaten and do nothing in return? I carefully considered whether to return to my own sphere or go down again. I thought of my teacher and of everything he had told me. ‘You could slide back and lose heart and I want to prevent that’, he said. Yes, I had lost heart, and was not sure of myself. For quite a while I remained in this state of mind. But what would I have achieved if I gave up now? How could I tell about this life? I had not learned much yet and knew too little about these spheres. Many had already returned as they had not been able to stand it any longer.

While in this doubtful frame of mind other thoughts came up in me and I felt that I was helped from afar. Was it my teacher who came to my aid? No, I said to myself, I was not going to turn back discouraged. A thousand times no, I said to myself. What someone else can do I can do as well.

So I applied again and with another group I descended once more. This time I became aware of the deafening roar and confusion of the darkness. Strange, I thought, that I had not heard this when I first

descended. The guide told me that I was not being properly connected. How little did I know in regard to this life. The sound I heard was ghastly. It was as if a hurricane was on its way, a combined gale of passion and violence. However, I was pleased that I had descended again for I felt strong and rested. They had told me that I had to take care of myself. So this time I would be on my guard and even more careful.

Once again we found ourselves among holes and caves. The lowest types lived there but they needed help and were quite often within our reach. They isolated themselves from the crowd and asked for help, which was something I learned to understand only then. In another place I saw hands wriggling through crevices asking for help. But if offered a helping hand they would grab and break your hand. These creatures were beyond help. I learned the powers of sensitivity which told us who was ready for help and who was not.

Our guide drew my attention to the fact that we had arrived in the suicide sphere. I had not seen this condition before. Here I saw the murderers of the earth, all of them had arrived here in an unnatural way. Men and women were there together. They felt their aches and pains as I had felt mine, but how different their sorrow, grief and misery were from what had been mine. They lie there with ropes around their necks, holes in their heads, they lived in the most wretched circumstances. I saw horrible scenes with women, they lived in their sins and all those terrors were as shades around them, they could not free themselves from them. Here I saw people in the most inhuman condition. It is beyond imagination. Their conditions made me shiver, it was so ghastly that I just cannot adequately describe it in words. My suffering had been nothing compared with theirs. I had been as a child in sin compared to them. I had not committed such evil and was innocent that such possibilities even existed. But, dear Jozef, they were beyond help. How much they had to abandon in themselves yet? The suicide cases are the most unfortunate on this side. For many years they are beyond redemption. As I mentioned before they wriggle their hands out to you but beware in case they get hold of you. First, they need to lose all this wildness, then bend their heads and become fed up with this life before they can be reached. There were

some among them who had already arrived at that state and we were going to pay them a visit. They arrive here from the earth in a mutilated condition and they will remain so for a long time until they are prepared to begin an other life. Can you understand that these people will need hundreds of years before they can free themselves from their misery? It had taken me even a few years. In a moment they cast themselves to this dreadful existence. With a pistol shot, a length of rope or jumping into the water they land in this misery and that will cost them countless years of suffering. This is the plain reality, this is genuine human sorrow!*)

Oh, I must not keep thinking about what I saw here. These people do this to themselves, for God is a Father of love. He did not want this to happen. I could go on about this longer but all this sorrow, as I said before, is impossible to describe.

Our guide and the others had gone on ahead of me when I suddenly heard a cry for help. It was a soft, painful cry which made me think that somebody needed help. I was going to try again but I would be careful. I listened for the cry again. Yes, I did hear a soft call for help.

'Help, help me', somebody cried with a husky voice. I stopped walking to hear better, I went closer and heard it again.

'Are you calling me?' I asked politely.

'Yes', he said, 'help me.'

I wriggled through a crevice and in a corner of the hole I saw a human being. He lay there crouched.

I dared to go nearer and asked once more: 'Can I help you? Would you accept any help?'

'Yes, I want to get away from here. Don't leave me alone.'

This startled me for I had once uttered the same words. I knew this 'don't leave me alone', it castigated my soul. I would help him. How terrible this creature looked.

'Don't hurt me', he said.

'No', I said, 'I won't hurt you. I have come to help you.'

I had to act quickly, the sooner I got him away from there the better for both of us. He was an old man and I was pleased that I had

*) He was shown one of the deepest levels of the suicide sphere.

heard him and that I was able to help him. I pulled him up to a ledge so that I could put him on my back for it seemed he could neither stand nor walk. His paralysed legs dangled from his body. At the other side of the crevice I could make my escape with him and I was soon on my way.

A problem suddenly crossed my mind. How was I going to find my way back to the intermediate sphere? I thought it over and over again but I did not know what to do. I asked him to stay calm and got my concentration working and really I felt myself getting lighter. That meant that I had emerged from that dreadful influence and had passed on to an other condition. My own body was changing and this convinced me that I was on the right track. Yes, I was sure I had found the right direction. Still it was not easy to make headway as something seemed to be holding me back, though I did not know what. Nevertheless I kept going. I wanted away from that hell of misery. At last it became easier and when I was sure that I had left the darkness I allowed myself some rest. I carefully put the man down and took a good look at him. What a sight this poor man was. What wrongs could he have done?

‘How did you get there?’ I asked him.

He ignored my question and asked me: ‘Where are we? Where are you taking me?’

‘Don’t worry, you won’t come to harm, I’ll see to that.’

The man rubbed his hands but said nothing. I wondered if he was ready to start a new life.

‘How long have you been down there?’ I asked him again.

‘It could be years’, he said.

‘Do you know that you have died on earth?’

‘Yes, I know’, he answered brusquely.

So, do you know, I thought, I didn’t know it at the time.

‘Are we going now?’

‘Yes, let’s go.’

I put him on my back again and started off. It became increasingly difficult to carry him and before long I needed another rest.

‘Will it be long?’ he asked, ‘before we are at the place where I can find peace?’

What does he know of peace, I wondered. Nobody here knew anything about spiritual peace. Who or what was he? I was no longer worried that I wouldn't find the place as I could orientate myself and go in the correct direction. The man acted as if he had not lived in the dark spheres. I had never met a type like him before. I had seen tears with many persons but apparently he felt no sorrow or grief for the many sins he must have committed.

'How did you get this peace of mind?' I suddenly asked him, 'did you learn about that in the darkness?'

I thought my question was stupid and not clearly put, but it was too late.

'Peace?' he said. 'Didn't you tell me that you are taking me to an other country where there will be peace? I put myself in your care.'

Again I was perplexed by his answer. Remarkable, this bloke, I thought. He seemed unusual compared to those wild creatures down there and yet he had lived there. I did not understand anything about this attunement.

'Are we going further?'

Was he afraid or was it curiosity, what did he really feel?

I replied in surprise: 'You are not such an unhappy person as I at first thought.'

He smiled and said: 'If you knew how to concentrate and use your energy better and to think less of the people there you would know who I am.'

In astonishment I looked at him and there in front of me was my own guide. He had discarded his disguise.

What's going on here, I thought, what does this mean?

'You know now how to find the sphere of twilight. I admired your courage and will to make progress so I decided to help you. Your life is known to me and those who are of strong will we shall support with the strength we have. Truly, I am pleased. Seventy-five out of the hundred newcomers have already returned. They have all collapsed. From the beginning I have been working on you. I hindered you so that you learned to strengthen your concentration. Passing over to other conditions unknown to us is inwardly accepting that attunement. You did not yet accept and that's why I helped you. Now you

are able to find this country on your own.'

I was overjoyed. Even though I had been taken in I had learned something.

My guide said: 'You carried me, I taught you to never forget to concentrate on your own attunement, no matter with whom you come into contact. By doing so you feel the other person's life that will indicate to you how you should act. To attune yourself to another makes you become part of him.

Are you ready to follow me? Then I'll show you all the different transitions we know of the dark spheres.'

So I descended again and experienced terrible things. Down through one sphere to the next, each one becoming ever more difficult. What I had seen so far was mere child's play. I learned to concentrate in all the transitions and deeper and deeper we descended to the lowest spheres. Then we returned to the other brothers and I started again to help the unfortunate ones. I managed to help many of them. I saw joyous and deeply tragic situations. I saw a father who had found his earthly child in the darkness and both cried for a long time. I saw children with children and mothers who in spite of all the misery would not be stopped and who had gone down in search of their loved ones in that terror, year in, year out until their efforts were rewarded. I saw heartbreaking scenes.

I thanked my teacher for I felt his powers that had made me stand all this. I had now seen hell to its darkest deepest most terrible depths and all this had changed me. I had learned life after death in the hell and I knew now how to make connections and had developed my concentration. The main thing was that I had done something for others. When I returned with my last unfortunate creature I was told that I need not descend any more as my group would return to its own sphere. The others were not long in coming and soon we were ready to depart. Now we could at last relax. Nine months, according to earthly time, we had been down there. Nine months of misery, strain and terror. Five minutes of this on earth would seem like an eternity for a human being. After experiencing the demonic influences, I freely admit that we were all pleased to return to our own attunement to rest for a while.

We floated away toward the spheres of light. My first journey to hell had come to an end and as I said, I had become a different person. How great was my joy to see my teacher waiting when I arrived back. I need not tell you how we greeted each other. He knew of my experiences, which proves again how we can keep in contact with one another on this side. Once more I saw the countryside in my own sphere differently, all dreariness had disappeared now. I went into meditation for a long time and when I felt ready I went for long walks again. The people I had talked to were still in the same condition as when I had left them. They had no intention of changing their ways yet. How many years would it take before they would make a beginning? To do something for others did not enter their minds at all. But I felt very happy, nothing really had changed here, I had changed myself. This was most evident when I looked at the people I knew. I was welcomed heartily in my sphere by many of them and there was a celebration in honour of those who had returned.

Many women were still crying their eyes out. They were sad people, what could we do for them? They could not be helped.

I had achieved much but I was still not fully satisfied. I was aiming for the first sphere.

After I had acquired all this down to the greatest problems and had gone out into nature it was time to see the brother again. He told me that we were to make another journey. Again I learned different transitions, we then went to the earth and after a year we returned to our own sphere. The brother gave me many tests. I could pray now for I had learned how to send a simple prayer. Before we returned to our sphere I had already decided to descend for some years.

This time my journey to the dark spheres would last several years but now there was no doubt in me. I was aware of everything I did, I knew how to make contact whatever happened. Now I would not suffer so much as during my first trip, even though it lasted longer. I'm not going into details of this trip, it is sufficient to say that I did not hesitate for a second and that I was able to give help wherever it was needed. Two full years passed before I returned. That is a long time to the earthly time scale but only a flash in eternity. I fulfilled much, being able to change much sorrow into happiness and I learned

a great deal. I eased wounds and healed souls. Oh, the amount of work that has to be done there! We will not cease until hell has changed into a sphere of light.

When this period of time passed and it was time to return to our own sphere, my teacher was waiting for me at the border of the sphere of darkness and we entered my sphere together. It did not look like autumn there any more. I now had the stillness, the peace of higher spiritual attunement. The greyness I had seen in everything had gone. I spent a long time in nature, meditating and contemplating everything I had been allowed to experience. I had absorbed all the physical laws relating to the dark spheres, the earth and up to my own level of attunement that I had been taught at the school. When I had finished meditating the brother announced that we were to undertake a new journey.

To the first sphere

Before we left the brother said to me: 'Say goodbye to all you love and who understand you, Gerhard, because it will be a long time before you return!'

So I did what my teacher asked and we started on our way. The brother walked to the right of me, whom I loved like a child loves his father and mother. For me he had been both and I would be forever thankful for that. After walking for quite a while I suddenly noticed that the natural surroundings were changing. Was I imagining things? No, I saw greenery, really green like on earth. The further we went the more nature and everything in it changed.

'Have we been here before, brother?'

'No', he said, 'we have not been this way before.'

He did not give me any further explanation. The trees were in their summer glory and I saw flowers which I had not seen in all the time I had lived here. I cried out time and again.

'Look over there, brother, birds! Where are we going? This is so very different from my own sphere. I have not seen those dear birds

in such a long time. Am I dreaming or is this real? Do tell me where we are going, brother.'

I looked at my teacher, waiting for what he was going to say.

'Everything is changing, brother.'

'Listen, Gerhard. We are on our way to the first sphere.'

'What!'

'To the first sphere of light in the spirit'

'That can't be true, can it?'

'It is the truth, we don't mock as you very well know! I should not need to tell you that any more. You are going to the sphere of your own attunement.'

Hearing this I took both his hands and looked at him but I was speechless for happiness. The brother knew how I felt and arm in arm we continued. Oh, how happy I was! I would soon be able to go to the earth and tell you all this, Jozef. How could I thank God enough? To the first sphere! It was almost too good to be true. Birds were singing as if welcoming me to my new surroundings. My happiness was boundless. As we proceeded everything at this level changed. Then we entered the first sphere. I realized that people cut themselves off because those living in my sphere could apparently not yet leave it. I found it all amazing.

'That's true', the brother said to me, 'that is quite obvious. You have changed so that you are more free, everything corresponds to your inner state.'

Nature is like summer on earth, soft, with a clear blue sky, and a few snow-white clouds in the early morning when everything is still so beautiful, when nature sings and seems to smile. That is what the first sphere is like. Nothing will change here and no shadow will darken the light. I had reached my first spiritual level!

Many people were going in the same direction as we did and I understood that I was not the only one entering the sphere. At the border a surprise was waiting for me. My grandfather came to meet me. He had known for a long time that I was coming. Can you imagine, Jozef, how happy I was? This happiness is for the mother and her child, the brother and sister and many other beloved ones. All people here wait for those who return to God. This is possible for

everybody. They were all beaming with joy and I saw many tears of love and reunion shed. It is indeed no short journey we had undertaken. Among those who came here were people who had waited fifty or a hundred years. Can you understand their happiness?

Dear people, keep this in your minds and think especially about your own attunement. I received a home here, for 'in my Father's house there is room for everyone'. We are together here with millions of people. One day I'll receive my own spiritual home.

Now we set out to admire the first sphere with all its beautiful regions. The brother taught me how to make contact in this sphere.

We stayed together for a long time because much had to be explained to me. One practises art here but this kind of art cannot be compared with that of earth. How beautiful was the music I heard! Of this alone I could write a book. I have not told you yet that the brother lived in the third sphere and that that sphere is his attunement. I'm a long way from it but one day I'll get there.

Soon a time came that was not pleasant for me for I had to part from my teacher. An other task from the one he had given his heart and soul to for years was appointed to him. The brother was going to earth to become the leader of a well-known circle and the leader of an earthly medium. As you see everything is properly timed here and one cannot just do what one wants. There are some, however, who pretend they can but such spirits have no spiritual attunement. You'll find these kinds of people in the material world as well and they act in the same way. I mean those who falsely claim mediumship but do not possess it. You know what I mean? Such mediums attract spirits that have no light on this side and then people on earth are misled and deceived. Both parties are unhappy and will have to make up for it.

Those who have spiritual attunement are also attached to one of several orders that directs everything, sends them to the earth where they are in contact with thousands, no millions of spirits, all of whom have only one purpose in mind, which is to deliver mankind from its misery and above all to convince people of eternal life.

I would meet the brother again on earth later. In eternity we were one and would remain as one. Nevertheless, I was greatly moved by his departure. I had grown very fond of him.

He said: 'Gerhard, as you love me, love everthing that lives.'

How could I answer that? Not a word came from my lips but I understood what he meant. Then he left and I waited for what was to happen.

Finally, and how I had longed for it, the time came again for me to visit earth. I was warned to be ready by high spirits who were associated with the master Alcar. I was prepared, Jozef, and I waited for this great and rewarding time to come.

To earth to give an account of my life

I could find you using my own resources and you know how, I need not tell you any more about it. I feel that the end of our reunion is approaching. I wish it would last years so that I could tell you more, but my story has finished, Jozef. I have learned much about life in the few years since passing over. But just think how much a spirit from the fourth, fifth, six or seventh sphere would be able to tell you. Do you feel that life is eternal? That man on earth can't digest this? I live in the first sphere and there are six above mine, about which you have already told in your books. These spheres will remain invisible to me for hundreds of years yet. Nonetheless, I'm happy because the time will come for me to be admitted to them. Will people believe me? No, dear Jozef, they can't. But they who live in the higher spheres don't expect them to. They only ask people on earth to attune their lives to theirs and to change their way of thinking. Once they are here they willingly surrender, for then they will come face to face with the truth and have the choice to accept and improve themselves or to remain spiritually dead for many years, in the same way they lived, thought and felt on earth. I thank God for the privilege of telling you my own story. If I had not worked on myself I would have followed my own way and not the one of those who live here and teach us. I would probably have cried my eyes out like those who live in my previous sphere and still know nothing about this life. Thank God that my eyes were opened.'

Gerhard paused before I heard him saying: 'Master Alcar, how can

I thank you? But I know that you do not want any thanks. Perhaps the only way to show my gratitude and to make you happy is my promise to keep doing my best and to work on myself and for others with all my heart.'

I heard Alcar say: 'God bless you! When I have some more work for you I shall let you know again.'

I saw Gerhard bow his head deeply to Alcar and he continued: 'Jozef, I thank you for everything you have given me. How difficult it is for me to part from you. For the time being I'll stay on earth for I'm going to try to guide my family to the spiritual road. I don't know whether I will succeed, for their faith stops them. Would you give them a copy of this book when it is published? Please try; I'll influence them so that they will read it. I'll pray to God for support, my teacher and grandfather will help me. Perhaps I'll reach one of them.

When your time comes to pass over you can be sure that I'll be one of the shades who'll help you in your final hours. You'll see me before you pass over, Jozef, and then we will be together forever. This joyous occasion will surely come! What happiness! With love I'll return to you.

Carry on writing, Jozef, many should know about it. If but only a few are reached the masters will be satisfied and happy and our mutual work rewarded. May God give that this happens.

Once I lived on earth and now I am in eternity, I am not dead but live on forever.

I close my eyes now for everything comes to an end apart from love and eternal life.

Dear Jozef, I'm going now in silence, back to my teacher in the spirit. Farewell, Jozef.

Your Gerhard.'

Gerhard faded away behind the veil. I knew he lived there and that I would meet him again. All others live there where there is light and eternal happiness.

Dear reader, what can I add to this. I would only reduce their honest

and sincere statements. I'll leave quietly too. But first I thank God for the mercy that I served as a medium to those who have left us and return. May it convince some people and open their eyes.

The Hague 1937

Jozef Rulof

*Have no fear of death
For eternal life is within you.*

ALCAR.