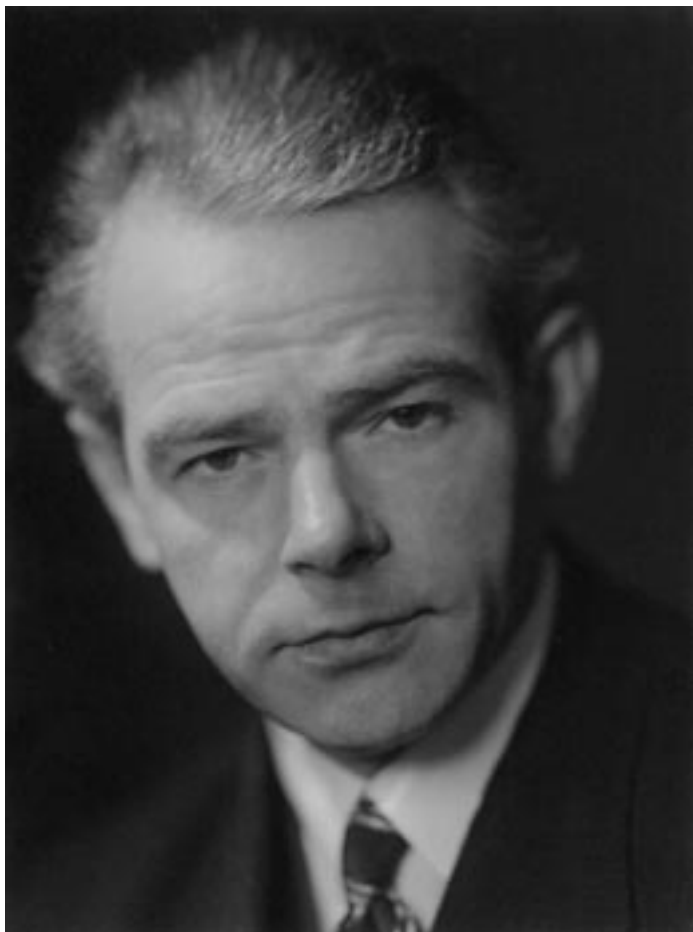


Jozef Rulof

Through the Grebbeline to Eternal Life



THROUGH THE GREBBE-LINE
TO ETERNAL LIFE



Jozef Rulof

1942

JOZEF RULOF

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GREBBE-LINE
TO ETERNAL LIFE

e-book

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Jozeif 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. Jozeif 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 Jozeif 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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PREFACE

Dear reader,

I also received this book from the Side Beyond. The intelligence which it passed onto me was brought to me by my guide, Alcar. He allowed me to tell about his life, his death on the battle field during the May days of 1940 and about his entrance into the spiritual world.

May this book also help to convince you of your 'eternal' life.

Jozef Rulof

INTRODUCTION

It is a great mercy to me that I have been able to tell about my life through an earthly medium, and I am very grateful to God for this. I could never have believed it possible when I was on earth.

My father, who was waiting for me and helped me when I entered the world of the spirit, and his twin soul are here and will remain here with me until the book has been recorded. I thank them both from the bottom of my heart for everything which I was able to receive from them during my life on earth and here on the other side of the grave.

I see now for the first time how simple it is to speak through an earthly medium, if this world is ready for this. On earth I already sought along with my father for the pure, real spiritual contact, however, we were often cheated.

Now is the moment there that I may start to narrate. The master says that I have to pass on everything with regard to my father and me, because it is worthwhile and is significant. It is the most beautiful gift which God could give me. So I bow my head in deep humiliation.

I really hope that the book will reach many people and convince them of the sacred truths which it contains.

CHAPTER I

My youth

WE lived in Amsterdam where my father had an ironmonger's shop. He was able to give my mother and I a good life with the money he earned there. Our life would have been wonderful if there had not been any disruptions, which destroyed our happiness. My mother carried the blame for it. Although there was nothing wrong with her, she did not need to deny herself anything, she still wished for a different kind of life. She would have preferred to go out and party than to look after her small household, she put dancing and other leisure activities before the happiness with her husband and child.

I only started to see her as she was when I was older. But as a child, I already felt that she missed the love which I knew other mothers had. I was not pampered by her, or cuddled, or spoiled, as my friends were by their mothers, although I was her only child. She had nothing to give; she was empty and cold. Father, who saw this and suffered as a result, tried to make up for this lack. He only partly managed to do this; I continued to want my mother's love. She was so restless that she did not make any time for me; rather, I irritated her with my dependency, my demands for affection. She pushed me away from her time and again, and sighed that children were just a nuisance. So her heart remained closed to me. As young as I was, I searched for the reason for it, but I was only able to discover this later.

She did not need us. Mother did not look for her happiness in her family and preferred to spend her time outside the home. Where and how I gathered from the words which father and mother exchanged when mother sometimes came home in the middle of the night, inflamed by drink and having fun, and father was waiting for her.

Father was patient with her for a long time. He kept on trying to convince her that she was busy throwing herself away and he begged her to give up those low-life pleasures.

‘Your child and I need you’, he was in the habit of saying, ‘of course, I want you to have your fun and your time out, but do not look for it on your own.’ But however much father argued, pleaded and begged, mother continued to follow her own dark path. She called father a dull man, who had more of an eye for his books than for the rights of a healthy, lively woman.

For her part, she made every effort to convince him to come with her. She would show him life and promised him all the fun the world had to offer, but father refused to take part in that debauchery.

It was a terrible conflict for years on end. The situation in our house was tragic, where happiness could have reigned if mother had shared father’s views on life, marriage and the family.

It was especially clear to me that father suffered as a result of all of this when I was seven years old and once listened to a conversation which father had with a lady in the shop. Mother was more irritable than ever that day and had already shouted at father a few times without any reason, so that he just preferred to stay in the shop. Then she could no longer tolerate me and sent me to father with a few ugly curses. Just as I was entering the shop, I heard father say: ‘...I do what I can to make things pleasant for her, but I cannot do a thing with her. She leaves no stone unturned in order to sour my life and the life of the child. And I am powerless and cannot make her change her mind.’

The lady replied with: ‘You do not need to tell me anything; we neighbours know what is going on. But there is something everywhere you look, there is no peace and harmony anywhere on earth. So many people have to cope with one thing or another which makes their lives hell. As long as you know that it is our own fault.’

‘Our own fault?’ I heard father ask in amazement. ‘But... do

I not do enough then to...'

The lady interrupted him at this point: 'I have read a lot and got hold of some good books and they have changed me. As a result of them I have started to look at things differently. I tell you it is our own fault, it is the cause and result which we must undergo, these books taught me. In the past I would have laughed at those truths, now I think differently about them. I now know that we have experienced several lives; in those lives we did a lot of wrong things. Now, in this life, we have to try and make up for these mistakes, or be released from them. But I advise you to read the books yourself. As a result of them I got to know myself and other people. I experienced a lot of misery and trouble, but now I am pleased about it. I have learned to bow my head. If you want to borrow them from me, I will bring them round today.'

This is how it happened. The friendly lady brought the books to father. Immediately after the shop was closed, he started to read them. They made my father more serious than ever; every hour that he was free, he used to delve further into the books. After these books he bought himself new books, he kept on buying more. This was enough to make my mother furious and she attacked him as one possessed.

'What kind of rotten books are they! Where did you get these books, minister? You should have become a minister and passed me by, that would have saved me a miserable life. As long as you make sure that those dirty books leave this house, otherwise I will throw them out!'

'The books are staying', my father assured her. And again, as so often in the past, he tried to calm her anger and bring her to other, better thoughts. He even went so far as to try and persuade her that she should read the books as well. It would calm her down, he said, and open her eyes.

This is not the place to reiterate the swearing and cursing with which mother answered father.

As if she had given up trying to convince father of her views, she stayed away that night. The following day I saw her walking with another man, with her arms firmly round him and in deep conversation. She did not see me. I thought it was necessary to tell father this. For the last time, father, who still loved her despite everything, tried for a reconciliation with her. Her farewell was brief.

‘I want a divorce and as soon as possible!’

The divorce came through and my mother was denied her parental rights. Now mother had got what she wanted, nothing tied her down anymore, she was free to live the life of pleasure, which she had longed for all those years.

Despite everything father and I missed her. We only got used to it after a while that she was no longer there.

Then a quiet, deeply happy time started for us both. I finished school and then helped father in the shop. He encouraged this. Because, as he said, the business would belong to me one day. Father often went walking with me, he took me into nature and told me a lot about plants and animals. He was occupied with his books even more than before, with the difference, that he could now talk about what he read. He read whole parts aloud to me and a new world opened up to me. Because all those books told about life, which was eternal. About death, hell and heaven. Even if I did not nearly understand everything, I did not tire of listening to father.

As a result of the books father made new friends and they were the ones who invited us to be present at the ‘seances’, which they held regularly and whereby they came into contact with dead people, spirits, or intelligences, as they called them. I was sixteen years old when I was present for the first time at one of those seances. Soon father and I were there once a week.

CHAPTER II

In contact with the Side Beyond

THE objects with which we maintained contact with the Side Beyond were called a cross and board. The cross was a hoop; in the middle of it there was a stick pointing downwards with two crossed strips of wood. The participants held the cross loosely and if an intelligence now wanted to have a word with us, it made the cross move using its powers and with the stick, it tapped the letters which were on the board in alphabetical order. In this way words were formed, from which whole messages emerged.

We always prepared ourselves seriously for the seance evening. We never started without praying first, father also often read a passage from the bible. In this way we did everything in order to let the seance take place in a harmonious atmosphere.

Nevertheless, you must not think that the messages which the Side Beyond passed on to us were always high-principled and spiritual. Only all too often we were shocked by the coarse, sometimes vulgar language, which the spirits passed onto us and as a result of which we felt as though we were in the rough end of Amsterdam. We then felt close to wanting to throw the cross and board into a corner. After all, we were not there for sensation, nor to hear dirty language, or to be presented with lies and deception. But the wise, elevated lessons which reached us, the times that a master revealed himself, stopped us from putting an end to the seances. Father usually asked the questions.

One evening when there was a solemn atmosphere and we were completely ready to give ourselves, a master revealed himself. His words and sentences came across powerfully and clearly.

‘May we know who you are?’ father asked.

The answer came immediately.

‘What does a name matter, friend of the earth. What difference does it make to you whether I give you my name, after all, you will still not know me, will you? But if you still wish to have a name, then call me Johannes.’

‘Johannes!’ father said surprised. ‘But... are you my dead brother then?’

‘No, my friend, if I was, then I would already have told you that. Did you think that I could have kept that to myself? That I would have been able to control myself if I was your brother who had passed over and I was in contact with you again? Know then, that we continue to love our relations and friends, even if we have finished our earthly life. Death does not change anything, my friends, we also retain all our feelings after this life.’

‘We are very grateful to you, good spirit’, father said and continued with: ‘May we ask you some questions?’

‘Do that, I am waiting for them.’

Father asked: ‘Do you think that there will be a war?’*)

‘Yes, there will be a war, but your country will not be part of the war.’

We were greatly surprised to hear this stated so explicitly. At the same time the terrible implication of the prediction got through to us. So the world was faced with a new war again, which would mean fear and terror for millions of people.

‘Why have new wars come to exist constantly?’ father asked sadly.

‘The meaning of the war for the earth can be traced, but only by us, who live on the other side of the grave. If you knew the purpose of those wars, you would also know the reason for life on earth. Volumes could be written to explain this mighty problem, but that is not our intention.’

‘Would you not like to try anyway?’

‘No, because I would not achieve anything by doing so.’

‘Why not, if I may ask?’

*) These seances took place before World War I, 1914-1918, broke out.

‘Because we would be constantly interrupted anyway.’

‘But could you not make sure that there were no more disturbances? Tell us what we must do about it, we will do anything for it.’

‘It would still not be enough to release us from disturbances at the seances.’

And the following words which were spelled out already proved that the good spirit was right. Because suddenly the cross tapped out: ‘Your mother is here’, and at the same time the cross went to my father. Surprised, he answered: ‘Are you not mistaken? My mother is still alive!’

There was no answer, but the cross continued to turn violently. Gradually, however, it became calmer. Then it spelt out: ‘Are you ready, because we are also ready.’

‘Did you just say that my mother was here?’ was father’s first question.

‘I didn’t, friends. That was a disturbance.’

‘Is there no way of preventing them at all?’

‘We are doing our best. However, there is a lot to it. Have you any more questions?’

‘Will you tell us something about your life, good friend? Is your life like ours; I mean, can you think and feel like on earth?’

‘No’, was the immediate reply, ‘our life is very different to yours. We have finished with the material part, our life is astral, it is spiritual. There is nothing left in us which connects our life with your world. But we can perceive, experience everything in your world if we want to, even if people on earth with you think that we are dead and have therefore dissolved. Accept that there is no death and that life is eternal. And that God, the Creator of all life, is love and does not know hatred. Accept from me that He does not condemn people and that He is not the one, who brings about wars. The proof of His Love is visible to everyone who wants to see. No one in the Spheres of Light will witness to this any differently than I do, because all

of us live in and through His Love. His Love emanates to each of His creatures and one day everyone, with no exceptions, will be taken up into His bliss.'

'We thank you for your words. You make us very happy.'

'What I am telling you is the sacred truth. I try to convince people on earth of eternal life. If I achieve that and if they change their views, they will start to reflect and they will begin a higher life, then the world will also change as a result of this. Because then I will serve, then I will work on a spiritual task and that will bring me more light and a higher heaven. I advise you, also work on yourself, work on other people, serve them, tell them what you heard from me, and you will also gain light. And God's blessing will radiate upon you.'

'We are so grateful to you, master Johannes. May we ask other questions?'

'No, friend, it is enough for this evening. However, I will come back to you. Greetings to you all, but now first pray and then leave it.'

Father prayed aloud and the rest of us prayed with him in serious and respectful gratitude. This evening went really well, in this way we could learn a lot. But if only every seance was like that!

The next time we sat down to a seance, more tense and longing than ever. Master Johannes immediately came to the cross. He spelt out: 'Greetings, my friends. Life on our side is great, deep and sincere. If there is light in you and you wish to learn, you can master a lot of things, one day our worlds will also open to you. Then you can go where you like. We have finished with our bodies. We float through the universe, which belongs to us. Everything which is to be found in our sphere and in the spheres underneath belongs to us, they are our reward. And that is not so very small. The further we are in spirit, the greater our knowledge of God's mighty laws, the more beautiful our life and surroundings will become. Why am I telling you this

and why will I keep telling you this? In order to inspire you to work on yourself, so that you will soon enter this glory. Because know that these earthly pleasures, earthly life, are all only temporary; our happiness, our life, on the other hand, is eternal! So do not despair, but work without stopping on increasing your love with regard to the life of God.'

'Can you tell us about life in your heaven?'

'Of course, my friend. But in order to tell you about that, I would have to have ten evenings without interruptions. Only then could I give you an idea of the sacredness of our side.'

'But that is possible, anyway, isn't it, master Johannes?'

'That is what you think, but it is not that simple. You will experience that, because disruptions will not go away. But continue to believe in me, even if I am forced from the cross, and my powers do not appear to be capable of controlling the disruptions.'

'No, master, we will always believe in you!'

Deeply convinced, father spoke these words on behalf of all of us.

'No one on earth knows himself, my friend', was spelt out on the board, to our surprise.

'What do you mean now, master?'

'I mean to say that one day you will give up carrying on with the seances, anyway. And that is probably the best thing as well, at least, for you.'

Then why am I still here and why do I make an effort to pass on my lessons? Because you will never forget them and you will be grateful for them in the future.'

Those words sounded mysterious. Father did not know what to say to them. It was silent for a moment and then – in order to steer the conversation in a different way – father asked the question which had already occupied us for some time and was often discussed by us: 'Have you already seen Christ?'

'I was allowed to have a glimpse into His holy Life, but to see

Him means something entirely different, after all.'

'But we are taught on earth that if we have led a good life, after this life we will be with Christ?'

'Those who teach you that do not know about Eternal Life. Yet we can admire God's holy Child, you and I, and when we want to. This sounds strange, doesn't it? If I want to see Christ, my friends, then I tune into His holy Life, I will then see Him passing over the earth, I will see Him talking and meditating, I will see Him on the cross at Golgotha and I will then bow deeply. You can also do that, His life on earth is familiar to you. But 'to see' Christ, as He now is, to be with God's son, no, that is not possible for you and me. The thought alone is mocking His Holiness. And to believe that we, you and I, can receive the Body and Blood of Christ in our state, as you learned on earth, is a terrible sacrilege. But which one of us is worthy of this? No, see Christ in His life on earth, reflect on its sacredness and bow deeply to it. And then He will be with you, because you will follow Him in His holy Life.'

The cross floated for a moment above the board, as if to give everyone the opportunity to allow the words to be absorbed.

Then master Johannes continued with: 'Go to Golgotha, people of the earth, climb Mount Calvary and pray for strength in order to be able to look up at God's Child, hanging on the cross. Try to understand what kind of love must have moved Him to let Himself be nailed to the cross. At Golgotha you will not be asked to drink His holy Blood, but to learn lessons, which He, descending to earth from the highest heaven, wanted to give humanity. You and we, for our part, will then be connected through Christ with God and His laws. 'I am the way, the truth and the life', Christ said. 'No one comes to the Father than through Me.' By following Him, we, you and I and all people, will one day be with Him. But then we, like He, will have to give everything, we will have to be completely like Him! If we are to possess His Divine Love, His Divine Wisdom and

His Divine Power!

Deeply impressed, after these solemn words, we carried out master Johannes' request to pray. For a long time we sat quietly together and reflected upon his message. Filled with gratitude, we thanked God that we were gifted with maintaining such contact with souls who had passed over, people like us, who thought and worked, and in all their happiness did not forget the souls who still plodded on in the sphere of the earth in order to master a higher life.

At the next seance, the first question which father asked was: 'Is there a purgatory and a hell, master Johannes?'

'A hell and a purgatory', the answer immediately and clearly came from the master, 'not as you were taught, no, we do not have that here. There are hells here and there is a purgatory, but different, entirely different than you were told. Do you really believe that a God of Love can approve that His Life will burn eternally in a hell? That will never be possible!'

'So eternal damnation does not exist?'

'No.'

'But the church says that, after all, and millions of people accept this on its authority, however terrible and contradictory they find the existence of that hell.'

'One day everyone will know that an eternal hell does not exist, that God does not condemn His own Life, cannot condemn.'

'Can you tell us more about this?'

'Friends of the earth, how I would like to tell you everything I know about God's laws. But you would not understand me, anyway. Perhaps in the future, wait patiently. Now just remember everything which I tell you this evening. Think about it, serve and do good.'

'It is often difficult, master Johannes, to know what is good and what is evil.'

'You have to learn to sense it yourself. Test everything you do

with love. Test everything with pure Divine love and you will no longer be able to do wrong. You will then learn to sense what is good and what is wrong. I am with you, I will follow you and help you. He who searches for the light, will get help from those who already possess the light and want to be a beacon. These are laws and powers which work for everyone who seriously wants to start a higher spiritual life.'

'It is wonderful what you are giving us. And the way it is going during the last seances, without any disturbances at all. How can this suddenly be the case?' father wanted to know.

'Do not clap your hands too soon, friend. By talking in this way alone, you can be the cause of the disturbances.'

'I don't understand, master.'

'The way of asking questions is of great importance to how the seances go. But now I cannot go into this any further. Have you any more questions?'

'Yes, one question, which has occupied us more than once and which no one has answered. You told us that a new war would break out. Can God not stop this war?'

'No, it is not possible for Him!' master Johannes' answer came quickly and decisively.

'But you yourself kept calling God a Father of Love.'

'Exactly, good friend, but God has nothing, do you hear, nothing to do with your wars. We people and only we are to blame for the coming war, remember this. We wanted this war, all of us, who live on earth and here on the side beyond. Can you accept this?'

'No', father said hesitantly, and he frowned deeply. 'No, we do not understand that.'

'I am speaking the sacred truth. But there is a good side to the war. As a result of all the misery, we learn that we cannot progress further with hate and violence and that only love for one another can bring us happiness and peace.'

'And are all these terrible things necessary for this purpose?'

‘Terrible things, my friend, which we bring upon ourselves! Humanity and humanity alone is the reason for the misery in the world, because anyone who lives according to God’s laws does not create any misery and so does not have to fear any misery! But it is God’s gain, because precisely as a result of these terrible things, the masses will learn, the individual will learn, as I already said, to cast aside evil and to search for good.’

‘But, how, master?’

‘Hold your tongue, dopehead!’

We got a terrible fright. We had to accept that a mocking ghost had forced master Johannes off the board. With regret we came to admit that disturbances could not be avoided. Even a spirit of the light, a master could not prevent them!

Father asked hesitantly: ‘Are you still there, master Johannes?’

‘Yes!’ was the answer, which was spelt out.

‘But... why did you change so much?’

Distrust could clearly be heard in father’s voice.

‘I have not changed, idiot.’

Slowly, hesitantly, the cross tapped out the letters. From this it could also be seen that another influence was controlling the cross. Not really knowing what to do, we followed the uncertain, wavy moments of the cross. Suddenly it addressed the board again and now wrote with force and without hesitation: ‘Stop now and pray. Go dancing with your wife, give her that.’

Now what? Were these the final words again of master Johannes? Or was it still the mocking spirit who spelt them out? But how could it be that they came through so clearly and without mistakes or uncertainty and without any swearing, as in the previous sentences of the interrupter?’

Holding seances was difficult, after all, everyone thought. We departed with mixed feelings. It was especially difficult for my father, finally the advice written down was his concern, to adjust purely to the strange event. He blamed himself that he had not asked any good questions, so that the disturbance was

caused by him.

‘Everything was going so well’, he complained on the way home, ‘and then suddenly that mocking spirit! Is there nothing at all that can be done about it? And what should I make of that last part, Theo, was that really master Johannes who came to the cross? If that is the case, and it is possible after all, did I behave wrongly towards mother then? Should I have gone with her? Was it not wrong then what she did? Was it wrong of me to agree to the divorce? Should I have kept her with me precisely and moved heaven and earth to give her better thoughts? Is it not actually cowardly of me to just accept that she has left our lives?’

I did my best to remove his depressing thoughts, but I did not succeed. What happened at the seance would not leave him alone, in all seriousness, he said to me a few days later that he was thinking of going back to mother. The words of the intelligence had made it clear to him that he was still responsible for mother. At least that is how he felt.

‘But what if it was not even master Johannes who said those words and we were involved with a mean trick from the mocking spirit?’ I asked him. He then shrugged his shoulders in despair, if the last part was true, what could you believe about the seances then? If even a master is not capable of preventing such a mean disturbance... But surely an angel has power over a devil?! Was it not all deception and so were all the opponents of spiritualism not right, when they called this carry-on the work of the devil, which decent people should keep well away from? Yes, father was already at this point...

I saw only one salvation and suggested to him to hold a seance together, it would perhaps clarify things as a result of which his depressing thoughts would disappear. He immediately accepted my suggestion and we soon had contact.

‘Why do you allow yourself to become so unbalanced, friend?’ the cross wrote. ‘Can you not distinguish truth from decep-

tion, good from evil then? Did I not already warn you beforehand that there would be disruptions? You told me then that you would always believe in me. How can you listen to the beings who represent lies and deception? It does not credit your personality that a few pathetic words can rob you of your certainty like that. Your wife has chosen her own path. She did not want to be changed by you. You did what you could. Now she will have to learn for herself that she is searching for the wrong thing. Life alone can still teach her, not you. So you are not to blame, my friend, accept this from me. Do not interfere in her life anymore, and do not immediately believe the nonsense which mocking spirits want to present you with.'

Ashamed, and in a soft tone my father answered: 'Thank you, master Johannes, can you forgive me?'

'Let this be a lesson to you.'

'But may I ask you this? Can you tell me where those mocking spirits suddenly came from like that, how could they suddenly overcome us like that?'

'It was you yourself who attracted them. The misery of your married life still lives in you, even if you were not thinking about it during the seance.'

'But how could those spirits know that at that moment?'

'That is very simple, they read it in your aura', master Johannes answered briefly and severely.

'Am I so bad then?'

'That has nothing to do with bad, my friend. At the time when you hold a seance you are completely open to the Side Beyond.'

'Also to bad beings?'

'Unfortunately, yes, also to darkness.'

'Can nothing be done about it then?' Father asked this, in despair.

'No, not for the moment.'

'And can you not prevent the demons from disrupting our evenings either, master Johannes?'

‘No. For that matter, they are not demons, a demon does not come to you, dear friend. A dark spirit is not a demon. They are unfortunate people, if you wish to know.’

‘And would they be able to read our auras then, master? It is difficult to accept.’

‘Yet that is the way it is.’ Quietly but strongly the cross tapped out the letters, steered by the spirit of the light. It was a pleasure to see the sentences being constructed.

‘When you hold a seance, your emotional life is completely open. So you still live on earth amongst the darkness. But you possess light. Is it so difficult to understand then that the unfortunate people on our side, who are destined to darkness and cold, come here to warm themselves by you and others? If one of you has even a single thought tuned into them, then a connection will already take place, and it is as a result of this that the higher being disappears. Then you experience that nonsense spelt out. They cannot cause any more misery, these beings who are not demons. Demons have animal poison in them, achieving a connection with them can mean insanity for you.’

‘Will it therefore always remain difficult to get good seances, master? Is this environment not good for holding seances?’

‘Different dark influences indeed live here, but it is the same everywhere. Of course, every room, every house has its own harmony, which is created by those who live there. But imagine that you hold a seance in the open, that your room is therefore open to every spirit, whether it is in the light or in the dark. I will now advise you of the following. Always try to empty your mind during the seances, it will never be completely possible, for this is too great a skill, but at least do the best you can. I have to disengage the thoughts and emotions of you and the other people present in order to at least make it difficult for the interrupters to get through to you. After all, the emptier your mind, the less the lower beings can read into your emotions and the easier it is for me to control you and absorb you into

my life. It will be for the good of what I have to tell you.'

'We will try to do what you say. But may I ask another question? Perhaps I am asking it inadequately, but... Do these spirits also know my wife?'

'Of course they know her, they can follow her, after all. Do you not understand it yet at all? The astral being reads the longings in her aura, which are present in her. It is a person himself who opens wide the doors of his soul and lets the lower beings in. And the dark ones keep on coming back, after all, they want to experience things on earth.'

'How awful, master. So they have a good time through her?'

'That is the way it is, my friend. Only when she sees the wrong of her actions and starts to resist her low-life longings with all her strength and finally conquers them, only then will she be freed from these beings, which she now attracts herself, after all. They will leave her, because there will be nothing more for them to experience through her.'

The words which the cross now tapped out, surprised me and also father.

Master Johannes wrote: 'Your son must try to write one day. I will then try to record through him what I have to say to you. It will be quicker this way.'

The cross became still. I fetched some paper and a pencil and sat down, full of excitement, waiting for the things which were to come. We did not have to wait long, soon my hand started to move without me doing anything and it wrote letters, words and sentences.

'My child, I want to try to write through you. Empty your mind, if you want to give yourself completely I will be able to give you spiritual nourishment. Do not think for yourself, it will be me who...'

But we were greatly disappointed because suddenly a mocking spirit forced master Johannes away, he made himself master of my hand and wrote: 'So, brat, do you still have to start? Do

they want you to be a spirit? Go to school instead, monkey, or throw caution to the winds. What are you doing here anyway? Let your mother make you some porridge and then go to bed.'

I threw away the pencil, but at father's insistence, who said that we had to persist, I picked up the pencil again anyway. We waited.

Then my hand wrote: 'You have to be patient, friends, because there are disruptions. I cannot do anything about it, you have to get through it, if you want to have good seances. Patience is needed for this. It is not easy to become a good medium, you have to give everything for that. Neither you or anyone in the universe gets anything for nothing. This is the writing medium gift, but as a result of inspiration. The following will happen. I will connect my feelings to your feelings. You may not think, I already told you, because then you will disturb me. So you must release yourself from your earthly worries. I will push my thoughts through you, so you will know beforehand what your hand will write down.'

'It is wonderful, master Johannes', father said, when he saw that my hand was still and he had read what was written.

'May I ask you a question?'

'No', my hand wrote, and it was remarkable that I did indeed already know what would come, 'it is enough for this evening, your son would become too tired and that must not happen. I do not want to exhaust him. Now I bid you good night, I will go but I will be back.'

My hand remained still, now that the powers which controlled it had disappeared. So I had the gift of a writing medium, the spirits could reach me and pass on their messages through me. Father's face was radiant, he was so happy with the possibilities, which this method of communication offered in order to convince other souls of eternal life. But it was strange, I myself could not be happy with it. It was impossible for me to express the feeling I had, but I was not keen to write... However, so as

not to temper father's enthusiasm, I remained silent. He kept bringing the subject up again.

'How wonderful it is, Theo, that you are allowed to write. How many people are able to do that and are allowed to do that? We will shake them awake, make them wiser, convince them that there is no death, but only life. Master Johannes will help us. He will give us spiritual nourishment for all those people who long to be able to know. We must do our best, son, perhaps we will get good seances. So let's do exactly what master Johannes said, empty our minds, not think and tune ourselves into the higher things.'

At the following seance we were with the others again. The cross lay with the point upwards on the board, we had laid our hands loosely on it. Suddenly it started to move, it went upwards and came back. However, while the first letters were being tapped out, I started to feel sleepy, but it soon went away again. Then my hand reached for the pencil lying ready and it started to write.

'If there is light in you, why are you still in despair? Why do you keep thinking of the war which is threatening? But you were supposed to tune into the higher life, weren't you?'

Father read what was written with surprise.

'Can you follow our thoughts so sharply, master?' he asked.

'I already told you that before. Put those bad thoughts out of your head. Otherwise, you know that, you will draw wrong influences towards you. Tune into us and banish earthly misery from your thoughts. Only follow those things which give you joy and peace. And now, ask your questions, if you have any.'

'Did you pass over long ago, master?' father then asked, who had already remarked to us before that he would like to know a bit more about master Johannes, his personality and his life.

'What is long, what is time, my friend, if life is eternal? We do not know time here in the spheres, life here is eternal, even if the spheres will dissolve one day.'

‘But does that not mean that there is an end, after all?’

‘Yes and no. In the sense that you mean, yes, but as far as we know, no. We have earned the spheres, the heaven, in which we live, it is our reward. However, we do not stand still, we work on ourselves more and more powerfully, our love for the life of God becomes more and more spiritual, greater and greater, our knowledge of His Laws becomes more conscious and in this way we go higher and higher, we penetrate God’s World deeper and deeper, just as long as until we have reached the All, the Divine Spheres. Then the underlying spheres will dissolve, but nevertheless they will not disappear, and this is because they are our reward, and we can build them up again for ourselves by simply tuning into them in order to be in complete unity with them. Can you feel this?’

‘Not completely, master, but we will think about it.’

‘Try to master love and you will build a sphere of light. The happiness which awaits you there will be great. So great that it cannot be described. I would like to tell you many things about our world, the world which awaits you. But ask me.’

After a slight hesitation, father asked: ‘Are you a man or a woman, master?’

‘Didn’t I know it, that you would ask me this question sooner or later? But, friend, what does it matter if you know? In the sphere we feel neither like a man or a woman. We feel like *both*. Does this surprise you?’

‘Yes, very much even, after all, we have never heard of that. I have not read anything about that yet in the books either.’

‘I was following you when you were reading. It was in the books. However, you did not feel this depth.’

‘Can you tell us more about this, master?’

But we would not receive any more that evening. I got the feeling that disruptions were threatening, because my hand suddenly wrote: ‘Perhaps at the following seance, you must stop now. Greetings and leave after the prayers.’

Father and I held a seance the following evening, we did not need to wait long, my hand soon started to write.

‘I am in your midst again, friends of the earth, children of eternity, in order to bring you spiritual nourishment. I greet you. You are connected to eternal life. On the way here your love and longing for spiritual help already came to me. I am grateful for your feelings.’

‘Do you want to tell us more now, master, about ‘being a man and a woman’ in the spheres?’

Immediately after this question, my hand began to write. ‘In order to let you understand everything properly, I would have to give you a cosmic image; however, then you would not be able to follow me. I will do my best to explain everything as simply as possible, so that it will at least be clear to you to a certain degree.’

Of course, we are not genderless in the spheres, we are of course either a man or a woman. But there is a difference between your situation and ours, namely, an earthly person who is still material and is not spiritually tuned, feels like either a man or a woman, he only knows the feelings which belong to his or her gender. However, we, who have discarded the earthly body, feel universal, our emotional life is tuned to the universe. We feel like both man and woman, feel like both father and mother. We mastered the feelings of *both*, which was only possible after much conflict. We started to feel universal and love universally! So we feel like neither man nor woman, because we feel like *both*. And accept this from me as well: also God, the Creator of all life, is father and mother.’

Deeply impressed with what master Johannes wrote down, father allowed himself to take in the words. But before he could ask another question, a terrible disturbance destroyed the sacredness of the moment. While we thought about the words of the master, my hand lay quietly on the paper in expectation of a new question. Then I suddenly felt a severe cramp coming

into my hand. Thinking that master Johannes wanted to start writing again, I let my hand go. However, we got the fright of our lives when we read: 'How people can search, can't they? Yuck, what pathetic creatures you are.'

'Are you a mocking spirit?' father uttered.

'Mocking spirit, mocking spirit?' was written down and we felt the sarcasm in the words. The hand continued: 'But what are you searching for in our world? Is there not enough to experience where you are? But search for it in your own world, there is such a lot to be had there. A nice drink, women. Delicious. You are the living dead, you are not alive.'

I threw the pencil away. But father convinced me to take it up again.

'Perhaps it is an unhappy person, whom we can help. We can do good work', he argued. I took up the pencil again and sentences were immediately formed.

'I can tell you a lot. There is the mother, for example, one person searches for it with the mother, but he is father. If you have nothing from either of them, you feel really cheated. Then you are genderless, so to speak. You are really dopey, say. Completely dopey.'

I looked at father.

'Do we have to continue with this?' I asked him. He nodded. Against my will I released my hand.

'I am just saying, you either like a drink, or you don't.'

'Who are you?', father asked.

'Piet Hein, but I miss my silver fleet and that is a great pity.' Father and I had to laugh for a moment.

'So you are a mocking spirit, aren't you?' father asked. I wanted to stop, put the pencil aside, but my hand held it tightly. So they wanted to continue writing.

'No, do not stop. You have to let me finish.'

'Then tell me who you are', father started to say.

'I will tell you, but then believe me and do not laugh at me. I

am Napoleon, that small, but extremely powerful man, that Corsican, you know. It is wonderful to talk to you.'

'Surely you are not trying to maintain that you are Napoleon, are you?'

'No, I am just kidding.'

'You are unhappy. You must start a different, better life. A life like this is nothing, it is cold and empty.'

'Is that what you think, wretch', was the immediate reply. 'Do you think that you know it, iron king? That you could help me? I will sort that out myself, I do not need you for that. You will just help me from the frying pan into the fire anyway. And I do not like your faces. You should have dealt with your wife better. Then she would not have run off.'

Father got a fright. 'Where did you get that from?'

'You see that I know that!'

'I have no reply to that nonsense', father said. And continued: 'I am asking you, can we help you?'

'Yes, but not with a little bit of praying. Downstairs in your hardware store there are things which make me shiver. I am drawn to them and have to keep looking at them. Will you get rid of them?'

'What is annoying you there then?'

'Those axes. If you knew me, you would run off.'

'Are you so dangerous then?'

'I am only dangerous when I see axes. Otherwise I will eat out of your hand.'

We had to laugh. But my hand immediately wrote: 'Do you have to laugh at that? It is pitiful enough. I hate axes. You can murder people with them. And every hit strikes home as well.'

Father shrugged his shoulders. 'You would be better to...'
Before father could finish, my hand wrote: 'Just stop your moaning. Instead do what I ask. And now just go to sleep. Do you understand me, gentlemen? Sleep – and I will lie down amongst you – the peace which comes over me... I will sleep for eter-

nity, and... forget. Sometimes I would like to write poetry. Where does it come from? I do not know. Listen... your house-keeper is no good. You should have hired a different one. Then I could have felt some warmth. Like then. This one is too dry, much too dry. This one does not want anything. I am at home here and I have rights as well. Your own wife was a darling. She loved it, she was of use to me. Will you do it, will you hire another one? It is boring here, you know. I have been living here for so long. I have to live here, even if I wanted to leave. It is deadly serious for me.'

'Did you commit suicide?' father asked tensely.

'Something like that. I killed and you may not kill. Take care of the axes later. They are going to drive me mad sometime. But damn it, if you...'

I threw away the pencil and went to wash my hands. My reluctance to write had grown into antipathy. I would not be a part of that nonsense, I decided. Father was not very keen on it anymore either. It was a pity about the wonderful seances with master Johannes, but at the end of the day you were never certain that it was him and only him who addressed us.

A person who had committed suicide lived in our house. It had to be dangerous to hold seances there. We decided to stop the seances completely. Father wanted to leave the house. He thought that here he would never be released from the misery which he had had to endure through the years.

We moved to Rotterdam where father bought a shop. I managed it mainly, while he rested and read. If the longing to renew contact with the Side Beyond overcame us now and again, the horrible memory of the countless disruptions was enough not to proceed. However, we did read and kept thinking about the beautiful, often deep words of master Johannes.

In this way a number of peaceful years passed. Father became quieter and quieter, his health deteriorated. I did not believe that I would have him with me for much longer.

CHAPTER III

My father's end

I was almost nineteen years old when my father passed over. He had already been preparing himself for death for some time. Over the years we had built up a good relationship. With a few words we understood each other. He often talked about death, then he seemed like a sage, for whom dying held no more secrets. The books and master Johannes had revealed a lot to him about life after death, he thought about it deeply and he gained peace as a result of it, which made him think about his approaching end without fear.

One evening he said: 'Before I die, Theo, my boy, we have to arrange something. It must be possible for me to reach you from that world, I would like to tell you a lot about what I see and experience there.'

'But how do you want to reach me, father?'

'You are a gifted medium, after all.'

I shrugged. In the years since I let my hand write, I had become suspicious of my so-called gifts as a medium. A book which I had read and which appeared reliable in every aspect, did not place much value on this type of writing. '...What is written down usually comes straight from the subconscious of the person whose hand is being used', was the judgement. I was happy to accept it.

'When I am there and I come to you', father continued, 'I will write through your hand. Our contact is already wonderful now, so it will certainly continue to be so over there. In any case I will pray there to be allowed to go to you. We should put something down in writing now. Then I can show you from there that it is me. I will sort this out, Theo.'

'And if I were to die before you?'

‘You will not die first. I will go before you, I know that’, was father’s definite answer.

‘How can you be so sure of that?’ I asked.

‘I cannot tell you that, but I feel it. You will see. I have been tired recently, Theo, so extremely tired.’

‘Will I call a doctor then?’

Father agreed, even if he claimed that he could no longer be helped. He would not be around for much longer.

The doctor came and examined father. He found his heart a bit weak, but he did not see any serious danger.

‘You are still too young to leave us’, he said jokingly.

A while ago at father’s request I had taken on a servant. He was so adept and honest that I could let him take over the business for part of the day. I spent those hours with father. Our contact became even closer, I often found the moments sacred when we sat together like that and he told me about his precious books. What a deep thinker he is, I thought then, and what a good, honest character he has. Sometimes it appeared to me that he already lived in that other world, he would be lying there so quietly, reflecting, with a smile on his lips.

Once, after the doctor had left and had emphatically reassured him again that he would get better and the tiredness would leave him, he was lying quietly like that again.

Suddenly he began to speak: ‘It’s amazing what a person can experience, Theo. Just listen to this. I was in a completely different world just a moment ago. While the doctor was examining me, I got the feeling that someone was taking me away from here. I cannot describe it clearly. In any case I was far away from here. You were with me and so was mother. But here it comes. When the doctor had almost finished with his examination and he told me that I would definitely get better, I was shocked to hear a voice saying: ‘You will not get better, you will soon come here, where life is eternal.’

I knew that voice, it sounded so familiar. Then I came back

here. I wanted to open my eyes, but I could not. You thought that I was sleeping. I called you. But yet it was not I who called. Do you think that is strange?’ father added softly.

I had listened anxiously to father.

‘If I were you, I would have a sleep now. You need a lot of rest’, I insisted. ‘You are not leaving yet, you are too young yet to die.’

‘Do you not believe what I experienced, Theo? You are not afraid of me dying, are you? We have to prepare ourselves for it. We will still talk a lot. I will tell you everything I think and experience. I am grateful for what my short life has brought me.’

‘Father, the doctor...’

He smiled then, like someone who knows. ‘God is Love, Theo. I am not afraid of dying, now that I may enter His Eternity soon. There is a peace within me, son, and that is all due to my books. Will you also read them, Theo? And will you later be open to me when I am there?’

With a lump in my throat I promised him that, but at the same time I insisted that he went to sleep now.

How I loved him. The past few months, since we had been talking so intimately with each other, I felt that I had become a great deal older. Do not believe that we were always serious, oh no, our characters were cheerful and we could laugh heartily and have fun like jolly children. However, I felt more mature than the young men of my age whom I came into contact with; ready for the serious things, which life would certainly also show me. The need to read now became continually stronger in me, I was no different to father in this aspect.

I did not have friends, I did not look for them, although father was very keen for me to do so; I did not need them. Father was everything to me, I would definitely never find a better friend. He was a father and a mother to me. Yes, he even taught me to love my mother who had run away. Father was great, and the thought of having to be without him, as a result of which I would be left without a father and a mother and a

friend, frightened me, gave me great grief. Because I knew as well as he that he was going to die. The doctor was wrong. This wisdom lived under my heart, exactly like it did with father.

Are dying people more sensitive than healthy people? I wondered about that during those days, when father kept giving me proof of this thought. He rang his bell, and when I came to him, he looked me in the eye. Gazing into my eyes, he took my hand.

‘You will miss me, Theo, I feel it, won’t you?’

‘I push the thought aside, father, that you will leave me. But the thought keeps coming back.’

‘I actually want to ask you to think about it, my son. Think a lot about dying, because in this way you will become reconciled to it. We are not like the majority of people. I am not imagining anything, you know that. But we are not afraid of death, are we? They are afraid to enter eternal life, they loathe it in their hearts. We know that it is the greatest thing that God can give people. Or do you see it differently, Theo?’

‘No, father.’ This came from the bottom of my heart, because I was also convinced of the eternity of life.

‘However, you do not want to lose me yet, those feelings keep coming to me.’

‘So you felt that?’

‘Felt? What is feeling, Theo? It is more, I know, it seems as if it is being said inside you. I reflect a lot now, I go back to my childhood, and consider everything which followed. It is good, I now know, that mother went her own way, I could not have taught her anything anyway. She will bring much suffering upon herself, but only as a result of this will she learn. She will accumulate mistakes, but one day she will feel remorse and she will stop. I feel myself becoming older every second. Is that because I am really ill? Does illness awaken the emotional side of a person? It must be the case. Everything in our life has meaning. You feel that I am your father and mother, I am both to you. How is it that we think and feel with such unity, that we can

mean so much to each other? That must also have a reason. I believe that I know what that reason is. I cannot tell you yet. I might be able to soon.'

'Now you really must rest, father. You are tiring yourself too much.'

That evening he gave me a sealed envelope. I had to give it to the doctor for safekeeping, he said.

'When I am there, I hope to pass on to you what is written here. *No one* knows what is written there, only *I* know. It will be a wonderful piece of proof. Now put it away and give it to the doctor tomorrow.'

'Shall I read aloud a bit, father?'

'I prefer to talk now, my son. I have so much to tell. We can always read later.'

But he did not talk anymore, he closed his eyes. A great fear came over me. Now he is going to die, I thought. Not knowing what to do, I laid my hands on his forehead, as if I could keep him with me by doing this. But suddenly he opened his eyes and smiled at me. Very calmly, with a clear, powerful voice and yet it was as if he was talking from very far away, he said, while I held his hand in mine: 'I am already living there, my son, and yet I am still here. I know now that I am old, very, very old. It does not matter what you are or what you do, it matters what you feel. This came to me clearly. Possessing feeling makes you wealthy. You cannot study to obtain it. You do not need to do anything for it. You only have to think, think, and then it will come to you. By thinking your spirit awakens. Here on earth only knowledge is important. But now I know that only *feelings* open the heavens, the universe, to us.

I feel – and so I know, I can now say – I feel what you will do after my death. No one can stop you, but otherwise I would emphatically advise you not to do it. It will be no use to you, you will not get anywhere with it. Because I now know that we cannot experience the life of others. They have to make it themselves.

All of this comes to me just like that, Theo. Is it from myself? I am not yet ready. How I would like to make myself powerful in order to be something. Do not get me wrong. I mean being great in feeling.

I think about a lot of things these days. How I would liked to have become a doctor. But my parents did not have any money. No, it was not really like that. That would not have been the biggest objection. I was not too good at studying. I could not study, because I could not think. Now I can think and all the thoughts about it are coming back. It is strange, I would have liked to have become a doctor, but I now know that that is not really it. That longing is not of this world, it lives there, in eternal life.'

While talking, father had closed his eyes, I was no longer afraid that he would die now in my arms. There was a great peace in both of us. I still held his hand in mine.

'I am only just starting to live now', father continued and his voice remained powerful.

'Others say that I have had my time, but that is not true. My life is only beginning now. My body is getting weaker, yes. It will weaken more every day, you will see. But my spirit is becoming stronger, deeper. And that is what matters. Master Johannes already said it then, his lessons keep coming back to me, I have not forgotten a single one of them. Anyone who lives without knowledge of eternal life is the living-dead. This is why I said that I am only just starting to live now.'

Father was silent then, but not for long. His spirit was not tired, it appeared to be working better than ever.

'It is a mercy, Theo, that you may know this at such a young age. You have become older as a result of it, more mature, more conscious, more serious. Many parents will say that it is not good, as young as you are to involve you in these difficult problems. But I am telling them, that it is very good. You are young and yet an adult and that is good. Then you will not be so

alone when the time comes. Young people need a lot of help. You will be able to help yourself. You will be strong, won't you, my son?'

He pressed my hand firmly.

'Now you must go to sleep, my son. We will continue talking tomorrow.' I left him with his eyes closed and with a beautiful, almost elevated expression on his face. He had apparently entered that far-away world again, that world in which he would soon live for ever. The doctor often came to father and talked a lot to him.

'He is a special person', the doctor told me. 'And with a strong faith. He appears exceedingly rich to me.'

In answer to my question about father's condition, he replied that father had probably had a relapse, but would nevertheless get better. He promised to keep the letter, father had already spoken to him about it.

Father's sensitivity continued to increase. One afternoon he suddenly said to me: 'Did you know, Theo, that you can heal people?'

'What makes you think that, father?' I was greatly amazed.

'You can do it. With your hands. A healing power radiates from your hands. Everyone radiates it, every animal even, they say here where the masters live. But in your case it has developed especially strongly.'

'I would like that. Of course I would like to be a good medium. Then I would be able to do something for people. But I do not have those powers. In any case not that much to be of any use to the world.'

'You have gifts, believe me. You could become a writing medium, you can heal and who knows what else. I felt it when you held my hand. Peace entered me. I felt strong and capable of a lot, but this was your strength.'

I still felt doubtful.

'I will have to see it first, father. I would love it, but then it

must not be incomplete. Being an incomplete medium means nothing to me.'

I realized again how much father thought about everything from the following incident. He thought it was time that we called for the help of a solicitor.

'Because soon, when I am no longer here, mother will come to visit you. Then she could make it difficult for you and I want to prevent this happening. Mother will ask whether she can then move in with you. But you must refuse that, Theo. I say this with emphasis. Because from then onwards you will be lived through her. Remember, she has not changed in any way.'

'How do you know that, you do not hear anymore from her, do you, father?'

'I received these feelings from where I also received the other feelings. Believe me, mother will come. And she has not changed, on the contrary, she has sunk even deeper. She will try to convince you. Will you refuse, Theo?'

'Yes, father, if it seems better to you. And I feel that it is better that way.'

'She will also ask for money. But you must not give it to her, it will only take her even deeper into misery. So do not give it to her. For that matter, she has had her share. This is not harshness, my son, it is not revenge. I have thought it all out carefully. Your mother is not a mother, her motherly love still has to awaken. Sympathy will not benefit her. She has to have conflict. In the future, when she becomes aware, she will be grateful to us. Never forget that her immortal soul is at stake.'

Father's condition worsened in a frightening way. Matters took the doctor by surprise. He kept on examining father, he did not miss a day, he even often came twice a day. Father asked him straight to say what he thought. And he smiled when the doctor said: 'Your condition is much worse than I first thought. I may not hide it from you anymore, that...'

'That I will no be here for much longer, just say what you

think', father added. 'However, you are mistaken again. You give me a week at the most, but, I will remain here for a bit longer...'

That evening father asked me to come and sit close to him. How thin he had become during that period and how poorly he looked. His voice was also weaker now than before.

'I am not leaving yet, Theo, even if the doctor thinks so. I have at least another month to live. Maybe tomorrow I will be able to tell you exactly how long. I will probably get to hear it in my sleep, then I live closer to that world.'

'From whom do you want to hear it then?'

'From someone from that world who knows me. Last night I dreamt and experienced the following. I was walking there in eternity and met someone there, a woman who smiled at me. I thought that I knew her.

She said to me: 'You will need me, I will tell you when.'

'Tell me what?' I asked in surprise.

She replied: 'When you will come here.'

'What are you doing here?' I asked.

'Can't you see that? I have to take care of my herbs here. I also had herbs there, you know. Now I may not forget them, because they have to do with my own life. People sometimes weren't very sensible there, it is no longer the case here, because in this life you know yourself and the object of Him above.'

When I asked her whether she knew me, I immediately awakened. Do you not find all of this strange, Theo?'

I did not know what to make of it. For that matter, he did not wait for my answer and continued: 'As far as I know, she knows me. I do not know who she is, but that is not important. The main thing is that there is someone who is watching over me. I feel her close to me. I have my suspicions, but I do not dare to think about it. Someone is waiting for me there, Theo. If God is that good to me, I hope to be able to tell you after my death.'

His voice had become progressively weaker, his last words were barely audible. I had to bend over in order to hear them. Now he was lying motionless, he was completely exhausted. According to him, he had another month to live. I looked at his sunken face, his thin hands. He was only a shadow of his former self. Another whole month? I started to doubt the truth of his words.

But only the following morning, he was lively, vigorous. He beckoned me cheerfully to come to him.

‘I have news, Theo. Just listen. Last night I saw her again. Now she was standing next to my bed and helped me get to sleep. When I asked her who she was, she did not answer, but she let me feel that I would soon know that. She did say: ‘When the month has passed, you will have been with me for five days.’ Theo, help me work it out, it is now the seventh, take away seven from thirty-one, that leaves twenty-four, take away five from that, that leaves nineteen days. So I still have nineteen days to live. What do you say to this, Theo?’

Nineteen days. Nine...teen... days he would still be with me. My heart sank. I mumbled something, I said that I had something to do and left the room. But I soon went back to him, I scolded myself for my weakness.

‘You must be strong, my son. I would like to stay with you, believe that. But I will have to go. We cannot do anything about it. Will you be strong? One day we will be together for eternity. And you will feel me everywhere, when I am there; I will help you in everything, if God allows me this.’

A moment later he said: ‘I also saw you last night, Theo, you were walking outside. You were carrying a weapon. That is strange, as you are not doing your national service. But it must have some significance. I will find out at some point.’

When father also told the doctor that he still had nineteen days to live, an interesting conversation between them followed.

Since he knew how calm, almost happy father was at facing

his death, he could speak freely.

‘Well’, the doctor said. In a clear and business-like way, he outlined the course which the illness should take to his knowledge, and then expressed his conviction that father had not longer than five, six days at the most, to live. And he supported his claims by summarising a few similar cases from his many years in medical practice.

Father was smiling while he heard him out and his voice certainly sounded as convinced as that of the doctor, when he said: ‘Believe me, doctor, your knowledge fails here. Even if your science tells me a hundred times that my heart has to give way very soon in this condition, my feeling tells me that you are wrong and that my heart will carry on for longer. It will only stop beating after nineteen days!’

When the doctor added, disturbed, that he really did know what he was saying, being a doctor, and only let himself be led by his pure science tested in practice, father answered: ‘What does your science know about the laws which reign in God’s universe? My heart will not stop beating any earlier than those laws allow. In order to beat, it will draw strength from the universe which is full of powers, which we do not yet know about.’ The doctor interrupted him at this point. Again, he said, as a doctor he was responsible here, he simply forbade him to say one more word now. Otherwise he feared that father would become exhausted, which could be fatal at this stage. And father smiled again.

‘Are you not too sure of yourself, father?’ I asked him, when the doctor had gone. ‘In the past ...’

‘In the past we were also made fools of, do you mean, son. Oh, it is very different now. Then we had to receive it, now I am experiencing it. As surely as I know that my end will come early in the morning, as surely I know that it is the truth which I am experiencing. The woman who is now with me constantly says that it is a great mercy to be allowed to know, and I recog-

nize this and thank God for it.’

After the solemn, very learned words of the doctor about father’s condition, my doubts returned. How often had we not been cheated before at the seances, now father was receiving his wisdom from that world again; who could say that he was not being cheated now as well?

Father must have sensed my doubt.

‘The facts will prove who is right, Theo, the doctor with his knowledge or me with my intuition. Hold your judgement until then. Then your faith will perhaps become stronger!’

I wanted to get up and told him that he had to rest again now, but his eyes hold me and he asked me urgently to stay.

‘Believe me, Theo, I know what I am doing. I know how much strength I still have left. I want to use the days ahead of me to talk to you. Give me that chance, Theo, listen to me, it is the only thing which I ask of you. I still have so much to say, the woman tells me such a lot and it concerns you just as much.’

‘Who is she?’ I asked, and proved to father with this question that I had decided to believe him.

He thanked me with a smile. Then he continued in a serious tone: ‘I am pleased that you want to listen to me and are not following the doctor’s advice to leave me in peace.’

Who is she? Now I can tell you, but where will I find the words to explain the feelings which are now going through me. She lives on the side beyond, in the Spheres of Light, she is very young and beautiful and especially very sweet. When I see her, I feel myself. What does that mean, Theo? Being one in everything, in your thoughts and feelings, in complete unity with another being? It is the greatest thing which God can give us. She is my twin soul, Theo. I am like her and we belong together for eternity. You will now be able to understand too, why I still love mother and really love her, why I am grateful to her. Mother did me a lot of harm, she did not leave any stone unturned to cause me pain, but now I am pleased about it,

because it has brought me to awakening. Because of her I have been able to prepare myself for my twin soul.

In addition, I had to make it up to mother, the books taught you that we have lived several lives on earth. In those lives I hurt mother, I therefore activated laws and it is these laws which now placed me beside mother again. I was making it up to her. There was no love, no real love between us, but we decided to get married anyway, it was these laws which brought us together. Mother went her own way, separately from me, after all, no higher feelings connected her to me. When I had paid for my faults as a result of my suffering, mother left me, the laws had been dissolved. Now I am grateful to her for everything. As a result of the blows she dealt me, she opened my soul. And after she left and released me, I got the time to work on myself, to prepare myself for that world, which my soul was already longing for. If she had not left me, my life would have been a hell and there would have been no question of this preparation. She who is my soul was already with me all those years. She helped me to bear it and awakened me. She was also the one who brought us wisdom as master Johannes. But she did not take the least trouble to stop us from ending the seances when we felt we were being cheated. She thought that what she had passed on to us was enough for us. She took everything into account. Consider that if she had elevated me higher and higher during those years, my longing for that world, for love, and warmth would then have been unbearable. For you there was less danger of that, your doubts shut you off from that. However, now, in the final days of my life, she is revealing herself in all her love, and now I can bear everything, because my spirit is already living in that world and I will continue to live there soon, in a matter of days. My God, Theo, everything is so wonderful, if only I could give you and other people a glimpse of it...!

He had closed his eyes and now lay almost motionless, talk-

ing had clearly tired him out. I continued to sit quietly by his bed and thought about everything he had said. My doubt, yes, my doubt, seldom left me. I could simply not believe as deeply as father. The ease with which he accepted everything from that side surprised me. Even if his words sounded so credible, they did not immediately convince me. The book in which I had read that it doubted the value of the phenomena had not failed to affect me. I remained sceptical, and that is why the books which father gave me to read, awakened numerous questions in me and all father's talk could not get rid of them. I looked up in surprise when father's voice started to speak again and he showed that he had followed me in all my reflections.

'If you could believe that, you would be living in paradise, Theo, just like me. However, you must not continue to carry your questions around with you, son, that would be the wrong thing completely. Put them out of your mind and definitely do not go to sleep with them, you will not rest then, but you are asking questions which must remain unanswered, because your doubt closes you off to the answers.'

Since the doctor had announced that father still had five, six days to live at the most, twelve days had already passed. His and my surprise grew by the day. Father's heartbeat had just about disappeared, but he lived and even talked, often for a long time and always completely lucidly.

'It is all so simple', he explained to me. 'My heart has to continue to beat, because the laws demand this. And she, my soul, lives in me, she feeds me with her strength and her knowledge. That is how I know that I will be able to reach you after this life. As long as you are open to me, my son, because otherwise I will be powerless. I am open to her and my feeling tells me immediately and infallibly that it is her. You will have to know it in order to know that I am speaking the truth. She says that everyone can experience this, everyone who opens himself with sacred respect, with humility, will receive help and wisdom and

love. And if this does not happen, then that also has a reason. Do not doubt the facts, Theo, you will see, they will tell you that I am right. So bow your head and hold on to the feeling that you will then experience and it will no longer be difficult for you to believe.'

One afternoon, five days before he passed over, he surprised me with the following words: 'What a time, but what a time it is, Jack, don't you think?'

Now he is delirious, I thought. Jack? Where does he suddenly get that name from?

Before I could say anything, he already added: 'Do you still remember that we both used to search for the same thing? We both wanted to know. You tried to find out what a person feels, what his soul experiences the moment that he is torn apart and enters death. And I wanted to know exactly why a person is on earth, where he comes from and where he goes to. I can now tell you that I know; however, you are still trying to find out.'

I listened with my mouth open, really anxiously, what kind of gibberish was he talking now? He was delirious. But... was it gibberish, did a person who was delirious talk like that?

'Or are you no longer searching? But no, that is not possible, the desire to search must still be in you. You do not lose those feelings just like that. We really got to know that. Only your father-in-law did not believe in it. Your brother is a good man, he only has to make more effort. That laziness of his is no good. Time is pressing, isn't it? Your life is short enough. But I would give that idea up, Jack. What does it bring you, whether you know what the soul experiences when the body explodes. Worldly wisdom perhaps? Oh, no. But I see you experiencing it anyway, it is strange.'

After this he was silent. I looked at him and felt that he had gone to sleep. After half an hour I came back to him and found him awake. He greeted me with the following words: 'Did you not love Angelica? Was she not a sweet child? Didn't she have

beautiful eyes? She was named after that plant of the woods, do you remember? Her wisdom was known far and wide. I fell in love with her. And now she is waiting for me. How is it possible that Angelica is waiting? Angelica from the herb garden? But it is true, she is waiting for me on our own path in the woods. We will then look for herbs and take them to the sick. I will tell her that you are a good friend, Jack. She must receive you, because I want it. And she will receive you, Jack, because she loves me so much. Her parents were against us meeting, but silently, we searched for each other in deep secret.'

Again that smile appeared on his lips, which I had seen there so often the past few days. That smile remained, while he looked in front of him, in reflection, his eyes staring into faraway places unknown to me.

The doctor also came back late in the evening and examined father. He shook his head, his heart was beating so weakly that it was barely audible. How could this weakened, exhausted body still live, the good man was clearly wondering. He looked at me, shrugging his shoulders, when we were standing in the hallway a little while later. He did not say a word, but I clearly read the question in his eyes, would he still be proved right, after all? Father had pronounced that he still had three days to live.

As if, living in that other world, he had not noticed the doctor's visit, he continued to tell me without saying a word about him, with my hand in his: 'Do you know, Jack, that it is Angelica who spread her wings over me? Do you know that she is like a child Even now she still looks after her herbs. But do not disturb her when she is concentrating on her task. She does not tolerate that, and rightly so. Only I may come to her then and those who are willing to show humility so as not to be conspicuous, out of respect for her work. People lack respect for each other, Jack. They have no respect for someone who is concentrating intently on a task. Their egoism, or their curiosity

makes them stamp on the most sacred feelings of another person. Believe me, Jack, it is no small thing to know how you should approach a fellow being. This is only easier for those who possess respect.'

It was silent for a long time after this. I felt strangely moved. What should I make of father's words, but what was all going through his head? In this way, confused by my thoughts, I sat at father's bed, my hands still resting in his. He had an expression of intense happiness on his face. More softly than usual, but with a happy tone, he suddenly said: 'It is blissful, Angelica, that you are holding my hands. The garment you put on for me is beautiful. I imagine your love. Will we be torn apart again? No, I do not want to think about that, I do not need to think about that. I will always be with you from now on, for eternity. My God, can a person bear such happiness, it almost hurts, but it is a sweet pain. I am looking forward to walking in the gardens with you, Angelica. Has Jack been yet? Was it not he who knocked? Jack is strange, there is always something. I will undoubtedly have worries about him some day. But I will not be able to help him then.'

Angelica, my Angelica, you are beautiful and sweet, with you I have everything. Would you like to sing your song for me? Do it, I will listen and be happy.'

Father let go of my hands, he closed his eyes. Was this still father? His face radiated in an exalted manner, that was apparently because he was listening to beautiful music. I could not hear anything, but experienced something of it, it made father's face happy, I would never forget the expression on it.

That night, just like other nights, I slept on a settee, which I had brought to the sick room. Above all expectations, I slept the whole night through, no rumour or fear, no horrible dreams disturbed my sleep.

Father greeted me laughingly when I opened my eyes.

'You slept well, didn't you, Theo? No wonder, Angelica let

you drink from her herbal drinks. They work without fail, you know.'

A bit later that morning he said to me that I should engage a nurse. And these words were another horrible reminder of the fatal date, which was now approaching alarmingly fast.

'When the doctor comes, you must just ask him about it, about the herbal drinks I mean. He will know about them. Only he does not know about the preparation. Jack does know. Jack will come tomorrow and then you will see him.'

I suddenly felt that he was getting two people mixed up. Jack, as he kept on calling me, and somebody else.

He soon rectified his mistake, because he continued: 'That's what happens, Jack, when you become older. I am now thinking in the wrong way. I am getting you mixed up, aren't I? I have so much on my mind now. Angelica has been promoted. Would you have thought that? Now come on, say something.'

Just as he was speaking these words, the doctor came into the room. I shook my head at him, worried, now father was delirious. The doctor immediately took the patient's pulse. Father opened his eyes and asked in a lively tone: 'And doctor? I am going to be proved right, don't you think? Do you now believe that I indicated my time of passing over exactly? As it happens, it is not my wisdom, but Angelica's wisdom.'

I could no longer listen to it, my sorrow overwhelmed me. I left the room quickly, afraid that the others would see my tears. But father's bell called me back. I pulled myself together and went back inside.

'Theo, Angelica wants you to stay here. You must know everything, she thinks.'

I sat down on the edge of his bed, the victim of confused feelings. But as if he had immediately forgotten about me, he addressed these words to the doctor: 'I will tell you what the situation is, colleague. We know too little about the human body, and about the soul, the essence of our being, we know

absolutely nothing. But how will we be able to cure people if we do not know about the soul? Anyone who knows about the soul will also know about the body. A person does not stop to reflect upon the soul, but he stares blindly at the body. He does not know the causes of the illness. In how many cases does he know the nature and the development of the illness? A person trusts in his knowledge, his study, but I ask you, can a doctor trust in this? This illness is fatal, his knowledge says, but the patient does not pay any attention to this and remains alive. Oh, a small, insignificant case which is very common, nothing bad, better in two days' time, the doctor diagnoses in another case, and before one day has passed, the patient has died. In both cases the knowledge was not sufficient. But who can know about the laws which are involved here?

Which scholar, which religion can tell us how the laws, which reign over life and death, work?

Angelica rightly asks here, what does a person really know about life here on earth and life in the hereafter? Is there a single person on earth, who does not move, searching and feeling, helplessly, ignorantly, small and afraid, amongst the unfathomable mysteries, which comprise life and death? There are thousands and thousands, she says, and one day people will know about them, but only when they see the relativity and the incompleteness of their earthly knowledge and in humility and complete submission, not with their senses, but with their feeling of wanting to listen to those who live where Angelica lives, on the other side of the grave. They have conquered life and death and they know and experience the laws, which control God's universe, for them the universe, people, the soul hold no mysteries.

You, colleague – I call you colleague, because it is me, I now know – shrug your shoulders at what I say. You award your earthly knowledge more importance than my intuition, my feeling. But your knowledge said that I still had five, six days at the

most to live, however, my feeling, said nineteen days... It also says that I will pass over in the early hours of the morning. It will become clear that my feeling, which received this wisdom from that world, judged more accurately than your earthly knowledge was able to. Will it convince you? No, even more convincing evidence would still not be able to achieve such a thing. Is it any wonder then that God does not immediately reveal the extreme power of all His laws to His children on earth? After all, they would get lost in them irrevocably! Bit by bit, Angelica says, we earthly people will gain insight into the enormous universe. And sensitive people will be the first to know, because they can be reached by the masters of the side beyond, on the other hand, the scholars will resist for a long time, hindered by the ballast of their human, therefore earthly, therefore incomplete knowledge!

Angelica says that I must stop now, the talking has greatly tired me. All will be revealed the day after tomorrow, colleague.'

Considering this, the doctor left the sick room. But in the corridor, when he was putting on his jacket, he shrugged his shoulders. 'It is certainly remarkable what he is saying. But it seems to me that it is nothing more than the delirium of a dying man. They can say very peculiar things in this state.'

The following day father lay almost motionless, he did not say a word, he only opened his eyes now and again. They were searching for me and a great love radiated towards me. Now and again he whispered Angelica's name. I got the unmistakable feeling that he would not say much more and that he was preparing to go in all silence. Deep in my heart I was pleased that he did not speak. I could not get rid of the feeling that, despite all the beautiful pure words, my father was the victim of a delusion... Could it not just as well be the case that, in a delirium, he was recounting extracts from the many books which he had read not once, but at least ten times?

Did he intercept my thoughts? It must have been the case,

because now he opened his mouth for the first time that day and said softly: 'I was far away, Theo, my son, but now I am close to you again. But do not worry, I will not talk so much anymore. Angelica says that you now know enough. She asks you to remember everything I told you these past few days, one day you will accept everything! Will you now stay close to me, Theo?'

The hours passed slowly, father lost interest in his surroundings. He lay there with his eyes closed, his lips moved now and again, however, I could not make out what he was saying. I did not take my eyes off his face, his beautiful, soft expression ingrained itself into my memory, I would never be able to forget it. The intense, desperate sorrow which I had felt, when it was established that father would no longer rise from his sickbed, had subsided, a soft, smarting pain for the approaching farewell remained. I would miss father every hour of my life, but as a result of the knowledge – because I did not doubt this – that I would see him again one day, the sharp edges were removed from my sorrow.

I had never experienced a deathbed before. It seemed a mercy to me to be allowed to die like this, there was nothing terrible about it. Serious, prepared, ready with himself, after having settled all the problems which life sent his way, overflowing with love for God and people, father was prepared to enter the new, eternal life.

The night began, father's situation did not change. The doctor had stayed, we sat quietly at father's bedside, not tired, caught up in our thoughts.

Suddenly father's eyes opened and he whispered: 'Theo, my dear, dear son, now I have to go. Angelica is coming to fetch me, she will take me to our own house. Isn't it wonderful? Be strong, my son, and be joyous with me.'

And to the doctor he said: 'Colleague, my time has come. Angelica is right. Just think about my words again. One day

there will also come a time for you that you will get to know God and His laws. If Theo starts to draw, you must give him the envelope. I will draw and write through him. Oh, how tired I am now...'

Deeply moved, the doctor and I knelt down, and when the light of the new day drove away the darkness of the night, father's soul released itself from his exhausted body in order to enter eternal life. The last utterance which we heard from him was Angelica's name. Her prediction had come true completely!

CHAPTER IV

My father comes back

I also noticed my mother amongst the people who came to say their last farewells to the mortal remains of my father. Immediately after the ceremony, she came over to speak to me. In the conversation which followed, another one of father's predictions came true. She indicated her desire to come and live with me, she would then be able to do my housework. She did not doubt for a moment that we would get on very well together now that father was no longer there. I was young, as she said, and so I knew what it meant to go out and have fun; I would be able to understand her better than father, who – only say good things of the dead – had a boring character, was seldom cheerful and preferred to sit with his nose in a book.

While she was talking, I had the chance to take a good look at her, how different she was to father, how harsh her features were and how cold her eyes appeared! Even now she did not have a single good word to say about father, her attitude was in sharp contrast to father's, he had spoken about her up until the end with love and full of forgiveness. She was only out to please herself, and rough and rude, without thinking of my sorrow for a single second, she paved her way in order to reach her goal.

She asked what I thought of her suggestion. With father's words in mind, I told her briefly that I would not accept it.

She was silent for a moment, a menacing frown appeared between her eyebrows, but her voice still sounded as though she was superficially cheerful, when she replied that she could understand my attitude, father had blackened her name, of course. Oh, she knew only too well how he had hated her, but she was certainly different to the way father had portrayed her, I would find that out very quickly, she had many friends in

Amsterdam and The Hague and also here in Rotterdam, young, fun-loving people. She would introduce me to them and we would have such fun. After all, she was still my mother...

She knew only too well how father had hated her and blackened her name. Ugh, how ugly she was. I saw clearly how accurate father's warning had been, she would try to control me completely in no time, draw me into her life and, even if I was to resist, it would mean an end to my peace.

'It is out of the question, mother!'

Now that put an end to the simulated friendliness she had shown and she showed her true character. Her voice sounded harsh and menacing, when she called out: 'So you are throwing me out, whippersnapper. Your own mother! So are you sure of that?'

I did not answer her, I could have told her so many things, had she ever bothered about me, had she ever even insisted on seeing me?

Then she controlled her anger, it was as if she was remembering something.

'Oh well then', she said, 'perhaps it is better that we do not live together. We have not seen each other for such a long time. But now a different matter, father is dead, I was his wife and so I have a share in the estate. How much is the business worth?'

'You have had your share, mother.'

I will spare you the details of the shouting which followed. To put it briefly: she got hold of a solicitor, but all her trouble led to nothing, her claim was turned down. During the case, particulars about her present life were revealed, which were so terrible that I thanked father for his warning, because I would have ended up in a hell.

Two months passed. After the first very emotional couple of months a peaceful time came along for me. I kept on my house-keeper and servant. It was very hard for me to get used to the emptiness which had come to the house and my life as a result

of father's death. His books, his possessions, everything in the house reminded me of him and spoke of our friendship, which had resulted in such wonderful hours together. The shop demanded my attention and I now blessed the fact that my father had already handed over the management to me at an early stage, so it was not strange to me.

I seldom went out in the evening, I usually read. However, one evening, I suddenly got the feeling that I was not alone. I had felt this before, but had not dwelled upon it. The feeling became stronger and stronger, I could simply not escape it. And suddenly I felt a cramp in my right arm. I waved it about a few times, but the cramp stayed. When I laid my arm on the table, it made rotating movements. It did not help to resist it, the cramp became more and more severe. A shock went through me, I could no longer escape it, I knew, as clearly as if I had been told, that father was here with me, and that he wanted to write through me, exactly as he had said before he passed over! Shock, emotion, doubt went through me at that moment. I looked for some paper and a pencil and went to the room where father had liked to spend time and where he had died. I simply could not resist the influence and gave in to it completely. Soon my hand started to write.

'You are a fine one, Theo, letting me wait for so long. Had you forgotten our agreement? Do I have to tell you again: it is I, father! How wonderful the time we were together was. Now I am in Eternal Life. Do you doubt that it is I? Do you doubt that this writing is genuine, my son? Believe me, Theo, follow your feelings, they will tell you that it is I, who is now next to you, and who is controlling your hand, your feelings do not lie. It is wonderful, my son, to be able to talk to you like this. The dead do not come back, they say, but we know better. Oh, my son, I am so grateful to God for everything that I have received on this side, everything is so beautiful, so great and moving. Now I am speaking to you... Have many of the things which I

predicted not come true already? I received that wisdom from the Spheres of Light, from Angelica. You could be a good medium, Theo, and do something for humanity. But then you will have to be open to our side and let go of all your doubts.'

'You're a fine one to talk', I thought, when my first emotions had passed, 'with the best will in the world, it is impossible to immediately believe that all of this is genuine. After all, I know what is coming, is there any clearer piece of proof that it is I myself who is writing?'

At this point my hand started to write again.

'Have you forgotten the seance then, my son, where Angelica spoke as master Johannes about this method of contact? I send what I write through you from my feelings to yours, as a result of this you know beforehand what will follow. Nevertheless, it is not your own.'

'So can you prove to me that you are my father?'

'The proof will come, Theo, just be patient. As soon as the time has come, you will get it, my son.'

However much my common sense resisted, my feelings told me clearly and distinctly that it was indeed father who was writing through me, I felt his presence, I recognized his language.

'You must allow me a few evenings, because I want to tell you the most important parts of our life, especially about what I experienced myself. I am supported in this, because in order to build up this contact, you need help, and knowledge is also needed for this. Now as long as you just open yourself up to me. You do not need to voice any questions, thinking alone is enough, since we are connected to each other's feelings, I will receive them. I assure you that what I am going to tell you is the sacred truth. Or did it perhaps not come true what I predicted to the doctor, who laughed behind my back, with regard to my death? But now I must finish. I will continue later, we will just arrange the day and the time immediately, that is better. What do you say to next Sunday, let's say at eight o'clock in

the evening? Agreed then. And now goodbye, my dear son, goodbye, Theo. Father.'

My hand remained still and at the same time I felt father leaving. I was alone again in my quiet room.

But had I not been alone all the time? But was it not I myself who made my hand write? For a moment I felt a twinge inside, what will father think of me if he feels me doubting like this? *If* it was father, yes, *if* it was him. A feeling of resentment came over me. This must be clarified. In the past we had been made fools of all too often by so-called spirits. Of course beautiful, wise thoughts had come to us, but the number of times we were cheated was much greater, without us realising it. Quite often it was very unclear who was speaking, a dark being, or a master, because the dark being sometimes also coolly claimed that he came in the name of God. And then there was also the theory of the book which I had once read about gifted writing, the spirits did not write, but the medium himself, thereby drawing from his subconscious. It would be a good idea to do some more reading on this subject.

The very next day I went to a book shop where I had been before and there I bought a few books on the subject. They would have to tell me what I could believe and what I couldn't. The reading material was not easy, the many strange terms there confused me. But I worked my way through it and with each page my trust in the phenomena I had experienced lessened. These books also attributed them to self-deception by the medium. They were said to come from the sub-conscious. The thoughts and longings which lived in him, came out and revealed themselves as spirits. Many phenomena were also stripped of their value by putting them down to telepathy. No, there was very little left of everything which I had experienced in this area. The books ended with the urgent warning never to take part in such seances, this would be unacceptable to God, since the devil was involved in this!

So Sunday evening came. You now know how much I still believed in the supernatural phenomena with which I had come into contact over the years. But the strange thing was that I still could not decide to leave paper and pencil this evening. It became seven o'clock, half past seven and again, like a few evenings ago, the feeling overcame me that I was being worked upon by a power. Sometimes I had to sigh, the influence was so oppressive. And my feelings clearly told me that this was father who was letting me feel his presence. It was then nearly eight o'clock. The cramp in my right arm became more and more severe. The clock struck eight when I reached for paper and pencil without a further thought and let my hand write freely.

'You are a fine one, Theo', father wrote. 'Why did you start reading those books so impetuously? Do you find it so strange that these books which came from the church, are so fiercely against the phenomena? Now the poison in you has become even greater and it will be very difficult for you to believe anything else. But, and I repeat to you, you must give me a few of your evenings. Now my words are still falling on deaf ears, but later – I know that – you will understand everything, and then the words which I speak to you now will help you. You will not refuse to give me your time, in the end, you love your father, and no matter what your common sense and your books tell you, your feelings, your intuition tell you that it is me who is writing here, and not you and your subconscious. I will tell you so many things that everyone who reads about it, will feel that that wisdom could never ever come from you yourself. If only you had left the books well alone, my son.'

'And what about you, did you not read day and night yourself?' I thought.

My father reacted immediately.

'But I did not read that type of book. You are still young and so you do not yet have the ability to see the difference. You read books which came from the church and the church calls our

contact the work of the devil. We who represent the side beyond and see into the hereafter, we give an entirely different picture of God and His sacred laws than they do. They count themselves and their followers as God's chosen people, but we preach that God loves all His children and does not let one – not one single one, Theo! – become lost in purgatory. There are innumerable 'truths' like this which the churches preach to their followers and which we have to attack and reject. Its teachings give the churches power over the followers; can you now accept for one moment that the representatives of the churches will let go of those teachings? No, my son, they will uphold them and place them higher than everything which we, living in God's heavens, bring the people on earth as truth, even if that truth is more loving, more just and more realistic. The churches would lose their hold over the believers, and so they forbid contact with our side, their spokesmen wreck the means which process this contact and call our revelations the work of the devil! The book with which you were occupied today and which states the viewpoint of a scholar, also brands you a victim of suggestion, fantasy and deception. But remember this, Theo, science is not yet at the stage that it will give up its dismissive attitude to occult phenomena, but one day, my son, it will also become occupied with research into this, in a serious way and without any prejudices – as many of the great scholars already do now – and it will have to see the reality of it. No one will be able to close their eyes to the proof which the Side Beyond will give when the time is ripe, neither the theologians nor the scholars.

However, it is a pity that you have now poisoned your spirit with the opinions from these enemy camps and it will be more difficult for you than ever to believe in the truth of the phenomena. But I am not really seriously worried about you, because one day you will also learn to believe and bow your head. It is Angelica who gives me these happy pictures.'

With this last sentence, father answered a thought, which

flashed through me, promptly: how he could know all of this and could say it with such certainty.

‘The connection between Angelica and me is wonderful’, my father continued writing. ‘That was already the case during my life on earth. I lived in two worlds then, my body was on earth, however, my spirit stayed in the world of Angelica. She who is my soul, talked to me and put the words into my mouth, so that you and the doctor could listen. I was elevated, as that is called. You are not living in an elevated way while you write, you receive, but in your case everything also first goes through you, so that you know beforehand what will be written down on paper.

But how can you think for one moment that it is you yourself who is writing all of this, or that it could be the work of a mocking spirit. What do you say to this? When I had spoken in detail to the doctor two days before I passed away about earthly knowledge and intuition and about God’s powerful laws, you left me exhausted, I went to sleep immediately. But I could have told you what the doctor said to you in the hallway. He certainly found all the things I had to say remarkable, but could not see it as any more than the delirium of a dying man. Yes, you are surprised at this, but it is really simple. Angelica followed you and she was the one who told me the doctor’s point of view. You see, that is spiritual connection. In this way it is now possible for me to receive even your most secret thoughts, or the questions which you ask.’

‘What a fool I am’, it flashed through me. ‘How could I still doubt. Here was father, he was writing, he drew straight from the wisdom of the Side Beyond and my books... they knew nothing about this, they simply did not want to see reality, and ignored and mocked the phenomena and preferred to stupidly hold on to their small, illogical, confused conceptions.’

‘You are not a fool’, father now wrote. ‘I do not blame you for doubting’. However, do not believe that now your doubt will suddenly disappear. You do not get rid of those feelings so eas-

ily. You will have to master the eternal truths with difficulty and conflict. However, I will help you, or rather Angelica will do that, because she is a master on this side. She was an medium on earth for many lives – and a good one, Theo – and she was connected to the masters. She served and could meanwhile develop herself. Just think about the wisdom which she passed on to us as master Johannes, and then that wisdom which she gave me when I was in my sickbed.’

‘You kept calling me Jack, father, and the doctor colleague, why did you do that?’

‘In a previous life on earth I was a doctor, Theo. Now do not laugh, I am speaking the sacred truth. In that life I got to know you, we were friends. You were called Jack then. Do you understand now why I longed to become a doctor in this life? But it was not to be, I was here to make up for things.’

‘But father, if that is true, where did that knowledge go which you possessed as a doctor?’

‘Angelica says that the soul has to experience the new life upon birth on earth and that is why the past disappears. When we awaken in the mother and during the time when we are growing into a child, the past in us disappears and the new life with its new laws takes its place. It does continue to be a part of our consciousness, but it has then become feeling.’

‘So you were a doctor... and we were friends then’, I reflected, and I almost said it aloud. ‘If it is true, it is wonderful, father.’

At this stage I remembered what father once said while he was ill about an idea of mine which he felt I should reject. I wanted to find out, he explained then, what the soul really experienced at the moment when the body is torn apart. I had remembered it vaguely. What did he mean by those words? Was he delirious then?

Again it appeared to me how easy it is for a spirit to take over thoughts, because father immediately went into my question.

‘No, Theo, I was not delirious then either. It is Angelica, as I

said then, who showed me those images, in past incarnations you already sought to find out what the soul experiences when it is suddenly torn from the body as a result of an accident, for example. It appears strange to possess such a mania, but they do not laugh about it here in the Spheres of Light. They know that we people will always follow the feelings which consume our lives and our whole being. However, a person must know why he is searching in a certain direction. Is it because of the study, as it was in your case, or, on the other hand, for sensationalism? In the latter case, a person does not gain anything spiritually, but his development stands still.

I will give you the example of a group of people, who are likewise occupied with your problem, that is, inventors who stake their lives every day in order to give humanity something. They are actually constantly preparing for their death. They also have questions like this, what will happen if the invention on which they are working should become fatal. They want to know where the life of their soul will then go. If the longing to know this lives deep within a person, it will keep coming back to him, so that it becomes a part of the person, then it awakens laws, that means that one day, in a certain life, a person will be faced with the accomplishment of this longing, they will then experience the body being torn apart and the releasing of the soul with a shock; a person has then become the law himself. You are still searching, Theo.

Just tell me, Theo, are you still trying to claim that all of this is from yourself? Do you know anything about these laws? I am not telling you nonsense, so accept my words. What will it bring you? What it brought me: awakening and divine happiness! I thank Angelica for sending that woman to my path who brought me the books, as a result of which my eyes were opened. I met her here, Theo, if you are interested, because also her time on earth was over. If I had not wanted to read and had not asked for it, prayed for it, in order to be opened, then Angelica

would not have been able to reach me. However, now I have been able to enter Eternal Life completely prepared.

This was a mercy, I now realize, so great that I have no words to express my gratitude.

Angelica had already been waiting for me for a long time. When she made contact with me, she cried like a child from sheer happiness. And is that so incredible for a spirit? Is that so strange that they can cry, really cry, have to cry from emotion and gratitude, because God is so good? In Eternal Life we become like little children, Theo. That is not strange or wrong. Did Christ not say: 'Whoever is like a little child, is the greatest in Heaven?'

The happiness which awaited me when I entered here... I want it for you, my son. Angelica, who is sitting next to me, says: 'Theo will make it, even if he still has doubts, he is also sweet!' She loves you, Theo, we love you very much, my very own son. And now I am going. Be with you next Sunday, at eight o'clock. Goodbye, my Theo.'

My hand remained still at this point, hot tears rolled down my cheeks. I cried until my tears ran dry, father had moved me so much. The happy feeling which came into me when father wrote the last sentences – a warm, rich feeling, which father and Angelica placed in me – overwhelmed me. I was now like the child whom father spoke about. I felt small, safe and secure in their love. In my heart there was no place now for oppressive doubt, only faith, happiness and humility lived there.

I did not remain that child for long, in the sharp light of the new day my happiness lost its shine and doubt reared its ugly head again. I suffered from that doubt and did everything to fight it, to rid myself of it, but it pierced my heart with a thousand stings. I did not want to cause father and Angelica any sorrow, I wanted to believe in their presence, in their words, but my doubt prevented me from doing so. I felt a complete wretch during that period and I cried bitter tears.

When I met the doctor once on the street and he asked me in a mocking voice whether father had already come back, I shook my head in the negative. Ashamed, I moved away quickly. I suddenly saw my father's sweet face before me, it was sad and disappointed. I felt as though I had betrayed him and Angelica.

The following Sunday evening father did not say a word to me about the events of the past week. He surprised me with the following question: 'Do you want to draw an axe for me, Theo, an ordinary axe, like we sell in the shop, a few simple lines will be enough.'

'An axe?' I asked in astonishment, not understanding what he wanted with that.

'Wait, I will help you', father continued and with a few quick pencil strokes an axe appeared on paper.

'Did you want to do this drawing, Theo? Did you have a single notion of doing this? Now, just say yes or no?'

'No.'

'I wanted it, didn't I? Yes or no?'

'Yes', I confirmed and shrugged my shoulders. But what did father want?

'You will be even more surprised when you know what I want you to draw now. A rope and a person who has hung himself on that rope!'

'Yes, but what kind of strange thing is that, father?' I uttered almost resentfully. 'What purpose will that serve, or are you having me on? Are you still there, father?'

'Yes, my boy, don't worry, you will soon know what I mean by it. Just draw it now, it does not need to be nice, as long as it looks a bit like it.'

My hand drew again, now the person who had committed suicide on the rope, as my father had asked. Again I asked father what the purpose of it was.

'Do you still not understand it, Theo? This is now the proof which I talked about before I passed over, do you remember?'

You did not imagine an axe or a person who committed suicide by a long shot. But *I* thought about it, *I* wanted you to draw that. Can you still maintain that everything which is being written down here is your own thoughts? Now go to the doctor and ask him for the sealed envelope, you will find a similar drawing in it. Why did I draw that in particular? Have you forgotten the person who committed suicide with whom we talked during our seances? Have a good think about everything, there is good proof in it, if you wish to see it. Now I have to stop, until next week, at the same time. Goodbye, my Theo. Angelica also sends her regards. Your father.'

Father's abrupt finish surprised me, I had to honestly admit that I would have liked to have carried on. I did not get up immediately as I usually did, but let my hand lie there, reflecting on everything which father had said. Suddenly my hand started to move again, made rotating movements and then wrote the following: 'So, ugly whippersnapper, are you going to carry on again? You just get yourself to bed immediately!'

'Who are you?' I asked. The answer which came was: 'Piet Hein, Piet Hein, of course. We are old acquaintances. Is your father not there? Where is that old ironmonger? I thought that you were always together. Just look at that, haven't you grown? You are a big man, I have to say. But as far as I am concerned you can go to...'

I threw down the pencil and walked out of the house. I wanted to be amongst people and forget about everything. No more thinking and worrying. When I came back home a few hours later, I was indeed a bit calmer. I slept without thinking about anything anymore.

The following day my curiosity about the letter which father had written before his death and given the doctor to keep, got the better of me. He looked sceptical when I asked him for the letter. When I told him what had happened the previous evening, he could not help shrugging his shoulders mockingly.

‘I have my own opinion,’ he remarked, ‘but let’s just open the letter.’

A thin sheet of paper came out of the sealed envelope, on which an axe was illustrated with a man underneath, hanging on a rope!

The doctor had his opinion ready.

‘Look, Theo, that seems very special and striking now, but it is not. To me it is not any proof whatsoever. After all, you knew, as well as your father, about the existence of that man who committed suicide. The scientific standpoint must therefore be: when your father drew this, you took it over from him in a telepathic way. And...’

‘But, doctor’, I interrupted him. ‘I did not know at all that father had drawn this!’

‘Right, but that was not necessary, you knew of the existence of that man who committed suicide. Your father drew him on that piece of paper and at the same time – because telepathic transfer works infallibly – you took over his thoughts. And they are those thoughts, which are now pictures, which suddenly came consciously to you again yesterday evening; after which your hand voluntarily recorded it. Oh, Theo, I could give you fantastic examples of this, how sharply telepathic transfer is carried out. They include examples which are more convincing than this, which happened to you. No, just accept from me that you wrote down your own thoughts!’

So there I was again. Here in the cold, light doctor’s surgery, opposite the business-like, assured voice of the doctor, I did not understand how I could ever have given in to that nonsense. I felt that I had made a fool of myself. Furious at myself, I tore up both pieces of paper.

‘You are right, Theo, just tear up that rubbish, it does not mean anything anyway. And if I may give you a word of advice, do not try to find it too far from your own life. You look terrible, pale, weak. Release yourself from all those things and go

into the country, get yourself out. You are still so young, just enjoy life!

He prescribed me a tonic and I went out his door determined to follow his advice and to keep away from all these problems. which led nowhere anyway. I was obliged to do this in memory of my father.

I also agreed with the doctor about this, his life was too beautiful and too sacred to me, that I should sully it like that.

Months passed, in which I got out into the country a lot, spent hours in the big park, at the harbours and the lakes, and took long walks through the villages in the rural surroundings of the city. In this period I became calm, I became healthy and all the misery and tension fell away from me.

These months were very important for me, in many respects. I came to reflect. In this period I could distance myself from the problems which had oppressed me for so long and as a result of this they lost much of their terror. Gradually I started to see many things in a different light. Since I was no longer so close to them, I was more capable of judging the events correctly. I thought through everything, our seances with the lessons of master Johannes, the bungling way it came through, the often mean language of the mocking spirits, father's long conversations, his sickbed, his contact with Angelica, the happiness, the wisdom, which he had been given by her, his predictions, of which one after the other came true, the piece of proof which he had wanted to give and in which neither the doctor nor I could believe.

No, I did not conquer my doubt completely, but I did learn to see in these important months that, with the doctor's explanation, not nearly all the phenomena could be brushed aside.

During all that time I had not felt the need to write, there was also no outside influence. But one evening, approximately a year after my father's death, I got cramp in my right arm again. With mixed feelings, I gave into it and let my hand go.

Even before one single letter appeared on the paper, I knew that father was there and Angelica was with him.

‘I have had to wait a long time, Theo, my dear son’, father started, ‘but now the right time has come for this. Many things went through you, you have meanwhile dealt with a lot of things. You can still not completely believe, however, nor can you doubt as completely as you did then. It is a pity, it is a real pity that you tore up the proof which I gave you.’

To you and the doctor it was all your own thoughts. It is your right to think like that. But if you want to hear my opinion, then I will tell you that you are thinking in the wrong way. And the doctor along with you. Did you know, Theo, the slightest thing about what I drew and put away in an envelope? You knew nothing about it. That was indeed true when I let you draw the axe and the man who committed suicide on the rope. I connected myself to you then, we were one in feeling and I consciously inspired you to draw. In this way both drawings were pure, genuine proof. But do you want to know when you drew from your subconscious? When the man who committed suicide started to write through you. That first line came from your subconscious. A moment later he did indeed write through you. I had woken him by talking about him. You drew him to you by thinking about him. Although he is chained to the place where he committed suicide, it was still possible for him to write through you, there are no distances in this world.

I also ask you to listen to me for a moment. You have to listen to me, even if it does not immediately mean anything to you and you seriously doubt it again. It is necessary for you to know everything. You only have to know it, there is no more to it. I cannot tell you why, one day, however, you will know. As everything here this also takes place for a particular reason.

Whatever the case, Theo, you learned from the events, they made you think. I assure you that this ‘proof’ will prove useful to you one day.

This is the last time that I am writing through you. If you could completely accept, could give yourself totally, this would not have to mean the end. However, I must now make do with what I gave you and they are merely flashes of reality. But it is enough, you will learn from it. Now you will lead your own life. Know that I love you and still want to remain father and mother to you. You can always count on me, our bond will never be destroyed.

I also ask this of you: will you be careful about whom you commit yourself to? Know what you are doing, think, gauge, feel, otherwise you will receive blows. I cannot tell you anymore.

What else can I tell you? My heart is full of you, full of love for you. Angelica also wants to tell you something. I am going back, Theo. God will give me a task, I will give myself to it completely, give everything I have to give, and my work will then be blessed. God grant you, that you gain respect for His sacred matters. Be good, my dear son! Greetings from your father.'

My hand remained still for a moment, then she wrote: 'Dear child of God, I also come to greet you and then go back there. Now, at the point that you are entering a full life, great problems are probably waiting for you, I will tell you the following. In all circumstances, remember the serious words which your father just gave you. Think when you act, always ask yourself whether you are doing the right thing in what you do.

I advise you, tune into the life of your father, follow it and, like him, you will gain respect for the life of God, you will want to serve and give, so that you will not enter Eternal Life here with empty hands.

Father says to you: May God lead your steps and may He protect you against all the low things in a person. Goodbye, Theo. Angelica.'

It is difficult to describe the feelings to you, which went through me after their farewell. I read and reread the paper on

which their words of farewell were written, it became of sacred meaning to me.

‘Tune into your father’s life.’ Yes, I would definitely do that, more so than I had done the past few months. I realized now more than ever what I still had to change, if I wanted to become like father, if I wanted to get his faith, possess his love and his respect for the word of the Side Beyond.

Only now did I understand extremely clearly how I had pushed father, who had kept coming back to me, away from me with all my doubts. And only by listening to my voice of reason and smothering the voice of my feelings... I foresaw a long battle, because even now, in this moving and significant hour, I heard that hateful voice within myself, which tauntingly clearly asked how I could be so sure that it was really father who made my hand write... Then I went down on my knees and begged God to make me see.

CHAPTER V

I decide to become a professional soldier and get married

THE military service which called upon me brought a great change in my life. From a relatively solitary existence, I suddenly landed up in a busy community with people of all kinds of backgrounds. During the first few days I still had to get used to this great change, but I quickly adjusted and made friends easily.

What I had never expected, happened: military service suited me down to the ground. The bustling military life demanded all my attention and so many new things were revealed to me, that the problems which had occupied me so gravely and for such a long time at home, faded into the background here. I, who used to prefer to sit at home and avoided people, now looked for them and went out with them. When my military service came to an end, I started to seriously consider becoming a professional soldier, the monotonous life which awaited me at home did not attract me in the least. The business attracted me even less, the thought of going back to the shop just oppressed me, with its numerous big and small worries. The book keeping, that dull, horrible calculating, would start again then, the thought of having to do it until my death made me shiver. How different military life was, it was freer, broader, more fun. Of course, there were also less pleasant sides to it, but all in all, the army attracted me more, after all, than life behind the counter. My servant, I knew, would be only too happy to take over my business; I could save the money I got for it.

The army guaranteed me a reasonable income, so that in this respect I could also take the chance. So nothing stood in my way of becoming a professional soldier. The feeling that I had now found my destination in life, made me light and happy

and I started my new task with enthusiasm.

My happiness was complete when I met the girl who was to become my wife. I loved her at first sight, we immediately agreed. Nothing stopped us from getting married soon. The first period passed in extreme happiness, I found life beautiful and good, and when we were blessed with a child, I considered myself the happiest person in the world.

During the quiet hours in the evening at home, while my wife was knitting, I started to read again. I had found a large case with father's books in the attic and I started to read them. There were many there which I had not read at that time. They were mostly received through a medium and contained the revelations of spirits about the hereafter, life, death, hell and the heavens.

A new world opened to me, or rather, a new world opened further to me. I had stayed still at a certain point before, frightened off by my horrible experiences with the seances, and later, with writing through my hand, I had not wanted to penetrate the world of the spirit any further, as it was described in the books which father bought for himself. Then I had paid more attention to the destructive explanations which my own books gave about the phenomena. And they had made me sceptical about everything which came from the side beyond. Now, however, those books did not attract me, I used every spare hour, with an increasing longing I got down to reading father's books. These were lovely, exciting hours, I penetrated deeper and deeper into that world in which father now had to live and of which he had already received images during his life.

During my first period in the army, from conversations with my colleagues, it became clear to me how many questions they were carrying around with them with regard to God, life, death and the hereafter. And now I read the answer to those questions in these books, answers, which surprised me by their wisdom, their logic and their wealth.

Yes, of course, my doubt often emerged now, but it had little or no grip on me, because I shook it off, just by thinking: everything which these books write about is wonderful, but it is a fact for me that a person cannot possibly make it up!

It is understandable that I wanted my wife to share in the joy which the contents of father's books awoke in me. When I knew enough to be able to tell her a lot of things, to be able to answer any questions she might have, I started telling her about it. But now my disappointment was great! Even after the first sentences my wife, who was a Protestant, told me in no uncertain terms that I should leave the books alone, they did not belong in the hands of a Christian. Her fierceness surprised me, I had never seen her like that, and I asked her how she could judge like that, since she did not know the contents of the books anyway. Now it came out that she had had a look at the books yesterday, curious about my furious reading. She was shocked by the heracies in it, which were diametrically opposed to what her church had taught her. And her mother had also had a look at them and she had called them books of the devil, which did not belong in our house.

Since I knew how dedicated she was to her faith, I did not blame her for this resistance. I myself could understand better than anyone that it was not possible to accept these books just like that. So I remained calm and said that I would tell her a lot of things about the books; she did want to listen, after all, didn't she? No, she did not want to hear a word about them, she left the room and I heard her go to bed. Her brusque behaviour beat a hole in my soul; it would tear me apart in the coming time and our happiness, our harmony would fade away as a result of it.

One morning – we lived near the barracks – I was suddenly driven towards our house. My feeling told me that there was something wrong and it forced me to go home. My wife was standing by the stove. With a shock, she looked up when I

came in. 'What are you doing here?' she asked and the blood rose to her cheeks. 'At this time of day?'

My feeling were right, there was something wrong here.

'What are you doing?' I asked in my turn and at the same time I walked towards the stove. She did not need to say any more, I pulled a half-burnt book out of the fire.

My thoughts flashed back to my youth, I saw father and mother before me, mother was complaining about father's books and snatched a book out of his hands and threw it in his face. Were Annie and I facing a similar life, I suddenly asked myself, in sudden dread. Without being able to say another word, I left, worried, deep in thought. I still did not want to believe that differences of opinion would be able to destroy our marital happiness. I would soon know better.

After Annie, it was her father and mother who tried to keep me from reading the books. When they could not convince me either that my viewpoint was heathen, they sent two deacons to me and later the minister himself.

They achieved the opposite of what they had in mind. As a direct result of those long conversations, my conviction that my books were right became stronger and stronger. It kept becoming clearer and clearer to me how pathetic, illogical, even cruel their teachings were. We touched on so many subjects during our conversations. I brought up the subject that God could definitely not be called a Father of Love as they depicted Him. After all, I asked, can a Father chose one of His children to give all the bliss of heaven and send another one of His children to eternal damnation and hell? They answered this question and all my other questions unfailingly and with a shrugging of their shoulders that God's decrees were unfathomable.

In reply to my fiery argument that God would not allow any of His children to be lost, but that they will all go back to Him after making up for the sins committed by them, they said fiercely insulted, that books which proclaimed such theories

were heathen and their followers were heretics.

Meanwhile the relationship between my wife and me worsened by the day. My wife became sombre, went her own way and did not speak any more than was necessary. I assure you that I did not just leave it at that. It was worth everything to me to sort things out with her and to bring back the harmony of our first years of marriage. I kept thinking up new things to surprise her, I tried it with flowers, with trinkets, with clothes, in short I spoilt her like never before. She accepted everything with a brief laugh, but did not give up her stiff, rejecting attitude. When I did not accept that and made accusations towards her, she suddenly flung at me, fiercely and grim-faced, that I ought to be happy that she stayed here, under the same roof as a heretic.

I had to accept that our marriage was falling apart as a result of differences in faith, by the faith, which is precisely supposed to bond us people together...

During this time the words of my father became painfully clear to me, only now did their significance get through to me.

‘I also ask you this’, or something like it he had written through my hand, ‘you will be careful, won’t you, when you put your hands in somebody else’s. Know what you are doing, think about it, fathom and feel, otherwise you will not be spared blows.’

This attitude of Annie’s which had changed so suddenly had overwhelmed me, the love which I thought she had, had suddenly changed into coolness. She tolerated me and meanwhile she felt like a martyr, who had been placed next to a heathen, a fallen person, as a result of destiny. Could I not have foreseen all of that? Yes, I now had to admit, if I had followed father’s advice, of course. Annie’s religion was not something recent, for as long as I had known her she had not missed a single Sunday, and when I now looked back, she had already made it apparent several times that she was uncompromising towards other views with regard to faith. I should have thought of all of

this and should have taught her my ideas, which were widely different to hers, with more negotiation and tact. I could have spared myself this blow, I reflected. However, I blamed myself, then I should have fathomed Annie, should have followed her thoughts and actions, I would have understood her better then, have been able to take care of her better, and we would probably have been able to reach an agreement, yes, have been closer to each other. I felt that I had fallen far short, that it was not enough in marriage to say: I love you, without even taking any trouble to go into the other person more deeply, which was necessary for a healthy harmony, which now had become appallingly clear to me.

But it would still not be too late for this, I believed hopefully. I had to see if I could bridge the gulf between us. After much consideration, I saw my way. It was to come to nothing. My attempts to change her attitude towards me failed. She remained uncompromising and her parents along with her. I asked her what I should do to achieve a different, better situation in the house. Get rid of those devilish books, she replied, and believe what her church taught her as the truth. I was already pleased that she tried to answer my question, because usually she left the room when I brought up the subject.

‘My books were not written by the devil, Annie, please believe me. They actually teach us that people have to go to God, that we must love Him. They also say that we must love our neighbours. This is why I do not want us to live such cold separate lives. Do me a pleasure and just read one of the books, even if it is only a few chapters. That won’t do any harm, anyway, will it? And perhaps you will have a different opinion of me. Do it for me, your love for me cannot be dead, can it?’

No, she shook her head with great certainty, she would not read them. She only read what the church gave her to read, and her church had the truth.

How was she so sure that her church alone knew?

That church had existed for centuries, was her reply. Great scholars accepted what she learned, millions of people were a part of it. And could they all be wrong? No, only you know, she added scornfully. She did not want to hear a word about it, I now knew what she demanded.

I tried to say it in a different way: ‘Your church, which you believe in so much, also teaches you, anyway, that you have to love your neighbour as yourself and that you...’

Slamming the door was her answer.

A while later Annie became seriously ill, so seriously ill that even the doctor feared for her life. Pneumonia had developed into pleurisy. How little faith Annie and her parents showed during those weeks. There was little left to be seen in the face of death of her hope that God would be waiting for her after her death and that she would be in His Holiness for eternity. A terrible fear of dying gripped her. How different father’s attitude to death had been, I could only think, when I saw her despair, her fear. She had always said that she was a part of the chosen church, she *knew*, she said, and she had lived according to this knowledge, but now when God was apparently calling her to Him, there was nothing left of her certainty and she feared being reunited with Him. Instead of being prepared to die and happy at the prospect of seeing her God, she prayed and begged to be able to live a bit longer. Father also said that he *knew*, but his attitude had reflected that very clearly, he had calmly and meekly prepared himself for his passing over. To him death was nothing terrible, because he knew what was waiting for him on the other side of the grave.

I spoke to Annie, tried to calm her, give her courage and trust. I told her that it was not definite at all that she would die. God alone knew this. She should therefore put her life in His hands and not complain and grumble. She should also consider, I pointed out, that there was really no death and that she would live on the side beyond, that she would be better to pray

and should give in to her Divine Father with trust, Who would not condemn her or any of His other children.

Actually, Annie listened and she became a bit calmer. The crisis reached its climax. My parents-in-law wrung their hands in despair, their daughter was not allowed to go. She was the only child they had. God should let her stay here, their daughter had to live... I also asked them where their faith was and where their submission to God's decrees was, which they should have as good Christians, after all. Their answer was sharp, I was the last person here who had the right to ask questions, how did I really dare to pronounce God's word. For that matter, they said, they knew very well why I remained so calm and did not show any sorrow about my wife possibly passing over: I hated her, after all, and would probably be longing to be a free man again. At these words I had great difficulty in controlling myself. So this was the way in which my words were misunderstood, my trust and submission explained away like that. How mean and lacking in understanding their words really were! What did they know about my feelings for Annie, about my serious will to turn the lack of harmony between us into happiness and love. My father-in-law was an elder of his church, so how could he speak such words lacking in love...!

Annie suffered terrible pain, I was alone with her for a moment and suddenly I got the feeling that I could help her. I took her hands in mine and meanwhile spoke very calmly to her. Suddenly I felt her pain clearly. Father's words, spoken in his sickbed, came back to me.

'You can cure people. A power radiates from your hands, which has healing powers.'

I thought very strongly about father now and asked him to help me, if he could. And I prayed deeply to God and begged Him to give me the power, which could heal Annie, if this was His will.

To my incredible gratitude, I saw a while later that Annie,

who had not slept a wink for nights because of her pain, had fallen asleep. The following morning the doctor looked as though a miracle had taken place. My wife looked considerably better, he thought, He did not really understand this sudden turn. In the days which followed I also placed Annie's hands in mine and gave her strength in this way. I felt clearly that father was with me and was helping me. And after some time the doctor declared that she was out of danger.

In my joy I told Annie how I had been able to help her, called the healing a miracle, which, to me it was without a doubt, the side beyond had had a hand in. I told her this enthusiastically and in detail, in the hope that this event would change her mind. I was sadly mistaken, I had barely finished speaking when she retorted that it was mean of me to draw her into that world, she did not want that rubbish, she did not want to become better as a result of that devil's work! Every word she said was like a brick to me, with which she built the partition between us even higher.

Now that she was out of danger, Annie forgot her fear of death. But I could not forget her attitude so easily. Neither Annie nor her parents appeared prepared for death. But how many people are, I wondered. What difference did it make if you went faithfully to church, let your spirit be filled with quotations from the Bible, with words, if, despite all this, God remained far-away and threatening, if Eternal Life, which you heard so many wonderful things about, still appeared even more terrifying than the earthly life, so that you fought like an animal to keep it? How little life there must be in the teachings of the churches and how unconvincing they must be, that after twenty centuries the majority of its followers have still not conquered their fear of death, of God and of Eternal Life...

With even more gratitude I thought about the mild, even great proclamations, such as I had come across in my spiritualist books, which completely took away the fear of death, showed

us God as a loving, strictly just Father, for Whom none of His children should feel any kind of fear, really a God in all His works! And my longing to get Annie to share this thought became greater than ever, to take away her fear of death, so that she would later enter Eternal Life better prepared.

It soon appeared for a second time that father's prediction about my gift to heal the sick was correct. An acquaintance of mine constantly had to contend with sickness in his family, his two children had been in bed for some time, complaining about stomach pains, without the doctor really knowing what was wrong with them. His wife was not in the best of health either. When I was visiting him once and told him about the turning point which had come about in my wife's illness as a result of my treatment, he asked me if I would treat his children. He brought me to the children's little beds, and suddenly I got the same feeling as when I could help at Annie's sickbed: could bring about healing. My happiness knew no bounds, when the children's stomach-ache disappeared and their colour and cheerfulness returned. I also helped rid his wife of her pain. Those days I floated more than I walked, my joy gave me wings. And I kept on thanking God, that He had made it possible for me to serve and help others. How marvellous it is to give, I thought in those days, what a wide, happy feeling makes your heart beat faster! Meanwhile the family and I had grown closer, I became a family friend. And now it became clear to me how bad the circumstances were in which this family lived. As a result of setbacks in business, they had had to go into debt, the payments for it swallowed up nearly all the money that they needed for their housekeeping. Then the words of my father came to me, spoken long ago.

'We have to help others as much as we can. This is a Christian duty. Just remember that it is an art to give. Because not everyone who asks for it is worthy of help. It is an art, the masters of this side say, because often we make those we help

worse instead of better off. Therefore give with a full hand, Theo, never hang on to possessions. Give if you have to give, but keep your purse closed, if you meet the thief on your path.'

These people were worth helping. They denied themselves the most necessary things, only to pay off their debts and, nevertheless, they did not complain. I helped them and enjoyed seeing how the sun shone in their hearts again.

They read my books eagerly and during the visits which we paid each other, we went into the spiritual subjects more deeply, so that they were hours rich in learning. Annie who did not feel the need for friends and only visited and received her parents, avoided them as much as possible. One day it came to a conflict between her and me. Because of a slip of the tongue, she got to hear that I had helped these people with money. She became furious. 'What?' she screamed, 'do you think that I economise in everything for those people, for those tramps, those lazy bones, who are not even capable of running a business!' I asked her whether she had never heard these words of Christ in her church then: 'Verily, I say unto you, what you have done for one of the least of My brothers, you have done that for Me?'

'They are heretics, just like you!' And those words uttered in a passionate tone were to explain her attitude. She showed me her bitterness towards me and my books, she showed me the gulf which was already between her and me. More discouraged than ever, I left the house, and went into the countryside. I wondered what the cause of it could be that she and her parents were so hostile, so uncompromising towards people with other ideas. And I believed that it came as a result of this: they believed on the authority of the church that they were the chosen children of God and everyone who was not part of their faith, was a heretic. That viewpoint created a distance between people, I reflected, which could never be bridged. How could people, the nations ever learn to understand each other, if they

put distance between themselves through such terrible ideas?

'You are making my life hell', how often had she not already said that to me. Did I do that, or was she herself the cause of the situation? Should I let her have her way and take my books out of the house and cut everything out of my heart, what they had given me in worldly wisdom, in peace, in happiness? Would I ever be able to do that!

Was I wrong, despite her opposition, to follow my faith, to surround myself with friends, for whom the books, just as they did for me, meant spiritual nourishment? But then I considered our actions. She hated people who thought differently and she made my life sour with her arrogant behaviour, her cold silences, only now and then varied by caustic remarks and comments. I did not hate her, on the contrary, I kept seeking her out, kept on giving her proof of my love and was careful not to hurt her in her faith. Should I follow her in that hatred? What sacrifices was she willing to make for others? She had made nasty scenes, when she discovered that I had helped others with money. Should I also close my heart then to the need of a fellow human being? And was it good to isolate yourself, to avoid people like she did? Was this not poverty? She meant nothing to other people, she could not give anything, she sought it in her nice polished room and with her parents. Didn't one actually have a duty to spend time with others, to give them love, to search for their hearts?

No, absolutely not, I should not do as she did, I did not get rid of my books. I preferred to be an example to her, to command her respect, one day she would see that I was not a heretic, but, on the contrary, I believed in a God and sought to serve Him.

In order to convince her of my good will, I gave her four thousand guilders one day. Surprised, questioning, she looked at me. I said then that I wanted to give her half of my money to prove that I did not want to deprive her of anything. She could

do with it what she liked, provided she promised me not to blame me if I gave others my money. Seeing her joy gave me a sharp pain. She did not put the money away immediately, but put it on the table note by note; for the first time in a long time I saw her laughing happily...

I achieved little or nothing with this gesture. She did keep her part of the bargain and no longer scolded when I helped others. However, she now showed her vexation in another way and that was by pulling a long face, a face that became longer by the day.

How cold and empty and poor our home life was, became even clearer to me when I saw the relationship which existed between my friend and his wife. What a wonderful, close bond there was between the two of them! How incredibly good marriage is when two people understand each other. These two loved each other, wanted everything for each other, nothing was too much for them to make the other happy. They understood each other without having to say a word. They had respect and pure respect for each other and God must have been pleased to follow them.

When I left them and returned to my frosty basement, I often had real trouble with this. On one of those evenings I talked to Annie for a long time and implored her to finally take a different attitude towards me.

'You love your father and mother', I said, 'can you not feel the same for me? I am your husband, I love you, I want to do everything for you to make you happy. Can you not give me a bit of love then? Have you ever had a friend? Of course, you have. Well, could you be horrible to her? Did you make her feel you wanted to get rid of her? Did you not say a word to her for days? So why do you treat me like that? At least treat me as a friend, be a real companion to me and life will still become good for us.

The problem is my books, you say. But just let me have them.

Be open-minded for once, I do not attack you, then do not let my books bother you. They infect me, you say, and anyone who reads them, is bringing satan to his heart. But just look at my friends, whom you shout at so much. Do they behave in a satanic way? They have suffered screaming poverty, but they did not complain; they wanted, they said, to accept without complaint what God placed on their shoulders. They keep on putting their shoulders together, do you hear, together under the suffering, they carry it and meanwhile their love for each other still increases. And now they have lost their eldest child and yet they do not curse, or complain to God. They are resigned to it and give each other courage. Look, that is strength, you can see it. They are Christians, that is a marriage!

‘God has punished them, that is a different thing! Do I have to do more than pray for you, that God will not punish you too? Should I perhaps be pleased and throw my arms around your neck because you walk past His church?’

How would I ever break down the wall which she had built up against me in her fanatical disbelief? Did she not see herself that she could not possibly serve God with her bitter, loveless attitude? Questions, to which I would not get an answer anymore in this life!

After I was promoted to sergeant major I was transferred from Amersfoort to Arnhem. Her parents had moved to Rotterdam in the meantime. I had the hope that Annie’s attitude, now that she was away from the wings of her parents, would change and that she would become closer to me in those new surroundings. But this hope also remained in vain, a strange power kept her heart closed to me.

But the years in Arnhem brought me a great, intense happiness. I got to know the books which master Alcar and you, the medium through whom I may now write, brought to earth. Those books brought me an immeasurable number of things! How I enjoyed the descriptions of the journeys which you made

with your master through the heavens and hells! What an overwhelming impression the spirit Lantos made on me with his story about his life on earth, his suicide and his arrival and stay in the land on the side beyond. How great my feeling of happiness was and my gratitude, when I was able to read the three books*) 'The Origin of the Universe', about how God created the world, the planets, people and animals. So many more things became clear to me about life here on earth and in the astral worlds. And with a shock I established that what master Johannes, that is Angelica, once told us, was confirmed by your books.

Then it occurred to me to travel to you, my longing to get to know you, who were able to experience this great thing, drove me. Unfortunately, I was not able to get leave. It was a month before the world war broke out and the tension on the international front kept us, soldiers, in the barracks.

How little I could have suspected then, under what circumstances I would meet you one day...

*)This book was originally published in three separate volumes.

CHAPTER VI

My end on earth

DURING the sensational, emotionally laden weeks, in which it became clear to everyone that we would be unlikely to be able to keep the war outside our borders, many, torturing questions occurred to me. I had become a professional soldier at the time, because I wanted to get out of Rotterdam, away from the oppressive environment, where I had had such a hard time with myself. Without having succeeded in making me a soldier in heart and soul, the army had still attracted me. I did my work with enthusiasm and saw a good way of gathering young people around me whom I could support and inform with my knowledge from the books. Certainly in the army, where so many moral dangers threaten, which could put someone completely out of balance, many a young man looks for support from someone who is older and more experienced. I drew these young people to me, I won their trust and could very often help them with their emotional difficulties.

However, during those weeks, I suddenly saw appallingly clearly that the aim of the army did not lie there, but that it had the task in the first instance of training soldiers who would be capable of destroying the enemy with their weapons. It had never actually struck me that the weapons, which I taught the boys to use, would one day really serve to kill people. Now, in those days that the war appeared to be a bitter reality for our country as well, I came to this fateful realisation, in all its threat.

Any day we could receive the order to advance against the enemy, we would have to kill then, we, soldiers!

To kill, but I did not want to kill, for that matter, never, ever would I be able to raise my hand to a fellow human being. Should I become a conscientious objector, now, in the face of

the enemy? No, I certainly did not want to do that, I did not want to be a coward.

Then was I just to go along and take up position and kill people? The state, which had fed and clothed me all those years, my own country, which was dear to me, the boys, whom I commanded, were counting on me. Should I let them down? And were there not my wife and child, should I not defend them then?!

But – terrible question – should I obey them and smother the voice of my conscience, which told me that it was better to be a coward in the eyes of people than a murderer in the eyes of God?!

Amidst this chaos in my emotional life I called upon father. He had once told me that I should call him if I needed him.

‘Father’, I prayed to him, ‘tell me what I should do, tell me how I should act when our country is attacked soon. Should I fight? Should I kill for Queen and country? What do you advise me, father, would it be better for me to become a conscientious objector? Help me, father, and give me the right answer!’

These words kept surfacing within me, during the hours of service, at home, the problem would not let go of me anywhere. One evening, I was lying in bed, I felt father really close to me, so close, that I would have liked to have talked to him out loud. He bent over towards me, I felt, and then – I could have shouted for joy – the saving answer came to me.

‘I was not allowed to kill, I must never kill! I had to go along if the war came. But never and under no circumstances was I to commit deeds of violence.’

Now I knew my position, father had spoken. But strangely, I reflected that night, when I looked very deeply into myself, I knew that I had really already decided for myself to act like that. I knew that I was not allowed to kill, my conscience spoke to me clearly enough on this point, but neither did I want to avoid the battle which would come, something in me forced me to remain at my post and search for the bustle of the battle.

I was not the only one who was now trying to determine his standpoint with regard to the war which threatened. The boys whom I had spoken to so often, looked for me and the questions troubling them were the same questions I had.

‘What will you do, major, if there is a war, will you shoot, or will you object? Or is it okay to kill in war?’

They wished for a clear answer from me and in my heart I thanked father that I was ready to give them that. That evening became the happiest evening of my life.

When I started to speak, a sacred seriousness came over me, I felt solemn and my voice sounded warm and convincing, when I said: ‘Listen, boys, thank you for having such great trust in me that you want to present me with such serious questions, questions of life. I have also struggled with this question the past few days, but now I know what to do. I have become convinced, we may never ever kill in war. We are never justified in front of God if we kill His life. If we kill we are murderers. We are murderers, even if we kill as soldiers. Even if we kill on command, we will never be able to count on God’s mercy. God will show no mercy when we stand before Him and have to say that we killed a fellow human being. God will ask us, why did you do that? God will ask us, why did you destroy My life?’

I myself heard that while I was talking my voice had taken on another tone, a feeling of joy flowed through me. It was father, who was talking, they were his words. In order to thoroughly convince the boys of the seriousness of it, he said the same thing twice. I did not need to search for the words, he put them in my mouth.

‘These are the facts, boys, we ourselves shut God out if we forget ourselves and murder His life. Everyone must therefore decide for himself what he does. This decision will affect your soul, it will affect your life after death. Therefore take time to think about it. We must serve our Queen and follow her orders. And God commands: *‘Thou shalt not kill!’*

No one can enter a heaven if he has the death of a fellow man on his conscience. That is very natural, it is a law of nature, that anyone who does wrong, cannot expect any good!

I was silent for a moment at this point in order to give them the opportunity to absorb my words. I saw that they were reflecting deeply. One of them suddenly asked: 'But if we are attacked, should we not defend ourselves then, should we just let ourselves be slaughtered, after all, it concerns our country, our wives and children?'

It became very quiet after this deep, serious question, everyone looked at me in tense expectation.

'Father', I prayed, 'father, let me say the right words, do everything to inform them correctly, there is so very much at stake here!'

Then I said, and my voice sounded even more powerful than before: 'Whatever the reason is for killing – whether we kill for our wives and children, for our country, people, Queen – we are still murderers, because we are assaulting God's own life. There is no way out of this. To God a country is just a piece of ground, on which we awaken, live and develop. God does not recognize any countries and people, God only recognizes the earth and He only recognizes His children who live on it. He teaches them to tolerate each other, actually to love them. This is why we may not kill, even if we are attacked. Instead, we should let ourselves and our loved ones be killed rather than acting against His Divine law. We must trust in Him, what will happen to us is exactly what *He* thinks necessary! We must therefore not kill, but place our fate in God's hands, trust in Him and bow to Him!'

'So what should we do, major? Should we refuse to go to war?'

'Each one of you must decide for yourselves what you do. Nobody else can decide this for you. What will I do? I will go along if it comes to war. But I will not shoot or give the order

to shoot. I know that this will be difficult under those circumstances. The temptation of reaching for weapons when your comrades are being killed all around you will be great and perhaps irresistible. But I will go anyway, boys, I cannot tell you why, because I do not know myself, but go I must. Something is drawing me there. Now choose your own position, boys, and may God let it be the right choice!

My wife wanted to go to Rotterdam for a week with our daughter. I was not keen on this idea, the situation was becoming more uncertain and more dangerous with each day, so that I did not consider it responsible to let them make this trip. But my wife wouldn't give up and my daughter was apparently looking forward to the trip so much that I agreed in the end.

I took them to the train station and meanwhile I blamed myself for letting them go. A dark, threatening premonition took hold of me. Something was going to happen, I felt, suffering and sorrow awaited them, I should not let them go. I scolded myself for a fool, but when I looked at my wife and child while we were walking, I would have wanted to stop to hold both of them in my arms.

Standing on the platform in front of the train, I implored them to come back quickly, I would not be at ease until I had them back beside me again. I kissed them impetuously. They boarded the train and we talked a bit more through the window. I reiterated that they be extremely careful on the way and, if the situation was to worsen at all, to come back quickly.

But what had got into me, I could have wept, wept without stopping, without really knowing why. My wife and child gave me strange looks, they wondered what could have got into me. My daughter assured me with her sweetest smile, in order to comfort me: 'We will not stay away for long, father, we will come back in three days' time if you cannot bare to be without us.' Then the train left. Tears came to my eyes, my feelings told me that I would never see them again...

The following day we were given the order to take up position on the Grebbe-line. A nervous tension took hold of us. Is it actually really going to happen now, will the Germans really dare to attack us? With the passing of the hours, these questions became more urgent. We looked at each other, we tried to be calm, to hide our tension, to act normal, but we did not quite manage it. We wanted to talk, to talk about all the things which were occupying us, under the danger which threatened us, we sought support from each other, we talked, we swore, we were enthusiastic – which became easier and easier for me – and gave each other cigarettes.

‘It won’t come to that’, one person said.

‘I am sure it will!’ another person said, deeply convinced.

‘We’ll show them...’, many people threatened.

But no one can really imagine what it means to have to fight. No one can imagine what it is like to wage war. However, in just a few hours’ time, we will know what it means. Because then the disturbing news reaches our lines that the Germans have crossed our borders in the early hours of the morning. We are paralysed by shock, we are speechless for a moment, then we start to react. The moment has finally arrived, what we have feared all that time, had become a lugubrious fact! The time passes under a strangulating tension. Those of us on the Grebbe-line are waiting for contact with the enemy. Then the first shots resound, the violence increases, all hell has broken loose!

A stream of aeroplanes passes overhead. Bombs fall. The horror which overcomes us when we see the victims is soon replaced by a cold, bitter attitude. We see the enemy approaching. Furious firing is the response from within our lines. The Germans attack in wide ranks, but our carefully aimed artillery makes considerable inroads into their position. They do not give up, new troops continually attack our positions, however, their attacks are unsuccessful in the deadly barrage which is kept up by our soldiers.

That gives our men courage, after their initial astonishment, they fight back like devils. For many of them, shooting, felling the enemy has become a sport. They shout and rejoice when their shots hit target.

It is a terrible experience to see how new troops of Germans are continually forced by their commanding officers into our line of fire, they seem to want to get hold of our positions at any price. At any price! It results in a massacre. Over the bodies of their friends, over their wounded, they storm forwards, fanatically, jumping, stumbling, they run forward, more and more new rows, but they do not come far, the piles of bodies and wounded become higher and higher...

Now their aeroplanes intervene, with a shrill whistle they dive down to just above our positions and drop their barrage of bombs. But among them there are also those who fall victim to our men, the giant birds plunge downwards like burning torches.

The world seems to be ending in fire and violence, the earth is ploughed up by the explosions; earth, stone and iron is flying around. And limbs. People fall and are torn apart; they scream in their desperation. They call for their mothers, their wives, they swear.

And above this hell, above this insane violence shines the sun, and the flowers of the new spring drink the blood which is streaming like rivers.

My God, my God, I repeat again and again, while I walk round, lost, in this horror. I know that I am holding the others back, I am getting in their way, but I can not behave any differently, I am not able to. I can only be a spectator, my arms are as heavy as lead and I have lost my memory. My God, my God, what am I doing here, why am I here? I do not want this, I do not want to kill, everything is so terrible, so beastly. Here, people are shooting people, in cold blood, cruelly, murderously. I want to shout, I want to make them stop, but my voice does not even reach my own ears...

Next to me a friend falls, a bullet bored through his head, I see him fall, he has a strange, surprised expression on his face. I have to go on, to walk on. My throat is closed, my heart is racing, but my legs carry me away to new horrors. There lies a leg, a trunk, a head, a wounded person is moaning there, he has lost an arm and he is foaming at the mouth. There are dead bodies lying everywhere, there are torn-off limbs. And people did that, people... 'Oh God, do something, do something!' I feel as though I'm going to suffocate, will it never come to an end, must this continue then?

Hour after hour passes and the violence keeps on, the horrors continue. I have become calmer, I am empty inside, my feelings have ebbed away, I can no longer pray, no longer think. Suddenly I stumble, I look sharply, our commanding officer is lying in front of me, I think. I turn the body – there are only parts of it left – in order to be sure. It is him, his face is also horribly mutilated, part of it has been shot away. He was once a person, who could think, act, speak, a person with his own world, a wife, children, family. Now he is lying here, shot to bits, one great bloody wound. The victim of the noble soldiery, which he held so dear in his life. None of the officers whom I had known had drilled their soldiers as he had, nothing escaped his eye, and woe betide the soldier who did not polish his food flask: he would never become a good soldier and he would never be able to amass immortal fame on the battle field. This commander had spoken highly of the battle, wherein men of steel could prove what they were worth. And now a treacherous missile had felled and mutilated him...

I carry on walking, my eyes do not miss a thing, they must see, I cannot avert them. It is a horrific sight. I become nauseous and the urge to scream returns, to put an end to this madness. The missiles claim more and more victims from both sides, their moaning reaches my soul, and meanwhile new grenades fall, large-bore bombs explode and the machine guns

rattle uninterrupted. My head is thumping, my eyes are burning, how can it be that I had not yet gone mad?

Other people have already gone mad. To my horror, I see how several boys leave the trenches in insane anger and run towards the enemy in order to destroy them. They do not get far, a volley of bullets tears them to pieces. Two of them are friends of mine, honest, good comrades, both married, both fathers, now they are dead, removed in cold blood by a satanic enemy, whom we had never wronged.

Something inside me breaks, a mad outrage enflames me because of so much cruelty, so much injustice. God knows that I did not want to kill, that I did not want to hate, but I can bear all of this no longer. These murderers have to be stopped. My God, forgive me, but this butchering, this moaning, this desperate suffering...

I position my rifle and want to shoot. But – I feel – my weapon is suddenly pushed downwards with an irresistible force and I clearly hear the voice of my father, above the crazy noise, which calls to me: ‘Not that, my son, not that, Theo!’

‘Father’, I shout, ‘Father, but father, where are you?’ But I do not get an answer, I can only hear the terrible whistling of a whizzing grenade, a terrible shock and then my body being torn apart. I am no longer aware of anything, but I am still calling out: Father, father, father! I continue to call. Then my eyes close...

CHAPTER VII

I enter eternal life

WHEN I opened my eyes, I looked into two other eyes, which radiated a loving light. Gradually I started to see more. I could now make out a nose, a mouth, a chin and I suddenly knew who was standing before me. With joy in my soul, I called out: 'But father, oh father, father, father.'

And his voice resounded with the same happiness, when he replied: 'Theo, my son, we are together again. Welcome to eternal life, there is plenty of rest here. Now sleep, my son, just sleep. There are no grenades here, there is no horror. So rest, Theo. I am watching over you.'

I sunk into a deep sleep. When I finally opened my eyes, I saw that I was in beautiful surroundings. I could not see the sun, but I could see by everything that it was the height of summer.

'Where am I?'

It was the first question which came into my head. I turned my head in all directions and I enjoyed what I saw. Everywhere there were beautiful trees, there were flowers of every colour, there was water, silvery water, on which birds were floating.

'Where am I?'

I was lying on a settee, I noticed, and I felt very peaceful inside. Cheerfully, I continued to look around, but after a short time I felt myself sinking away and I fell asleep again.

I wakened up in the same place, nothing had changed and it was still summer. Suddenly I saw people walking. They were walking very calmly.

'But where am I? And where is father?'

The question kept coming back to me. The people did not look at me, I was alone and remained alone. But what was

there to stop me approaching the people, I suddenly thought. I could ask them where I was then. My legs would be able to carry me, I felt healthy. It was clear to me that I must have been seriously ill. Yes, I would like to go to those people, some of them were dressed in beautiful garments, I saw. They radiated light. Suddenly I saw that my hands also radiated light. And then I suddenly saw my torn uniform.

‘Where am I? Oh, but where am I?’

But no one answered me. My eyes closed again. When I awake, I am back amidst the horrors of war. All around me the grenades scream. I see German and Dutch people running towards each other, the noise is terrible, the air is filled with explosions and the cry of death. I keep seeing how soldiers were torn apart by the murderous bullets. Oh what madness. I follow the victims who are torn apart and I can clearly see how the souls are torn from their bodies. And I also notice with a shock how those souls immediately start to look for the body parts which were torn from them. A deadly tiredness overcome me and I sink back into sleep.

My eyes open again and I see the earth. The sight of the battle field is terrible. The ground is dug up by the grenades. Are my eyes deceiving me? Am I seeing properly? My God, how awful, what devils! I see how the Germans are busy laying their dead comrades together. They take off their uniforms and put Dutch uniforms on them, which they have robbed our boys of.

I have to experience even more horrible things. I see how a mechanical arm – I do not know of any other name for this machine – picks up the bodies and tow them away. They will be burnt, I feel. But – and I scream – there are soldiers amongst the dead who are still alive. They are only unconscious and will also be burnt, if I do not do anything to prevent this terrible thing. I stand up and scream, I have to stop those people there. But when I try to jump off the settee, I feel myself becoming as heavy as lead and I swoon.

It was a small, sweet little bird which called me back from my fainting fit. The little creature was sitting on a branch, close to me, and was singing a tender, happy melody. Just as I tried to say something to the little creature, it disappeared before my eyes. However, where it had disappeared I saw a shape appearing and I immediately knew who was coming towards me.

‘Father, but father!’

I jumped off my settee and a second later I was lying against his chest. I bombarded him with questions.

‘Just tell me, father, where I am. I am experiencing so many things and I keep falling asleep.’

He calmly answered me: ‘You have to be calm, my son, my Theo. Look at me and tell me whether I am alive. You know, after all, that I died on earth, don’t you?’

Of course I knew that.

‘And so do you know then where you are now?’

Surprised, I looked at father and I said with hesitation: ‘But I am on earth, am I not, father?’

He shook his head and held me close to his chest.

‘You were there, Theo, my son. You died there like I did. A grenade put an end to your life and tore your body apart. Now you have entered eternal life.’

If father had not taken care of me, I would have fainted again. I see the battlefield before me again in all its terrible, inhuman cruelty, I see bodies being torn apart. This picture sickens me and I want to close my eyes to it. But a power outside is forcing me to experience this awful scene again and again. And at the same time I feel why this was necessary. I have to get through this horror, because it is part of my life. Without fainting because of it, I have to be able to think about it.

So I follow everything again, I do my best to deal with the terrible misery which I had seen on the battle-field.

I have to force myself. It is dreadful to see how the people throw themselves at each other in a fury. The moaning of the

wounded people is awful. The beastliness with which one person killed another is horrific.

Another, no less terrible scene unfold before me. I see bodies which are flung from the material bodies and understand that they form the soul's life. And I perceive how these souls search for hands, feet, torn from their bodies in which they have lived on earth. They try to find their heads, which have exploded in the battle. They scream for their mothers. The scene is even worse where German and Dutch people recognize each other and go for each other again. Just as mercilessly and terribly as on earth, the battle starts up again.

'My God', I prayed, 'please do something. Just make them stop that fighting and destruction. Do not allow it, oh, God!'

But as more souls were flung from their bodies into eternal life, the battles increased in intensity.

It was a tremendous effort for me not to faint again, but I managed to remain standing. However, then I was at the end of my strength and I asked father: 'Can you take me away, father, far away from this chaos?'

And father answered solemnly: 'My son and brother, I am willing to help you.'

His words sounded so solemn, this moment was so sublime that I cried out with joy: 'Father, my father, thank you. I can see that you are a spirit of the light and I know now that I am living under your powers. I ask you, father, help me further, show me everything and let me experience everything, I want to know everything which I have to know.'

'You will know everything, my Theo. Come and follow me.'

At my father's side I entered the wonderful landscape which became more and more beautiful. Was I entering heaven? My feelings told me that this was so and that I was now entering the first sphere of light on the side beyond.

To be certain I asked father this.

'You have already felt it, Theo. We are in the first sphere here.'

‘Who brought me here?’

‘I did, Theo.’

One question after another now occurred to me.

‘How long have I already been on this side, father?’

‘According to earthly calculations, eight days have passed.’

I looked at him in surprise.

‘Eight days, you say. Eight days have passed?’ My head was spinning and all kinds of thoughts overwhelmed me.

‘Father’, I begged him, ‘help me, do not leave me alone any more.’

Father reassured me. Had he not come here with the express purpose of helping me?

‘So do you know all about my life, father?’

‘Yes, my son’, was his immediate answer, ‘you can ask me whatever you like.’

In my new situation, so many questions arose, that I did not know which question to ask father first. I looked at him rather helplessly. Then I suddenly noticed his youthful appearance for the first time.

‘How can it be that you are so young, father?’

‘Our emotional life determines the shape of our bodies, my son. The more love we possess, the younger and more beautiful our form becomes.’

‘Father, you are the one now who is helping me to think, I can feel your influence. You were also the one who helped me when I threatened to forget myself in the violence of the war. How grateful I must be to you.’

‘It was you yourself who made it possible for me to intervene, your own spiritual possession!’

I thought about this, father continued walking, next to me, his peace communicated itself to me. After a while, I asked him where we were going. To my surprise, father answered: ‘Back to earth, Theo. I will explain many things to you there and then we will go back to the Spheres of Light.’

Back to earth! I experienced one emotion after another, how wonderful life was, how mighty God was. To the earth I was dead, my body had been torn apart, and yet I was alive, I moved, I talked and I thought. A wave of enormous gratitude to God, Who had created all these worlds and all these laws overwhelmed me. God was great, God was good, I had never realized this more than at this moment, when we were preparing to descend towards the earth.

Suddenly the landscape around us became hazy, I felt myself becoming very light. I felt that we were floating. It was still not possible for me to deal with all the impressions which the trip through space, through the universe made on me. I saw planets and stars around us.

‘It is daytime on earth’, father said, ‘the sun is now shining over many planets. You will get to know all of that.’

Everything which I experienced was awe-inspiring.

My God, the thought suddenly flashed through my head, just imagine that I had violated your life like the others. Where would I have ended up then? Father followed my thoughts, I noticed, because he immediately replied to my unspoken question.

‘The gates of hell would have opened for you. And you would have lived in that madness, until your soul would have freed itself from it. You can feel it, much time would be taken up with it. But every soul manages it, because going higher is possible for everyone.’

‘I have so many questions and yet I cannot ask a single one of them. Why is that?’

‘This happens to every soul which enters the spheres. However, know, son, that I will help you to deal with all your impressions. Every soul which enters the first sphere from the earth receives this help. And giving this help is the first task of those of us who want to serve. We have had to prepare ourselves for it, only then can we help others who possess the same life and destination as we do.’

‘I can now only think of my life on earth, father.’

‘That is also the idea, Theo. We will follow that life and also everything which has to do with you. Only when we have finished with all these problems will we go back to the spheres. Then, my boy, you will be able to receive your eternal possession.’

‘Does everyone experience that, father?’

‘All souls which leave the earth experience that.’

‘Father, why is it that I kept seeing the horrors of war before me a while ago?’

‘It is very natural, my son, that you went back to what you lived in. After all, you still do not know the spiritual life. Your thoughts therefore had to go back to the horrors which you experienced during the final hours of your life. If I now let you think under your own powers, you would still be going back there again. However, since I am concentrating on your emotional life, and absorbing you in my thoughts and emotional world, you remain conscious. I will have to keep doing that until you can create order yourself in your thoughts. However, at this stage it is still the case that you keep going back to those earthly horrors if you don’t receive help, you keep experiencing them. Then sleep overcomes you, because losing your mind is not possible in this sphere. Of course, people are happy to help you, but eventually you must be able to help yourself. Those powers are present in you, your short sleep proves it, others sleep for months and years.’

‘I could weep from happiness, father, now that I know that you are next to me. Yet I feel you in a different way to the way I did on earth.’

‘You would do well to think of me as you thought of me on earth. Talk to me, as you talked to me there, then we will become closer to each other than ever before. You feel strange now but that is because you are not completely in this life yet. You first have to absorb this new life. I am also analysing these

feelings of yours. You feel that you want to embrace me and yet you cannot, because you feel a distance between us. However, the more spiritual consciousness you gain, the smaller that distance will be. It is therefore not true that a person who comes here, can just immediately step into the relations as they existed on earth. Here in this life we merge into each other as our feelings, our consciousness grows.'

While I floated next to father through the universe, towards the earth, I had thousands of thoughts, and just as many questions without being able to form them yet. I could not think for myself, I could neither walk nor float, I did everything under the powers of another person. The person who was helping me had been my father during my life on earth. He had been very close to me there. Now he lived next to me again, but my feeling told me that there was a distance between us. As a result of father's words, understanding gradually came to me. Father stood, as conscious as he was, closer to me than I did to him. He was my father and yet he was not. Yes, on earth he was my father, he belonged to me. Here, in this world, he was a spiritual being with a beautiful light around him, the light which had formed his love. He was a personality, who knew the world in which he lived. He attained his spiritual possession, his greater consciousness; all of this created a distance, in my opinion. With his help, however, the distance would become smaller and smaller, to finally disappear completely. In order to bridge that distance he had advised me to keep seeing him as I had seen him on earth, as my father, with whom I had a bond.

I held father's hand more tightly, he, who had been like a guide to me on earth, would now show me round here too, in this great astral universe, where I was like a child who still had to learn everything.

Thousands of souls were thrown along with me in bits and pieces into eternity. One person awakened in hell, another person entered a heaven, everyone came to the place which he had

created for himself through his deeds. I had opened my eyes in beautiful, wonderful surroundings, I had been taken there by my father, and he now led me by the hand into the wonders, which God's Love, God's Omnipotence had created for His heavens. On earth I had looked up at the stars often enough, at the sun and the moon; I had seen their light, but had not understood their significance. In this way I had uttered God's name without understanding Him or His works, I had thought about life and death, about hell and heaven without realizing their nature, their significance, their power. I had lived just like that, had tried to do good and steer clear of evil, and all too often it had remained at attempts. But I could be satisfied, my striving had given me a heaven. However, I had never realized my imperfection better than now, while I floated through the universe at father's side. I still had to learn everything, I was right at the beginning of a long road, however, by following it, all the Divine laws would be revealed to me. But before my lessons could begin, I had to deal with my past. That is why father was now taking me back to earth.

Tears were streaming down my cheeks. How wonderful life was, what a mercy it was to be a person! Father let me weep and did not say a word. He knew the feelings, which made my tears flow so abundantly, feelings of gratitude towards the Creator of heaven and earth, towards Him, by Whom I had been given life. I had never prayed so emotionally to God as at that moment.

We were approaching a sphere which was becoming bigger and bigger. This was the earth, I felt. The earth itself told me that. This knowledge reached my life as though of its own accord. We were coming closer and closer to it, then we had reached the destination of our trip, our feet touched the ground. I had completed my first journey, I still did not understand how and through what. I would still have to learn all of this.

We were walking through a city. I soon recognized it: Rotter-

dam. One emotion after another overcame me. We followed the streets, father and I, and looked at the people who were hurrying along. We saw them, but they could not see us. There were people walking there to whom I felt attracted, but there were also people who radiated a terrible demonic light.

Father took me to the place where we had lived. Our shop was no longer there and yet I observed the place as it used to be, when we lived there. We went into the shop.

‘You must now tune in completely to the life we led here, that means, you must think back with all your power. You will then be connected to it, and that has to happen because it will give you something to hold on to. It is the way to reach yourself. After all, you were yourself here. During this life you were close to me, you had a personality there. And it is this personality which must help you to find yourself, so that all the new things which you have already experienced will not tear you apart. The immeasurable universe, all the powers and strengths there will then make you succumb, after which sleep will follow. This sleep may no longer overwhelm you, because you would never become yourself.’

I let father’s words sink in and then I expressed the warm feeling which came to me.

‘Father, you are so close to me. Now I can feel you again as before. Tell me, how is that possible?’

‘I already told you, my son, we lost each other in eternity, even if that loss has no meaning. A gulf was created, because I know more about the life where we are now than you do, who have just awakened there. My personality has changed here, you must now grow towards me. This is why – I repeat, because it must be completely clear to you – we are now going back to our earthly contact, as a result of which you will be able to understand me better, which will ease our understanding of each other. We will build on this contact, I will teach you all I know and in this way we will bridge that gulf. You will then

live in me and I in you and in this way we will be completely one again. That is therefore only possible if we possess the same sphere, the same heaven. If that is not the case, then you will feel different anyway to how I feel, even if am your own father a hundred times over. Father and mother relationships do not mean the same thing here as they do on earth. Have a good think about this and try to understand it.'

I nodded.

'I can feel you, father, yes, I understand you.'

'There is also significance in these words of yours. You now do not quite know how to address me. You alternately call me by the polite form and the informal form of address. Here in this world our respect and our love for the life of God dictates how we speak. I now ask you to come closer and to address me as you did on earth. However, if I were a master, then I would know all the degrees and powers in this universe, and you would then have to address me with sacred respect. Because here lower life has love and respect for the higher life. Without those feelings, you would not even be able to approach a higher being. Those are laws, spiritual laws which keep the soul here within its own boundaries. On earth people have no concept of this, but our life is different in so many respects.'

Now I got an image from the past: I saw myself going upstairs from the shop. Father lay there ill and he had called me. This image made me think of father's sick bed, but my thoughts went back even further, to my youth. I asked father: 'What is the meaning of the fact that I am suddenly thinking of my youth?'

'It was then that you started to love me consciously. Our contact started there in Amsterdam. That is why we will go there now.'

I would then get to see our former house, so that was also possible?

Father took over my thoughts.

‘That is also possible’, he said and asked me to follow him.

We went on our way, floating through the streets, over squares and canals. Nothing stood in our way, we floated straight through people and walls, they were like clouds. I experienced thousands and thousands of problems during those moments. But father let me feel that I was not allowed to think about them, that would come later, when the time was ripe for it. A sacred order reigned in this life. You could not do anything which exceeded your emotional powers, it would only make you faint. But I felt that one day I would be allowed to know everything, get to know all those laws which made it possible for me to move and act in this way. Meadows, rivers, trees, villages and towns disappeared beneath us. We soon reached Amsterdam. When I was walking there in the familiar streets, everything became too much for me. Weeping, I flung myself into my father’s arms again and he embraced me, full of understanding and love. When I was calm again and ready for new problems, we continued on our way. We were soon standing in front of our house. It was now a wall-papering business. But as in Rotterdam, father showed me our own shop. And what a miracle, I saw myself walking round as a small child. I did not dare to ask father how that was possible, because I felt that I would then descend too deeply into this law. I knew that I would only lose myself in it and so I had to just remain tuned to what father wanted to show me.

Oh, I understood father’s way of doing things so well. The feelings which I had for him as a child returned. Then he was my protector, my friend, to whom I gave all my trust, all of my tender love. Now he was my protector again, my friend and adviser.

There, standing next to father, my childhood blossomed before me, I had to force myself to remain calm. And I immediately felt the depth which quietly dealing with this great miracle could give me. Self-control, peace and concentration were re-

quired of me, only in this way would I be capable of getting to know all the phases of my life and extracting the lessons from them. Because, I knew, if I could not manage this, how would I be able to help others in the future, to be a guide for others? After all, it would be heading in that direction. It suddenly occurred to me, did the masters not say during the seances that people could only master a higher life by serving?

With this realisation, I looked on even more keenly, while my life story unfolded. Everyone gave meaning to his life according to his own insights, no two people experienced the same life. I was now faced with all the facts which this life story would show, the lessons to be learned, which would help me to build up a new personality in this astral world. When I thought about this, I asked father: 'Did Angelica help you, father?'

'Are you already conscious of that, Theo?'

'Yes, father, dear father. Then you need not tell me anymore and I understand your happiness, when you entered this life. But where is Angelica now?'

'She is in the spheres, Theo.'

'What is she doing?'

'She is helping others, as I am now helping you.'

'It is wonderful, father, wonderful and natural. Are you with her all the time?'

'For eternity, Theo, my son. I can see her constantly, if I want to. When my task of helping you further has been completed, we will carry on together.'

'You would want to kneel down and thank God for everything, father.'

I saw new images before me, the past had been awakened and no action, no word had been lost. Now I saw myself in the shop, father was talking to a lady and I was watching from a distance and listening to them. She was advising him to read the books, which had changed her emotionally and had been a great support to her during the difficult periods in her life.

Father said to her that he would like to read the books; a while later we both went upstairs. Mother greeted us with swearing. As if to make me forget her roughness, father took me in his arms and calmed me down again. His tender gesture brought me such joy, child that I was.

In a following image I saw myself going to school and coming home again. I was already met downstairs by the raging voice of mother. There was another argument about the books which father was reading. Mother threw a book in his face. I had to experience several arguments and I experienced them again in all their horror. But there was one difference. Then I stood watching as a child, small, afraid, not understanding it, however now I felt peace and understanding when experiencing the sordid scenes. Understanding for father's viewpoint, who saw his pure religious way of life being threatened and attacked by mother, who searched for and served evil; understanding for father's suffering, who in his love for mother wanted to keep her from the dark path which would lead her to destruction. I understood his concern for me, whom he wanted to bring up in his spirit, to preserve me from mother's bad influence.

And now my feelings for father grew thousand-fold. Only now did I understand his fanatical will to lead his life according to Divine laws, I understood his beautiful feelings which marked him out as such a fine, deep person and also ensured him a place in heaven. In this way father's personality was built up more clearly for me with every scene. After each scene, I felt myself changing, each scene brought me spiritual wisdom. On earth I could not have learned in twenty years what I now learned in just a few seconds. Father looked at me happily, he knew that our first goal had been achieved. Those images from the past made me get to know father better, which brought us closer together straightaway. From this feeling I would now have to learn to approach and understand his spiritual being. And – as I said – the conditions for this were already favourable now.

I wanted to kneel down again, but the problems which we were now considering forced me to remain standing. It was not the time now to pray. This was also another miracle, I experienced another new law. That law now forced me to think and to experience. There was also order to it! The grateful feeling which flowed from me was equal to a prayer, after all. So I did not need to put my feelings into words, but it was better to follow the problems, which our life story revealed so abundantly.

Again, so many years later, having died myself on earth, but living on the other side of the grave, I experienced how my mother went her own way and left me behind with father. I could also feel the happiness again of the quiet, peaceful time which followed. We reflected for a long time on the images which were revealed after this. They were images which showed us the period in which we were holding seances. But now we did not only see ourselves, but also those who came to us from the side beyond. They were both angels and demons.

CHAPTER VIII

Seances on earth

WE see ourselves sitting at the table, us and our friends. We are holding a cross, the board with the alphabet is on the table. A spirit approaches, his light speeds ahead. I look on surprised: it is Angelica, this beautiful young woman is Angelica. Her gaze rests on father, it contains her great love, she has a hint of a smile on her lips. She greets her twin soul, it is moving to see the happiness which now radiates from her.

Angelica, I see, now goes into father and over the others, she divides her powers. We all radiate light and our light mingles with her light. Seeing this, I also understand that we cannot be completely connected, because the light which we radiate is different. However, Angelica brings about the contacts. She directs her power on to the cross and makes it turn. Now she sharpens her concentration and the cross begins to tap out letters, from which sentences will be constructed. Angelica shares out beautiful lessons. She is full of inspiration, living in the happiness of being with her soul, who is like her. Angelica lives in father and father lives in her. But he does not yet feel this. He cannot feel it, because he does not know anything about all these laws.

Now I am beginning to understand Angelica's goal. If she can continue to connect him to her, then she will be able to reach him properly later. In this way she wants to gradually elevate him to her own life, so that, when it is time for father to leave earthly life and enter eternal life they can then go into each other, carried and pushed by this contact. Her immeasurable love for him makes her act in this way. I still do not understand the depth of everything which is revealed to me here, but I am beginning to realize that the bond which binds these two

beings, is not one which can be realized by people. It must be given by God Himself.

However, Angelica's attempts are not made easy. Suddenly, there is an disturbance. I can now see that disturbance. A dark cloud slides between us. It takes shape, it is a person, a coarse, ugly being with a dark radiation. Angelica, with all her light and love, has to withdraw. And I now also understand why she has to do this. The disturbance was only and solely caused by us, the people holding the seance.

Without being prepared for it, without knowing anything about the laws which we were activating, we sat down and waited for the contact with the world from the side beyond. With different destinies, without unity, filled with our own thoughts and longings, we sat there together. Is it any wonder that it is we ourselves who draw the lower beings to us and allow them in our midst? Character traits in us, which the dark being also possesses, call him here, his aura mingles with ours and the being spells out his nonsense, which often contains mean language. It is an unfortunate person who still talks nonsense in his dark existence. I am beginning to understand the seriousness of this terrible life.

Oh, I now realize why we did not take more trouble to go into each other more deeply in order to reach unity, why we were so badly prepared in the hours beforehand and why we did not realize at a deeper level what to expect in the evening. We were entering holy ground and we lacked the necessary respect. One person came to the seance, while he was still carrying the poison from an argument which he had had that day; another person came from a need for sensation; a third person joined the seance with a longing to get contact with his dead father, while a fourth person wanted to have his future predicted.

Is it any wonder, I ask, that it was we ourselves who drew the low being to ourselves and so made it impossible for the angels

of light to pass on their wisdom and lessons to us?

Suddenly Angelica was in control of the situation again. She pulls up a brightly lit haze which blinds the dark being. For the moment we, the people at the seance, are free from the powers of darkness.

Now I experience another miracle. Angelica suggests writing through me. Father and I are now both holding a seance. It happens of its own accord. I am elevated to her life through her. This elevation is no different to Angelica controlling my feelings. Now she tunes in to what she wants to write, and see, I feel a cramp in my hand. Her concentration forces me to let my hand go. I let my hand go and then it starts to write. I can feel beforehand what sentence Angelica will write, but it is she who is writing. I am only the instrument. But then an disturbance occurs again. My own thoughts come to me. Instead of doing what Angelica asks, and not thinking, emptying myself, my thoughts work feverishly. It is not without consequences. I am myself again, my body listens more closely to me than to Angelica. After all, I live in my body and she is only in it temporarily. So she has to make the most of that little bit of power that I let through.

By now starting to think myself, instead of giving in completely, I break our contact and I take possession of my arm again. Worse still, I drive away the luminous figure, and since my doubts are also raised, I draw on other powers which touch on disbelief. All around, above and below us disbelief lives and see: a dark cloud is drifting towards me and a being appears from it, which came before to interrupt. It grips my arm, my hand, and comes out with stuff and nonsense.

At the following seance held by father and me the same thing happens. Then, desperate and full of doubt, I throw away the paper and pencil.

Now, standing next to father, I follow the dark being. We lived in his aura, the terrible feelings of passion and violence

from him reached us. I want to know where this life, destined for a low life, will go.

The man passes his day in this place which is our house. He is being held here, he once killed several people here and then himself. This deed keeps him here and he will only be released when his victims belong to the living again.

Now I begin to perceive how this monster was awakened. It is through mother. Mother sought wrong, as frivolous as she was, and gave herself over to passion. As a result of this the being became awakened. The monster is awakened to life, to deeds, it sticks to her from time to time. Then mother's longings are stimulated more strongly than ever, she can no longer stand it at home, she shouts at us that we are the living dead and she has her fun outside the home. Her bad qualities and the will of this person drove her.

All those thoughts come of their own accord to me. I now understand how people on this side talk to each other. Father is standing next to me, he sends these explanations to me. A feeling of gratitude reaches him from me.

Mother's arguments with father awaken the monster. Then it lives, it sees, it observes we people, the room, the shop and the axes. It is abhorred by those axes, they played a terrible role in his life, by using them, this being plunged itself into misery.

The man spelt out: 'I am Piet Hein.' And a moment later: 'I am Napoleon.' But what is he? A pile of misery, which awaits salvation here in a rotten stench. I start to smell this stench. Now that I am tuned in so deeply to his life, father has to help me to deal with the impressions, otherwise I would faint.

Thank God, he could not reach us, father and me, during our earthly life. If this had been the case, then we would not have had a moment's peace in our house. Only during the seances was this different, then we attracted him to us, as I said.

Nevertheless, Angelica's writing through my hand was able to produce good results. The powers needed for this lay within

me, there was feeling in me. Therefore, by impressing her thoughts on my developed emotional life and at the same time concentrating on my arm, she managed to write down what she had to tell us. I did not yet have any gifts, they were still to awaken and then be built up by Angelica. However, beforehand, I had to go through the first stage of development, it occurred to me, even the greatest mediums of all were faced with this law of nature.

Using the feeling I had in me, Angelica had been able to let us experience the most wonderful seances. Then my cursed doubt let itself be felt and destroyed everything. Instead of giving in, I let my common sense act instead of my feelings, with all its consequences.

What a miracle! Standing next to father in our house in Amsterdam I start to see more and more. I suddenly perceive my own aura. There are many deep shades of colour in the light which I radiate. Father's aura has other colours. Now I also start to learn the reason for this difference. Those colours were built up in previous lives and since everyone experiences and leads his life in his own way, the colours are also different in each person's aura. A master in spirit is capable of determining the lives of a person and his thoughts, feelings and actions from his colours.

New images reached me. My aura showed that I had been a scholar in one of my lives, a scholar of the soul, to the earth, a psychiatrist. I reflected upon the illnesses which ate at body and soul as a result of shocks experienced. I had been occupied with this research for life after life, I delved deeper and deeper, but even in this life as a scholar I did not achieve total knowledge.

During my last life I myself experienced the most tremendous shock which a person can experience, my own body being blown up. It was the fulfilment of a wish which had guided me in all those lives of research. I wanted to experience the shock personally, because in this way I thought I would be able

to gain knowledge and to achieve the goal of my age-long study.

For this reason I had gone into the army in my last life. Father now let me feel that I could also have experienced being torn apart in another way. As a result of an accident, for example. The cause and effect, however, that I had to experience in this life, decided otherwise.

Everything I got to experience was wonderful. As a result of the images from my last and previous lives I started to see the connection between the facts which determined those lives. In this way I was now also connected to the feelings which made me into a useful medium.

As a result of my searching and study in the area of the soul, I had gained consciousness. Up until my last life on earth I had worked on the growth of this consciousness. There was therefore a process going on in my lives and that process also made its mark on the life of my soul. Because by gaining consciousness, my emotional life gained feeling.

By now playing on this feeling, Angelica could now use me as an instrument during the seances. That was not the case for the other members of our circle. They only lived for their cause and effect and did well. They therefore only had contact with earthly life, and in previous lives every deeper spiritual process was also strange to them. It was different for father, he was also here to make up for something, but for him the intuition for the higher, therefore spiritual life, was more developed than it was for us. As a result of this intuition and as a result of his sacred connection of the soul with Angelica, this connection could also draw strength from him. However I was the contact, therefore the medium.

Now that the presence of the feelings in me for being a medium were explained, I was even more sorry about my constant doubt which banished Angelica from the cross and allowed the dark spirit to connect. Of course, the seances were stopped. I now saw that it was Angelica who placed the decision in father

to leave Amsterdam and settle in Rotterdam. We had to leave the unhealthy astral atmosphere which was caused by the dark being chained to our house.

At this point of re-experiencing the past, father let me feel that we would also go to Rotterdam now, in order to follow our lives further.

Faced with saying farewell to this part of our lives, I saw all the images passing by me, as in a flash. Again I saw father together with mother, again I saw myself as a child, as a boy growing up. Then I suddenly had to think of my wife. It suddenly seemed strange to me that I had not thought about her for a single second before. I look at father and ask him: 'Why, father, did I not once think about my wife here in this life? I was married to her, after all, wasn't I?'

Father looks at me and says: 'Is it clear to you, Theo, that this is because she did not understand you? Your wife did not sense you emotionally. She did not possess any real love for you and was not a part of your life. Is it not understandable that, having finally arrived in this world, you can only think of the things which were part of your life? Now that you are tuned into other things here, thoughts of her cannot be part of you. Only the thoughts which let us feel the warmth and the true love of others occur to us.'

'I understand, father. Will I see her and my child?'

'You will see both, Theo. When we are ready.'

'Father', I replied, 'you are reviewing all of my life, so we will naturally also come to them. Am I right?'

'Yes, you are, my son.'

'My child, father, I feel my dear daughter really intensely. I did think about her. I feel very close to her.'

'That will be clear to you now, Theo. On earth you were more connected to her than to Annie.'

'Do you know my wife, father?'

'Yes, my son. I have been with you several times during your

life on earth. I know about your battle in that life. You do not need to tell me anything. After all, I know all about you.

You will see your child again and the woman who was once your wife. If there had been an emotional contact between you and her, then this love would have forced you to follow this bond before everything. But now that this contact is not present, we would be better to reflect upon your life in the right order.

We will now leave here and go to our house in Rotterdam, because there is a lot to observe here. This is all necessary, I already told you, in order to make you conscious in this life. By following your life on earth, you will pass over into eternal life. From which it appears sufficiently how close both lives are connected. Our material being, our earthly doings, only they and they alone decide our life in the spirit. That is clear to you, isn't it?

CHAPTER IX

Dying

WE left Amsterdam, our willpower took us to our new target, Rotterdam. On the way I thought about everything which my father had shown me. I had already experienced and learned many things, too many to mention, in this short while. But the most sceptic and unbelieving person on earth must be filled with respect for God the Father at knowing that this is reserved for us people in this way. However, it is only possible to experience this mercy, it occurred to me, if life on earth is tuned to the Spheres of Light. If I had just lived recklessly on earth, then my father would not have been able to help me.

I looked down and saw people walking. I had lived amongst them. I reflected upon the feelings which I had felt for them. I had felt love for them. I had also loved my wife very much, despite everything. Without that love for God and people, I would have excluded myself from the first sphere. I was blissfully happy in the possession of this love.

I still did not know much about the world which I had now entered, I had to accept that, all its laws still had to be revealed to me. But under father's guidance, I would gradually, without missing a single step, get to know this new world. However, first I had to know all about my earthly life. As long as there were still questions in me with regard to this life, I would not be ready to absorb and deal with other problems and new spiritual wisdom.

But how wonderfully natural eternal life is, I thought, eternal life which I had entered as a result of my experience in the Grebbe-line. That Grebbe-line had meant horror to so many others, they had been destroyed by it in this world and had seen the hells opening for them. This terrible place brought me

experience, it gave me the contact – and what wonderful contact – with my dear father again. I received spiritual wisdom as a result of it and pure experience.

‘Yes, father, I can feel you, I am beginning to understand the meaning of the Grebbe-line to me, a little. A little, because I have not experienced it yet. But you will also take me there. Father, father, I am so grateful to you, words cannot express my feelings.’

I had one thought after another, while I floated like a minute particle, as a result of the concentration of another person who was dedicated to me, through God’s unending universe. I felt small, inexpressibly small in this eternity, and yet I was not afraid now. Because I knew that this universe could not possibly destroy me, after all, I am working. I am working. I am working on myself. I am not yet serving and yet I am. Yes, I serve, but first myself, I have to master spiritual consciousness in everything. Only then will I be able to stay standing under my own strength in this mighty universe and will I be able to start serving others. Isn’t everything wonderful? God, my God! Father! This is how I thought, this is how I talked to myself. I am like a child here in this life.

A new joy is added to the many which I had got to experience since entering the Spheres of Light. It is awe-inspiring, it is incredible what I see and I weep because I am so deeply moved. Father understands my feelings and he lets me weep. No one on earth can experience that joy so intensely and yet what I see is part of the earth.

I see how daylight slowly disappears and is replaced by the darkness of the night. The sun sets... A great miracle, which overwhelms me, as if I am experiencing it for the first time. I am actually experiencing it so intensely for the first time, as a child of the earth I had never experienced this miracle in this way. I bow my head deeply and I join my hands, I am so full of respect for God’s omnipotence, which is unfolding here so clearly.

I am overwhelmed by new thoughts, what a lot of laws must control the universe, God's universe. I get a glimpse of them and my head is already reeling from it, I feel small and insignificant again. I look at father, as if I'm looking for support from him. Without him, I know, I would be lost in this immense universe. I may not yet go into the laws and problems too deeply, the laws which are connected with that what I get to see on our first journey through the universe. I cannot deal with all of it yet, I had only taken a few steps in eternal life and what I have to take in is already overwhelming. I have to take one step at a time and I may not miss out a single step, or the fall which I take will be deep.

When night-time comes on earth and people are in a deep sleep, father and I will quietly continue the task we have been set. The body of an earthly person requires sleep, requires peace and we who are separate from the earthly body and its hindrances, float restlessly and without any hindrance through the universe and explore, we experience.

What a lot of laws must be attached to this situation, it occurs to me. But again I feel that I would be better not to go into this any deeper either, at least if I want to remain standing. In this life one problem awakens another, one law attracts thousands of others.

I look at father and he immediately starts to communicate with me through our feelings. He says: 'It is good that you are thinking, my son. I want to release your thinking and feeling. The deeper your thoughts and feelings, the quicker we will get on with things. Other tasks await us. However, you have sensed well that for the time being you may not think deeper than your strengths allow. I will therefore remain keenly tuned in to you, so that I can warn you immediately if you go too far.'

As a needy child I stand in the life of the spirit, I have to learn everything: to walk, think, deal with things. I keep on experiencing this, and I do again now. On our journey with its oh so

wondrous events, a longing keeps arising in me, to thank God for everything which has been given to me. I would like to buy flowers for Him, snow-white flowers, for my supreme Father, to lay at His feet. This wish now also arises in me. It is not the intensity of this longing which suddenly makes my head spin. This is caused instead by the power of the thoughts and feelings which are shaped by my longing. They cause chaos inside me. I therefore ought to create order in my world of thoughts, before I do anything else. Otherwise I will be unable to start on the next problem and father might as well give up and return to his sphere.

I thought about buying a bouquet of flowers for God, the Father of all life, snow-white carnations or even better, pure lilies, only the most beautiful flowers could express my gratitude. But considering this, I have to accept that I am in this life without money or flowers, so I cannot even show God my gratitude in a tangible way. Then I suddenly started to feel the enormous depth which was connected to this problem and it made my head reel.

What is possible on earth – to buy flowers for someone to show them your love – is not possible in this world. God asks a person to prove that love, that gratitude in a very different, less easy way. But how?

And then the answer comes to me, from father, of course: 'Here in this life 'serving' is the way to show your feelings for God to Him.' Every good deed done for His children is a flower and the more numerous the acts of love, the greater and more beautiful the bouquet is that I will be able to offer God. That is what father is doing and what millions of other souls do: devote themselves to the life of God. In this way they show their gratitude for all the deeds and love which their Creator continually shows them. Once more I realize how much I still have to learn, before this life, the world of spirit can completely absorb me. My thoughts and feelings, my consciousness, still be-

long to the earth, they must become spiritual. How much do I still have to master in this life, if I cannot even think about a sunset without it making my head reel and making me feel that I might collapse?! I will have to know *every* law which lives in the cosmos, if I wish to go higher and further. In this way, while working and serving, I will explore the life of the spirit, hells and heavens, the immense universe of God, be taken in there and learn to absorb them in my consciousness.

Father and I continue on our way across the earth. We came to earth from the first sphere. How great might the distance between that sphere and the earth be? How long would it take for us to get from there to here? However, is it still possible to talk of distance and time in this eternity? But I don't believe – my thoughts race on – that it took very long. Anyway it must have happened faster than at this moment, because it is as if we are walking. But very slowly we make progress and Rotterdam still isn't within sight. Why is it taking so long now? I suddenly feel again that I must be careful with my thoughts. My questions about distance and time immediately connect me to the universe and that universe is immeasurable.

Father has intercepted my questions. Gradually the answer to my last question comes to me. It is because of me that we are now making such slow progress. My thoughts keep wandering off in all directions, without my will being completely tuned into the aim which we wish to achieve and which lies in Rotterdam. I am thinking, but I am not really completely committed to it. I am only thinking at a capacity of about five percent, I have to accept. If I could continue to think and at the same time be able to concentrate my willpower on our target, we would be able to go as fast as lightening. Father can do this, he has mastered this. However, I have to recognize once again, I can and may not think too deeply, because as a result of this I draw laws from the universe towards me, which would overwhelm me and make me collapse, since I am a child in this

world. It is therefore better for me to tune into reaching the goal in question.

I do what father tells me and see that we are flying through the universe and after only one second we enter our house in Rotterdam. I had learned a tremendous amount between Amsterdam and Rotterdam. More than I could ever have imagined on earth!

Once we get to our own house, father lets me feel that I may concentrate on new questions and problems. He will give me an answer to everything I wish to know. I do not need to think for long and ask father to connect me to the most significant and dominant event which I ever experienced in this house: his illness and his death!

I follow father to the room where his sick-bed was and where he died. The image which had stayed with me for the whole of the rest of my life, now rose up again before me. Father was lying in bed, quietly looking in front of him, meditating, and I was sitting in a chair next to him. There was some medicine and a vase of white flowers on a little table on the other side. We have been placed in the past again and nothing has been lost. New images come to me and they show me the whole course of father's illness up to his end.

Father feels sick and his tiredness has become so great that he can no longer leave his bed. I insist on calling the doctor and finally father agrees. After his examination, the doctor explains with certainty that father will soon be over it. But father himself assures the doctor that he is wrong, he will no longer get out of this bed, he claims. He has heard a voice which sounded very familiar to him and which told him that he would soon enter life after death.

Father becomes increasingly tired and despite the optimistic diagnosis of the doctor his condition worsens. Now I am beginning to understand the meaning of that tiredness. Father's body is becoming weaker, since he no longer directs his strength

to keep his body intact. His soul is busy with a new task, it is preparing itself to pass over into another life. Of course, the body has to manage without those powers and tiredness is the result. If father had suffered any illnesses, they would have worsened and caused his death. Now the inspiring life only feels tiredness. Nothing else can be felt. This is his illness, which will soon make his heart stop. Father knows this already and has submitted completely to this tiredness.

Meanwhile the doctor has had to admit that father will never get better. Yes, he establishes, his heartbeat has weakened to such an extent that his end will come soon. He gives father less than a week. But now father shows once more how close his contact with the world of the side beyond already is, and how great his certainty which he receives from there. He will die, he tells the doctor, he already explained that to him in the beginning, but it will not be within a week. Tomorrow he will be able to tell him the exact date and time.

Night has fallen. The night nurse has put out the lamp, there is still a small lamp burning beside father. Standing next to father I can see this happening again before me all these years later. Father lets me feel that I do not need to tune into the sister, but that I should take a look at our housekeeper. I do this and I can see Betsje busily walking back and forth. Then I start to see her aura and I immediately notice that there are black marks in it. At the same time I start to understand what they mean. The dark areas indicate gross faults which lurk in her character.

I look at father and I see his spiritual clothing. How is it possible, I ask in great amazement, that I could not see that before? Then I understand, I have to realize that I am experiencing everything here through father's powers and he is only showing me what he considers necessary. And all of this happens at the right time, otherwise I would be crushed by the amount of impressions which life offers here.

Father's garment hangs loosely around his shoulders like a Roman tunic. It is a beautiful colour. Father lets me feel how this came about. His soul life spun it, wove the threads into this pattern and it was his characteristics which produced the colours. In this way the emotional life of a person is attached to the spiritual garment.

Every soul in the universe has a garment, not one soul, wherever it finds itself, even if it is the deepest hell, has to go on its way naked. It can clearly be seen from Betsje's aura what her garment would be like. The dark marks show that Betsje is no good.

I follow her while she is walking back and forth. She now goes into father's room and brings the nurse a drink. As a result of this, my gaze also falls upon father. Good heavens, can this be true, I can now see three of father! As he is standing next to me and lying in bed. But I also perceive a shadow there and I know for certain that it is father. However, I do not think about it for long, my gaze almost immediately falls upon Betsje again and her aura. Now I can see that she is thieving. She keeps taking money. Money kept going missing from my shop cash-box, I suddenly remember now. However, I never considered theft. So it was Betsje. Suddenly I see her standing in front of a cupboard. She hesitates, looks around her, and takes out a number of bank notes. Three hundred guilders.

'Good Heavens, God Above, can nothing be hidden from Your eyes? Has that also been established? Will we later be faced with every deed in our lives? If that is true, my God', I pray, 'forgive Betsje then, because Betsje was not that bad after all. Betsje took good care of father and me as well, for that matter. We have forgiven her, Father, God of all life, do not talk about it anymore, we have given her the money.'

Lying in bed, father's eyes follow Betsje who is bringing the nurse a hot drink. I read into that look and then know that father is completely aware of Betsje's stealing. In order to be

sure, I ask him but he does not say anything, however, he lets me feel that he knew everything. He does not want to talk about it now, because then too much of it would be awakened in this life.

During the last few days before his death, father's sensitivity had become so great that he could read Betsje's thoughts. He took over her evil longings, her craving for money, her stealing. This was her telepathic transfer!

Father looks at Betsje, but he does not say anything. Now I also know why. Father was preparing to pass over, he was in the process of saying goodbye to the earthly life and could not and did not want to tune into these wrong deeds anymore. It would call him back to earth in a cruel way and he could not change Betsje a bit anyway, by telling her off.

I therefore do not go into this either and prefer to follow Betsje's aura, this is also father's intention. I look from her to him and from him to myself. When father was preparing for his passing over, he took off his earthly garment, but another one was woven over it, a spiritual garment, which already had colours here and there. Now I suddenly notice that my uniform, which I am still wearing, is becoming hazy. I get a fright when I see this, but I am also overcome by a great happiness. I start to understand how my earthly attire was becoming hazy. Since I am merging into this new life step by step, I withdraw myself from the earth and everything which connects me to it. When I will have completed the process of following and experiencing everything, this uniform will undoubtedly dissolve completely. For I feel that another garment is taking shape behind it.

It is amazing, and I receive all of this by seeing Betsje and the black marks in her aura. I have to make an effort to deal with all these events, which are great problems in themselves. But I have not yet finished experiencing things. I direct my gaze towards father. It is as if he is asleep, but this was not the case.

The small lamp partly light up his face. When the sister saw him so peaceful, she had left him alone. Suddenly a great light comes into the room and I see how a beautiful shape approaches father. It is Angelica. She is standing next to his bed and put him to sleep. Then she connects herself to him and elevates his soul to her world. In this way it was possible for him to see and hear her. She told him when he would experience his passing over.

The question now occurs to me how she could predict this. At once the answer flows in to me. Since Angelica passed completely into father she could read in his aura, which was becoming more and more hazy, how long it would be in earthly time before his soul would be released from his material body.

With sacred respect I look at the scene which unrolls before my eyes, at the two of them who belonged to each other, as God had disposed, and loved each other in a way which I had not thought possible.

I quietly let these events sink in, they must not overwhelm me again.

In the morning father told me that Angelica had appeared to him that night and had given him the time of his passing over. The days passed and the doctor soon had to admit that his knowledge had failed. Now he said that it was not really anything very unusual. Many dying people were able to name the exact time beforehand when they would close their eyes for good beforehand. However, it was not clear to him how they could know and he could not have accepted the truth at that point anyway. But now I am faced with the facts and they do not lie.

Now I can see the doctor's aura, it also has black areas. If I could have seen them on earth, they would have warned me. The doctor is not honest, he feigns interest, but he is trying hard not to laugh at father's words. He considers him a complete madman. His soul is far away from this great event, in

which father lives. The days pass and father's end is coming nearer and nearer.

He becomes more and more sensitive. As his sensitivity increases, his body becomes weaker and his aura progressively dissolves. However, it is being built up again in the world of the spirit, the world in which I am now standing and I am able to perceive all of that. It is the shadow which I noticed a moment ago. Father is starting to see and feel in this world. His emotional powers allow this process. He is helped in this by her, who is his twin soul. The laws of life and death allow this. It is different for each person, according to the laws which he has to experience and which he has activated himself.

There will be no sudden end for father. He will slowly pass from the earthly life to eternal life. He will not even have to feel any shock. For him death has therefore lost all meaning, it does not exist for him!

When my father had died for fifty percent, the other life started to dominate. I see his aura condensing more and more in that world. Father's ability to see and feel in the life of the spirit became increasingly sharp. Through Angelica he even saw into a few of his previous lives, this was possible since he had been connected to Angelica in those lives. In this way he was also connected to the life in which he had been a doctor. The wisdom gained there became conscious in him and it gave him the right to address his doctor as a colleague. He knew me in that life as Jack, and he immediately called me by that name.

'I will tell you what the situation is, colleague...' father said to the doctor and then went in depth into the inability of the earthly scholar, which only dissolves when he gets to know the *soul*, the essential part of our human existence. To the doctor it was the delirium of a dying man, confused talk, without any sense or meaning. But I now know, it was not father but we who were unaware. At the time of speaking, he was a deeply aware person, who was connected to the mightiest spiritual laws.

Laws which allowed him a glimpse into the lives he had lead, in which he had gained knowledge with much conflict and difficulty, which became his undisputed possession.

He was not speaking to us as a dying man whose spiritual capacities were failing him, but, on the contrary, as a keenly aware personality who felt the power and reality of his past speaking within him.

How far removed we were from him then. We were faced with the depth, which lies between life and death and which could not be overseen or fathomed by the doctor and me, and which could only be bridged by father with the help of his Angelica. Now, only in this life, will father manage to build a bridge towards me. On earth he could not be successful due to my doubt.

He now lives for seventy percent in spirit. It can be seen that his mortal body is sinking further away. Now he says very little anymore. In complete silence he is preparing himself for his passing over. He has told me what he had to say to me. Much wisdom, the depth and reality of which I am only now starting to realize, and not even completely. Father even gave me some proof that should have convinced me of his life after death. He warned me against the things which mother would not be ashamed to do in order to serve her own evil longing.

The process of dying carries on. According to the doctor he will die at any moment now. But he is wrong again. Father's end is still not there. This can be seen by his aura. It is still too dense and must first become transparent, before the soul leaves the material body.

Father loses interest in his surroundings. He keeps his eyes closed, however, he is not sleeping, he is thinking. His eternal happiness, Angelica, is sitting next to him, and she is holding his hands. How pure their love is. They flow into each other, this beautiful hour is entirely for the two of them. It is a gift, of which God is the Giver. Angelica says something to him and

father answers her. It is this talking which calls me to his bedside. I see myself sitting by the bed, however, I cannot understand what father is saying. Angelica stays, I do not disturb them. We are both sitting quietly beside the sick man whom we love so deeply.

When dawn breaks and the noise in the streets increases, Angelica leaves. The day awakens father and he regains the consciousness which is still part of the earth. Later, when night falls upon the city and the noise quietens, he will sink back into his unconscious life, in which his spirit will be very busy.

Father's last night on earth arrives. I can see that his aura is now becoming transparent. This prediction by Angelica will also be fulfilled. The doctor has decided to stay with father. We both watch over him all night. He addresses us one last time and says his farewells.

Morning dawns. Angelica floats like an angel above father's earthly body and kisses him. She now dissolves completely into father. Twilight peeps through the curtains, which are not completely closed, and falls on the death bed. I now perceive all of this, nothing remains hidden. On this side I can see how his astral body becomes dense and takes shape. It takes a while before father's soul is completely free. A silver cord still connects his body to his soul. But that also becomes hazy, it becomes thinner and thinner. Then father is free, he opens his eyes in Eternal Life and sees her who belongs to him.

'Angelica, my Angelica!'

She catches him in her arms and floats away with him. I can now follow them with my eyes, they disappear further and further from the earth, then their heaven opens before them. How wonderful, how sacred the death bed is which I was allowed to observe. How great God is, how loving God is to His children!

I look at father, but cannot say a word. It is a while before I have overcome my emotion and can think normally again.

What was my death bed like, the thought flashes through

me. Then father's words reach me. The beautiful death bed which he was able to experience is only for those who have already prepared themselves for this during many lives. Everyone, without exception, can experience this mercy if he is spiritually prepared for it.

'You can also obtain this, Theo', father says. 'That is still to come, my son. You are on the right path. I know that it will happen, this mercy also awaits you one day, because I can already see those laws now.'

Of course I believe father's words and yet a feeling of sadness overcomes me for a moment. Who will now accompany me on my way through this world? Where does the woman live who belongs to me? Where is she, why did she not welcome me when I entered here?

A great longing comes over me, to be able to possess some of the love which these two, Angelica and father, have for each other. I had seen them sitting together like two completely happy children, while they knew that the hands of God were blessing them from above. That is love, I had felt, pure, spiritual love, which makes one serve and help, understand and sing. In this way only God could have wanted people to love. And what do they make of it? I had not imagined it any differently on earth, I had wanted to love the woman who was my wife there like that. It was not meant to be, it takes two to build up a bond of love. Father also had to accept this on earth. All the things he could have given mother in warmth, understanding, strength and wisdom.

I feel that father wants to continue and suddenly a new image unfolds before my eyes. I see myself walking behind father's bier. I have trouble tearing myself away from the sacred atmosphere where the life of his and Angelica's love had brought me.

I walk along in father's funeral procession and I notice my mother and only now can I see how empty and cold she is. Even now she is only thinking of money. I read into these dark

thoughts, and shiver with the cold, which she gives off. She is debating how she can motivate me to allow her to live with me. There are dark beings with her who also aggravate her evil outbursts and longings.

But, I can see, I am not without protection now either. Angelica has come back and is standing next to me. She gives me the answers which I must give to mother.

It is through her that I do not give in to the pressure which mother puts me under to get me into her dirty little world. It is sacred and moving to see how I am protected. It makes me weep from happiness. No one in the world is alone. For everyone there is spiritual help and protection, at least in as far as a person is open to it. Everyone will experience this at some point, father lets me feel.

Mother leaves, screaming and shouting.

New images become visible and hold my attention.

Father has come back to me from his heaven. He tried to connect to me and does this by writing. Angelica is close to him. Father writes through my hand. Now and then he asks his twin soul questions. The same process repeats itself again but now through Angelica. Father descends into me. We reach spiritual unity in feeling. The writing happens as though of its own accord, since I now submit completely and father and I have the same goal. How simple and yet how great all of this is.

But then I start doubting again, father feels that he will have to stop soon. Now, standing in this life, I could give myself a good shaking. What an enormous amount of wisdom I could have gained on earth if I had believed and submitted. However, that can no longer be changed. I have to accept that my consciousness did not then possess the degree of feeling and thinking needed. Now, in eternal life, I could not possibly doubt any longer.

CHAPTER X

Mediumistic writing

YOU need to know all of this. I cannot yet tell you why, however, one day you will know.'

Father recorded these words so full of meaning, the last time that he wrote with my hand. I had not understood them then, I had even laughed about it a bit to myself. This laughter had hurt father, now I have to accept that and I feel his sadness. But he continued to write, Angelica was now also next to him to comfort him. Now I see that there was also a third person with them. He has a beautiful, distinct figure, his light falls over my earthly being. This light belongs to a master. He greets Angelica and father, he just watches, he does not write himself.

This is an image from the past but I am experiencing it as if it is now happening. I kneel down from pure respect for this master and his divine light. This master – it occurs to me – was a brother of Angelica during his life on earth.

Now I experience a sacred moment. The past has dissolved and now the master is really standing in front of me. He has approached quietly. I remain kneeling and do not dare to look up. He addresses Angelica, who has meanwhile also joined us. I can listen to their conversation, but I don't. My respect for this master in the spirit is too great. But then father lets me feel that I should listen. And I hear the master saying to Angelica: 'My sister, come here when you are ready. My contact on earth is ready to receive.'

I am still kneeling, the master has directed his gaze upon me, it warms me. His words concern me, I feel, I will soon find out what they mean.

The master and Angelica have gone. I feel intensely happy as a result of this meeting, I am not alone in this immense uni-

verse, it wants to tell me. Of what significance is my life to this master? And why did he already rest his gaze upon me in the past?

‘Do you now know?’ it now occurs to me. ‘Can you now feel it, my son? Is it clear to you why I told you then that you only have to know it?’

Yes, it was now clear to me. Then I had laughed at father’s mysterious words, however, now I understand their meaning. I suddenly know. Father was talking to me then, even if I was ruled by my doubts. He managed to cement his words in me despite everything. They gradually prepared me then for eternal life and the tasks which were destined for me. The presence of the master at that time also pointed to this. Was I now faced with a task since he had now appeared again? I would get to know this very soon!

Father lets me feel that we will now go to another place, in order to gain new experiences. Soon afterwards he takes me into another earthly house. I have never been there before, I realize. Spiritual power lives in this house, I feel. Angelica is also here. A figure approaches them. At the same time my gaze falls upon a person who is sitting at his writing table and is busy recording something on a typewriter. I feel drawn to this earthly being.

What I now experience is wonderful and it brings tears to my eyes. Because by seeing this man, a feeling has awakened in me which had lain dormant there as a longing, as a longing which had never been fulfilled.

‘I know you, friend of the earth and master in the spirit’, I say to him. ‘I am here in your house. On earth I read your books. They gave me spiritual treasures and taught me not to kill. I wanted to visit you, but it remained a longing, because the war intervened.

I see your master and now know that it was he who touched me in Rotterdam and appeared to me a moment ago. You are in a trance, I notice, and a being from our side is busy record-

ing a book through you. So you now live here in our world, while you belong to the earth. But your master is watching over you. Your master lets me feel that I will soon be able to write through you. I bow to your master and to you, who are making it possible to bring his wisdom to earth. The master who is writing through you, is stopping, I see, and you are going back into your body.

Angelica now comes forward and greets me. I may tell you about my passing over, she says, I may record my experiences through you. It will be a book, which will one day be published on earth. What a wonderful task!

I now have to tune into you. You have to submit completely, your master wants that. The great moment is there. You will not go into a complete trance, that contact belongs to your master. Angelica is standing next to him and both are tuned into you.

I will now start to feel your emotional life. It is becoming quiet inside me, my respect for you is growing. Then I descend into your life.

I am standing up straight inside you, who are in halfrance. I may now write a few words, then I have to go back again. But one day, when I have experienced what I have to experience, I will be able to come back. I may then tell you all about my life and about my father's life and Angelica's. All this has become possible since she is the sister of your master and her life and my father's have a deep level.

I am now living in you and control your feelings and thoughts. That happens as though of its own accord, because you give yourself completely, I cannot trace any disturbances. You are completely empty, without a single thought, and are tuned into me. You sit down at the typewriter and I feel the moment approaching when I may begin.

I start to think, and see, my thoughts are immediately recorded. Your hands type out what I was thinking. However,

your master does not approve of this text and you tear up the paper. The second one is also torn up. I have to think more strongly, or you will start to dominate me, which brings disturbances. Your master explains to me how I should do it and absorbs me in his thoughts and feelings. I go over into you again and concentrate strongly on my own life. Now it comes through clearly, what I had wanted to tell you a moment ago: 'The task was given to me to tell about my earthly life and it is a great mercy to me.'

I wait a moment, you wait as well. Then I continue: 'Now I am learning how sensitive you are. I can follow this. You react immediately, a child could tell things through you. It is now happening as though of its own accord.'

Your master is here and he brought me to you. Soon I will be allowed to tell you about my life on earth. I was killed at the Grebbe-line a short time ago. You can imagine what I experienced there. But I did not kill, otherwise I would not have been here either. My dear father is with me and others, who are very dear to you and me.

During my life on earth, shortly before I passed over, I read your books. What did you give me through them? I will perhaps be able to make it clear to you later, when we are ready and I may begin to tell my life story. How happy I am that this is being given to me. I thank God for this mercy. And I thank father, and Angelica and your master, I thank them all for the help which I was given in my earthly life and this life.

I may only stay here for a moment in order to write down a few details through you. Now I have to go, I don't really want to and I would like to stay. But I feel that I have to stop.

How can I thank God!

I greet you and thank you for the love which you give me, now that I am connected to you. I am leaving, friend of the earth, master in the spirit. I hope to be able to come back to you soon. Thank you.'

This is how it went the first time that I wrote through an earthly medium. How was I to deal with this?! I saw that you started reading what was written. Then you started to see me, I trembled, now that I was being seen clairvoyantly. A new miracle to me. Your emotional life touched mine, I trembled, I thought I would faint and could no longer think. We were now so very close together. You saw inside me, felt all the things I had experienced and you sent your love to me.

This intense contact lasted some time. Then you suddenly disconnected yourself from me, so unexpectedly, so suddenly, that I felt paralysed for a moment. This return from your emotional life to your task happened in a flash. It affected me, it hurt me. I felt disappointed. I was actually being pushed aside, at least it felt like that to me.

But now your master approached me and I could experience a master speaking directly to me.

‘The intense reaction’, your master explained what had happened, ‘has to be present in him, or thousands of powers would play with his life on earth. This is necessary for our mediums. No one from this side can now touch him or influence him. You can try it.’

I attempted it, I tuned in to you and tried to reach you. However, a thick, impenetrable wall closed off your whole being to me. You remained behind this wall and could not be reached. So this is what your protection is like while you are united with this side.

I bowed my head deeply. All the things I got to see were wonderful. I looked at father and at Angelica. They also showed their respect for what was happening here.

This instrument, it now occurred to me, is the highest instrument for this side. In the West he is the only one who is working for the masters. There are several instruments on earth, but he represents the highest masters of this side. Angelica lets me feel all of this and you, chosen instrument, have to accept this, because I am speaking the sacred truth.

I can tell you all of this, because I know that the simplicity is within you and nothing can touch you which could destroy your personality. Vanity cannot reach you, you are too aware for that, it is an awareness which you already possessed on this side and as a result of which you know life on earth and life on this side.

The other master descends into your body again. All of us stand and watch how one page after another is filled with words. The material is deep, but it happens as though of its own accord. Now your soul has left your body, it has made room for the master and it is resting in the spheres, so that you will not feel tired when you return. It is your master who takes care of this.

Page after page is written, the pile next to the typewriter grows. But suddenly there is an disturbance. I look around me, as do father and Angelica. I look through the walls. A visitor is approaching. While the man is climbing the stairs, the master releases your body, so that you can go back to it. Your master concentrates on you and calms you. When the doorbell rings, you are ready to open the door. The patient enters. You start to treat him, while the master, who is recording a book through you, waits. The patient has no sooner closed the door behind him, than you hurry to your writing desk, sit down at the typewriter and sink into a trance. The master resumes his work and continues to write about the Divine laws, about the planet earth, about the thousands of problems, which you already know, because this consciousness has entered you through your master.

I have great admiration for your master who has prepared you for your sacred task. What comes through is deep and pure and natural. It does not contain a single one of your own thoughts. You cannot know either, even though you have the awareness, you simply do not know what will come and what the master will say. You do not experience the deepest state of trance, that belongs to your master. Now the fourth of the seven degrees of trance is being used.

Soon your typewriter is rattling, at this rate the book will soon be finished. You are to be envied, chosen instrument! And everyone along with me has to have respect for your gift as a medium and your sacred will to serve the masters of the side beyond, in the interest of thousands of people, who want to be convinced of eternal life.

I see the many possibilities, through which the side beyond can reach you. I feel the love of your master for you. Angelica follows you on this side and she sends you all her love. Your consciousness is deep, your love strong and your faith in God unshakeable and you possess this as a person on earth. As a person on earth. I want to master that sacred, invaluable possession here and I will do everything to be worthy of it.

I see where your master is, because his light shines over your whole house.

‘Master’, I say to him, while I am kneeling, ‘may I thank you for what I got from you. I can still not understand everything, I have been given so much to deal with, so many lessons to reflect on. It will bring me further spiritually and preserve me from destruction. May I thank you?’

After some time my father lets me feel that we have to be on our way. Angelica and your master, you and your house, all dissolve in front of me. We are already floating in the universe again. While we are on our way my thoughts race back to you and suddenly I feel that you are following me. By thinking about you, a power flows in me. I feel strong and I have more understanding. You let me feel that you did not want to push me away a moment ago. When you had to start experiencing your own life again, however, you had to shut me out. So I may not be disappointed, but I have to understand the lesson which lies in it. You are only tuned in to the masters, you do not let yourself be disturbed by anything or anyone. Your task goes before everything and when it calls you, you make yourself completely available. It is this submission which I want to master, it

will help me to gain spiritual depth.

You speak to me in the language of the spirit, we are united in feeling while moving through the universe. I can see you before me and I experience another miracle. You are somewhere in the universe, while a master is in your body and is recording a book. However, you are also in me, that is to say, half of you is. I therefore experience that you are able to divide yourself. Isn't it wonderful? This shows that you are a master, father says.

Will the earth recognize you as such? Many people will not be able to understand you and the wisdom which you bring. You will be scorned and mocked, but it will not affect you. No libel or criticism will be able to break you. You are ready to accept anything which comes your way.

You have the will to serve within you and you follow your master in this realization. You dedicate yourself completely to the work which you share, you would even give your life for it, if this was required.

Oh, a glimpse of your life teaches me such a lot, I want to master everything which lives in you, even if this costs me blood, sweat and tears.

I sent all my gratitude and love to you. You then broke this contact with a heartfelt 'goodbye'. You disappeared from my aura and I was alone with father again.

CHAPTER XI

I see myself as Jack

FATHER floated on ahead of me. I submitted completely to his leadership. I had now re-experienced my life in Rotterdam in large outlines. The question was still significant to me as, to why I left that city and my shop and went into military service. I was attached to the place I lived, after all, and had a business with plenty of customers. Why did I simply leave all of this behind and choose the irregular life in service instead of the quiet security of a civilian life? The answer to this question would explain a lot about myself, so I had to go into it deeper, wherever it would take me.

According to earthly time, it was already late in the day, evening was falling. Another day had passed. However, I was not sleepy. I was not tired either, despite all my thinking. I did not use my brain for this, it was my feeling which took me into the problems and helped me to find the solution, with the help of father, of course, who also had to help me again now. He said to me that I had to continue to tune in to him with my full attention. I had already learned that thinking strongly about father on our journey, it became increasingly easy for me.

Now that I had tuned in to the decision which had made me accept the army as a profession, the feelings which brought this about came back to me.

They did not come from myself and yet they did! It was as if two personalities lived inside me, one dominating the other and enforcing its will. One of them, the weaker one, was called Theo. What was the other one called? Then the name Jack came to me. Was Jack that other one? Then he could lead me to the meaning of my important decision to become a professional soldier. I now went deeper and deeper into father, so that I

could take over his feelings and thoughts better and more sharply.

We moved through the universe. The heaven is blue, the earth is grey. When I wish to see through the grey haze which surrounds the earth, the things that live there become dense. And that is clear, because by looking at the earth, I connect myself to it. It is father who shows me the images which I have to perceive at this stage of the experience. How clever father is! He has it in him after all. In the years that he has been on this side, he has learned to master these laws.

I feel myself becoming very calm and another mentality comes to me. I have to think about the two personalities again, which lived in me when I made my decision. They are in me again and I feel how Jack, as he is called, dominates Theo. He is doing that now as well, I become Jack!

I look at father, I now have to look at father, and can see his dear face near me. His God must have blessed him, his face beams from so much love and happiness. When I see this, I can no longer think about myself. He smiles and his eyes are stars. They do not let go of me, I read happiness in their sparkling. He is blessed in different ways. He may call a heaven his home. There is spiritual wisdom in him and – his greatest treasure – he lives in and next to his twin soul. God gave him all of this, as a reward for his services, his faith and his love.

Why is father smiling like that, and why are his eyes shining like stars?

Is he thinking about Angelica?

Are those words from me, are they from father?

‘Can you understand it now? Do you now know, my everything? Do you now know for certain? That I love you, that I love you with all I am. My soul, which I got between heaven and earth from God, do you now know?’

I can feel father. I may now read into his deepest emotional life. I feel, I know, I experience. It is Angelica who is talking to

him. Even when apart, they are one. Her words, which take form from her innermost feelings, I receive those words. And now I cannot possibly think about Jack and about everything which touches me and occupies me, and this will probably be okay as well.

Father listens to Angelica and his whole being hears her words. There is silence in him, respect and emotion, now that his soul is speaking to him and tells him of her love. Nevertheless, he is still able to help me, he holds me, as I have difficulty in coping with all this sacredness.

How helpless, how uncoordinated I still am in my feelings and thoughts, I, who still have to learn everything in this world!

Her love gives Angelica new words, they are more beautiful than the most beautiful music.

‘Father, but father. Oh, my dear father. I am sitting here outside and am busy thinking about you. Have the flowers ever smelt more beautiful? The birds are imitating the song of the words which well up in my heart. And if I bend over the water, I can see your face in its crystal-clear mirror.

I write a letter to you, father, and that letter goes straight from my heart to you.

What do I have to think about now, my father, do you know?

When in the time to come – it will still take a thousand years and perhaps longer, but time does not exist for us, after all – when we are ready we can enter the other, higher degree*), we will have another child again. And you will give it to me, I will be yours and God will look on and smile.

My dear father, will you be careful and make sure that the child which is next to you now and is exploring his life, does not lose himself? But you know that I am also with you now? When I look at him, who is your child, I have to think about that little being that I will be able to place in your arms when the time comes. My father of your own child, how will you

*) The fourth cosmic degree.

look at me then? What will your thoughts be like then?

Oh, I know, just imagine that we were living on earth now. Then you would put on your best suit and go for a walk with me and our child. Then people would see your beaming face and they would know that we were happy. Both of us would look at our child and thank God that He had entrusted us with this life.

But father, my own happiness, will you come back to me again soon? I am following you, of course, I am following you. But I just want to be very close to you and will you embrace me as well? Even closer, so close, my dear, that we pass into each other and our heartbeat becomes one? And will you then, wherever you are, always feel like you did at that blessed moment? Because is this not God's will, did God not grant us this bond?

But who are you, my everything in the universe, that I have to love you so much? Can it be a good thing? But that has to be, have we not reached the first sphere of our eternal happiness?

When you are finished with this journey and you have brought your own child so far that he is also ready for all these sacred revelations, you know, my dear father, what awaits us then? When Jack starts his study and I am also finished with my work? Do I still have to tell you? Just like on earth? Here you can know without me telling you. Because now you are completely one with me and you only have to think in order to feel the knowledge coming to you. And yet you do not do it. Do you want to be like you were on earth and hear it from my own mouth? It is all so sweet of you.

Listen then, my dear father, I can now already see the little child which will be given to us, when we have entered that higher consciousness. I will be there too and then for the third time your Angelica. Oh, but my dear soul. I will then be your mother. My dear being, part of myself. I love you so genuinely and so clearly, I know. God lets me see and feel it. Are you still listening?

We are now going to prepare ourselves for that. Step by step we go further up. Both of us, my dear little father. Only then we will experience the laws, as God wanted it, and be both father and mother.

Oh, are the things which I can now see and feel not wonderful? We all long for them, says my master, or life here would stand still. After all, that is not possible. We still have to go deeper and further in the eternal transition to fatherhood and motherhood. After all, is God not father and mother Himself? Did I not already tell you that on earth, my dear, how many days and hours have passed since then? It seems like centuries, we have experienced so much, and it is good like this. When you come back to me soon and we start walking again in our sphere, and we greet the birds and the flowers, then, my everything, I will give you a great gift. You, my soul, my dear life, and it will make you very happy. I will be waiting for you with it in our sphere, and with the fullness of my great love, I will embrace you and kiss you, when you come back after completing your beautiful task.

I have spoken to my master, my dearest. No, you may not think now. Now you have to close your eyes and not wish to know what the gift is which I will then give you. It has to remain a surprise. That is possible on earth, you can keep a surprise secret if that is necessary. Will you not think?

My very dearest Soul, I will wait for you until you have time to talk to me again. I now take your head in my hands and my lips touch your face and your mouth. I kiss you.

My love for you is pure, pure and eternal.

I can still see you, I can still see you, but now you are passing on into your own child. Goodbye, my dear, dear father. Goodbye, my Soul.'

The things I was able to hear are sacred, not a word escaped me. I was able to read into Angelica's soul and experienced the feelings, which pushed her words into the universe, straight to

father's heart. I do not dare to look at father, I would have preferred to make myself small and hide away.

Why could he not have closed off this sacred thing from me, which was only meant for him, after all? Or did he let me experience on purpose, was there an intention behind it? That must be the case! But does he not know then that I also long to be loved like that? That I am burning with longing for such words, such feelings? That I want to be called 'little father' as he is?

They are spirits, angels now! How natural they are in their love. So this is how great, how deep the love between two souls can be. My God, my God, my heart is threatening to burst, I have felt what it means to love, this is great, this is awe-inspiring! I cannot cope with it, now help me to bear it, oh God.

And God hears my prayer. Or is it father? It becomes lighter within me and the fire, awakened by the feelings of love between father and Angelica, dies down. I can get up again and I now know that it is father who helps me with it.

For a moment I was allowed to live in their shared love and I thought that I would be destroyed under the power of this feeling. So father and Angelica live in this.

'Oh, my Father in heaven, is achieving this love laid aside for every one of Your children? So is this what is called true love? Is this what Your Son, Jesus Christ meant, when He commanded people in Your holy Name to master love? And is this now the love for which so many people on earth die? Did You create heaven and earth for Your children for this reason, in order to give us the chance to be capable of love?

But, my God, then I have never truly loved before. What were my feelings on earth in comparison to those of father and Angelica? Of course, there was warmth within me, but now that I was able to experience the power and the sacredness which radiates from the love between these two people, I know that I also have a lot to learn in this respect. Teach me to love, my God, teach me to really love everything, everything which lives!

Will you help me?’

As a result of my thoughts and dealing with things, our pace has slowed down again, instead of quickly floating forwards, we are walking. But father lets me feel that this does not matter now. On the contrary, I now should think seriously, if I want to be able to understand everything which is still to be experienced. By thinking about love, light will start to shine in me. And light means wisdom in spirit in this life.

The feelings which go out from me to father and Angelica are warm. I thank them sincerely for the feelings which they let me experience with them, for the glimpse which they allowed me into their hearts. And I also thank them that they took away the feelings again which were evoked by their love, the moment that I threatened to succumb under them. To succumb to love; I almost experienced that.

My respect for father and Angelica is immeasurable. Angelica wanted me to feel the degree of love which she has for father. She wished to take me into the love which the soul life cherishes as a mother. This is why I was allowed to look into their pure, loving lives, this is why she wanted to stand naked before me. Father did not have any clothes on in those moments either. They were naked and yet clothed by God’s holy Love, which lay like a cloak around their shoulders.

But people, people of the earth, do you realize what it means to love? Pray with me, that you may succeed in gaining love. Try it, every hour that you live. God will watch over you and smile. He will reach out His hands to you and bless you, because you are carrying out His sacred will, and giving love to everything which lives in His universe.

Father and I continued on our way. Clouds floated below us. Father made me feel that I had to look down. It was then as if I was looking into a blue hole. I saw the earth. A house became visible. It was built in a simple but beautiful style and surrounded by a beautiful garden. A gentleman was approaching. What a

miracle, it is I who is ringing the doorbell. My feelings do not deceive me. I feel a oneness with the other person. I look at myself. And the man who greets me at the door is a friend of mine, a doctor.

The language in which we speak to each other is courteous.

‘May I tell the woman I love that you are not leaving again straightaway?’ my friend asks. And I reply to him: ‘I would gladly stay a while.’

My friend leads me to a room, a high, spacious room, and I meet the woman whom I am connected to by a great friendship. She is busy drying her herbs.

After we have enquired after each other’s health, we soon bring the conversation to the subject which, as we sit here, completely and constantly occupies us.

I ask my friend how she is progressing. And she answers me: ‘Yes, I have made progress. And it was nature with its deep possibilities which gave me the knowledge. I still do not know everything, I will only be certain when I have finished my study. I want to try to explain to you what my views are now.

If a person becomes buried due to emotional shocks, that is proof to me that he is not using all the powers which are in him and which rich, inexhaustible life sends to him, or there would be no question of a disorder.

These emotional shocks can affect the body, however, never the soul. It remains alive, even if the body would succumb.

Let me give you an example from nature. A branch has all the powers which the tree has. If this branch now becomes battered, becomes paralysed, it has to die. However, the tree itself will continue to blossom.

Now you believe that the soul must give up all its powers in order to remove the consequences, caused by the emotional shocks in a person. Isn’t that true, Jack?

I do not accept this. Whether I am right, which one of us is on the right path? One cannot tell yet. My darling is trying to

get to the truth by examining the human body, you follow the life of the soul, I search for it in nature. Whatever the case, it is good to fathom out, it will give us wisdom, depth.

It is not the soul, my dear Jack, which can help us here, only nature, which possesses everything to help the sick body and to provide it with new saps, can do this.

You are expecting too much from the soul, Jack, and at the same time you do not see its greatness. You are seriously trying to discover whether the soul as well as the body can be torn apart by a terrible shock and be destroyed. But how can you discover the answer? To me the soul, Divine as we are, is eternal and my husband will agree to this. The body can be torn apart, never the soul!

This is why I also believe that we will make progress with our research because we can also continue it after this life. If we do not finish it now, we will continue in another, following life. Our soul is eternal, our life is eternal. We brought with us the longing which lives within us to get to know the being of humanity and nature, from previous lives. My feeling tells me that we have already had several lives on earth. It would explain why one person has one longing, another person has a different longing, one person more wisdom, another person more artistic talents, yet another person absolutely nothing. This is also why I believe that one day you will know what the soul experiences when the last shock is felt. That one day you will be allowed to see into the soul in order to get to know it and understand it. Believe me, this is how I feel it will be.'

After her long explanation, we were silent for a while. Now I see us sitting together, reflecting. Then suddenly I know that it is Angelica who spoke to me just now. Father is her husband there and my friend. I want to get to know myself, well, then I will have to look inside myself, as I am sitting there with them and speaking and listening. My own thoughts and feelings live there in that body. It is *me* and Angelica is the same there as she

is now, and father likewise. Then they already loved each other and me, only now they are more aware of the laws. Angelica and father may experience the laws of life, they know them now and now help me to penetrate them.

I now feel what I want and what was occupying me there with them. I am a psychiatrist, a scholar, who wants to get to know the depth of the soul. My feelings and thoughts, my life go out to this. There on earth, now in the universe. There is no difference. Angelica was right, when she assumed that we would get full opportunity to finish our study. That is how good God is. By thinking this I come back into the light, spacious room. I am the one who is talking now.

‘Every shock, my dear friend, brings me to despair, as long as I do not know the depth of it. I feel my impotence when I am faced with my patients. There must be a cure for all those people. Nature can achieve that, you say. I want to know whether the soul cannot be the healer, whether it cannot be called up, awakened, when the shock has been experienced. If I cannot be given that assurance, I would be better to stop my work. How many shocks can a person not get to deal with in everyday life? Too many to mention. I have to get to know all of them. Okay, I want to accept that your herbs are a medicine, but that is still not the answer. New, constantly different shocks afflict a sensitive person. Will those herbs help in all cases? Oh, if only I knew the soul! I would give my own life to get to know it. I do not believe that there is a greater problem in the whole of our society than that of the human soul. If we know it, we know humanity.

It seems to me that I am becoming further removed from it every day. I am walking in a maze and am continually faced with new obstacles, which destroy all my expectations of getting out of there.

If what you accept is true, that we have had several lives, is it also a fact that the soul cannot be destroyed? Not even by a

terrible shock which tears the body to bits? If it is really true that we get more than one life, it only becomes more difficult for me. After all, the tremendous number of impressions would also be recorded in the soul, which a person experienced in all those previous lives. It makes my head reel even just thinking about it, which also means new problems.

Whatever the case, it is still wonderful to follow the life of the soul, to try to fathom, to unravel it. If what you think is true, that we have lived several lives and can come back again, then it would make me intensely happy. I would want to keep coming back to life, until I now all about the human soul. I will do anything for it. Give myself if necessary. I would like to lose myself, let my body be torn apart in order to find out what the soul then experiences. I want to pray to God to receive this mercy from Him.'

I was silent at this point and it was a while before anyone spoke again.

Then Angelica answered me with great certainty: 'It is my sacred conviction that we live on, because the soul, which was created by God, is eternal. I feel that I come from the East. There I learned what it means to make up for wrong doings.' And while she continued talking, her eyes were directed full of love towards her husband.

'Here I saw the man again who is my soul. No, I am not further than he is, even if I know more about the laws. He has the love, that love which will bring us together for eternity when the time comes. I have received this and the man who told me should know because he does not live in this world, but he is a master in eternal life. And he says that I will know one day where the life of the soul goes when the body dies. Yes, one day I will know everything...'

'What you say is deep and it will be too marvellous for many people, even incredible. I do not know that world in which you think and experience things. But you will not lose yourself,

your powerful legs will keep you standing, won't they, colleague?

I see myself leaving later, completely absorbed by the problems which are connected to this conversation and my work. This conversation took place hundreds of years ago and none of it, not one sentence or word was lost. It makes me feel dizzy. I hold onto my father, hold his hand firmly in mine. We continue the journey and I try in the meantime to deal with all of this in order to be ready again soon.

Everything is almost too much. Those images from the past, the things they prove to me! I live, I have lived numerous times. I wanted to get to know the soul and this longing still drives me onwards. I wanted to sacrifice myself in order to get to know the laws of the soul and this has meanwhile happened. In the Grebbe-line, I got the chance to do this. Then Angelica and father were with me, now they are there again. Love and the longing for spiritual wisdom bonded us and now bind us. Life is great and wonderful. God is great and wonderful.

Silence and peace come to me, now that I know all of this. The soul cannot be destroyed. The soul, humanity is eternal. I want to reflect upon this, I will get to know and understand God's sacred Creation, I feel.

Father is likewise deep in thought. I see how the light on the horizon becomes weaker. Evening is falling, people are going to sleep. However, for me there is no darkness, light shines towards me. And it came to me from the past!

CHAPTER XII

My marriage

WE floated on through the night. When we stopped, we were in front of the house where I had lived during my married years. I now feel I am Jack, but now at this stage of my life, it is Theo who is dominant. I follow father into my house. Then my whole married life unfolds before me and once again I experience all the expectations, disappointments and bitterness of those years.

Father connects me to my wife. And by descending inside her like this, it is confirmed to me what I already had to accept at the time: inside her there is not a single spark of love for me, there is only cold and emptiness there. This is why our souls could not reach unity, and disharmony and misunderstanding could not fail to come into our lives.

Father shows me why we entered into a union, despite this. I had things to make up to my wife. In one of our lives I had destroyed her. As a result of this the laws of cause and effect came into play. They placed me next to her once again. I was making it up to her every day. I cared for her, I gave her presents, showered her with love and kind-heartedness. For every harsh word from her I gave flowers. Nothing was too much for me to counteract her harshness with joy and understanding. However, nothing helps me, our souls do not touch each other and, in spite of my continual attempts remain closed.

However, it becomes unbearable when Annie notices that I read books which are the work of the devil in her eyes.

I can now see who encouraged me to read them. It was father. He worked on me and elevated the longing for wisdom, which lives in me, so that I grabbed one good spiritual book after another and absorbed them. I thirst for knowledge, I long

for wisdom. And can that still sound strange? Since I know that Jack lives in me, is part of my personality, I understand this fanatical leaning towards knowledge. It was Jack who wanted to know, who desperately longed to know about life, death, humanity and the soul.

Feelings of gratitude go out from me to father, because he has connected me to Jack. This is why he first showed me a life, which was experienced hundreds of years ago, because without this knowledge I would not have understood my life as Theo.

A soul longs for knowledge, restlessly, life after life, tries to find out about the laws, which rule humanity and the universe. God in His omnipotence offers His child the possibility for this and a stupid, conceited being, which calls itself a spiritual shepherd, makes this soul out to be a satan!

After Annie and her parents had tried in vain to keep me from reading the books, they sent a minister to visit me to bring me to better thoughts. During this visit, this messenger of God, as he called himself, flung it in my face that I was a satan, who would certainly get his just deserts. All of this was because I could not and would not accept his God of damnation...

I now get an image of all those people, I read into their emotions, see their actions and in this way I can make comparisons. They are on one side, on the side beyond are father and Angelica. What huge differences are now revealed.

These comparisons which I make for myself, but also for you, reader, who wish to listen to me in order to learn and enrich yourself spiritually with my experiences, which is the aim of the masters, after all.

Life with Annie becomes a hell. She walks around the house looking sombre, she does not say a word. Her eyes are cold and hostile. She hates me because my books are contradictory to her views. Father lets me feel that she is not yet ready for the love of one person for another. She loves her little room which she polishes and cleans with care and devotion until it gleams.

However, she is not yet ready to love a person. Neither is she ready for the spiritual life, she thinks and feels in an earthly manner, exclusively in an earthly manner. She prays, of course, but her prayers do not reach any higher than the ceiling of the house, she mumbles words, however she is not behind them with her whole heart and soul, so the words do not live and they cannot climb. This is the way it is with her faith, her heart is not a part of it, it is not real, but cold and barren.

Where will she be now, I wonder, and where and when will I meet her again? Will she still be living in Arnhem or in Rotterdam? When I see her again, I will perhaps feel her more clearly. I also wonder what place she will enter when her life on earth is over. Will it be the first sphere? I would like that, how much I would like that! But how did her emotional life on earth unfold? Did she give love? What did she make of her marriage? Did she not destroy my life? And is it not our emotions, is it not the degree of love which indicates our place in the hereafter?!

Yet Annie and her parents, and those who are like them, believe that they are living their lives according to God's commandments.

I lived close to them and was able to experience first hand how they assumed they were following His holy commandments. Well, of course, they did not commit any great sins, they were not completely bad, corrupt people. But it is just as certain that their love did not deserve that high, holy name. They showed themselves to be intolerant, they could even hate, as soon as it concerned a person who did not think like they did.

Father had loved, loved completely, all his life he had been a blessing for everyone who crossed his path, his belief in the love of the Creator had been great and indestructible.

It was this love, this big heart, this great faith, which had opened the gates to him to the first sphere, the first heaven in eternal life. So where will Annie and those who think and act

like her enter? Those who sully and destroy a marriage, who can hate, because another does not share their faith? Where will the minister, the priest end up, who has preached all his life about a God, who can condemn His own children to eternal damnation? Will God really, as they hope, offer them a place behind His chair as a reward for this false spreading of His word?

I was made out to be a heretic, a satan. Am I that? I only have one answer to that: if all heretics receive the bliss in eternal life, which was my lot, then they are not so badly off. They will then receive the greatest thing which God has to give to His children: His heaven!

God opened a heaven to me, and the people with whom I was connected hated me because I did not visit their church...

This is how it was for my father, for Angelica, and for the numerous people who were despised, banished, even burnt by the people of 'faith'. This is how it was for everyone who did not accept a God of damnation and whose feelings of love were even greater than the flames of the funeral pyres.

How will these people of faith feel when they enter eternal life and see the reality, which is completely different from their extreme fanatic views, a reality which they will no longer be able to deny? When they get to know God as a Father of Love, Who gives His children a chance time and again to come back to Him? How will they feel when God does not count the times that they visited their stone church buildings and takes no notice of the times that they called on His holy Name, but only looks to the love which lives in their hearts and the actions which resulted from this with regard to their family, that is their brothers and sisters?

Love, love, it is only for love that the gates of the heavens open.

My wife thought she was serving God by hating me, because I was a heretic in her eyes. And God commands: love one an-

other. I ask her: why did you not give me your heart, your innermost being? If only you had done that, then we would have had a wonderful life. Despite the differences in faith, in opinions, we could have grown towards each other deeper and deeper. We would then have had respect for each other's opinion, we would have loved. And now there is nothing. We have experienced none of that great and mighty thing which connects Angelica and father, and which makes them like angels and children. I ask her, if only you had been willing to love me a little bit, been willing to trust me a little bit. Then we would have experienced that, as a result of which the universe came into being – father tells me – then we could have helped progress the plan of creation and given bodies to several souls, as a result of which they could have started a new life.

What consciousness, what love speaks from these words of father and I understand them so well. I immediately see Annie before me. A new contradiction is revealed here. How great my longing for children was on earth. But my Annie did not want any more children. One was enough for her. She did not fancy suffering that pain again, it would take too much out of her, she said... Is this how a conscious mother feels and thinks?

But what did I want anyway? How could I expect her to react to my longing, if she did not have any maternal feelings, if she did not possess that kind of love? She neither knew nor had any feelings for her child and the man who gave it to her and she did not make any effort either.

Then I have to think about Angelica and father and about the feelings which they sent each other and which I experienced involuntarily. They loved, they were one and their greatest, most sacred longing was for a child.

Who is poor in spirit, unaware? Who carries out God's intentions the most in his thoughts and feelings?

Again, but now with much more strength and much more awareness than on earth, the longing arises in me to help Annie

and her family. It would be worth so much to me to awaken in them the love which radiates towards me from father and Angelica.

They will have to devote themselves entirely to this, because I now know that love is sacred and those people like them will first have to learn to bow their heads, they will first have to destroy themselves, lay aside their own narrow-minded views in order to be ready to absorb the higher, spiritual knowledge within them. And this also applies to me. I will also have to change, if I want to master this spiritual love, which has nothing to do with the earthly love, since this love greatly exceeds it in power, depth and sacredness.

I now see a new scene before me, which reveals a contradiction, one which had already given me food for thought on earth. Annie has become seriously ill. She is in mortal danger. A terrible fear of death gripped her heart with an iron fist. Where was her faith now, her trust in God, to Whom she had prayed all her life? She was writhing with an animal-like fear of the end, which should mean the reunion with her Divine Father, after all, according to what the church taught her.

And again, as before, the image of my father came back to me, which showed him preparing in peace and submission for his passing over which did not mean anything terrible to him, but, on the contrary, it seemed like a celebration to him, the feast of a new birth.

I wonder again, who appeared to be the conscious person here? Who, in this case, showed their faith, trust, submission?

I see myself beginning to react. I take Annie's hands in mine. In this way the powers flow towards her, which will heal her. It is father who is now with me, he sends me his powers, which mingle with mine. In his turn, I observe, father is driven by Angelica who is always with him, and certainly where it concerns bringing happiness in situations where suffering and sorrow reign.

The blessed life fluid of father brings her back to health.

Now that the fear of death had dissipated and she felt life inside her again, Annie and her parents dismissed the sacred powers which had brought about this miracle. They called this form of healing the work of the devil.

However, what had they done in those hours of danger? In desperation, they had wrung their hands and been rebellious! One day they will also have to learn to bow their heads to these sacred truths, will have to show faith instead of despair, humiliation instead of rebellion. One day they will also have to know how to act and devote themselves to make powers flow into a person suffering, as a result of which all life in the universe originated.

There are arguments in our house about the spiritual books which I am reading. As if it wasn't bad enough, Annie now begins to argue about the money which I use to help other people who really need it.

I am not denying her anything by giving away this money, but despite this she argues and shouts. Father gave to the poor, and I thank God that I can also give away this earthly possession.

I ask you, what does it benefit you to pray to and praise God if you do not want to give the poorest amongst us what they need. How can you love God and at the same time hold onto your possessions? But this also points to emptiness, to spiritual poverty, to unconsciousness. Do you believe that it is these qualities which will open the heavens to you? And that God will overlook these faults because you have prayed to Him so faithfully?

This look into the past therefore reveals one sharp contradiction after another in my married life.

My wife believed that she was serving her God by avoiding me, by closing herself off to me and calling me a heretic.

She believed that she was serving Him by going to her church-

building regularly and sending prayers to Him from there.

Did God really mean it like that, when He told His children to love and serve Him and His Life?

Annie and those who are like her say Jesus' name a thousand times and bow their heads. But do they not see His life? Does His sacred example escape them entirely?

Did He avoid the heretics, or did He give them His love?

Did He summon us to divide ourselves into a thousand and one religions, sects and societies, or did He command us to love each other with all our heart?

Did He speak of a God Who sends His children to eternal damnation, or did He use his most beautiful language to depict for us the all-enveloping love of the Father?

Neither God nor Christ ask us to enter a stone building, they ask, no they demand, that we learn to love our neighbours.

I did not attend a church, it was not necessary. However, I did give love to my fellow human being and that is necessary. It brought me to heaven.

Annie, waken up, just waken up! Search for the life of God and love. Learn to love it. Do not follow those poor people who still think that God can hate. He is not as they imagine He is. All His children will return to Him one day. If only you could, if only they could just accept that. If only they could preach this truth from their pulpits to the world, it would bring millions of searching souls to them. God does not damn, because He is a Father of Love.

Bow your head, Annie, do not do any more stupid things. Look at Golgotha and reflect what Christ meant by loving, devoting yourself to Him. Let go of the dogmas, which smother the faith in the Almighty Father and destroy the love for your neighbour.

Learn to be kind-hearted. How simple it is to be enthusiastic. Put your gratitude towards the Creator into this kind-heartedness, this enthusiasm, for this life which He has given you.

Do not hold onto earthly possessions any longer, what does it actually mean to have money? God does not want us to use our time, our precious body, our spirit to become richer. Do not hanker after money, hanker after love!

It is not enough to pray, Annie. By kneeling down, giving thanks and singing, the gates of heaven do not open. God asks for deeds from us, He demands that we prove our love, our faith in Him by deeds. Only our deeds speak to Him in their own, clear language. Without those deeds, I would now live in darkness, instead of floating through the Divine universe with father.

I talk to Annie in this way, to Annie who used to be my wife. Again the longing returns to me to see her and talk to her. I would like to tell her so many things. But where is she just now? Will I see her at home later and find her weeping there perhaps because I am no longer a part of those living on earth?

Now feelings come to me, which tell me, that I am separate from her. She was my wife during my last earthly life, now those laws of cause and effect have dissolved, and from now on I will have to accept her as a sister, like I accept Angelica.

You belong to another, Annie. You will follow the man who is yours and lay everything which lives within you in his hands. You do not belong to me in eternal life. Another person is waiting for me somewhere in the universe. I will carry on with the woman who is my soul, as you will continue with yours.

I pray to God that the fire of pure, spiritual love will start to burn within you. I also pray to Him that it may be I who will light it within you.

Father lets me feel that I have to release myself from Annie and her people. We have to carry on. Soon we are floating again through the universe.

CHAPTER XIII

My end on earth seen from this world

WE enter the house where Annie, my daughter and I had lived in Arnhem. I am shocked to find that other people are now living there. A sad feeling come to me, which is caused by the fact that I miss Annie and my daughter. Where do they live now, I would really like to see them. Then father reminds me: 'You must have a bit more patience, my son. You will soon see everything.'

He is right, I have to completely submit to his leadership once again. The sad feeling remains. Then I start seeing scenes from the past. I see myself and Annie with our child leaving the house and going to the train station. They are going to Rotterdam to visit her parents. On the way a terrible sadness overcomes me, the heavy, dark sorrow, which I now also experience. I can hardly bear to say goodbye to my wife and child. The question arises in me: will I ever see them again? Then the train leaves with them in it.

The longing comes to me, which is even more irresistible than before, to finally see them again. Has Annie moved away from this house, from this city? I ask father about it, but he insists: 'Just be patient, Theo. You also have to learn this: to express patience, my son.'

Then I just give in and tune in to father completely.

I now see myself amongst the soldiers. They are very excited. The question whether we will be involved in a war is talked about a great deal. No one can answer that question with any certainty.

Then the boys with whom I have often spoken before about spiritual subjects, come to me with the question of, how to act if the war becomes a reality. Should they fight back, may they

kill? They are questions which I myself have already wrestled with. I tune in to father and – I now see what I already felt then – he is with me during these difficult, serious hours. It is his word which gives me a clear answer to all my agonising questions, and he is also the one who inspires me when I urgently warn the boys not to kill, not to kill under any circumstances, because this would be murder and a murder would plunge them into the darkness of hell.

It is Jack, I now feel, who, driven by father, speaks to the soldiers. Theo now gradually sinks into that personality. It is also Jack alone who can speak like that, with his inner possession.

The darkness of the night descends upon the earth. However, I can see another darkness, the darkness in which they live who have to be counted among the demons of hell. They now live in the sphere of the earth, they are out for low, cruel destruction, which they hope to experience when the battle breaks out.

The flood of feelings which overwhelms me, now that I am beginning to be connected with the events and problems, which made such a shattering impression upon my soul, even made me enter eternal life, now make me lose my self-control.

By even just thinking about the terrible events which took place in the Grebbe-line I am already being drawn there. I race ahead of father, but this is not experiencing anymore. This is allowing myself to be dragged along by events, racing forwards blindly. I am ahead of the events which presented themselves and as a result of this I have to become a plaything for the powers and strengths which made this so horrific. We therefore go back home. Here I first have to learn to tune myself properly, otherwise I will know nothing about all the things which happened. In this life nothing can be left out, father lets me feel, here everything must be experienced to the deepest depths, or we will have to keep starting from the very beginning.

Although I realize this completely, it still costs me a superhuman effort to concentrate. The Grebbe-line keeps getting hold of me and then I threaten to lose myself, I dissolve into the terrible experiences.

However, I keep recovering myself and the necessary peace gradually comes to me. Father lets me feel that I now have to consciously go through all those horrors, he cannot help me with it. He has to let me go, in a different way to that time on earth when he had connected to me to help me with the terrible experience of mass slaughter. Then I experienced everything as though it did not concern me, as though I saw the event playing before me in a cinema. But now I must experience all of it and in all its terrible reality.

Father now goes in front of me and I follow him. We see troops moving all around. The soldiers are moving to their appointed positions. I watch carefully, because I want to follow everything. I can see astral beings with some soldiers, fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers. I cannot imagine why they are accompanying them. I will get an answer to this some time.

I can still perceive the two types of darkness, that of the earth, where it is night, and that of this world, the sphere of the demons.

I see myself amongst the troops who are intended as reinforcements for the Grebbe-line. And I immediately rush back to this place, what is happening has got hold of me again. Too quickly, according to father, I pace myself and go back again.

First I have to go back to the feelings which accompanied me during the march towards the Grebbe-line.

While advancing I am in the process of becoming another person. It is as though I am dreaming, I put one foot in front of the other in a completely mechanical way. I have actually already lived in this dream-like state for a few days. It is as though I am no longer on the earth. Since my wife and child left for Rotterdam, this strange feeling has only worsened.

Father is with me on this journey. He works on me and draws me into his world. This does not cost him any effort, the powers which make this possible for him are within me. I am not completely Theo any more, he is busy descending into my subconscious. He has to continue to live there. It is Jack who will gradually take over the body and begin to act for Theo. In this way my ego changes, as I keep moving forward.

On earth all of this could not be felt so clearly, because those changes in me affect my life as Theo, after all. Theo went into the army, but it is Jack who now has to experience something. Theo has not completely disappeared yet. When we have reached our positions, he knows what needs to be done, he gives and carries out commands. Jack co-experiences all of this.

As Theo I have been emotionally turned to stone. Everyone notices that I am not okay. A normal person does not act like that. They have never seen me like that before. Fear, they think, because many people now appear anxious and nervous. I am summoned to see the commanding officer.

He wants to know whether I am afraid and immediately adds that I may not be afraid. Almost all of them have wives and children or parents. Why am I not setting a good example?

I shrug my shoulders. It is impossible for me to answer him, I could tell him so many things. I have no fear, I hate those thoughts of fear. I am not afraid of death. I am afraid of nothing. Only I have no feelings in me. How can I explain that to him? Can I tell him that everything leaves me cold? He would not understand me anyway, I myself don't even understand it...

An hour later many of us have to appear before the lieutenant-colonel. The generals in command are gathered there and impress upon us to not deviate by a hair's breadth, if we have to fight.

One of them notices my dull attitude. He calls me aside. 'Are you afraid? Are you afraid of death?'

I mumble something, without having understood him properly.

‘Nerves’, I then hear him say.

Nerves, almost everyone is troubled by them. Everyone reacts in his own way, but all of them without exception feel shivery.

The empty feeling inside me becomes worse and worse. I can barely think anymore. I have a tight feeling around my waist, it is exactly under my heart. This place lacks warmth, it feels cold. It is mixed with anxiety which increases by the hour. I am as cold as ice and yet I am burning. I take some aspirins, but it does not improve. Only after some time does the cold leave me. However, the tight feeling around my heart remains. Then it becomes very quiet within me. That silence remains with me, and I will live in this silence as long as I am still on earth.

At the time I did not recognize all these different feelings. But now I explore them. It is father who has connected me to them. Father was next to me then as he is now and followed me. He was above and under me, to my left and right, in front of me and behind me, or even better, he was *in* me. Our souls were and are completely one.

He protected me and this was possible for him since he had been able to elevate me to the life of Jack. Since this personality lives in a great problem for this world, he could manage this.

As Jack there is only one goal which drives me. I received my life in order to make up for something and to experience it. I am now faced with this experience. My life as Jack, who is a scholar, exceeds my consciousness as Theo. But they will soon pass over into each other. I can now feel that. Then – after the event which awaits me – the life of Jack will dominate completely, and this is possible, since I have experienced nothing in the life of Theo which shocked my soul. I now start to feel more deeply than before and I am very grateful to father for this. The things I get to feel and deal with are very enriching.

It becomes increasingly clear to me that it is not Theo who wants to experience this, but Jack. Theo did not have any feel-

ings as a scholar, he did not know anything about this study, which belonged to Jack.

During this last life on earth I am Theo and I belong to father. In that other life, however, there was also a bond between us, he was my friend then. In this way it is possible for him to help me now, which would otherwise undoubtedly have remained impossible. How complicated a person is, it now becomes clear to me.

It has become silent inside Jack. Theo still only exists for twenty-five percent of who I am. To him there is no war or horror, he sees everything as in a dream. On the other hand, Jack is intensely aware, he is tuned into one point and is preparing himself for the experience. Father has helped him with this. It is now a case of waiting for the things which will happen.

Jack just thinks it is a mess in the positions. He cannot stand that crawling around and waiting. He is far removed from everything which has to do with that warlike carry-on. He only lives for the patients, whom he feels close to.

Meanwhile Theo walks about and makes jokes. The soldiers and his superiors no longer believe that he is afraid. He talks thirteen to the dozen and behaves precisely as if there is no danger of war. His indifference affects the masses. The boys feel supported by his enthusiasm and forget the pressing tensions a bit as a result of this.

Nevertheless, the day drags past exasperatingly slowly.

Now I begin to observe in this world again and I can see how thousands of astral beings have come to the earth. Father lets me feel that all these souls have left their heaven to fetch those men who will soon fall during the battle and who will be able to be brought to the Spheres of Light.

I can see fathers and mothers with their children, they are close to them, connected to them. The men do not notice it. They carry on with their business, not knowing that spiritual

beings are waiting along with them for the moment when all hell will break loose.

These figures which radiate light all have something of Christ in them. Like Him they want to serve, give, devote themselves. I can see all the love radiating in their auras which they feel for the life of God.

I soon notice that none of them are anxious. I can see young, beautiful women in lovely robes walking round, as if they are in the midst of the most wonderful nature. I can also see children amongst them, who are gathered here, children, who are older than fourteen years, my father lets me know, if they are younger they may not be here. They are all accompanied by their master and are ready to do what they can for their people.

I can see thousands of these spirits of love around me. They talk to each other and in these conversations they discuss the event which brought them here. All of them have peace and joy inside, I even feel the happiness which lives in them because of the coming reunion with their loved ones. My father is also happy inside now.

However, there are others, I observe, who are silent inside from inner sorrow. I start to follow their suffering, I only have to tune in to them and I receive their thoughts within me. But – I suddenly notice – there are also beings whom I cannot fathom out in this way. It is as if when I tune in to them I go through them, I cannot get any grip, I cannot feel them. I ask father what this means and his answer reaches me through our feelings. These beings have a higher destiny than I do, so that for me they, these emotional worlds, are not fathomable. I can now observe those souls, because they are tuned to this earthly event. However, if they were to withdraw to their own world, then they would all disappear before my eyes and they would become invisible to me.

These souls, father says, live in the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth and the seventh heaven. They know

exactly why they have come here. They float in the universe and do not just wait like that, but they are already connecting to life on earth.

How moving, even overwhelming is the thought for me, that the souls here have left their heavens, in order to help their loved ones, who are faced with such serious problems. How great and good and mighty are the arrangements of God's world that such a thing is possible!

There are some who feel happiness arising within them when they think about their loved ones on earth, there are others who feel sadness next to their happiness.

I understand their sadness. They already know now that their loved ones, who are perhaps their children, their fathers or brothers, will forget themselves. During the coming battle they will kill, commit one murder after another and therefore be destined to darkness. The hells are the only place which they can then enter. God does not tolerate that we people take His Holy Life.

These souls here know that this will happen. Is it any wonder that their hearts hurt knowing this? They cannot intervene, or stop a person, as long as the hatred, as long as the evil rules these hearts. As parents they have to accept that their children plunge themselves into the dark hells. What father and mother can feel happy at the thought that the life which is dear to them will destroy itself? Which mother can remain in her heaven and experience happiness in the knowledge of what her child will do?

This is why they are here and they will help their children as much as they can. They feel sadness at the thought that they are faced with a wall here, built by their loved ones themselves, they feel pain at the terrible knowledge that they can do absolutely nothing at all because their child, their father, their brother will only listen to the voice which comes from their own dark soul. In this way their sadness cannot overwhelm them anyway, because the consciousness they have reached tells them

that these poor souls have to experience the consequences of their self-inflicted suffering in order to learn from it that no one, under any circumstances whatsoever, has the right to kill the life which God created. They know that after all this destruction, this suffering and also making up for things, the Spheres of Light will also open to these souls one day.

I now experience another miracle which affects me enormously. I can already hear German voices and yet there is no enemy to be seen. Where am I hearing this language, is it being spoken on earth or on this side? And who is it who speaks it so fluently? I follow the souls who are gathered here, and now know that this language has been spoken for some time already. However, I have not heard it until now. I have already experienced this before, from father I know that a spirit can only follow that which occupies him, all the other things which occur, escape him.

I see a beautiful figure in front of me which radiates a divine light and is of incredible beauty. It is so difficult to give an idea in earthly words of what these souls look like. She is a mother, father lets me feel, she is waiting for her child, who is a German. She, and many others along with her, when tuning in to the coming events have also tuned in to the language which their family or friends speak.

In the spheres there is no difference in languages anymore. Everyone understands each other there, since they are one in love. There is only a difference in attunement and as a result of this, in the depth of their thoughts, feelings, actions.

How different this is on earth. There they make no effort to understand each other, there they battle against each other with the most terrible weapons which the human brain was capable of inventing, and they shed streams of blood.

How different the scene is offered by the spheres. See them there together, the spirits of light, united as sisters and brothers, always prepared to serve and give.

And this is the way God meant it to be. He wanted His creatures to be occupied every day which He gave them, with coming closer to one another and with building a lasting bond of love.

The mother, whom I am able to observe, and the many others along with her, speak German and no one here is disturbed by it. They know how much the race which their children belong to, are hated. However, they also know that Germans are also children of God, Father of us all. In this knowledge they are here to help. There are also Germans, amongst them who will soon attack my country, who would rather die themselves than raise a hand against the life of God. For the others, and this also applies to our soldiers, in whom hate and violence live, there is also help, at least in so far as their condition, their attunement allows this.

If they cannot be helped on earth, their help is waiting on this side. When they have released themselves from the chaos, the horror of war, and their souls have come to rest, their family will come to them again from the Spheres of Light to try and draw them into their lives and consciousness. If they manage to open these souls, then they will do everything to develop them spiritually.

Some of them, father lets me feel, will not be able to be helped even then. They will continue to fight on earth or in the dark spheres for hundreds of years more and remain tuned to destruction and hate. Those people cannot be reached by their relations and they have to go back to the Spheres of Light and carry on with their own lives. However, they continue to follow these pathetic wretches and wait for the moment when they will finally come to rest.

It is horrible to have to watch how they destroy themselves. What will a spirit of the light feel when he has to experience that his beloved child, his father or brother, fights on for centuries and is not released from the poisonous hatred with which he is filled?

How terrible war is. There are people there who have continually striven to do the right thing, who have broken themselves down, fought to turn their bad qualities into good ones, people who believed in God and sought to serve Him, and in a war they put all their so painstakingly obtained possessions at stake and lose them by killing. They even think that they are doing the right thing, they believe they are serving their God by obeying the orders of their government and defending their country.

But... God alone knows His creatures and He commanded them to love one another.

Anyone who wants to enter the Spheres of Light, may not have blood on his hands. One evil thought already closes the gates of the spheres to us. How would we be able to enter there with a murder on our conscience?!

God asks us to obey His sacred laws. They are to take us to eternal happiness. God does not know any laws which represent evil. They were thought up by the evil self in people. Is it an act of love to kill your fellow man? So can the law which commands this be from God?

Every spirit who is allowed to call a heaven his dwelling, can tell you that it was only the acts of love which opened the gates of heaven to him. A murder – and killing a fellow human being in war is murder – will take you irrevocably to the realms of hell. This is in keeping with God's justice; a person who believes otherwise is poor in spirit. The bitter reality here will have to convince him.

It has become quiet in the Grebbe-line. It is even quieter here on the side beyond. The soldiers are no longer laughing. The Dutch are waiting, are ready. The side beyond is also ready. I now have to tune into a great many events.

Night falls on the Grebbe-line. Some of the soldiers are convinced that something will happen very soon. Where do they get this sense of foreboding from? These feelings also come to

me, father gives me them, when I have fallen asleep for a moment. This also happens to my comrades. Other astral beings have tuned in to the events on the other side of the border. As a result of this they know that the preparations there have been completed and the Germans will attack our country in a matter of hours. If they can, they impress this knowledge upon their relations and in this way it is possible to announce the arrival of the German troops with certainty.

Someone from my company, a small, blond chap, could also be reached in this way. He is sure that the Germans will come. In the early hours of the morning, he tells us. He is so certain that he would give his life for it. He is already looking forward to the event. That will be quite something, he says, and he looks grim-faced. He will bring down quite a few.

Now I see that he himself will be one of the victims of the violence, which he is longing for so much at this moment... And the spirit, which has come to him from the side beyond, will go back with his mission incomplete, the hatred in his child shuts out any help.

The time has come, the reports that the Germans have crossed our borders, come in. And in a short time the war will start its cruel, terrible game.

The foreign aeroplanes enter our country in waves. They also appear above our positions and drop bombs. These monsters explode and cause terrible chaos, there are dead and wounded people. I look at those dead people, from the world where I am now.

‘Thank God’, a soft voice next to me says. It belongs to a female spirit. It is a mother, who is standing next to the dead body of her child.

‘Thank God, my child has been saved.’ The soul, as a spirit, is unconscious. The mother bends over this life and another being along with her, a sister of the soldier. Both of them take the soul to the spheres. Their happiness is great, without being

allowed to be sullied by hatred or murder, this life of the soul has left the earth. Their happiness is boundless and with their precious burden in their arms, they float towards eternal life.

In this way Angelica once floated with father to the Spheres of Light. It is sacred. The happiness of these souls comes to me, it is also shared by the other astral beings, who are gathered here.

I see dozens of people being killed. I experience different kinds of passing over to this world. There are also men who are collected, they are taken into the Spheres of Light by their loved ones, there they will open their eyes again in order to be convinced that they have left their material bodies and are a part of eternal life from now on.

However, there are also men who cannot be helped. Yet they have not killed, death overcame them before they could fire a single shot. Father explains it to me. These souls spent their earthly lives in hatred and passion. They accumulated mistakes. They are demons who are inaccessible to spiritual help, even if it is present.

They fall asleep in this world and the darkness, which I have already talked about, attracts them. A hell draws these demons to it and they lie down there, sleep until they are rested and ready to contribute to the devil's life here. And God's spark also lives in these people, but what a lot will have to change in them before they can go back to their Creator...

Yet others, and their number is greater, do not fall asleep. In this life they are immediately ready to fight, to direct their hatred and anger towards the enemy, whose missiles killed them. But they still have to wait, they were killed by bombs, there was still no fighting on the ground, there has still not been any contact with the enemy troops. Then I experience that these souls are drawn away from here. Through father I understand where they are going. They are drawn by the masses, who are involved in a violent battle elsewhere. There they have the op-

portunity to live out their hatred and passion.

Then the enemy approaches, the hellish noise increases.

'They will never get through this', the men call grimly to each other. A terrible butchering begins. I see myself making my way through the terrible chaos. I no longer have any feelings. I am getting in the way of the others. My God, how horrible! My friends are dying all around. The others do not look at them, they keep on loading their weapons, they have poison on their lips.

The image which can be observed from this world is heart-wrenching.

What do the wretches do who are thrown from their bodies by a missile? Whose limbs are torn off and spread here and there? They begin to look for them immediately in this world.

I see a boy in front of me, some bomb shrapnel separated his head from his body. He begins to look for it here like a madman. And yet his astral form is completely intact, which teaches me that the soul can never ever be destroyed or damaged!

The boy is ruled by just one thought: finding his head which was ripped off. Father lets me feel the meaning of it. Since those parts of the body belong to the emotional life, the soul forces it. He searches every metre of the ground. He finds other heads, he finds rumps, arms and legs. And finally he can stop his lugubrious search: there he comes upon a head which he recognizes as his own. Now that he has found it, he laughs like a small child. In his joy he wants to lift it up, but... he does not manage this. His hands claw at the head, he wants to hold it, but his hands go through it! He keeps on repeating his attempts, it is terrible to watch this, his wild anger, his almost animal-like fear of not being able to pick up his head and to have to carry on without it...

I see dozens like him. Others scream for their mother and father, it sounds like the scream of an animal when death threatens. They have been flung into this life with a violent jerk.

They know nothing about eternal life, on the contrary they have dissolved completely in hatred and fear.

Yet others immediately continue the fight on this side, they do not know that they have entered death and therefore a new life. They fall upon the attacking German soldiers and do not understand that they do not notice any of their hitting and screaming. But then they catch sight of the fallen Germans. With a terrible scream they, astral beings now, attack each other and try to rip each other apart. But the soul cannot be destroyed like the body, they therefore fight on until the other party becomes unconscious.

And meanwhile the fighting continues on earth. Amidst the hellish noise of the explosions, the men attack each other constantly. The battles become more and more intense, human bodies fly about, ripped to pieces. Many people go mad in this horrific hell, they run from their positions, they want to fall upon the Germans, but after only a few metres they are already shot to smithereens. Others have to be shot by their own comrades...

And the worst thing of all is then to see how the demons from hell – because this place has emptied – are enjoying the need, the fear and the suffering of the poor, earthly person. They roar with laughter and scream – this is terrible to listen to – and encourage the hatred and have fun at the expense of the fighting and fallen soldiers. Devils are partying here and it is the worst thing which can happen between heaven and earth. but what does an earthly person know about all of this?

How can I deal with all these indescribable, horrific images? I weep huge tears, my heart is breaking. I keep thinking I will faint.

This is the way it was for me on earth as well, in this most horrific war of all times. I walked round lost. Prayed to God to intervene, to force the people to stop this madness. But as the hours pass, the violence only increases more, it becomes empty

inside me, there are no feelings left in me anymore, I can neither pray nor think. If I had not had father's and Jack's powers in me, I would have dissolved in this violence and the hatred which hangs above the battle like a poisonous cloud, and I would have forgotten myself and shot along with them, murdered, out of indignation for so much injustice, so much brutal violence.

Then I come across the badly mutilated body of my commanding officer. As I now see him from this world, his soul is busy separating itself from his body. However, the body holds the soul prisoner. The screaming is terrible. I want to hurry to help him, but father holds me back. I suddenly understand that he can no longer be helped. The fight which went on here between body and soul, ended long ago. I can see the images from the past so clearly.

The screaming continues, only after some time does the wretch come to peace. He keeps on calling for his mother in these terrible hours. Many people do that. They usually call for their mother, in German and in Dutch. The bond with the mother is more important than all others.

My commanding officer is drawn to the dark spheres, he will awaken there after coming to rest. This noble soldier's life has thrown him into this misery, which he always held so highly. No one in the army was as fanatical as him, when he talked about the use of weapons. By using them a man could prove what he was worth, show himself to be a man who would leave his opponent in pieces.

What place in eternal life did he assure himself of with these 'ideals'? Can God appoint this person to any other place than a hell? Or should He perhaps offer him who felt this way about human life a place in His heaven? Person of the earth, I ask you, can you still, with this knowledge in you, take up weapons which rob your neighbour of the life given to him by God and plunge yourself into the depths of hell? *Nothing, nothing, no goal in the world, no command from anyone whatsoever, will make*

you just in God's view! Does this not tell you everything?

The images which the still raging battle bring me, become progressively more horrific. I am almost at the end of my tether. If father does not help me, I will just faint. But then I am able to experience something miraculous. I am given proof once again of how the Side Beyond wants to and can help a person on earth. By letting me see that, father is ahead of the events; the following took place after the battle in the Grebbe-line had finished. However, father apparently does this in order to offer me a gentle scene for a while during this terrible stage.

They are busy piling up the bodies, they will soon be taken away. They are also taking away the wounded. Following this, I catch sight of a young man, who became deeply unconscious from a leg wound. Thinking that he is dead, they come to fetch his body. The young soldier has left his body, however the fluid cord which connects this to the soul, is unbroken, so that life on earth has not ended for him... However, after a quick glance the men declare 'He is dead', and the leader of this little group points to the pile of bodies behind him.

Horrified, from this world, the boy sees the great danger which he is in, they will throw his body along with the dead on a pile and soon bury or burn it. He screams at the top of his voice to stop the men, but no sound comes from his mouth. Desperate, not knowing what to do, the boy continues to call.

Father, I see, hurries to him and other spirits of love along with him. By uniting their powers, they force the boy back into his body. And now he can move again, his vocal cords also obey his will again. The danger for him has been averted. Red Cross soldiers take him away.

Several men are helped in this way and also in other ways. The Side Beyond is so great!

Then I suddenly notice this sharp contrast: here two worlds, the Side Beyond and the earthly doctors, devote all their powers saving one man, and meanwhile thousands of young lives

are chased into the fire and slaughtered. Crazy world, crazy people, who call themselves leaders of the people and treat lives which are entrusted to their care in this way.

And as a result of these thoughts I am immediately back amidst the violence of the war.

As the hours pass, passions rage even more intensely, the men fight like devils. There is no end to the screeching of the missiles, the screaming of the explosions, the moaning of the wounded and dying. The world seems to be disintegrating and the only thing which makes me happy is to see how various soldiers from both camps shoot above their opponents' heads. They are driven by the love, which they have in them for their neighbour, whom they cannot hate, because of their love for God and Christ, and because they wish to obey His commandment not to kill.

I am surrounded by moaning and pain, death and destruction. Two of my friends have been gripped by this madness. They have climbed out of the trenches and have run towards the enemy. They are shot. This image makes something within me snap. Theo represses Jack in me, I am now the sergeant major who knows the army, the weapons. A raging anger has arisen in me.

'Those devils, those murderers', I scream, when I can no longer tolerate how death and destruction is brought to this beautiful, peaceful piece of ground by an enemy who does not spare anyone or anything. We had never ever hurt them and now they are causing a blood bath among us. This has got to stop and in order to revenge so much injustice, I raise my weapon.

But now I experience that my hand is unable to press the trigger. For a moment, for a single moment I had stepped out of Jack, out of father, then the Grebbe-line, the violence and hatred got hold of me. But then father elevates me again. It is he who pushes my weapon downwards and calls to me: 'Not that, my son, not that, Theo!'

I recognize father's voice, I call to him. Then I hear a terrible whistling which is coming nearer and nearer. A grenade explodes right in front of me. At that moment I am ripped to pieces. I experience a terrible shock and lose consciousness. This lasts only a moment, after a second I regain consciousness. I experience being released from my material body. However, a distressing feeling is dominant within me, it is the pain which being torn from my body causes. Everything happens so quickly that I do not realize it is happening. I fly metres high into the universe and I can see that father is receiving me. Meanwhile I already raise my eyes and look into a face which is revealed from under a veil and becomes clearer until I recognize father's face.

Then the severe, intense pain lessens, my soul relaxes, peace comes to me and I feel as if I have just recovered from a serious illness.

I still see myself in the Grebbe-line. Father has laid me on the ground. Now I am at the stage that he can take me to my sphere. I am now keenly aware of this. He releases me completely from the earth and he can do this since nothing connects me any longer to my material body, which is ripped apart. We float through the universe. The distance between us and the earth becomes greater and greater.

So this is how my passing over into this world took place. Father lets me experience it again, it is all so great, it is so difficult to experience and deal with in one go. Again I experience the terrible shock, which flung me from my body, again I follow how the fluid cord breaks and father receives me, in order to float with me into the universe in a little while.

My body has been mutilated in a horrific way, however, my soul lives, is sound, cannot be destroyed by anything.

In order to get to the bottom of this reality, Jack has racked his brains in one life after another. He has searched fanatically for this truth. And now in the life after death he gets the answer

to his questions. Nothing, nothing happens to the soul, when it is torn from the body, because nothing can happen to the soul, it is eternal, since the Divine spark lives in it.

What do the earthly psychiatrist, the psychologist know about the soul? Oh, if only they knew the laws and conditions for the soul, what enormous possibilities we would be faced with! Now the life of Jack is impressed upon me again with an intense awareness. I submit to it completely, I see and think like the scholar who has only one goal: to discover the secrets which make the life of the soul of his patients so unfathomable and which he has to know, if he wants to contribute to their recovery. God grant that I will one day be able to get to know and understand the human soul. I have already come one step nearer. However the human soul is awesomely deep, now that I am standing in eternal life I realize that more than ever. It makes my head spin when this depth is revealed in a flash, and I have to pinch myself to stop myself collapsing.

My eyes search for father, the love and strength, which flow towards me out of him, fortify me. I reach out to him with both hands and thank him from the bottom of my heart for everything which I have received from and through him. It is up to me to hold on to and deal with all the wisdom gained.

We now leave the Grebbe-line. I have now experienced what I had to experience there. I have dealt with the earthly life, I am free from the earth, nothing connects me to it any more. A new life is about to start for me. I have entered the world of the spirit, spiritual treasures await me there.

However, my wife and child are still there. I would like to see how they made it through the war and what their life is like now.

Father lets me feel that I will also follow this as well. It is part of Theo's life.

Jack will completely obliterate Theo, when Theo has finished his life. Jack burns with a longing to start, he wants to continue

his study, do something for science and therefore for humanity.

Of the two personalities within me, it is Jack who has something good, something useful to bring. In the spheres we only continue to build on the lives in which we worked for a task, a commission, which has spiritual significance. This is why the life of Theo has to recede in me, because he has nothing to bring the world, he lived the life of a small, carefree child.

Oh, how clear and real everything is. The hard, restless life of Jack in order to get to know the soul, in the interests of suffering humanity, has made him into a personality which became more powerful in each further life. It is this personality these realm of emotions, this Jack, whose will to serve, whose inspiration, oppresses another personality in me. It is also he who, once in the spheres, immediately looks for ways which can bring him to the fulfilment of his ideals. It could not be any other way.

‘I want to study, father, to know everything which my soul can deal with. Then I will probably be allowed to go back to the earth one day. I really hope so, father. I long for nothing except the new birth. I want to advance science, I want to pass on everything which I may experience here about humanity and the life of its soul. These feelings and longings live in me. I will ask God to allow me to come back.’ Father lets me feel that that is a good idea.

It is as if the part of me which is Theo is listening to father and Jack. He is also dear to me. I will now follow him.

As Theo I think about my wife and child, as Jack they mean nothing to me. Then I love them as I love all God’s life.

Father tells me that I have to prepare myself for new experiences. And when I ask him what our destination will be, he replies that it is Rotterdam.

CHAPTER XIV

Rotterdam is burning

FATHER went ahead of me. All kinds of thoughts crossed my mind. I reflected upon my lives, in so far as I now knew about them, and followed both personalities who played a role in them. It was remarkable to see how neither of them wished to come to the foreground now. It was as though they had gone to sleep. Their silence gradually came over on me. It was not sleep, you could call it a feeling of peace which came to me. I welcomed it at this stage, when my emotional life was gradually awakening, which demanded a lot of my strength from me.

I let the benevolent peace soak into me for a while. We were moving very slowly. With his thoughts to himself, father floated ahead of me.

However, then it became clear to me that I had to make peace with both personalities in me, if I wanted to be ready to experience new situations in Rotterdam. I recognized that these feelings originated from father. And he was right, I had to know how I should act. If I considered Theo's life, then this put Jack under the obligation to be patient and stay away.

I discussed this with Jack. Theo now had to experience his life and this required me to devote myself completely to him. Jack accepted it easily, he was older than Theo and more aware. He also had peace within him, a peace which was different to that of Theo. I now knew that both of them understood each other, which was beneficial to my character, since this showed that harmony lived within me. It was educational, I thought, to stand outside yourself like this and to follow the personalities which had developed in you, in their thoughts and feelings. Then soon they would become as one within me, which would allow me to gain consciousness in the spirit.

The nearer we come to Rotterdam the more Theo takes over me. He wants me to listen to him. I do so and see that I begin to feel and think very differently. This is necessary, he lets me know, because I will feel and think very differently in this city, there are a number of problems, which father must make clear to me there.

The question now occurs to me what father wants to sort out there. Does he have to go back to the shop we used to own? I have absolutely no idea. But then suddenly I have to think of the war again.

It is the aeroplanes which I see passing, which take my thoughts back to the war. Will I have to witness more misery? Is it not enough yet? I shudder when I think of the monstrosities which passed before my eyes. I have barely recovered from the shocks they gave me, do I have to prepare myself yet again for new suffering?

However, one look at father is enough to make me realize that I must calmly submit to his plans. He knows what is useful and necessary for me.

I shudder when the aeroplanes with thundering engines race past us. How I hate those terrible birds. What suffering they sowed in our midst with their destructive bombing. And when I tune in to it, I suddenly know that it was one of their missiles which tore me from life.

Where are they going now? A fear comes into me. I look around and see that father and I are not floating here alone. Several astral beings are going in the same direction. My fear increases even more, where there are so many spiritual beings together – I experienced it in the Grebbe-line – something is about to happen. Will it be in Rotterdam? I cannot control my impatience and want to know what the birds of prey are planning. I now go faster than the aeroplanes, the tension drives me onward. Father adjusts to this.

Having arrived in the vicinity of Rotterdam, fear grips my heart like an iron fist. The war has also spread to this city. A

shudder runs through me.

Will the Germans really do what I suddenly start to feel? But that is impossible, after all, isn't it? They would not dare to. No, I do not believe that, I cannot believe that. Have the Germans lost all their human feelings then?

Would they dare to set fire to a city? To throw bombs from the sky on defenceless women and children? Would they not even recoil from a cowardly large-scale assassination?

No, no, my God, they would not dare to defy your holy laws in this way.

My Rotterdam, oh, Rotterdam. What will my city have to go through?

Where is Germany taking life to on earth? Will its leaders dare to command such a barbaric thing, such a horrific thing? Is there not a trace of love in them?

Throwing bombs on people, who will not be able to flee anywhere, trapped as they are between the walls of their houses. How many victims will there be here, what immeasurable suffering will be caused here?! Oh, bitter, terrible questions. This cannot be. These feelings within me must be wrong.

But then my eyes see the aeroplanes again which are now circling above the city. And I can see the terrible swastikas, their devils' crosses. No, I now know that my feelings were right, the Germans will commit the horrific crime and throw bombs on unwary citizens.

And will these 'soldiers' take part in this, will not one of them refuse to carry out such a horrific and cruel order? Will they really prove to be so essentially rotten, so rotten inside? But there must also be faithful, law-abiding Catholics and Protestants amongst them, my God, and they are not resisting their devilish commanders, but, as if this is to honour You, will burn, tear apart and wipe out thousands of their fellow Christians, their brothers and sisters, Your children, my God, as though they were vermin?

How will I find the words for the feelings which I am now flooded with. So many come to me, pain, sorrow, indignation, disillusionment. But how can people, who believe in a God and want to serve Him, how can they attack His children in a beastly way and as a result of this, slap His face in cold blood?

They immediately prove to me that they can do it. The first aeroplanes dive downwards, creating a frightful roaring. Then the bombs start to fall, and they continue to fall, thrown by people on people, on men, women, children, on sick people and old people. Houses and churches are shattered by their explosions, terrible scenes take place. Desperate, amidst their shaking walls, which do not offer any protection, the poor people wait, wringing their hands, for their death.

What horrors I have to witness. This is millions of times worse than the hell in the Grebbe-line. There soldiers were stabbed, who had weapons and could defend themselves with them. Here bombs are dropped systematically in cold blood on defenceless citizens. We were fighting in an open field, but here the people are trapped like rats, since they are surrounded by stone walls. They cannot leave, there is nowhere to go where they will be safe. They are crushed under an avalanche of rubble. I close my eyes, I can, nor wish to see it any longer. But I have to look, the engines throbbing, the bombs shrieking and dropping, people screaming, all of it forces me to open my eyes.

I see how a man with a child under his arm walks out of a burning house, however, he does not get far, because a bomb explodes at his feet and blows him and the infant to pieces. Oh, my God, my God, my God, I repeat it, ten, twenty times. I look at father and he takes over my feelings. Yes, he nods, people can do that, people are still capable of such loathsome deeds.

Now I also understand why I have to look, soon I will have to write about all of this. And I now immediately pray with all the strength and longing within me, that I will be able to find

the words in order to make it clear to humanity, where their will for destruction, for power will take them. I will then shout it out: People of the earth, never take the life of your neighbour, never kill, not even in war, because even in that situation you will not find any justification for it in God's eyes. Do not hate your brother and sister, because the dark spheres of hell will await you and will hold you until you see that you only serve God by loving everything which lives. My words will have to burn then so that they are engrained in the hearts of everyone who reads my book, for the salvation of his own immortal soul.

My eyes look down again, where the fate of my good city is unfolding. Heavy clouds of smoke spread, bursts of flame shoot upwards from the burning houses, whole blocks appear to be a sea of fire. The cries of frenetic people mingle with the roaring and crackling.

I have to witness strange incidents. I see how a woman runs out of her house, she has a dog and a cat in her arms. She is trying to save them, but behind her, above the roaring of the flames, her children scream in the throes of death. How can it be, a mother who does everything to save her pets and forgets her children as a result... Father has to explain it to me.

This woman loved animals all her life, they meant so much to her that she put them before her fellow human beings. Of course, she loved her children, but her love was still not so great as to fill her whole life with it. She could not do without her animals, worshipped them, in short, she was obsessed with dogs and cats. At the terrible moment of the bomb explosion when she was faced with a decision, she followed the voice of her unconscious soul and ran out of the burning house with her animals, thereby abandoning her children to the fire. Only when she was already well away from the house, did she think about them and shout their names, however, it was too late then.

Love animals, father says, but never forget that they belong to the unconscious type and certainly may never be placed above a human being!

Another mother runs out of her house, screaming, and only saves the stove poker. Why exactly did she choose this iron object?

She has a strangling fear of death. Hatred also lives in her. She wants to fight for her life with this poker, she wants to attack the Germans, whom she hates as her enemies. She lives only for these feelings during these terrible moments. As a result of this her children die in the fire...

Poor mother, in every one of your actions the degree of your love and your consciousness is revealed. In this way a person betrays the depth of his personality for anyone who may read into his soul. On earth this would not have been possible, here in the life of the spirit, your being is open and you cannot hide any of your emotions.

Oh, how I would love to be on earth, armed with the knowledge of the soul. How many psychiatrists I could then take care of, be able to help in their responsible task.

I pray to God, that He will give me, and the many who have gained this knowledge on the side beyond, the grace of a new life for this purpose.

Rotterdam is burning like a torch. Thousands of its inhabitants find death in the roaring flames, or are crushed under falling bricks. And while the pilots continue their abhorrent work, the spirits of love on the side beyond are busy supporting their loved ones, or bringing them to the peace of the spheres.

I suddenly wonder how much time lies between my passing over and the bombing of Rotterdam.

Four days, father lets me feel.

Four days, I repeat, four days. But then – then my wife and child were also in this town at this point?

I close my eyes. I have to think. Has my house disappeared,

have my wife and child been killed? I ask father to take me to my parents-in-law's house. I am already running ahead of him, I know the way here.

The house is no longer there, it has been transformed to rubble. Then father connects me to what happened here. I see the house before me. My mother-in-law is pouring tea and talking to my wife and child. Then the aeroplanes approach, the bombs make the house shake. They cling to each other in fear. Then I hear the terrible roaring of a bomb which penetrates your bones, a terrible blow, screaming, which is muffled by the falling rubble. I see them lying mutilated under the walls, which cover them like gravestones. Immediately sisters and brothers from the spheres approach them, they release the souls from the bodies and take them away, unconscious.

My God, are my wife and child here as well? Father, did you know that? How could you keep that from me for so long? May I see Annie, father? Can I help her? And my child? Is she with her?

Father lets me know that I will see her again. Soon we will leave the earth and we will hurry to the spheres. There he will show me where my wife and child are living. Soon. Of course, father is right, everything happens here in its own good time. But it all came so suddenly. I have to deal with it. Annie and my child, my Liesje, are dead to the earth. They are with me in eternal life. So they went to Rotterdam to find their deaths there. That is why I felt that fear when I took them to the train. My feelings already told me then that something terrible would happen.

Annie, Annie, I keep saying her name. I want to see her, to see her face before me. What did she look like? It's an effort to imagine her face. I can just see her vaguely and soon her face has gone again. That is very different with Liesje, her sweet face shines towards me, I know every line, it is familiar to me.

Father comes to my aid. This is the emotional life speaking,

he explains. You had emotional contact with Liesje, she lives in your soul, is a part of you, since you are bonded by love. With Annie that is different, she is a stranger to you, because she did not know how to give herself to you.

Annie, where are you living now? Have you already experienced that reality here is the same as everything I told you from my books? How do you see the world now? Will you now be able to accept it? Why couldn't you have believed me then?

The Germans took your life and that of thousands of other people. How will they ever be able to make up for this crime with regard to God and humanity? And what will happen to all those people who were torn from life with a terrible shock? Can that have been God's will? Otherwise why did He not intervene? Why did He not destroy those murderers? Do the devils of hell have such great power? Can even God not protect us from them then? Such a lot of questions are revealed to me. I have to know all of this, or my life will stand still.

I look at father. He will help me and provide me with the answers, which will put an end to these tormenting questions for me and millions of people.

CHAPER XV

The Divine plan

IN order to give the appropriate answer to your questions, we will make a short journey across the earth, father tells me. After that our stay on earth will have come to an end.

It won't take very long, he lets me feel. The side beyond can do that. I experienced it just a moment ago, when I tuned into my house and in less than no time I was there.

First of all we take a short walk through Rotterdam. I do not look at the destruction, I prefer to follow people's conversations here and there. They shout and swear at the Germans who brought this disaster upon them. Their hatred for them is terrible, there is not one amongst them who can find a word of forgiveness. There is no one either who puts these people, consumed by anger, right, and teaches them that hatred is just as wrong as murder.

All those people will have to come to the point where they see that. God does not want His children to kill, He does not want them to hate either. However much our heart has been hurt, the feeling of love must still not be destroyed. This is one of God's laws and it is just as implacable as the others.

Father lets me feel that everyone, with no exceptions, is responsible for this war. In our many lives we have accumulated evil, and evil still lives amongst people. The hearts are still insensitive and not everyone wants to love his neighbour. One person still does not tolerate another, envy is still just as rampant as the craving for power. Did Christ teach us people that? He commanded us to love one another, but in the complete, indisputable sense of the word. Now, father says, the Age of Christ has started, now people will have to start living according to the commandments He gave us. As a result of this most

terrible war of all time, humanity learns that it must turn away from violence, desire for power and gain, from hatred. That will be the gain which comes to us from the rubble and battle fields.

Up until now humanity has just lived in whatever way it pleased. It walked next to the laws of God, did not know them and did not live according to them. People do not know why they are on earth, where they come from and where they are going. People still have to awaken to this knowledge and this is going to happen now. Up until now people have been groping around in the dark like a blind man lost in God's universe. Now, however, the light of the side beyond, the light of the heavens will shine on their path and make them see. Only now is that possible, now, that the Age of Christ is beginning.

Here in the spheres, says father, they have received the pleas of people who, amidst the terrible ruins, caused by the violence of those who were supposed to be their brothers, ask God for instruction.

Teach us, oh God, how to get to know Your sacred laws. What do we know about You, what do we know about our lives? Nothing, nothing, nothing. What the churches tell us, is all poor and inadequate, oh Lord. And their attitude to this terrible battle was just as contradictory and clumsy. They cannot teach us anything anymore, oh Father, we feel, with all their good will they are taking us further from You and life. God, my Creator, teach us now what You are really like, teach me to know Your intentions, teach me how I must live.

And God answers through the masters of the side beyond, through His angels: 'Now you will know, My child, you will get to know Me and My whole Creation. That has only become possible now, up until now you preferred to listen to the voices which called you to evil and darkness. Only now the moment has come that your spirit opens, prepared to become acquainted with the laws which rule the universe and your life.

Anyone who approaches Me and all My children in love, will

get to know Me and My intentions. So you must love, My child, learn what it means to truly love. Then My voice will resound inside you and you will hear My heart beating in yours!

It is the masters of the side beyond, father also teaches me, who under God's command are now busy bringing their knowledge of the universe and human life to earth. So that people will know that there is eternal life and that God does not condemn, but, on the contrary, he is a Father of Love.

The horrible fear of an eternal hell will then be taken away from them, they will worship God as a loving Father and ceaselessly strive to get to know, understand and love their neighbours. Then people will do what Christ did: forgive the most evil, hurtful person and sacrifice themselves to serve their neighbours.

The walk through Rotterdam teaches me that not nearly everybody is ready for these elevated views yet. But, father tells me, the war will also teach them. It can no longer be stopped now that the Age of Christ has started; people are at the stage that they will surrender hatred and detest violence. One person will draw the other one upwards, until love is learned and evil has been overcome.

First of all people have to see that they are also to blame for this war. Also those who now shout and roar and curse their enemies for the destruction which they caused. However, no one admits blame, none of them whom I see gathered here and hear speaking, will wish to admit that they did wrong, they obstinately push the blame onto the invaders. But it does not take us far if we pretend we are blameless. If God puts us in His sun, everything will melt anyway. We stand naked before Him, He sees through us. Nothing can be hidden from Him, not one characteristic, not one mistake, even one wrong thought, however small. Anyone who hates tunes in to the hells. And we do not justify our hatred towards our enemy by exonerating ourselves from blame for the war. We all carry the blame and hatred is never an excuse.

All those people who now curse their enemies, have to remember that sooner or later they will die and then will have to enter the land of hatred, which is the place their soul is tuned in to. I still have to get to know that country, but from the feelings which father sends me, I can imagine that it must be terrible there. Devils live there and they hate with an intensity which is frightening. They drag the wretch who has to accept this terrible place as his, through the darkness and suck him empty. It is not God who punishes humanity like that, father clearly lets me feel, it is a person himself who chooses this place of horror. On the other hand, if they accept the disaster brought upon them by the enemy as an experience which can mean a lesson for them and can make them grow spiritually, if they close their hearts to the hatred and allow themselves to speak words of forgiveness, then they open the Spheres of Light to themselves, a world of love, peace and understanding: God's heaven.

All the souls who belong to creation should go there, no feelings of hatred, no hells should remain, they will have to disappear and will disappear. This is part of the Divine plan. I feel that millions of laws support this plan, I am still not allowed to realize their depth, their power; but one day I will know them, and *every* soul in the universe with me. This is in people's own hands, however incredible it may sound.

Rotterdam has been destroyed, because the inhabitants of this city have been destroyed. And this applies to the whole earth. If all those millions of people had not forgotten themselves, then this horror would not have overcome them. Since thoughts of theft and murder still live in people, since there are still so many dark souls, which spread hatred and poison, it is no wonder that the earth trembles under the blow of revenge. It is the law of cause and effect, which people activate themselves and put into action; even if not nearly everyone accepts this, free as they feel from blame. These people have forgotten the lives in

which they just lived recklessly and accumulated sin after sin. However, nothing has been forgotten by God and He makes sure that everything which was done wrong is put right. While people are busy balancing the scales of cause and effect, while he makes his karma dissolve in blood, sweat and tears, God knows that the gain from all his suffering and drudgery will still be for the benefit of humanity! Only in suffering does a person learn, does he come to reflect, to spiritual growth and does he finally make heaven his own.

So what must God do if humanity begs Him for help in his hour of need? Must God take away his self-inflicted suffering, which is the only learning school which can lift him out of his darkness to a spiritual sphere? Must God intervene, can He intervene, now that all of humanity begins to reflect under the cruel blows of the war, that it is necessary to release itself from the hatred and violence under which the earth has shuddered up until now?

The nations must awaken and reach unity. Whatever upheaval the war means to humanity, its value is, after all, that it will bring about that solidarity, the unity of the masses. Suffering and war will bring about what words and examples cannot achieve. They only speak a language which the nations understand and which brings them to other, better insights.

How many nations can testify about themselves that, inexhaustibly and devoting all their powers, they have been busy assuring peace on earth and unifying countries in love and understanding? Even our nation, although it is many degrees higher than, for example, the German or the Russian nations, cannot profess to have been occupied in this elevated way. The Dutch people are also guilty of this terrible war. If we really abhorred it to the depths of our hearts, we would not have had an army. Anyone who wants to follow the path of peace, does not continue to train people to kill and destroy. The Dutch people too felt for a war, even chose the violence of weapons above trust in

God. And we got our war, with all its horrors.

Father, through whom all these thoughts reach me, lets me know that the masters of the side beyond will treat these mighty problems for humanity. The medium, through whom I am now writing, will send the book about it into the world*).

I follow our people under my father's guidance, fathom their thoughts and feelings. I see beings with beautiful auras, next to demons whose colours are a poisonous green. I also observe many believers, church followers, and I am horrified. How they hate! They curse their enemies with such intensity. And these are people who want to serve God in order to make a heaven for themselves. Believers who see their example in Christ, the pure, elevated Son of God, radiating love, and therefore call themselves Christians. They kill, as if there is no God of Love. And they hate, in a way even animals could not... Yet these 'Christians' still dare to go to their church and raise their heads to their Creator in order to look Him in the eye. They dare to raise their voice in order to praise God and Christ, and they do not even hear themselves how raw and false those sounds are which leave their throats. How could those voices sound any different, because, while they praise God and sing about love and fraternity, their hearts are consumed by the hatred towards their enemies.

Can they demonstrate their unconsciousness even more clearly than by doing that? These Christians do not think about what they are doing, they do not live in their faith.

Their minister, their priest preaches about love and the believers listen at their feet. But are they really 'listening'? Or do they perhaps believe that the words which interpret God's command, to love thy neighbour, are meant for other people? Whatever the case, God, Christ, the priest, the minister, their talk falls on deaf ears.

How many of these people, who enter the church to pray, to

*) See the book 'My Revelations to the Peoples of the Earth'.

reach unity with Christ's sacred body, as it is called, how many of these people can say: love lives in me, or at least I am striving to attain it, I really try to have universal love in the sense that God and Christ command, I close my heart to the hatred and I do not curse any of my enemies, whatever they did to me.

How many, I ask you? But if they *cannot* say that of themselves, where do they get the nerve from to enter their churches and to deride their Divine Father and His Divine Son with their false singing?

How can any priest, any minister experience one hour of peace in the knowledge that the worshippers in his congregation listen to his message of love, while the blood of their enemies clings to their hands and their hearts are eaten away by hatred? He knows how they think, every spiritual person knows it, but why does he not deny them entry to the church, why does he not drive them out, the cheats, the hypocrites who spit in the face of the Father of all us?! At least this would make them think!

Herein lies the mistake which the churches make: their worshippers are crammed full of texts and songs, the 'Ten Commandments' have been hammered into them, they can reel them off any time of the day, but it is still never clear to them that they have to obey the commandments 'to the letter' and to their most extreme consequences. They do not believe or have difficulty believing that it is God's command that His commandments are obeyed and that He cannot possibly tolerate any disobedience.

Christ is your example, the priests preach, but the worshippers decide amongst themselves that you as 'an ordinary person' cannot possibly live as Christ anyway...

It is still not clear to them after all these hundreds of years that they can at least try.

They do not think about everything concerning God and life, they have never learned to think and have never known

that this is necessary. The churches have kept their believers ignorant, have not taught them to think spiritually, but kept them like children, for whom they think and act.

On our journey, I fathom out the believers, and I keep coming across unawareness. The churchgoers do not live or believe with a strong, intense consciousness, they have never yet thought deeply about God, His Being, His holy laws, about His intentions for us, about our obligations towards Him, about keeping His commandments, about living an earthly existence, about the hereafter. They believe they have done their duty to God and their fellow being by going to church faithfully and as a result of this thanking and praising God at fixed times. Meanwhile it is chaos inside them, they accumulate mistakes, without it getting through to them that they are breaking Divine laws and they are busy tuning in to the dark spheres.

Anyone with hatred in his heart or blood on his hands who enters the land of the side beyond, will have to accept that the heavens are closed to him or her and no prayers, however well meant, can open them. So relentlessly and sharply do the Divine laws rule here. However, on earth, the doors of the churches are wide open and you can sing to God without punishment and at the same time hate His children. Does the unawareness of the churches and their congregations not speak horribly clearly through this?

If the churches had really been created by God, they would have known their task better. It would then be impossible for them to keep silent, while evil rulers call their worshippers to battle. They would show the ruler who tries to make out his war is good by saying that he acts under God's command and in the interest of his subjects, in sacred indignation at such a slander, the opposite.

They would irrevocably forbid their worshippers to take up arms and be inspired by Christ's fire in their crusade against violence.

They would be able to find the words to make it clear to their confessors that God does not issue a commandment only to reward us if we do not pay any attention to it.

They would make it understood to their worshippers in fiery language that God does not only expect singing or prayers from us, but wants to see deeds.

He wants us to refuse to kill what belongs to His life. He wants us to love His life, in the only and universal meaning of the word.

The churches should present humanity with all of this and peace and quiet would reign on earth. What could the rulers of the earth hope to begin if the faithful refused to take up weapons? Are there not people amongst every nation who believe in God and seek to serve Him? The rulers could bury their war plans if the faithful of the earth unite, just as evil unites.

Now, however, as a result of the cowardly, stupid, unconscious attitude of the churches and the faithful, God has to accept that His Life is hated and killed by those who call themselves His chosen children. Because of them, the ungodly criminals, who appoint themselves leaders of the nations, can realize their terrible, demonic goals. Because of their cooperation, thousands of women and children are burnt alive or blown to pieces in this war. Not one single believer, not one spiritual leader will be able to deny this!

So is it not about time that these worshippers, these 'Christians', started to think about the real and only meaning of God's commandments? Is it not time that they cast aside their stupid, terrible dogmas, which still try to justify war and killing in war, despite God's clear and unambiguous commandment: 'thou shall not kill!?' Is it not high time that they started to obey His commandments literally and learn to love everything which lives, completely and immeasurably?

While all these thoughts come to me, father and I float over the earth. Below us I can see towns and villages, roads and

rivers, mountains and oceans. From time to time we descend among the people and we read their feelings and emotions. In this way we visit all the nations of the earth and only need a short time to do so. It must not go too fast or I will not have sufficient opportunity to feel the masses and determine their emotional life.

It is a bitter experience to have to determine that all nations are still open to violence. All of them think it is necessary to solve their differences or perceived differences with weapons. However, this stinking tumour must be cut out, otherwise peace will never come to earth. But at this point father interrupts my thoughts. The tumour will be removed, he lets me feel. This will happen during this war, however terrible the operation and however much the patient moans and calls for help. As a result of this war the masses will learn to bow their heads, they will learn that they must not follow the demons who want to bring them to their destruction.

This journey which takes us all over the earth teaches me a lot. We are not travelling alone, I see that thousands of souls are making the same journey. It is a learning experience for them as well, as a result of which they will get to know and understand the nations of the earth and themselves.

Happiness reigns in these souls, I sense, because it is also present within me. I am floating through the universe, through the Divine universe. This universe belongs to me. I have made it mine. If I had killed on earth, had been open to hatred, I would have risked all this. I would have been a hero to the people of earth then, a good defender of my country, and as a reward they would have pinned a medal, a ribbon to my chest. However, God gave me His heaven and earth, His universe.

‘God, but my God, how I love You. I will do my best, father does not need to insist on this. I want to work for humanity, oh God, and tell it that You are a father of Love. People pray to You, sing Your praises, but do not know You, do not even know

Your intentions, or know how to act according to them. You want everyone to love each other, because only in this way can lasting peace reign on earth, only in this way will the hells one day cease to exist.

I am burning with longing, my God, to tell my brothers and sisters, Your children, about Your love. May my words possess so much inspiration, so much power, that it is heard by thousands.’

It is the Divine plan that we, who are His creatures, sparks from His fire, will one day go back to Him. This can only happen – this will be clear even to a child – if we follow the path of love. Now people are faced with the choice of following God or the devils, love or hatred. There is no other choice. But, I ask you, can that choice be difficult? Where does hatred take you, where do your earthly leaders take you, who made a pact with the demons from the lowest layers of the hells?

Listen to their kettle music, listen to the terrible stamping of their boots. Mother Earth groans beneath them. ‘Soldiers, come forward!’ the governments order. ‘There must be killing and destruction. God and justice are on our side!’ And they throng there, men and boys, from all places and from all families.

Isn’t it terrible?

Upon one command from their dark rulers they grab their weapons and sow death and destruction amongst their sisters and brothers.

But why? Do you not feel then that you are misbehaving in a terrible way towards your God, the Creator of all life? Again and again I want to ask you, now that I am standing in the middle of violence that is making your ground tremble. How unforgivable it is, what those state leaders put before your eyes. Are you not yet sick of their mean carry-on? Does it not appear from their actions that only devils are behind them? Are they sovereigns of love? Or are they instigators consumed by hatred and a lust for power, who offer up your goods and your blood for the fulfilment of their own dark longings? Just see then how

they live it up at your expense. They become great through you, demand everything, your wife, your child, your family, your body and life. They want increasingly more from you, because their greed for power, land, possessions will never end! Does it not mean anything to you?

Yet they are honoured and adored by masses of people. They get the chance to continue their cruel, demonic plans, at the expense of everything which you as a person, as a Christian, hold sacred. You yourself allow it! They destroy you and your people, because you want that yourself!

Then do not complain if your self-inflicted misery falls back on your own head.

Do not complain, you church goers, now that your houses and churches shake on their weak foundations. Why did you not resist them with a united front? Why did you choose to serve those who are devils, and did you kick God and His Sacred Life through your deeds?

I call to you, waken up, open your eyes. Judge their deeds, descend into their cruel beings and decide whether they are taking you to God and love, or to the devil. Banish them from your midst, those rulers and tyrants. Do not let yourself be yoked to their chariots, because they will suck you empty, they will drive on your back through the world and destroy you spiritually and physically.

Which of their aims justify that you murder and destroy? Do you believe you have to defend your country? God does not know any countries!

Do you believe you have to defend your wife and child? But where is your faith in God? How often did you promise Him in your prayers complete submission to His universal will? Now is the time to show that submission. But what do you do? You prefer to defy His sacred laws. You kill in order to try and save them for this short earthly life and tune in to the lowest hells as a result!

On earth you get a medal for your 'heroic deeds'. Here in Eternal Life people have no respect for you, here they shudder at your inner life. They do not know pity here, my father lets me feel, and in this way he shows the truth of the spheres.

On earth they honour you as a hero, as a fighter for country and people, for this life, however, you are an unaware person, a demon, who took the life of God. You did not want it any differently, you ignored God's prayer of love, so should the people here have pity for you? Must you, who have the blood of others on your hands, must you have a heaven opened for *you*? Your own inner life chooses a dwelling and since hate and bloodlust lived there, that can only be a hell! The laws speak here sharply and irrevocably.

Father takes me to the dwellings of the rulers of the nations. I can see their dark hearts and can hear their conversations. I am disgusted by the stench which comes from their inner lives. Are these people, these devils meant to be leading God's life? They are meant to be ensuring the safety and peace of the nations, their physical and mental welfare? They believe that God has entrusted them with His children and is behind their deeds?

The nations should hear the conversations, which these leaders 'conduct'. For years they have made the world mad with their talk about how they were going to make their fellow country men happy. So now the world knows what that happiness consists of. Now it sees that the only aim of all the deeds of the leaders were just to serve their low instincts. In the conversations which I am able to listen to, they talk about their nation as if it concerns beasts of burden, they want to suck it empty, they want to sacrifice everything which is sacred to it, as long as their cruel, imperious plans are served by it. Your wife and children will be protected, while you are prepared to offer your life for the fatherland, they call it out in every possible way, the leaders and little leaders. Behind the scenes they laugh cynically and sully your wife and children.

Now, now, how brutally mean the dominion of the demons is. To which sort of consciousness do they belong? Can you tell me that now? The devils live it up inside them. They adorn themselves with crosses. However, these crosses are stained with blood, they are dripping with blood to such an extent that God turns away. Must He help this type of people? Must He help these Christians, open His heavens to them, who make it possible for these demons to play their dirty game?

These Christians, who took up arms at the first command in order to kill their brothers instead of thinking of God's commandment and refusing to be a part of murder and destruction, the deed which God and Christ were looking for?

These Christians, who cheated their Creator by killing, trampled His sacred commandments and as a result of this nailed Christ again and again to the cross?

Should He really help them?

With their leaders they will find their places in the lowest hells and will become the pitiful victims there of the demons, who will suck them empty and tear them open. They will have to stay there until every life they took has been made up for. And only when they have clearly understood that they have to obey God and not the devil, love and not hate, only when they really see what it means to *completely* devote themselves to Him, only then will they be called real Christians!

God, as a wise Father, does not intervene now. Unity must come amongst the nations, bonds of love must start to bind them, trust must make weapons superfluous, selflessness must replace power, lust and meanness.

Understanding and respect must come amongst the nations, only then will peace and goodwill reign on earth. This is God's will.

It is a harsh and terrible school, which humanity puts upon itself in order to reach that unity. If God were to intervene now, the nations would not benefit, on the contrary. Out of the pain

and suffering which humanity is now undergoing, a new world will be born which can only carry one name: the Kingdom of God!

There will only be a few people who, standing amongst the roaring violence which makes the earth tremble, will be able to believe in this birth. And yet everyone of you will have to accept this. The evolution of humanity has reached that stage. Evil is in the minority in your world. The good in spirit are in the majority. By trial and error, they will now go this way, purified by the suffering and inspired by the sacred will to now build up a world, pure and spiritual.

Yet the sound of violence has not ceased, death and destruction still reign, but soon it will be silent on earth. Then evil will have finished raging and the voices will make themselves heard, which speak of love and unity.

The Divine plan is like this, and not any other way; the nations will be one and love will unite them.

On you, people of the earth, is the task to master that unity, that love. The masters of the side beyond will help you in this. The Age of Christ has started. Just imagine what this means. Live according to His high, wonderful example and you will be an apostle, on whom His glances will fall with pleasure.

Wake up, people of the earth, wake up for your God. He will never deceive you!

CHAPTER XVI

I get to know the hells

ON our journey across the earth we did not miss out one single nation, and yet, when we arrived at our point of departure again in Rotterdam, a mere few days had passed, according to earthly time. Father told me then that we could now leave the earth. I had experienced what I had to experience. Although I wanted to know where Annie lived now and Liesje, my child, it was still difficult for me to release myself from the earth. The sphere of the earth held on to me, but I had to continue. Why could I not release myself from the earth and the chaos which reigned there?

This was the reason, my brothers and sisters, I now found it terrible to have to leave the earth, where I knew you were living amongst the most awful problems. This feeling within me also lives in millions who are in eternal life, because all of us have to do with you. Thousands of bonds connect us to you. Is it any wonder then that it is difficult to leave you behind? Is it strange that we keep wanting to impress upon you not to do any more stupid things, not to put your eternal life in danger by breaking Divine laws.

Our life here is divine, it is rich, great and natural. So work on yourself, so that you also will soon be able to enter here. Do the right thing, do not hate and do not shoot the life of God either, because you will deliver yourself to the demons of hell, they will soon suck you empty and they would destroy you, if they could. Tune into the good. By searching for evil, you are digging your own grave. You yourself are building a wall around you, within which you are imprisoned. It does not help whether you scream in your need. No one will hear you or be able to help you.

God gave you life and death: life to enable you to gain experience and grow spiritually, death in order to let you enter eternal life.

Fight unceasingly the bad urges which would want to destine you to the hells, work on your inner life, so that you will soon enter one of the divine spheres on our side!

My longing to do something for humanity was never greater than at present, now that I was about to leave earth. As Jack, I feel, I would be able to serve humanity and father now tells me that this is possible. I will probably be back on earth in a hundred years' time and be born amongst the Germans! I will get a task amongst that nation and be connected to the core of scholars and artists who will devote themselves to teaching their nation better and more noble thoughts and elevating them spiritually.

I now tell father that I wish to leave the earth and am prepared to follow him wherever he goes. I ask him whether there will perhaps also the opportunity of taking me to my wife and to Liesje.

We floated away from the earth. It faded and finally disappeared completely. The same thing happened to the stars and the planets. A new world became visible to me.

'So this is our astral world', father lets me feel, 'yet darkness reigns here. I will bring you to the very lowest hells and I will show you where all those earthly thugs and destroyers now live. You have to get to know their position. On our journey you will also see Annie and others who found their death on earth and have not been able to find themselves here yet.'

I understood the situation of this last group, I had also had to get to know myself first, before there was order in my inner life. And there was still a lot which I would have to get to know about myself, if I wanted to have a picture about myself.

It was pitch black here, but I could still see and perceive things. I already knew this darkness from the Grebbe-line. There I saw two types of darkness, one belonged to the earth and was called

night there, and the other one, where I now lived, was the astral darkness.

It is here that the devils live. Father tells me that we are still in the sphere of the earth. These hell worlds belong to the earth, they give a place to those people who curse God and destroy His Life where they can. Here they first have to calm down, after which their spiritual construction can begin.

I start to perceive things in this empty world. I can see strongly and clearly that people live in this darkness and it cannot be any other way, their whole character tells me that they are people whom I saw during the days of the war, busy living out their demonic feelings. Father confirms this to me.

Now we are standing amidst these people. The earth is far removed from us, it was a long time before we got here. I now know that even though the hells are part of the material universe, these worlds are separate and can be distinguished from one another.

The deeper we penetrate life here, the more clearly it can be seen. So this is where all those villains live now, who wakened hell and the devil and drew them to the earth with their stamping of boots and roaring. That kettle music sounded great to them, but again they betray their destination with it. No one in the Spheres of Light likes music from pots and pans. The screeching belongs in the hells, along with their boot-stamping

Abiding in their world, I feel poor and miserable. This is the feeling which lives in these wretches, their inner lives are so beastly. They crawl round in their darkness, others are lying there lifeless. If I look at them, then I can follow their actions exactly, as a result of my concentration they become visible. If I concentrate my attention on another one, then that other life dissolves. That is how dark it is here. When I ask father whether this is actually the very lowest, deepest hell, he answers yes.

I do not see any fire here. Thank God! These souls, kneeling and crawling, who broke Divine laws are eaten up by the fire of

their own passions. In the earthly life they sought vice and meanness, here they find misery and filth.

The stench in which they live is agonising for them. It is the stench which radiates from their own inner lives. I cannot find any words which could describe this terrible smell. It is worse than the disgusting smell of a rotting corpse. I do not know of a name for this astral violence. I was tuned to it for just a moment, if that had not been the case I would not have noticed the smell.

And people live in this horror which they cannot escape, as long as the depravity of their inner lives is not elevated. This is the lowest hell and the higher we come, the more life changes and the horror decreases. However, it is dark in all of the hells.

I weep until my tears run dry, now that I see all their misery. Father lets me feel that I could not understand this life in a hundred years and that this is not the intention either, because we have to continue. He only wants to show me that the hells do not bind the souls for eternity and do not plague them with flames either. He wants to give me proof that the clergy on earth is talking nonsense!

Hell is not eternal and there is no fire in it. God cannot condemn His children, His Own Life for eternity, Angelica once said, and now I see that it is true.

Is it not terrible that priests on earth evoke fear and horror in the faithful souls with these untruths, which are nothing but blasphemy? They want to inform humanity about God and His holy tasks and meanwhile tell the biggest possible nonsense, without a grain of proof and calling upon the infallibility of their church.

God is love, they call out and continue in one breath: but anyone who sins, He condemns to burn in the eternal flames!

What kind of consciousness contradicts itself like that? Their view of the Divine Being is so small and poor, that more and more lay people turn against them. Their faith in God and Christ, their feeling tells them, that their Creator is more di-

vine and loving than it would appear from the contradictory views of those churches of the earth. Those souls refuse to accept any longer the mouldy images of hell which burns the souls for eternity, and a God, who, by allowing that, may not be called anything other than a human being who is capable of hatred.

Humanity is also faced with awakening in this aspect. The churches have already lost innumerable worshippers as a result of the preaching of these monstrous views which lower and shroud that true Nature of God.

A God who is Love, cannot condemn souls. On the contrary He gives all His children, who break His laws and as a result destine themselves to the spheres of hell, the chance, to own a higher existence. No one, no soul in the universe, is lost or can be lost. God does not want that, because all His life must come back to Him.

Does this idea not fit in more with a God of Love than the idea that He could calmly see from His world how a part of His Creations burn in hell for eternity for sins which they committed – of course, through their own will! – rather than give them the chance to recognize their mistakes and, after they have turned their bad qualities into good ones, open a heaven to them?!

Forced by science, the church has already had to give up many of its doctrines as being incorrect; it will also have to revise its views with regard to eternal hell.

Up until now it has been scornful about any views which are contradictory to its own, and it appears firmly against them. But this will change one day. Now that the Age of Christ has begun and the consciousness of humanity is open to the knowledge of Divine, pure, natural laws, the Side Beyond can finally speak its words of salvation.

Now humanity has reached the stage that Divine laws can be explained to it. The Side Beyond has had to wait for this. Now it will not let itself be held back by any church from bringing knowledge with regard to God, life, and the hereafter, to humanity.

The Side Beyond, sneers the church.

Yes, the masters from life after death reply. God gave us the task of telling His children about the experiences, which we gained in His universe after our material death.

They will shower people with proof, father lets me feel, because now the moment has come for this. Not one second too soon or too late. This proof and the pure naturalness of the truth to be revealed will even dumbfound those who think that they are doing God and His children a favour by making out that everything which comes from our side is the work of the devil.

The churches want to hold on to their believers, bind them to themselves, and the more they turn away in large numbers and try to find God's true Being by other means, the more fanatic their attempts become. The threats against anyone who doubts what the churches impress upon them to believe, who thinks for himself and leaves the church, are terrible. They campaign especially strongly against those who are occupied with and believe in occult phenomena. God threatens you with His eternal punishments, they say, if you value spiritual manifestations. In this way they try to frighten their believers and to bind them to themselves. It does them little or no good, the numerous scientific pieces of evidence, which have been given for life after death, have already been able to convince millions of people. Under the pressure of this evidence and because of the growing number of people falling away from the churches as a result of this, the churches have already partly changed their attitude, for that matter. They have stopped calling all occult phenomena deception and fantasy, but are now trying to give an explanation for a number of them.

I myself read many of the books on earth in which they recorded their views, and I was constantly aware how confusing their explanations were. Now the Catholic church has reached the stage where it admits that the soul of a dead person can

appear to earthly beings. However, it rejects the idea that every soul can do that, or at least, not every soul is allowed to do that. It can only happen with God's permission. In this way it retains the freedom to judge the phenomena. If it suits the church, then it concerns a soul, which makes itself known to the earth with God's leave and in any different case it is devil's work!

In none of those books is there any question of an independent investigation and the sacred will of getting to know and research occult phenomena. And the cause is obvious. If the scholars of the church did what so many scientists have already done, they would have to abandon or considerably revise the majority of their church teachings, which they have spread through the centuries with fanaticism as being 'infallible'.

The churches would then have to admit to you that they have given a completely wrong image of God and His sacred laws throughout the centuries; and do you believe that they will admit this with the influence, which they still have on the masses at the moment? They prefer to ridicule the occult phenomena, to ignore them or to put them in the wrong light.

Without a doubt, father says, much of what is presented as a real occult phenomenon is conscious deception, the charlatans also make their mark in this area, cheats violate the most sacred matters, and it is the right of the churches and their scholars to reveal these scandalous practices.

But certainly just as scandalous as the actions of these cheats is the method of the churches to also ignore, twist or destroy the pure, spiritual phenomena, which are ascribed by science to supernatural intervention!

But the Divine truths, which are revealed through these phenomena, will also reach and convince humanity. And no church or scholar will be able to oppose this.

Father tells me that I will be surprised when I will meet millions of Catholics and Protestants when taking possession of my heaven, and he says that they have had to experience here

in the astral world that they were told lies on earth by the priests and ministers. It is impossible to describe how terrible their disillusionment was. And they first have to release all those wrong views given to them before they can start to own a heaven.

Do you think, readers, that all those souls do not long to release their loved ones on earth from the nonsense, which the churches are trying to fool them with? All of them crave to take away the poison, which is poured into the hearts of their loved ones by spirituality on earth. All those negative, spooky stories about eternal damnation, an eternal burning, must be banished. They have brought humanity fear and terror for long enough, made the followers who sought to serve Christ tremble.

I do not want to hurt any priest or minister with my words, you must believe that. After all, then I would be sullyng my heaven and shutting myself off to the Spheres of Light. However, my longing to take you to the truth of Divine life, makes me speak so fiercely. I am inspired by the millions of souls who follow you from this side and love you and try to convince you.

We ask you to release yourselves from all those unconscious teachings, those concepts which are well out-of-date, which take you far away from God and Christ, and instead to be open to the wisdom, which the Side Beyond wants to reveal to you in all kinds of ways, and which is the wisdom, in which the highest angels on this side became conscious.

Father took me to the hells, not to take me into the horrors of life there – although I want to learn about them soon – but to see the light of a sacred truth shining here in the darkness: in God's universe there is no eternal hell, there is no fire.

Just imagine it, faithful of the earth: *There is no eternal damnation. No soul is lost, everyone goes back to his Creator.*

God wants us to get to know His laws, His creation. It is a long way to Him, but there is no soul who does not make it. Imagine this, let the awe-inspiring meaning of it work on you and then thank God for His love, because God is love, His

wisdom is unending, His laws are unfathomable deep.

The churches make their followers dread the process of dying, which can take them into an eternal hell. They make you afraid of your Creator and ascribe to Him Who is complete love, the cruelty of all punishments: an eternal torture in a burning hell; just imagine it. And you have to believe all of that without a grain of evidence; and they appeal to pronouncements which have been twisted beyond recognition in the course of centuries.

What a terrible responsibility your churches have put upon themselves, how do they wish to make up for that with regard to the God of all life? Does any priest, any minister dare to imagine his situation, when he has to come to terms with the fact that day in day out he has derided and blasphemed in every way the God, Whom he thought he was serving, by presenting Him, Who is a source of love, as a God of damnation? Yet, one day, when he enters here, he will have to accept this terrible reality. Life itself will convince him there how the Divine universe is actually set up. Then they will bow their heads and be able to consider themselves fortunate to be able to call out: God is true love and there is no place in His world for damnation!

The situations which father shows me in the hells are terrible, and yet the sorrow from just a moment ago no longer returns to me. I know that none of these wretches will be lost, our Creator also has a dwelling ready for them in His heavens, when they have had time to reflect.

The place where father now takes me is called the Land of Hatred. The name already reveals which souls reside here. They have to learn what it means to love. For this purpose they have to release themselves from the hatred which keeps them imprisoned here. There is no fire here either, the land is cold and barren, because where love is lacking, nothing green can grow. They are not that badly off, the demons here say, they live, have fun, they can even go to earth if they want to enjoy any-

thing there which attracts them.

Passion and violence, they are still not looking for anything else. I see their lives, like Dante I now experience the hells in life after death. Like Dante, I could never have imagined that I would ever experience this. I once read his description, looked at the pictures which Doré drew for them. And now I experience, that much of what they depicted corresponds to the reality. Much, but not nearly everything. The whole reality cannot be described or depicted either, father lets me feel.

Dante visited the hells and heavens along with his guardian angel, our medium did that with my master and now I am doing it with my father. How grateful I am to God that this has been given to me. Millions of people inhabit the hells. All these beings went under as a result of their wrong deeds on earth. Here hatred lives beside hatred. Here one thief, one murderer looks for another. Their auras are demonic. I want to learn about their lives later. All degrees of evil are represented here. I can examine the life of the soul in all its forms here. God gives me that opportunity, because I made a heaven my own. Thousands along with me will descend into the hells in order to study and to prepare themselves for a higher consciousness as a result of this.

However, for the moment we will leave these places of horror. The moment has arrived, father says, to put me in contact with Annie, my wife.

I glance behind me one last time. I want to work and to serve, it occurs to me, all these wretches have to awaken. They are also Divine sparks; however they must master love, so that they can enter a heaven. A person on earth also has to master it.

I want to devote myself entirely to opening the eyes and hearts of humanity to Divine holy laws, so that one day I will also be able to tell my Divine Father: I helped to make the hells disappear.

CHAPTER XVII

A meeting in the Land of Twilight

WE left the Land of Hatred. Gradually the inky black darkness changed to a grey mist. This is why this land which we are now entering is called 'Land of Twilight'. The landscape here is less barren and terrible than in the Land of Hatred.

The further we go, father says, the more the mist will rise and the landscape will change, there will be plants growing. Those who live here have released themselves from the darkness. The life of the soul already possesses some feeling. The people here have usually entered this place directly from the earth. Many of them knew God, prayed to Him there, but did not live according to His laws. Lying and cheating, a longing for possessions still lives in their souls. Even although they are not capable of a murder, they still did not surrender their slight feelings of hatred. Beings also enter this place from the Land of Hatred, the Land of Twilight is connected to it, as I already said. It is understandable that those who released themselves from that darkness are not able to tune in to the light immediately. The sphere here takes account of this and gradually changes from darkness to a twilight.

'You see, Theo', father remarks, 'how naturally the laws are accomplished in this respect as well.'

In the distance we see human beings. I would like to follow these people. I am curious how they live, think and feel. I see some who are sitting completely alone, hidden away in a hole in the ground. They do not usually come out of there for quite a while, father tells me. They are souls, which have finally released themselves from the dark spheres. Those who come here from the earth are at a more evolved stage. They search for each other and build big houses for themselves, like they do on earth.

I can hardly believe this last thing and yet I also have to accept this reality.

See the inhabitants of this sphere, they are earthly in their behaviour. Their houses are like on earth, their clothing is like on earth.

Is this so hard to understand? They are still tuned completely to the sphere of the earth, do not know any other world yet, and the result is that they recreate their earthly life here as it were, driven by their longings which are tuned to the earth. The sermon which I hear a minister giving amidst a group of listeners proves to me how earthly their feeling and thinking still is. Dressed in a black suit, he begs them to think of their souls. Because, he calls out, God will punish those sinners severely, eternal hell fire awaits them.

He and many along with him do not even know that to the earth they have died and they now live on the other side of the grave! They have still not been able to release themselves from their earthly feelings and thoughts. They have to be given the proof that they have entered a new life. Only if a loved one comes to them, a family member or a friend, about whom they know that he died before them on earth, they can be convinced. Even then many of them are still not prepared to accept the spiritual help which is offered to them. Many flatly refuse this. Since they are bound to the earth, they do not have any longing in them for a higher spiritual life.

The church-goers who believed that they could enjoy their Lord and be able to sit at His feet after their death also have a very difficult time. They do not meet God in this world, they are not in the hells either, because they do not notice any trace of fire anywhere. What now, they wonder. They feel cheated by their ministers and priests. Are they really dead then, the question occurs to them. It seems extremely unlikely, there are houses here like on earth and they wore these clothes there as well, didn't they?

They are not prepared in any respect for the eternal life which they entered.

‘The poor and the rich live here, the intellectual next to the manual worker, the faithful next to the pagan’, father says. ‘All of them are bound to this dry, barren land since the love does not yet live in them which can make a paradise blossom for them. They are devoid of every spiritual possession and as a result of this they are inaccessible for a higher consciousness. As soon as something awakens in them spiritual aids rush to them, sisters and brothers, who want to devote themselves entirely to them. They do everything to show these souls the way, to let them penetrate a higher life.’

I give my attention to a group of people, which is sitting talking. Their conversations are completely like on earth. They do not possess love. They only think about themselves, there is not a single warm thought left for the other life. They are small and narrow-minded in their thoughts and feelings. I begin to sense their mentality and I am overcome with fear. These souls are like my wife was. Will I find her again in this place? I do not dare to ask father and just prefer to wait until he connects me to her.

There are no children anywhere here, I notice.

‘No’, says father, ‘children live on this side in another, higher sphere.’ When I ask him where Liesje lives, he replies that we must also go higher in order to visit her.

We walk around a bit more in the Land of Twilight. With father’s help I tune in to the people and I can determine their nationality. All nationalities are here together. Father tells me that I will soon have the opportunity to follow and analyse these souls as well. I am gripped again by the feeling which already overcame me before: what a lot I still have to learn, there are so many miracles here, so many laws which require analysis. First of all I have to get to know the other side, if I want to be able to do something myself.

Now that I am here, I feel completely like Theo. Since he has something to experience here, Jack has had to withdraw.

Later on he will come forward again and be able to start his investigations. This experiencing of two degrees of consciousness all happens of its own accord. I still have a lot to learn, of course, but I am aware that I am alive, that I am part of God's creation, the universe belongs to me, I can move, I may serve and experience, I am growing. How much I wish this realisation of eternity on the wretches who sit hidden away here, wander round and behave like lost people, act as if they are still in the middle of earthly life.

Father says that they are psychopaths, and he is right. They are on the other side of the grave and do not know it. As a result of this they live in an unreal world. They take their earthly clothing with them, their jewellery, in the life of the spirit. I already told you: in this life your longing creates. As a result of this they are even capable of populating their spheres with beings who still live on earth! They talk and see their relations, their friends, whom they left behind on earth, and no one could convince them at this stage that they are not here...

Tears come to my eyes when I see these wretches, who really do not behave any differently to your mentally handicapped. How clear their situation and the sphere which binds them, is to me.

Now father demands my attention. He takes me by my arm and says: 'Now listen well, Theo. I will connect you to Annie. Annie lives here and, what is a comfort to her, her mother lives here as well. I ask you to control yourself properly, when the time comes. Your wife lives here, she is sitting down and thinking. It is still not possible for you to talk to her. That can only happen later. I ask you, show respect for these lives. You have it in you, but I still have to tell you. Show that respect by being in complete control. Too much diligence, too much feeling can only be harmful here. Now I will connect you to her.'

I follow father and feel excited. Now I will get to see her. There, hidden between some bushes, I see a number of people gathered together. My feeling tells me that I will find Annie there.

Father does indeed go in that direction and a moment later I am standing before the woman who was my wife on earth.

I cannot think now. This moment is incredible. Annie is sitting there, her head in her hands. What is she thinking about? I follow her. She is not thinking, I notice, but her thoughts are fluttering in different directions. She still cannot really think. There is emptiness in her soul, poor, poor Annie. She is alone, but now I see that her mother is approaching. She is also wearing her earthly dress. Nothing has changed. I look at father.

Then I hear her mother saying: 'They keep trying to make me believe that we have died on earth. That man talked just like that husband of yours. It is blasphemy. I told him once and for all that I want nothing to do with that devilish carry-on, that we had already been contaminated with that before. That husband of yours does that, he sent those devils to us.'

The words give me a shock. Good heavens, have those people still not learned anything? They do not believe that they have died for the earth? Do they still hate me like that? Will I really not be able to help and convince them? After all, all of us are on this side now. But it must be possible to bridge that gulf, after all, mustn't it? What if I were to show myself to them? Would they not come to accept it then?

Father makes it clear to me that they would only be frightened and run away. They would think they were seeing a devil, after all, they still do not know that they are one the side beyond, do they? These souls cannot be helped at all, they would only get a terrible shock.

'Her mother got that wisdom from a brother on this side. Carefully, bit by bit, he shows them that they are in life after death. Nothing happens here without thought and in haste. She still thinks that a devil is talking to her. You will have to wait. You cannot do anything for them; if you wish to know, we have to wait until life begins to come to them.'

My wife is sitting here, in a misty sphere. She is trying to

think, but cannot. She still does not know where I am, or her child. I do not find any thoughts about us in her. The shock – I now start to sense – with which they were thrown from their bodies, has paralysed them. They have no realisation now of how their life is. Since no love lives within them, their souls are empty. That emptiness is the reason that they cannot think. It keeps them imprisoned, and that state will continue until they start to feel that they are actually somewhere. Because now they are really living nowhere, not on earth or in the spheres. They are not tuned in to any existing sphere.

I see spirits of love busy everywhere. They also follow my wife and her mother. They are waiting until their paralysis disappears. Then they will feel earthly. They can then be reached in those feelings.

While I was thinking like this, I did not pay attention to father for a little while. I now experience a great miracle. Father has disappeared next to me. And then I suddenly see him walking towards mother and daughter. I myself am invisible, since the sphere which I am tuned in to is invisible to them. Father knows I am connected with him, so that I can follow him.

Now he approaches the two women and addresses them. I can clearly understand him.

‘You know’, he asks them, ‘that you died on earth?’

They do not even give him a glance. Father does not give up and says: ‘Do not fear. May I convince you?’

The women ignore him. I am trembling, my heart is in my throat. Do they not feel anything then? Do they not hear father? He continues undisturbed. ‘May I help you? Is your Rotterdam not destroyed? Poor city. Shall I take you to the earth and show you that you died there?’

He does not get an answer, they do not even react to the word Rotterdam. Father continues and I feel how he wants to convince me that they still cannot think.

‘Will I fetch Theo and bring him to you?’

I am so shocked by these words that I can not longer control myself. Father senses this and he lets me know as quick as lightning that I have to control myself. I make an intense effort and I manage to regain my calm.

Dead, Rotterdam, Theo, it means nothing to them. It cannot mean anything to them either, they first have still to awaken and rest. The anaesthetic is still working, only when it has disappeared will they come to life and feel again like on earth. As if to convince me even more deeply of this, father continues to say to them: 'Shall I bring you some reading material, so that you can read about life after death?'

To my great amazement, they react to these words, by jumping up and running away. They are also swearing. They call father a possessed person.

They are psychopaths, Jack concludes within me. Both women have sat down further away, they fall back into their depression. They are still the living-dead.

Father approaches them again. Now he tries to get them to speak in another way.

'How long have you been here?'

Something awakens in mother. She looks at father. Then she says: 'I do not know, sir. We are sick. Where are we?'

And father immediately answers: 'In life after death, mother, nowhere else.'

As if bitten by an adder, both women jump up and run away, so far away that I lose sight of them. They have disappeared in the eternity of the universe.

I do not need to follow them, father is right. They cannot be helped. I have to accept this, but one day they will recover from their shock, after all. By asking them similar questions again and again, they will awaken from their anaesthetic.

Father shows me that we will now leave the Land of Twilight. One day I will be able to go back with him to her and her mother in order to convince them of their death on earth.

CHAPTER XVIII

I see my child again in the Spheres of Light

WE continued on our way. Deep in thought, I walked on, next to father. My thoughts kept returning to my wife. The more I thought about her, her character and views, the better I could understand her situation here. Could she have entered another place than where she was now? Can you enter a heaven, if no real love lives in you? If you give a table, a chair, a cupboard more attention and care than a person who crosses your path? Can a heaven open to you if meanness and narrow-mindedness still live in you? If you are never capable of forgiveness? Can God invite you to His heaven, if you deny His true Being and consider Him capable of damnation? If you can avoid, even hate, His children who think differently from you?

No, if you still feel and act like that, it just looks grey inside of you. If you are aware that it is your inner self which indicates your place in the hereafter, it can come as no surprise that you enter a misty land, just as infertile as your own barren, loveless heart. May God grant, my thoughts raced on, that Annie will soon awaken from her stupor, so that I can open her eyes, can make her heart tremble, as a result of which life, inspiration, longing will come to her, and she will start to learn to understand God's true laws.

These and others thoughts went through my head, I had to deal with them and be finished with them, before we entered the first sphere again.

I do not yet know what is waiting for me there, but I feel that we are going there, because father does not leave any doubt about it. He keeps my feelings and thoughts in order. He has supported me in this, all that time, the months, that we have now been on our way. They were beautiful months, which gave

me a great deal to learn. I am very happy and satisfied with myself. As long as father feels the same. The feelings which he sends me say that he feels the same way, and they warm my emotional life. Our spiritual bond has become complete. Yes, my dear father, how can I thank you? How I have come to love you during this journey. How fine and elevated your character is, my dearest father!

My respect for father is great, so great that I would no longer dare to use his first name. Yet I often did it on the journey, when I wanted to ask him something. However, it was always in my thoughts, I could no longer utter the name, the concentration for this was broken when I looked at my father and I saw the master in him, with whom I was bonded by feeling.

Now, however, overwhelmed by my feelings, I think: what would I have done, if you had not been with me?

Would another person have been able to convince me of my life, as he did? Does another person know all about me? This also tells of the order which reigns on the side beyond. It also proves the sort of mercy a person lives in who is devoted to God. It is not nothing, it is great to live in a bond such as the one which binds father and me. Unity lives in us, love, understanding, and all of this has grown continually when we were together. This is what God wants! Through these thoughts I come back to Annie and her mother again. What bonded me to them on earth has ceased to exist on this side. Earthly bonds have no meaning in the spirit. Only bonds which came about through true love, also retain their strength on this side.

Now we mean nothing to each other, since Annie refused to build a bond on earth. Only later, when she also enters a higher consciousness, can this change. Then she will feel like a sister to me and I as a brother to her.

I now also see and feel my father as a brother. And I immediately turn to what Angelica once brought us on earth, when she spoke about the universal love which is really present on the

side beyond. And as a result of this I know that I have to leave the paternal and maternal love and make the *universal* love my own. Its possession already lies within me, however, I have to tune in to it and let the feelings develop. One of my tasks in the first sphere!

As our walk continued the surroundings changed completely. The mist had slowly changed into a cloudy sky which, however, still only let a little light through. Here the landscape was already bathed in a radiant light. I saw clusters of trees, water, soft green water. There were masses of flowers, which raised their heads towards the light. This sight was delightful, after all the horror which lay behind us. Here everything shone, here was life, awakening, here was colour and shade.

Was it any wonder that my thoughts returned to Annie and those whom I got to know through her on earth? Everything which was present here was lacking in the Land of Twilight, also lacking in the hearts of those who found their place there. They will have to renounce thousands of things and change them into feelings, which are tuned in to this beautiful world. Light, colour and shade must also come to them. Their hearts will have to blossom into love and start to bear fruits. A new personality has to grow out of them.

The deacon whom I got to know on earth through Annie and her parents, still lives there. Perhaps – with God's will – he will get hold of my book and it will help him. Maybe he will understand this gentle hint from God and will awaken. Here life and the hereafter will be shown to him as it is. Hopefully, he will abandon the idea that, living on like that, he will get a place behind God's throne. If he does not grasp this and change, then this book will be able to tell him where he will enter this life. I know his life. There is hypocrisy and deception within him. If he dares to analyse himself sharply, he will admit it. He tries to convince himself that he is a good person, because he visits the poor with other people's money and goes to church

faithfully. My wife and her mother now experience how sharply this 'doing good, as long as it doesn't cost anything' is judged here.

On earth the deacon feels like a sovereign, when he visits the poor in his good clothes. He thinks he is really quite something and believes that God's eyes look kindly upon him. And no one takes this illusion away from him.

But here he is faced with the cold reality. There is no sun here, and illusions cannot live there. He cannot avoid what remained hidden on earth: his plain naked self, the poverty of his inner self. Here he has to experience that there is not enough love in him for him to be able to warm himself on it... Lovelessness, vanity and bragging with another person's money, can it do anything else but offend God? Nevertheless, He does not punish. God lets these souls get on with it, He does not rap their knuckles. He prefers to let them rest and recover as a result. Afterwards he does not send any bloodhounds after them to shake them awake, but angels, spirits of love, who want to devote themselves to bringing them to better thoughts.

There is much conflict and hard effort ahead for these souls. There is *nothing* which causes so much pain as breaking yourself down. Yet we are all faced with this task. How else do we wish to become conscious of ourselves and the life of God? God does not give us anything. In order to master His laws, we have to undergo and experience them. This is how God wants it. In the meantime He observes closely whether our feelings are indeed real or false and deceptive. He does not ask for appearances. Anyone who still tries to cheat Him and delude Him with love and kindness, will have to experience that it can only be the pseudo world of the Land of Twilight, which opens itself to him in life after death!

The deacon has to realize this, Annie also has to realize this and everyone who feels the way she does.

'Annie! You feel ill. But what kind of illness is this? It is your

lack of love for the life of God. As a result of this your surroundings are also so chilly and bare. Soon I will come back to talk to you, perhaps I can help you then. It will also help me, because only then I will be able to continue undisturbed, in the realization that you are also busy working on yourself. A few months will undoubtedly pass, you will not release yourself that easily. But it will come, and then I want to be with you. May God give me the strength to talk to you. Soon I will see our child, I know now, perhaps I may tell you about her then. See you soon, Annie, I call to you. I will come back to you. If only you could hear my words now...'

I am dreaming. Light comes to me. A heavenly light. The light of the spheres, I know. It does me good, it warms me, it fills me with happiness. The ground on which I walk is soft. And I have never seen nature as beautiful as now. Am I really dreaming?

I look at father and experience a miracle. His garment has fallen from him and another really beautiful robe now covers him. And I myself am now also wearing a spiritual garment, my uniform with the double stripes has disappeared. This happened during our journey through the universe.

I fall to my knees and weep with happiness. In the Grebbe-line I already wanted to pray, but then there was no opportunity for it. Now, however, I thank God from the bottom of my heart, for everything I had been given.

I remained in prayer for a long time, until the feeling to continue on my way came to me. I stood up and looked at father, who sent me all of his love.

The happiness which flows to us from eternal life is boundless. Now I had to deal with this happiness at the end of my walk over the earth. How many millions before me will have known this happiness? I saw all those souls going up towards God, their Creator, and a great joy went through me that I was able to join them.

I can now tune in to spiritual truths. This consciousness came

to me during the long journey here. I start to see clairvoyantly, it is my spiritual possession. There the first sphere is shining in front of me. My eyes feast on the merry colours of the flowers, which are already translucent here and are becoming more and more beautiful. The welcoming song of the birds makes my heart sing. My God, how good You are, what have I done to deserve all of this?

Father walks on and I follow him, indescribably happy. I see myself as a new-born. We approach the border of the first sphere. Only now can I enter this world, this heaven for the first time.

Who do I see there? Who is waiting for me there? My God, is it true?

I rush ahead of father! 'Liesje, my dear child. Liesje!'

My child rests in my arms. Tears of happiness stream down our cheeks.

'Father, my father.'

Then I release myself from our embrace and walk towards the shining figure, who brought my child to me. It is Angelica. I kneel down and bow my head before her. So many things go through me, and my respect is so great that I do not dare to speak her name. But then Angelica lays her hand on my head and I feel the power radiating from her, which brings happiness. And her voice – so wonderful, so divine, that it can only belong to an angel – says: 'Child of my Divine Father, I welcome you to the Spheres of Light. Brother, my dear brother, get up.' I do what she says and my eyes look into hers. I am weeping, but I feel that I must control myself. Liesje is next to me and we both experience how Angelica descends into us, shares her love with us with all her inner self. It makes us indescribably happy, because this descent of a higher power into us makes our emotional life shake, elevates our thoughts and feelings and inspires us to master her consciousness.

Living in this feeling, I can speak her name: 'Angelica, Angelica.' I do not know what else to say.

She takes both my hands in hers, father and Liesje lay their hands on top, and then Angelica says: 'May God grant us the mercy and strength that we may continue together for eternity and awaken others. May God grant us that we may always show gratitude for everything given to us. Now enter your sphere and see your own possession, God says to you.'

So I am now at the stage that I may take possession of my own heaven. Who can I thank for this more than Angelica who, along with father, gave all her powers for me to share that happiness?

I want to tell her how grateful I am, but she indicates for me to be quiet.

'Thank God for everything', she says.

Father and Angelica go in front of me and, with Liesje by my side, I cross the border of the first sphere. This is a great moment, there are no words to describe this experience.

And while we are on our way to Angelica and father's house, Liesje tells me how she lives and works. She is learning to be a sister of love and her task will soon be to descend to the spheres below in order to help those souls who need spiritual help. She already knows that mother is also there. She continually thinks about her and wants to do everything to devote herself to her awakening.

Amidst the pure nature, the house of father and Angelica awaits us. Only the singing of the birds breaks the silence. Hundreds of roads lead to the house, it can be reached from all sides and I understand the meaning of it. Just like their house, its owners can also be reached by everyone. Like their house, they are also open to the life of God. I enter. I would like to say a lot, one question after another occurs to me, but my thoughts become hazy. A heavy feeling envelops me. I have to let go, father and Angelica's peace bring me to a deep sleep.

When I opened my eyes again, I felt completely rested. I was ready for new experiences. According to father, I had rested for

a week, according to earthly time. Looking round, I immediately realized that Liesje wasn't there. Father told me that she had gone back to her work again. Angelica was with her. We would soon meet each other again, because there was still a lot to talk about.

'I am ready, father', I told him then. 'many questions in me are waiting for an answer. May I ask them?'

CHAPTER XIX

A spiritual dwelling

MY father, the owner of this beautiful, spiritual house, with a pure shining garment like a Roman robe around his shoulders, is a master. Seeing him, I can no longer think of my earthly father, it is not the intention either, I must forget the world.

Father is further than I am, even if he lives with me in this sphere. Soon, I know, he will go higher with his twin soul, to enter the second sphere.

In his house, resting on a bed of flowers, surrounded by his love and his soul, my first question was: 'Explain to me, if you please, how you made this house your own?'

In my question I cannot address him as 'father' either. When I was sleeping, I started to feel him differently, even if our feelings for the earthly existence remain.

Father does not yet reply to my question. I feel why, I still have to reflect upon my relationship with him for a while. I may no longer see him as my father, as long as I still perceive matters in such an earthly way, I cannot descend into his spiritual possession. He has a right to it that I see him differently, it is a spiritual law. It is the respect for what he has mastered, the respect for his possession in eternal life. I must enter the universal feelings of life, in which paternal and maternal love dissolve. This is why I have to take a different attitude towards Liesje, on earth she was my child, here she is my sister! Under the guidance of her guardian angel Angelica, she is growing in consciousness, until she will come to stand alone, a sister of love for me and every life in God's universe.

Having reached this point in my thoughts, father replies: 'Our spiritual dwellings, my friend and brother, came into existence

through our own thoughts and feelings.’

‘So can I also create a spiritual dwelling for myself?’

‘That is possible, but we create a spiritual dwelling for ourselves when we consider this necessary, if the conditions for this are present in our lives. That means that we only start with it when we and our twin soul go further upwards in the spirit. Angelica is my soul, she follows me and is mine for eternity. We are one in thoughts and feelings. Now we can build ourselves a dwelling. But are you tuned to it? Is there not a longing in you to go back to the earth in order to devote yourself to humanity? Is it not your will to serve there? Is the life of Jack not revealed in your inner life? Are you conscious of all these feelings? So why would you want to build a dwelling here?’

In this way every soul has its own longings. We, Angelica and I, wish to serve here. And now our longings create a spiritual dwelling.

The spirit of light, which feels God’s holy Life and is tuned in to the laws, only builds a spiritual dwelling when there is love, maturity, and that consciousness in him.

It will be our place of rest where we can retreat to and lie quietly.

Angelica and I have now experienced this. We have tried to do everything to make you happy, to give you wisdom in spirit. We have now sat down for a while resting happily, in complete harmony and joy, thinking back on what was achieved. Our work is finished, our task is over. Soon we will continue as well, you have already felt that, and we will enter the second sphere.

This is the gift, the surprise, which I was able to receive from Angelica after we came back, and this is what she meant in her loving message to me which you were able to hear during our journey.

You will also continue. You have already seen your task, although I will first show and explain to you many things about this sphere. You will be given many beautiful things. It will help to prepare you for your task on earth.

Our spiritual dwelling, and all the dwellings here, came about as a result of our love, our work, our serving and praying. They came about from and through ourselves. This is a great miracle and you will learn about all these miracles.

When we got the wish to settle down here, our aura thickened and as a result of this our house built itself. These miracles take place as if by themselves, however, they are caused by our feelings and thoughts. Everything which you observe in and around our dwelling is owned by Angelica and me.'

Father was silent for a while at this point, as if to give me time to deal with everything. When he said: 'My Theo, I gave you a small idea about the origins of a spiritual dwelling. I also let you feel how we talk if we accept the relationship, which exists between us on this side. But for the time being will we take on the same relationship which we had during our journey?'

'Yes', I replied, 'yes, please, dear father.'

I understood him. Although I felt how our relationship should be in this place, it was still not easy for me to see him as anyone else than my earthly father. He was more familiar to me like that, closer.

Father let me feel that I could not just accept him in this different way immediately, I had still had to grow towards it. However, in order to achieve that, he advised me to tune myself increasingly sharper to the new relationship. In this way my earthly feelings in this respect would also dissolve.

'A spiritual dwelling', father continued, 'therefore comes into being through our love. If the love is not present in us, no power can radiate from us, which creates in this world. It was my power which closed off the surroundings in which we now live. Angelica's power brought about its beauty.

Her love brought colours to it. We live in the middle of this universe. Everyone can enter our dwelling.

Our longing to have a place of rest and our aura therefore create a spiritual dwelling. We then possess a happy central

point and it is God Who gives us this mercy.

We were able to see the truth of the beautiful proverb: 'There are many dwellings in the Father's house', and millions along with us.'

Still thinking about his words, I summarised everything with the question: 'If I therefore want to rest, father, can I tune myself in to it and build myself a spiritual dwelling?'

'Yes, my child, if you have this feeling within you, if you live in love and you have the strength needed, you move to these laws of your own accord.'

'How wonderful, father, I could not have thought for a moment that this happened like this. And the buildings which I saw when I entered the sphere?'

'My son, they came into existence in the same way as our dwelling, but there are spiritual masters who built them. These masters from the highest spheres maintain the buildings, that is possible through their power and love.'

'How did the flowers and trees and the water here come into existence, father?'

'Nature, just like human beings, has received the material, as well as the astral life. In the way that nature on earth came into being through condensation, it also came into existence in the astral world. This happened when people called the Spheres of Light to life through good deeds.

Angelica has shown me that whole process. Along with her, I went back to the initial stage of all life. Then I saw how God created everything.'

'And the birds, father, how did they come here?'

'People evolved from one degree to another, went from planet to planet and got a spiritual destination. The birds also followed that same long path. You feel that this is only a flash, however, you will learn about all of this development, all of this wonderful process.'

'So have the caves and the hovels in the hells been built by the inhabitants themselves in the same way?'

‘Yes, that is right. Those caves therefore reflect their own lives. As a result of passion and violence they built their horrific creations and as a result of this the hells also emerged. If they want to close themselves off from others, they withdraw, like us, into their buildings. Anyone who does not know these powers, is informed by the others. One day, however, the hells and the buildings in it will also disappear. That will still take millions of years, but then the last people, helped by their brothers and sisters from the light, will leave those dark places in order to populate the heavens, purified.’

‘What will happen now, father, when you continue?’

‘When the feeling comes to us to go higher, then we walk to the second sphere. Our house will then disappear of its own accord. If we want to settle in the second sphere, we build it up again. I already explained to you that we only do that when we consider this necessary. If we have work to do in the sphere of the earth, or a task to accomplish in the hells and have to spend many years there to serve and to progress in spirit, we do not need a dwelling. Here in the spheres we can enter where we like, after all; every dwelling is open to us to offer us rest and the opportunity to meditate if we need that.

However, before Angelica and I take possession of our sphere, I will continue with you, Theo. I have shown you your possessions in this sphere, only then will you go to your own master, as well as to the highest master in this sphere, the mentor who, the names already says it, is in charge here.

Meanwhile we will try to convince Annie of her eternal life. Only when we are ready, will I enter our new life with Angelica.’

‘You have helped me, father, and Angelica is devoting herself to Liesje. Now you also want to give your powers to Annie?’

‘My son, to serve is what every soul in the spheres longs for. And is it not a great fortune to be able to help those whom we were involved with on earth?’

‘Father, Angelica is *your* twin soul. Everyone has one. Annie

will therefore also meet her soul one day, the being who belongs to her.'

'Yes, that mercy has been laid aside for all of us!'

'However, as long as she can accept this', I muse, and I see Annie before me, as she ran away from me a moment ago.

As a result of this remark, father got the opportunity to go into the twin love deeply, the eternally rich source of mercy, which God gave us in His omnipotent wisdom.

CHAPTER XX

Twin souls

I understand what you are thinking about, Theo. Here everything happens at the appointed time. Only when our consciousness has reached that height, will we be connected to the soul which belongs to us. Then we will be completely ready for him or her, we will be ready to experience the miracle of the twin love. You already feel it, then there can be no question of non-acceptance. All of our emotions, our thoughts and feelings are directed towards receiving the soul life, which is as we ourselves are. We have grown so greatly in love that it has become universal. Yet, the love for this soul exceeds even that, it is different and can only be felt by that one being in the universe, which God created like ourselves.

I can love a woman on earth, our characters can correspond, our lives can be like heaven there, and yet that does not have to mean that this woman is my twin soul. Twin love far exceeds it, it has cosmic significance, even if it can already be felt on earth. We can have blessed bonds with many souls; yet only one being in the universe really belongs with us. And it was God Himself Who appointed this soul to us.'

'When did that happen, father?'

'That was long ago, my son. When God gave Himself to us, He gave us the first life, the planets started to condense and the evolution plan started, we were absorbed in that happiness. The soul life now, which experienced the very first degree of life with me, absorbed my soul, that is the soul which belongs to me cosmically.'

'But you cannot possibly remember that anymore, can you, father?'

'The knowledge of this has no significance either, but the

feeling within us says so, with a certainty as if God Himself was telling us! In the very first stage of the Creation we were born at the same time and we felt as one. Then we began our spiritual evolution together. We will belong to each other into eternity. God gave us this inexpressible mercy.'

'Will we become aware of this again, father?'

'Yes, only on this side do we go back to this consciousness, although, as I already said, it is also possible on earth. A few people there have mastered that consciousness.'

'Why do we only get to know about this great happiness here?'

'That is very clear, Theo. On earth we do not even know ourselves. How would we know anything about these laws? On earth, as a rule, people only love themselves and this type of love, you feel, has nothing to do with the wonderful twin love. People live their own lives there and do not go into the soul lives which cross their paths. They do not want to bow to these and therefore do not love them either. There are only a few people who truly possess love.'

These few usually possess sisterly and brotherly love, even if they believe that they possess twin love. Their feeling of love is great and if they marry, a wonderful harmony is revealed. Now just imagine, Theo, that one of them passes over to this world. The other one, who remains behind, has a great longing for the person who passed over. He would not want to have a connection ever again with another soul life. There is only the longing in him for the woman, whom he now knows to be on the side beyond. There is depth, a pure depth in his love, which makes his love grow and increases his consciousness. Yet he cannot establish whether they are both twin souls. Only on this side do they then experience that their feelings did not touch on twin love, but sisterly and brotherly love. On earth that could not be determined by them, because there that depth cannot be felt or fathomed. Just imagine, the sisterly and brotherly love experienced by only one or two people on earth, is univer-

sal, however, twin love is *cosmic*. And who on earth is able to feel in a cosmically-deep way. No, Theo, only, very, very few people on earth live consciously in the twin soul situation.'

'But can twin souls not meet each other on earth without knowing that they belong to each other?'

'Of course, that is the case, Theo. We, souls, saw each other in different lives, even if that does not have to be as man and woman. You can meet your soul life on earth as a child, as an old woman, as your father or your sister. Nevertheless, both souls are cosmically destined for each other. You wish to ask whether that is possible? The twin souls have to learn the laws of God, they have to learn to love universally. For this purpose they had to come into contact with the life of God. They went their own way. In their lives they both did good and evil, both in their own ways and for themselves. The laws of cause and effect therefore brought them here, then there. When they met each other again at some point, they did not recognize each other, because they lived in their own laws. Only when everything has been put right, can we see each other consciously again on earth. However, I already told you, this usually takes place on the side beyond, because we on earth do not want to possess this heightened consciousness.'

'What are you saying, father? We don't want to possess it?'

'Yes, my son, it is true. Who on earth wants to bow to all the life of God? Who wants to love all this life? Who is completely occupied there with devoting himself to this life? Who is so complete in his love that nothing, no harsh word, no deed disturbs him in his love? Who no longer hates there and always knows how to speak words of forgiveness under all circumstances? Who wants to live like that, serve and give like that, and master a higher, spiritual consciousness in this way? People know that they should live like that in order to fulfil God's will, but how many people, I ask you, want that?'

Yet we should be like that, if we want to be ready for our twin

soul. How can we be ready for him or her, if we do not even possess love for our neighbour? I already told you, above universal love is twin love, because it is cosmic. I would never be ready for twin love, if I did not love universally.

God demands a lot, demands everything of us, before He allows us to proceed consciously to our twin soul state. If we are ready then we will experience the greatest thing which God can give us. Completely one in thoughts and feelings, we will then be ready to learn about His universe, because His wonders there are so numerous, so indescribably deep, that we would not be able to deal with them alone. For this purpose, God, in His eternal wisdom, placed a being next to us who can help us with it, connected by one feeling, one thought, one love. For the twin souls God created the universe, for two people, who represent His universe, as man and wife, as father and mother, because He is also both father and mother.'

It was a long time before I asked my next question. I let father's words sink in. I could not even grasp the depth of his words, and it would still require much reflection before I would achieve this. So twin love is cosmically deep. Father and Angelica lived in this and millions along with them on this side. I myself, I knew, was not yet ready for it, only a few people on earth, father said, lived in this consciousness. Of course, father was right. I thought about the people whom I had known on earth, and about those whom I had fathomed out during the journey which I made with father. How many people lived in complete harmony with their husband or their wife? Yet that should at least be the case if you ever wanted to progress to twin love. How far removed from it were the men who sought their happiness with many women and vice versa?

Father proved that he was following my thoughts by responding to this one.

'He who tunes in to this, proves that he does not understand twin love, is not ready to receive it. He has to free himself from

those longings completely. They might have love in them, but that love is not conscious, it is split. They only try to experience physical unity, in this spiritual life these souls therefore do not possess love. Once our emotional life has been touched, when the necessary consciousness is within us, then the longing can only go out to one soul, and not to three. Anyone who therefore looks for more than one woman, reaches unity with them, has to accept that he is not yet ready for twin love. It could be the case that he reaches a greater feeling with one of them and achieves a stage of love.

If personal desires emerge during their unity, they close themselves off to the love again. Their union could have been blessed, because the twin love also comes through motherhood, through unity, to cosmic union. They would have experienced a feeling that is far ahead of earthly feeling, that even exceeds universal love and touches on twin love. They would have come that far through maternal love.

Do you understand the deep meaning of this, Theo? Listen then. The mother is the most sacred being in the cosmos. She is connected to God in her state. If both the beings who now experience unity, tune in to the mother, they will rise far above the material life. They will then be truly one and their union will be cosmic.

But as I already said, there must then be no passion in them, their longing may not be for the body rather than the soul, because in this case their union will only be physical and without any spiritual meaning.'

'I believe, father, that unity for many people who start to feel spiritual is a deep problem.'

'We know that to be true, Theo, but people also have to become aware of this. So many do not understand anything about unity, because they do not understand themselves. Numerous church-going souls put a stop to unity themselves. Accept this: If we really love each other, it is a blessed deed. Only if we just

love the body and our soul falls back into passion, everything is earthly and mortal. Then our deed is devoid of any spiritual meaning!

However, anyone who starts to feel the universe, has respect and love for the soul life which he connects himself to, will also force the other life to devote itself to reaching the experience which is truly pure and spiritual and opens the subconscious life.

When a soul is then attracted it is even possible to be connected cosmically, after which the love in both these people reaches a higher stage.'

'What does this mean, father?'

'That means, my son, that our spirit is opened by a connection like that and this then takes place through the soul life which we attract. The mother in the very first place, since she receives the new life within her, carries it and brings it to growth. However, we achieve that since we love mother and child in the way that God wants us to.

Unfortunately, it is all too often the case that the creative being lets itself be drawn away from this state of happiness as a result of earthly cares, his loving attention for mother and the baby within her decreases and at last ceases completely, so that the mother remains alone with all those wonderful feelings which besiege her and which she wants to talk about, because she cannot deal with them alone. The mother then feels alone, poor and earthly...

We therefore have to support her always, follow and love her, serve and support her. If we have this respect, this pure, spiritual love and if it is felt and understood by the mother, then we will possess a state of divine happiness on earth – a happiness which elevates us, expands and deepens us – a happiness which is blessed by God. So we received all of that through the pure unity and attraction of the new life.

If we want to live in this state, then we must devote ourselves

entirely to it. If we have the will, God will awaken His holy laws in us and change our whole life. Then the mother will be a saint to us, of course, only if she also strives towards this state of happiness and consciousness. Every wrong deed, every snarl or sign of harshness, every misunderstanding beats holes in the relationship, as a result of which the happiness ebbs away. Nothing will then remain of the sacred contact which bound man and wife.

On the other hand, by using every second which God gives us, to grow closer to the person next to us, we will work on the union of a spiritual bond, which ensures us of the highest happiness for life, which is only felt and equalled by those who are twin souls here. First we have to be able to serve and love the life next to us with spiritual power, only then will we be ready to receive the soul which is ours.'

'Father, can you tell me if I already have that feeling?'

'You are not yet ready, my son. There are still various longings in your life which you wish to follow. You cannot have them within you, when you are faced with twin love. The work on earth is still calling out to you. You love that in the first place. Of course, your activity will bring you spiritual gain. Just accept that it will keep you completely from being open to twin love.

We see that on earth as well. Many people are kept from their work by their love. And yet there are so many possibilities in this particular state.'

'Can you tell me something about it, father?'

'Of course that is possible, my son, if you wish to follow me. It concerns this. Just take the situation in which I was able to live and work next to Angelica on earth. How would we act then? Can you suppose that I could neglect Angelica by devoting myself entirely to my work? No, of course not. I would never lose myself in my work, because I would be busy creating *through the emotional life of Angelica*. I would work from and

through her. She would inspire me, I would continually see her in and during my work. She would be in my work, would know about it, follow me, propel me, support me. Since she would inspire my work, this would in turn manage to inspire and increase and deepen our love. We would therefore never separate, wherever my work would take me. We would then both work and meanwhile build on expanding our happiness. As we became more capable spiritually, our emotional lives would be elevated and our consciousness would grow.'

'No one on earth actually lives like that, do they?'

'That is the reason, Theo, why earthly people do not know twin love, or the love which this degree of feeling touches upon. This is why they do not know what we have here and have mastered. There they actually separate again and again, since they let every hour, even every second, pass in which they could be building up their love, their happiness. They do not love the woman, but their work. The mother waits, she feels neglected, empty, alone, and it is only still possible for her to feel love if her feelings for him are great and overpowering. So the situation on earth is usually that people lose their contact as a result of their work, start to live in their own worlds and destroy their bond as a result. On the other hand, we actually gain contact through the work which we carry out, our love gains depth through it. We therefore live exactly the other way round than on earth.

There are people who believe that either their work or their wife has to be neglected and that you cannot give both the same amount of attention at the same time. They are completely wrong. It is like this: one inspires me for the other. I put the love which I have for the woman beside me, into my work. By working hard I prove my love for her. I am love when I work, I am empty and poor when I am lazy. My passion for work determines my inner wealth or poverty.

In short, Theo, our life creates, as a result of creation my love

for her who drives and inspires me, grows. As a result of the work we come together instead of moving away from each other. Once that harmony has been obtained, then conflict is no longer possible. Each conflict would mean a distancing, in the end our happiness would disappear as a result of it. We must therefore be careful to prevent disharmony.

There are people on earth who have the unity which I spoke about. They truly love, they prove in their lives that they have understood the fundamental laws for spiritual love and spiritual unity.'

'So if I understand that correctly, father, then a person in the life here will only receive, experience and have the love, which he has longed for and striven for?'

'This is the way it is, my son, you will indeed not be able to receive anything else.'

'That is what Angelica kept presenting us with on earth, father.'

'That also only became clear to me, Theo, when I entered here. My happiness is boundless, now that I know that she is mine.'

'Can I not free myself from my feelings, father?'

This question was inspired by the thought of the happiness, which came towards me from father's words. To be ready for his soul, for his twin soul. To experience God's heavens, carried by love and understanding... Was I still far away from this happiness?

'No, my son, you cannot free yourself of the feelings which still keep you from that sacred state just like that. First you must try to serve and by serving you will awaken. If you think that you can achieve it instantly, I must disappoint you. You do not yet possess the powers of feeling which prepare you for your twin soul, but if you really want to help the life of God, your life will awaken and that great happiness will await you.'

I thought about these words for a long time and understood how sharp God's laws also were for this situation. Nothing is

just given to us in life, we have to earn everything by our own efforts. No one in the universe can escape this!

As I continued to think, my thoughts came back to mother.

‘When mother arrives here, father, how will you react then?’

‘I no longer have any connection with mother. On earth I had to make things up to her and that happened. Afterwards our lives separated. Now I am continuing and she will go her own way. If she wants to see me here, I will help her, or I will go away. If she can accept me in this life, I will be a brother to her and she will be a sister to me. However, I can tell you that when her earthly life ends she will go back to the earth again, because she has things to make up for there.’

‘When she comes here after that, she will no longer know you, will she?’

‘That has no significance in this life, Theo. When her previous lives are shown to her on this side, she will know me. She will then have entered the conscious life and there we love all of God’s life. We will then change over to universal love, as I already told you.’

‘The state therefore in which paternal and maternal love has disappeared.’

‘Exactly, my son. It is also what Angelica meant when she told us on earth about love.’

‘I long, father, to possess this love and yet I have to accept that I do not have those feelings.’

‘Your feelings do not yet touch this world, Theo. All people, with very few exceptions, who say they love, still feel earthly. I already told you about it a moment ago. They are still far removed from this true happiness. Our love far exceeds that of the earth, it gives us paradise, because we are completely one.

On earth your feelings and your love may be great, but this does not mean that they possess any spiritual meaning. I keep coming back to this point, because you have to feel the distinction clearly. On earth love affects the human body and only

when it touches the *soul*, it is spiritual and pure. However, few people reach that point, after all, our consciousness has to be great, otherwise the human being loses itself in the spirit, where thoughts and feelings are so different. A person on earth must devote so much of himself and work on himself in order to master that degree of love. However, it is possible to achieve this.

As a result of our love we feel the pure Divine sphere of thought. By imagining ourselves in it we expand and deepen our feelings. On earth, however, as a result of every rash action, every harsh word, people break away that firm ground again. Their lack of depth and love will then pay the price. However, our feelings touch the creation.'

'The creation, father? What do you mean by this?'

'It means, Theo, that, in my case, I come into the universe through Angelica. By descending into her life, I can see into all the degrees of the creation which we have both experienced. Our love therefore takes us into God's life, we love this. In this way our love never comes to a standstill. After all, when descending into the being which belongs to us, we keep coming across new laws and miracles. The more our consciousness grows as a result of this, the deeper we can descend into the almost unfathomable states, which lie in a person as a Divine spark. So by penetrating the soul life next to us we go deeper into God and His creation, and we live in the central system of Him Who created us.

What you now have to deal with is deep, my son. Just imagine, by fathoming the life next to us, we are connected to all the physical and spiritual degrees, which life has. It takes us so far if we truly love a person, that it can give us love! Is it any wonder then that respect comes to us for the life next to us and that we can no longer utter a harsh word?

Is it any wonder that we never become exhausted in our love and we deeply bow to Divine creation?'

'Can that be reached by everyone in this sphere, father?'

‘Not every life is ready for it, Theo. We usually first move to this love in the second sphere.’

‘Why are those others not ready for it, father?’

‘Because the souls want to give themselves to other things, just like you. They are tuned into the earth and anyone who has those feelings, can therefore not live in the other one. These souls feel like people on earth; so material, but on spiritual attunement. They can no longer do wrong, lies and cheating are not possible for them, because their life is spiritually conscious. It forms a spiritual degree of the cosmic degrees which the universe knows. However, they are still not released from the earth and go back there, which can happen both astrally and physically. Only when those feelings have disappeared do they move on to the other, higher emotional life. Only then can they also prepare themselves for twin love.’

‘Can that really not be achieved on earth, father?’

‘As I already told you, if you make every effort to master it.’

And yet again I asked him: ‘If I want it really badly...?’

‘Then it is possible, but then your soul, your wife on earth must also want it badly, or you will not make it. I already told you about that, but it is not quite getting through to you.’

There must be a serious intention and there must be spiritual tendency. However, a bad thought will already disturb this good intention and it will break off the spiritual contact. In your life on earth you already experienced it. Could you achieve anything there, if the other person did not want it? You must not be misunderstood in anything. You both have to be able to love everything about each other. I already told you, through your work you will make it. Other powers and strengths may not disturb your inner life through their influence in any way, or these disturbances will call a halt to you again and you will have to start from the beginning again. It will then only be a question of earthly feelings and thoughts, of earthly love.

However, the twin love is separate from the earth and all

earthly influences. It penetrates the universe and comes into connection with the cosmic laws. This love becomes so deep and powerful that it does not let itself be disrupted or brought down by anything. There must therefore be a balance within us, otherwise we can never achieve spiritual heights. Our love also has to do with the degrees of the emotional life.'

'What are they, father?'

'You will learn about them in our life. You will discover thousands of material worlds there, in which we gained our experience, the first three degrees of the universe, the planetary systems that is on which we lived. In all those worlds we still did not possess love, but we have to be able to go back there in feeling, otherwise we will not be capable of sensing the other life. In brief, we accept each action which is carried out by the being next to us in love, because everything that life does is good!'

'That is not possible on earth, is it, father?'

'You already have a disturbance there, Theo. We have to accept the person next to us in everything she does. She acts according to her degree of feeling. We have to elevate her. We may never punish a wrong deed by returning it with harshness.'

'To master that would take a lifetime, father.'

'You are right, Theo, that is the case. However, anyone who seriously wants it can master it. Worldly wisdom is also needed for it. We get that by thinking. Learning to think is the task of every person who wants to achieve spiritual heights. I already said it, as a result of the person next to us, we go straight to God and His holy Creation. We must therefore follow her in her thoughts, feelings and actions. In this way we descend into her soul and get to know her. By thinking we therefore grow in consciousness, and also in love. In this way and in this way alone can we move on to twin love and consciously live in it.'

You see, Theo, earthly feelings and thoughts must be released completely by us. The souls on this side which are still tuned into the earth are faced with the task of discarding these feel-

ings. To that end they descend into the hells and bring help. Others do the same thing on earth. Yet others are born again on earth and there manage to discard their material feelings and learn to experience life in a spiritual way.'

'They experience things and live like you on earth, you mean?'

'Something like that, Theo.'

'I believe that I understand you. When you experienced your last life on earth, you already had good feelings. And Angelica helped you further to master spiritual consciousness.'

'This is one example of it, Theo. Once released from the earth, I could enter the higher consciousness. Our happiness is then so intensely great, my son, that we long to let everyone share in this. It is the reason why I keep repeating the same thing again: people of the earth, release yourself from earthly feelings and thoughts, and work hard on yourself in order to master a higher and spiritual consciousness. God gives you the opportunity to do this, so use it. Divine happiness awaits you. Anyone who learns to tune in spiritually and follows the degrees of life's emotions, will experience more and more that depth, love and understanding come to him.

God wants us to love His life. But how do I learn to love? I already said, anyone who follows my words, and is prepared to devote himself entirely, will one day be at the stage that he can say: I love everything which lives.

Our feelings have to be released from the material for this purpose. There can never be a question of spiritual unity between a man and a woman if our thoughts and feelings only go out to the material body and we see the person next to us as our earthly possession. Anyone who walks the astral path, on the other hand, searches for the emotional life, the soul. Then there will be almost no more disturbances, because we take care of these through our great love.

Our love then goes into the universe, which means that it wants to follow the Divine life, as Christ once taught us. Any-

one who sees the Divine spark in the life next to us – I already said – does not have any misconceptions. And respect ensures that no deed is done which could disrupt the other life. Our love takes us to God. We want to do everything in order to be able to waken spiritually and to master true love.’

Everything father said was wonderful. What a lot there was to say about love. How mightily it was experienced on this side. What person on earth loved like that?

‘Yes, Theo, yet that is the case. Certainly there are people on earth who touch on this love. Some more than others. There are also degrees in love, that is, worlds in feelings and thoughts.’

‘How little I feel of it, father.’

‘Did I not already tell you that you have different feelings?’

‘What feelings actually live in you? Will you tell me?’

‘You are still not tuned in to them, my son, otherwise you would have known. People on earth say: I love. Depending on how his thoughts and feelings are, he loves a person, people. What does he love in those people? Does he love them completely? Does he also love their mistakes? Does he love them physically or spiritually? Look, Theo, the answers to these questions show the degree, the depth of his love, shows whether there is really a question of love.

What is our love like? What do we feel? With our spiritual consciousness, we feel within the person that we love, the life, the universe, creation, God. It is the soul which we feel. We know that we are completely connected to it. All our qualities touch those of the other person, there is nothing which interrupts. We have mastered that degree of feeling and thinking. In those degrees of our emotional life the universe in which we lived also speaks. If these degrees are in our consciousness and they are felt by the other life, then we touch each other’s consciousness and afterwards we can move on to deep, cosmic unity.

Through our love we then also go back to the very first stage of creation. We were also as one there. God connected our lives

at that time. Our love is therefore connected to it. The deeper we can now feel and think, the deeper we can penetrate those initial stages. We then feel taken care of by God. We feel absorbed into His emotional world and get to know Him as a father and mother.

Once we have reached this stage in feeling, we are called cosmically deep. We are then truly twin souls and ready to enter the Divine plan more and more deeply.

We work our way up by to the fourth sphere by serving and experiencing. Because our love drives and inspires us to release ourselves from the direct earthly emotional world – and the first three spheres also belong here – and to accept the direct spiritual life. In the fourth and following spheres we prepare for the mental areas, which you already heard about from Angelica on the way. They belong to the cosmic stage on a material planet. There we souls are born again as man and woman and experience the creation as material people, but with cosmic love and depth in us. The happiness, which we then experience is awe-inspiring and indescribable.

That is where our love takes us. You ask me what we feel. Do you have some sort of understanding of it now? A fire of love burns in us. Happiness guides us in every step we take, because next to us, in us lives our soul, lives the being that was added to us in the beginning and will be with us for all eternity. One in heart and mind, serving God and humanity, we experience the heavens, travel through God's universe and master His sacred laws. God himself draws us there and we follow His life, His love and His happiness!

With his face raised and with his eyes shining, father looked into the universe. He was silent for a while, he was staring, continually overwhelmed by a happiness, the depth of which I could only sense. I had no words for it. Was this my father? I now understood the distance between him and me. I still had to master a lot, if I wanted to be able to talk like he did. A

person on earth and myself likewise could determine which depth his love had and whether it was earthly or spiritually attuned.

‘That is the way it is’, father went into my unspoken thought. ‘One day they will all – with no exceptions – achieve this spiritual depth in love. Every animal longs for love. Are people any different? The endeavour to give love, to possess love lies within everyone. However, people still lose themselves, their bad qualities take them away from the good path. They still do not know true love, they know it as little as they know how to achieve it. But one day humanity will be so far that it has pure spiritual love. True feelings will then bind man and wife, parents and children, friends and strangers. They will then possess spiritual consciousness, as a result of which they will learn to think and feel more deeply. Happiness and warmth will live in their hearts; and sacred respect and reverence will determine their attitude.’

‘It is all wonderful, father. God grant that this may happen soon.’

‘That is the way it is, Theo, but everything in its own good time. In God’s laws people cannot miss out any stages. Humanity will therefore have to master many things, too many to mention, discard much anger and many misconceptions before it works its way up to a higher, completely spiritual stage. So now it is just a few people on earth who are blessed with loving in a true spiritual way. Despite all their happiness, they have a difficult time, they will have to have incredible strength in order to remain themselves, amidst a world which does not understand the depth and naturalness of this love.

There is another aspect in which it will not be easy for them. We in our astral life have no more disturbances, but on earth amidst material life that is different. The material keeps taking us away from our spiritual thoughts and feelings. That is very natural. Just by eating, I move towards a physical process, which affects the soul. Only when I have built up a strong concentra-

tion, so that food no longer means anything to me, can I be continually tuned in spiritually. If the person next to me cannot do that, then I will miss the necessary feeling in her and the natural intuition, so that we have to abandon our total connection. If you understand this clearly, then you will feel that the material life has to be conquered completely. You must realize that there are very few who can do that and they usually have spiritual gifts, which connect them to the universe. To possess this love, this consciousness on earth may therefore be considered a miracle. However, anyone who does possess this, is earthly and materially, spiritually and cosmically aware, they know a love which is universal. These people, Theo, receive the greatest gift, which God has to give to His children. Their love is mighty. It is possible for everyone to master this and, as I said, everyone achieves this in the measure in which he seriously begins to discard his material longings and feelings.'

It must be very difficult, I thought, to be released from those earthly feelings. Yet, I also felt that they were a hindrance from coming higher. How could you ever truly ascend spiritually if your thoughts and feelings kept taking you back to earth? In the first sphere you were faced with those facts, which is why you had to try to release yourself in every way from all material feelings.

'Not one soul escapes this, Theo', father continued, taking over my thoughts.

'We have to be separate from the earth, or the higher degrees of consciousness will remain unobtainable to us. The second sphere would call a halt to us.'

'Are there still souls here in the first sphere, father, who have to be urged to start on this process?'

'Such people also live here. Not all the millions of souls here are ready to start this. You will meet them, Theo. Many people have been thinking and meditating for a long time already and do not make it, anyway.'

‘Yet these souls belong to the first sphere, don’t they?’

‘Of course. They led good and decent lives on earth and were destined for one of our spiritual degrees. They have to accept that they still do not possess any consciousness for the higher degrees in our life. Their inner self is still not that far that they want to learn about the universe. In order to prepare yourself for that, everything is demanded of you. These souls lack the inspiration required, they walk and think, but do not come to the direct serving, as a result of which we can enter a higher attunement. You can compare them to those people on earth who, as part of society, do not have any ambitions to work their way up.’

‘When they do reach that stage, what will they do then?’

‘Sooner or later these people will awaken. Then they usually go back to earth, because it is ready for them.’

‘What does that mean, father?’

‘By that I mean that, through material life on earth, God gave us numerous possibilities of reaching awakening. In the life on this side that is not so easy. However, on earth the material life has been designed for this and it gives us thousands of opportunities to serve the life of God. Here this can only happen through our own powers, through our wisdom, the knowledge of our life. How could we help unaware people if we did not possess any knowledge ourselves!

In order to be able to take care of souls in this world and to help them further, we have to master the laws. This can only take place here in the dark spheres. By helping the life there, which wishes to start a higher life, it is possible for us ourselves to reach a higher state. However, how many more opportunities does the earth offer for this?!

Let me give an example. If a mother wants to achieve consciousness in motherhood, therefore in mother love, she has to go back to the earth. It gives her the opportunity to do this. You will be able to meet thousands of mothers here on your

walk who want to experience that in order to master the higher love as a result.

You cherish the wish to do something for science. By going back to the earth you will get the chance to do it. You can work and serve there and master the higher emotional life. Oh, so much can be achieved in life on earth. For many, life passes them by in a state of unconsciousness. However, others gain a profuse amount of feeling and spiritual knowledge and when they enter here they can admire the cathedral which they built up stone by stone with their deeds on earth.'

'I am burning with desire to go back to the earth, do you believe me, father?'

'Ask God if you may enter His holy meditation. While working here, prepare yourself as well as possible for your task on earth. Many years will also pass before you can be given those laws. And that is clear, after all, you first have to learn about the laws in this life. You will have to know about the origin of creation, you will have to be able to feel and understand all the cosmic degrees, because otherwise your consciousness on earth will not be able to touch up our life.'

'And will I still have all that knowledge when I go back to earth?'

'It will become clear to you there that none of this world of emotions gained has been lost. But our world will have receded for you, it will have become invisible to you, however, your feelings will remain.'

'That is a great pity, isn't it, father?'

'What is a pity, Theo, when you are conscious? If you are spiritually conscious, you can see and feel our world, after all, can't you? No more is needed. When you are born on earth, the knowledge from this world disappears completely, because earthly life needs all your strength. However, your feelings make it possible to get help from this side if you have to carry out a great work there.'

‘Didn’t you also experience that, father?’

‘Yes, of course, in my penultimate life on earth. I then went back there from this world and was able to meet Angelica again.’

‘In your last life you went back to earth to make it up to mother.’

‘Not only for that, but also to release myself completely from the earth and therefore to be able to enter eternal life, free and without ties. A certain law wanted me to experience that life. Angelica had to accept that and wait. When I was finished on earth, I could die. This explains why I died so young.’

‘Is dying connected to this, father?’

‘Yes, indeed, my son. If I have to carry out an extensive task, which takes a whole life, then I will be given plenty of years. Then I will not die before I have been able to complete my work.’

‘In whose hands does this lie? Is it God’s?’

‘A person himself has those laws in his own hands. They come to us when we are ready spiritually. One day everyone will achieve that. After all, God’s will is that we become conscious in His life, that we master His life, isn’t it? Well, we and the laws act according to the feelings which live in us. Those souls experience this, who are ready for this in their last life and have something to do for the earth in that life.’

‘Did you once have an important task for the earth?’

‘Yes, that life was also experienced, it was four lives ago.’

‘How do you know, father, where does all this wisdom comes from?’

‘I was able to master it in a number of lives amongst all the nations of the earth. In all those lives I did something for humanity and as a result of it that heightened destiny came to me. In addition, my lives were shown to me on this side.’

‘Then you must be very old, father?’

‘You are as well, Theo. Anyone who lives in this sphere, or on earth, has completed a cosmic path.’

‘What does that mean, father?’

‘That we have lived millions of times.’

‘People on earth do not know anything about that, do they, father?’

‘Not all people yet, no. However, you yourself, Theo, did you not read about it on earth?’

Yes, I had to admit to father. I had not thought about that at all.

‘This is also easy to explain, Theo. Those thoughts and feelings of yours are still not your possession. You used to read a lot about them, but that does not mean that the laws belong to you. By reading alone, you do not awaken here, this can only happen through life. All of us here made that long journey and no one can take that knowledge away from us anymore.

It will therefore be necessary for you to make the same long journey. Only then will you be ready for your task on earth. It is a wonderful mercy when the masters send you back to earth in order to do something useful for humanity. I experienced that in three consecutive lives, made up for things and brought spiritual wisdom and beauty to earth.’

‘Do you know those lives exactly, father?’

‘Yes, my son, I know them.’

‘Did Angelica know about them?’

‘She was my inspiration for the earth in two lives.’

‘Do you know all about that? Where are you leading me?!’

‘That must become conscious in you, Theo. In this sphere our lives can be seen by us, I already told you. That is possible with the help of the masters. Of course, it only happens if it is necessary, for example, in order to achieve a higher degree of consciousness.’

‘And did Angelica inspire you during those lives on earth?’

‘Yes, my son, I was allowed to experience that Divine mercy then. Of course, it could also have been other beings, that is the masters, depending on the task which I had to complete on earth. But since my life was then connected to my twin soul, of

course it was she who maintained contact. From her I got the inspiration and a contact like that is the most beautiful and wonderful thing, which can be achieved and received. When you get a complete overview of your life as Jack, you will be able to follow it. You lived in our midst then, the three of us had already achieved sisterly and brotherly love. After a certain time Angelica passed over and shortly afterwards she was connected to me and I received the inspiration from her, which gave me the opportunity to complete my work.'

'Had Angelica meanwhile completed her studies on earth?'

'No, not on earth, however, here on this side, she managed it. Then she came back to the earth and passed on her knowledge from this world to those scholars who were open to it. In this way it was possible for her to give the world her knowledge of the healing powers of nature. Various serums, which science now knows about on earth, came about through her inspiration.'

'It is all equally wonderful, father. It also seems so logical. I find it more logical that a soul, who has obtained a great knowledge, when arriving in this world, immediately seeks contact with the earth in order to give it its knowledge and to help suffering humanity, than that it forgets its knowledge which it took an effort to obtain and forgets the earth, when it is in its heaven, and behaves as if there are no more sick people. How great God is, father, that He creates the opportunity for this. How much richer and more beautiful the heaven is to be than people imagine!'

After some thought, I continued: 'Will you tell me a bit more about the meaning of your last life on earth, father? The lives before were really more important, weren't they, because, as you said, you brought wisdom and beauty during those lives.'

'Of course, it was of great significance, Theo, but in that case especially of importance to myself. However, in that life – I already told you – I released myself completely from earthly feelings. There on earth I got no less than consciousness of spirit!

As well as that I was making things up to mother, as you know. In addition, I met a soul in our house in Amsterdam, which also gave meaning to my last life.'

'Who was that, father?' I asked, very surprised.

'Everything in our life has a reason, Theo. I had to be born in Amsterdam. There I would experience a normal earthly life. Was that not the case here? As a result of this it was possible to learn about the astral laws and that through the man who is now still shackled to his own life.'

'Surely you don't mean the man who committed suicide?'

'I mean him, Theo. In one of my lives he was my father. In that life he was destroyed.'

'How far do spiritual laws go, father?'

'To eternity, my son.'

'And did you make it up to him then?'

'I am completely released from him. Soon, when he reaches awakening, I will help him from this world. Angelica will help me again to do this.'

'Why did Angelica not mention him at all then?'

'We would not have understood anything about it, anyway.'

'Is his life so complicated?'

'Like your own, and mine and that of every soul. Our lives are universal, they are cosmically deep, because we are involved with thousands of lives. Everything which is done in them has to be put right.'

'So if you had been compelled to experience another life, father, you would probably never have gone back there.'

'Now you are starting to feel my life. That is the way it is. For example, if I had been a scholar again, then the laws would have taken me somewhere else. Then I could never have owned the treasures which now came into my possession. Then I would not have been able to do anything for him either.'

'So is that why we held the seances?'

'Exactly, and also for other reasons. In the first place, in order

to awaken his life and to get contact with him, then because of mother and finally because of you and myself. However, mainly for that soul, because he has to come back to life.'

'Will that be long yet, father?'

'Years yet, but then we will be ready. Look at his situation like this: he lives in the conscious and unconscious, he keeps touching upon reality and then forgets it again.'

'All the things he said then, father, were just nonsense, weren't they, father?'

'Not everything. He was involved with the people whom he talked about, or he would not have been able to talk about them.'

'So will you soon help him again from this world?'

'Yes, Theo. That is not possible on earth.'

'What do people on earth know about all of this, father? Nothing, really.'

'That is the way it is. All of humanity still does not know why they got life from God. Why do we come to the earth, why do we meet this or that person there?'

However, one day, people will see their lives once again and they will feel grateful for the great mercy which God kept giving them. We receive our lives in order to gain experience, in order to fight our bad qualities and to make up for wrongdoings. And the last three lives, which are given to us are to make us find a spiritual balance. We recover then from all the great things experienced and master the higher consciousness. Can you feel the order of this?'

'I understand you, father, but I want to think about these great things for a bit longer. Can you now therefore call yourself a spiritually conscious person, father?'

'Yes, my son, I was able to master this. I started with it in previous lives, and I could move towards it in my last life on earth.'

'If I understand all of this correctly, father, you have already

been to this side several times in order to go back to the earth from here.’

‘That happened. I got this mercy from God. Angelica was able to experience it and millions along with us.’

‘But is life on earth so easy to receive?’

‘If we are occupied with our consciousness, if we want to serve and we long to be active on earth, then we awaken a law and it even takes precedence over all other laws.’

‘Is that through God, father?’

‘Through the cosmic laws of good and evil, Theo.’

‘Where is this leading me this time, father?’

‘I will explain it to you. The law which we awaken, sends us back to the earth, and in order to keep the balance between good and evil. This law is so important and it is therefore fulfilled before all other laws, because, you can sense, little or nothing would become of the earth if higher degrees of consciousness did not live there. Do you sense what this means?’

‘If I understand it correctly, is it the case that if I want good and another person wants evil, I go before him and receive life there?’

‘You are touching upon the reality of it, but not completely. Souls destined for darkness do not have a say, they have to go back. Their destiny demands that, how would they be able to go higher, further, if life on earth was denied them? What would happen if these dark souls were to rule the world?’

‘So God makes sure there is balance?’

‘Yes, through Him we move onto the laws of life and death. We then receive a task on earth and soon we are drawn there.’

‘I did not read anything about that on earth, did I, father?’

‘No, the earth does not have this wisdom yet. It would not be understood there, because it concerns cosmic laws. Soon, however, this wisdom will come to earth, it will be brought by the masters themselves.’

‘For the new age, therefore, which is coming now?’

‘For that reason, my son, and everyone of us in the spheres of light is prepared to devote themselves completely to this.’

‘I also want to work, father, help the masters in their task. But then I will surely have to learn a lot, won’t I?’

‘Of course, my son, however, you will achieve it. Just start, you will then be ready later when you receive the laws for your task. However, you first have to do some work for Angelica and her master.’

‘Me, father?’ I asked, still not understanding it.

‘You know already, just think about it. You will be allowed to tell about your life through an earthly medium. You get that mercy through Angelica. She is connected to the master of the medium, the master, whose task it is to bring spiritual awareness to earth. In a previous life she was a sister of his. You already experienced it, after all, we were already in contact with this medium on earth, weren’t we? You received this mercy when you made yourself available and opened yourself to Angelica and me. You will then have to tell all about your life. Many people will awaken as a result of it, which is the masters’ intention. Your life touches on several laws, there is a lot in them which is significant to those who are searching.

When you are ready for your sphere, that means, when the first sphere has absorbed you, when you know and have consciously accepted your own situation, when Annie has been brought to awakening, then you may begin this task. You will be helped in it by Angelica and I. Therefore do not worry. For that matter, you have already experienced its simplicity.’

‘I am lost for words, father. It is the greatest gift, which God can give me. I promise that I will do my best.’

‘If you think that you have any more questions, then get ready and ask them. That is still possible now.’

‘Do you have to leave then?’

‘If you want, we can carry on talking for months and deal with questions, but then I will carry on.’

‘Will you not help me anymore then, father?’

‘Of course, but at our destination. You will experience that.’

I thought about everything which father had said. The images flew past me quickly. They came to me as of their own accord, without any disruption. This had to be significant and I concentrated on the image which now appeared before my eyes.

‘I can see Liesje, father, what do I have to do for her?’

‘You do not have to do anything for her, Theo. Liesje is conscious. She does not need your help. She receives this help from others, who are also involved with her.’

‘Will this soul go back to earth, father? Was her life not suddenly interrupted?’

‘She has experienced her life. She received what she had to receive.’

‘Did she go back to earth to be killed?’

‘Have you forgotten your own life? For what purpose did you go back to the earth?’

‘How can it be, father, it is true. And Liesje?’

‘She experienced the material degrees of consciousness for the mother. There she mastered that mortal development for the life of the soul. This was why she went back to the earth.’

‘Is that the feeling of having a maternal body there?’

‘She wanted to consciously experience birth and death. And that happened and it made her more mature. You did not know your own child on earth, but it is like that there, no one knows himself, how could he expect to know another person?’

‘Will Liesje also go back again to earth, father?’

‘No, she will continue on this side.’

‘Why do I already feel completely free from her and do I no longer see her as my child?’

‘Since she and you are mastering another consciousness and now live in it, both your souls change and the earthly bond disappears.’

I understood father completely. I did indeed have those feel-

ings. New images came to me. I tuned in to our conversation again and worked out whether I had understood everything. I had to understand everything, or there would be gaps.

‘Is Liesje also free from her mother, father?’

‘She has not had a bond with her mother for some time. She will help her. Once she has finished this task, she can start a new one in order to try and master the higher consciousness.’

‘It is clear to me, father. Can you explain the following: how can a person on earth try to obtain this consciousness in spirit?’

‘This can happen in different ways, Theo. Your thoughts are: how do we release ourselves on earth from the material life and how do we already gain a spiritual possession there, so that the Spheres of Light open up to us?’

‘That is what I mean, father.’

‘In order to enter life here and to be released from the material life it is necessary that we follow the teachings of Christ. Understand me well, we do not need to become saints there, it is enough if we follow in a just and natural way what He offered us during His time on earth.’

‘Father’, I now said, putting the thoughts which flashed through me into words, ‘if I have understood it properly, we are actually preparing ourselves for twin love on earth.’

‘We must try to gain in love on earth, Theo. This is why earthly life has a cosmic meaning. We got life from God, only by learning to love. By mastering love, we also master His holy laws. It is therefore good to already strive on earth for the giving and possessing of love, then it is no longer necessary to learn it on this side. If Annie had possessed more feeling for the life of God, then she, like you and your child, would have entered here and we could all have greeted her in her happiness. We would then have been connected completely, could have experienced happiness together for a while here and could then have begun with our own tasks for the higher consciousness. Now, however, as a result of her lack of love, she finds herself in

the cold, dismal Land of Twilight.

I already told you, if we follow the commandments of Christ on earth, we are right on the path to the Spheres of Light. We have to reflect upon His love there. He truly loved and also showed that at every opportunity. He was behind His love with all his personality. What person on earth can say that? Which of His followers, whose love already stops if they are faced with someone who doesn't believe what he does?

Lies and cheating, hatred, resentment and hypocrisy, lead us away from love. Christ does not ask us to show our love in a church building. *He demands us to give love amidst all of life.*

Again and again we have to ponder on the meaning of our love. In the very first place, that must take place in our marriage. Through marriage, we are connected to the universe after all, and we feel, the mother especially, God's heart beating. What person has ever seen marriage and motherhood in this light? And yet, by doing this, our hearts open with reverence, respect and love. Marriage is sacred and anyone who sullies it, sullies himself and creation, sullies God! However, anyone who prepares himself for marriage, strives to make it higher and more sacred, will experience that his love also increases. This is what God wants and what Christ wants!

Both parties must be willing in the marriage, or it will not work out. Everything must be right, no misunderstanding or roughness must occur, or there will be tears which can no longer be mended.

Anyone who prepares himself for marriage, is also preparing himself for brotherly and sisterly love and finally for twin love. Because who can truly say: I love humanity, if he cannot even live in peace with the person next to him?

Anyone who wants to grow in love, starts by making themselves useful. Only by serving, by devoting ourselves completely, did the Spheres of Light and the Divine All become inhabited. Only by serving could the life of the soul return to God.

In the heavens on our side every soul is aiming to serve, everyone works and serves incessantly. If this was also the case on earth, do you not believe that it would become a heaven there?

And the harder we work, the more we give of ourselves, the more happiness we ourselves receive. This is the great law in the spheres: everything, which we do for other people, comes back to us. We can do nothing for other people, and everything for ourselves. Think, Theo, about what I mean, understand me well!

Is it clear to you, Theo, that you must obtain love by acting and thinking like this? Did Christ not teach it like this? But how many people understood Him or acted on His words literally?

If you truly want to learn to love, tune in to all of this and when all of what I have said has penetrated your emotional life, when the time comes, if you may experience marriage again on earth, you will possess sacred happiness. You will know then how to build up a marriage, how to deal with happiness. So love the woman who is next to you, serve her and take her higher, if that soul gives you the most wonderful thing that it can give you. God will reward you for it.'

'Do you know then, whether I will also procreate there again?'

'I put that question in you, my son. While thinking, I wanted you to ask me that question. This depth cannot be in you without possessing cosmic consciousness. However, the question has to do with your life. The answer is: now that you are conscious in the first sphere as a creative conscious being, you will also continue as a creator.'

'Is the soul that I will meet there like me, does she feel the same, father?'

'You will meet the person, who will be of significance to you there, however, as a mother she will be of significance too for your life here. This soul is involved with you, even if you are entering a life which is meant to bring about spiritual balance.'

Try to realize the full meaning of my words by thinking about them.’

‘Father, is it so certain then that I will marry there?’

‘Now that you have this love, Theo, you will have the longing to marry there. Everyone who has mastered this consciousness searches for a partner for themselves in that life, the person which gives meaning to their existence. You then create your own world, but it is completely tuned in to our world. The longing to grow in love drives you to this creation. It is obeying the law, which God Himself made and it is: you will experience all the degrees of human life in order to be able to enter twin love as a result of it.’

‘So if I have understood properly, father, is the possession of that love necessary in order to be able to bear the higher wisdom in the future?’

‘If you had understood me properly, you would have known that we need to possess it in order to be able to bear happiness later in the higher spheres.’

As early on as in the second and third sphere this happiness can no longer be dealt with, for this we need the support of our twin soul. I already talked about it.

If we then move on to cosmic wisdom afterwards and feel and think as God intended and wanted it, how do we wish to deal with the miracles and the happiness, without someone next to us who experiences the same thing and feels like we do? Once we are cosmically aware, we know that God is both father and mother. But how could we wish to be cosmically aware and want to learn about and understand God as father and mother, if we have not experienced fatherhood and motherhood ourselves?

For this purpose God therefore created our twin soul next to us and for this purpose it is necessary for us to master the feeling, the consciousness for that all-enveloping love by experiencing all the degrees for human life.

On earth it is still possible for men and women to shut themselves off to God's life by not marrying. Do you feel the depth of this, Theo? I repeat, they close themselves off to God's life, place themselves next to His laws. If you have followed me properly, you will know why. This is not possible on this side, we have to have experienced marriage, or we can never enter the higher degrees of consciousness. Neither would we be ready for twin love. Think about your own life, Theo.

Thousands along with you will therefore go back in order to build themselves a spiritual world of existence on earth.

God gave each one of us a twin soul. It is this soul which helps us to bear the happiness in this world. Without that help, this happiness could not be dealt with. The cosmic powers would destroy us.

If you feel all of this properly, it must also be clear to you, Theo, that life on earth is the correct school of learning in order to master these higher states. Anyone on earth who fails, cannot succeed in a heaven. Anyone who has not yet awakened in the physical love, has to accept that the heightened spiritual consciousness is completely unobtainable to him. I repeat, you cannot miss out a single step in your development. Anyone who is not capable of giving love, realizes that he is standing still. The man or woman who abhors children has to accept that awakening in motherhood and fatherhood still has to be experienced. Anyone who fails in marriage, has to see that he does not have the feelings for twin love, even, that universal love is still lacking in him! And in this way each person is faced with his own situation, in this way the very deepest laws are experienced in the most simple lives. Social conditions or tasks have no significance, each life which we experience, is useful, is necessary, because it always represents the Divine laws.

Anyone on earth who refuses to work on himself, will not be able to receive the higher consciousness on this side either. These laws apply to everyone, everyone also has to follow the same

path, which God and Christ showed us, the path which will take us back with our twin soul to our Creator!'

At this point father was silent and I was also silent. Many thoughts occurred to me, I had to deal with them all, if I did not want chaos to emerge in me. How great God's creation was, how great His laws were! To be able to tell people about this! Soon I would be able to do that, soon I would also be able to go back to the earth. What a happy stage my life had reached. Life is a blessing, how wonderful it would be to later travel through and learn about God's universe with my twin soul. And this divine happiness awaited everyone, if he only had learned to tune in to the degrees of the material and spiritual life.

It should now be clear to me how to obtain this, father had expanded upon it sufficiently. I lay down, wanted to think back on father's words. While I was doing this, I started to feel the colossal significance of a person's life.

Months passed according to earthly time. But then I had also experienced father's words, I had absorbed their wisdom in my soul. I had my eyes closed while doing this, because looking round would evoke more new questions within me. Nothing was allowed to disrupt my meditation now. When I got up afterwards, I felt light and empty. I was ready to ask father more questions, but when I looked around, I discovered that I was completely alone. I did not think about this for long, but decided to go for a walk. And it became a walk which revealed many new miracles to me.

CHAPTER XXI

The first sphere completely absorbs me

THE walk gave me many new joys. I saw life in this sphere very differently again. When I saw all of this for the first time, I looked at it, now, however I could see within it. For example, when I had met people for the first time, I had only seen their beautiful garments radiating light. Now, however, I was allowed to see into their souls and I realized what their lives were like and what they thought about. These souls were now open to me. I also gave myself completely, they were allowed to know all about me. This unprecedented happiness gave me the new awareness, which I had received through father.

I saw other souls who were not open like their brothers and sisters. They were not yet completely ready for life here, I felt. They had only arrived here a short while ago and therefore still had to start this life. These souls would get consciousness for this life in another way to me, depending on their situation.

‘So were these people twin souls?’ was the question which occurred to me when I saw a little group talking together. But I immediately knew that this was not the case. Those who really walked beside their twin souls, emanated the same light, you could tell that they were twins, like father and Angelica. I only saw a few of them. The others walked beside their sisters and brothers and exchanged thoughts. In whatever situation they were, all of them were connected by one feeling: love!

I longed to be able to walk here with a spiritual being next to me. But that would have to be a conscious mother, only she could now help me further. I continued my journey.

The landscape here is the same as a summer’s morning on earth. I let the sublime silence penetrate me. Anyone who wants to have an idea about the spheres, must be aware that even this

silence is almost too much to deal with. It is so sacred, so deep...

No one disturbs us here. The flowers, they only radiate. The birds only sing. The water is crystal clear and not a particle of dust affects that purity. There were no hard pieces of ground where I could hurt my feet: the ground was as soft as moss. Tears of gratitude rolled down my cheeks and I was not ashamed of it. I saw several souls on my journey who thanked God with their tears, because words could not do that. What possession was revealed to those who had mastered the first sphere.

The atmosphere never changes here. As nature reveals itself in all its sunshine, it is the astral reality, it suddenly occurs to me now. From whom did I receive this thought? I was completely open to it and waited for the explanation, but it did not come and so I continued my walk.

I looked up as if I expected to see the sun there. But the feeling which came to me again, told me that the sun belonged to the material universe. The light which I saw here was the astral light which had been built up by the good deeds of the first souls. It was maintained and even strengthened by those who followed. I was also contributing to this light, as I was allowed to witness. And this applies to everyone who carries out a good deed. The light here can never be obscured, there can be neither rain nor mist. Those situations belonged to the spheres underneath. Since there was no love there, the light could not shine. This was how it was for the people there; those who did not love, closed themselves off from the light. The worlds of this side are as people themselves feel! It is a law, which no soul can escape.

As a result of these thoughts I entered the feeling of love which bound the souls in this heaven. How great and expansive the feeling was which one person here had for an other. I now consciously felt the blissful power of this love within me.

God is love; love determines His actions. Love must also determine our actions. Love built the Spheres of Light, hatred

built the hells. Love takes us to the heart of our fellow beings. Love prepares us for our twin soul. Love takes us back to God. It is always and only *love* which takes us higher up in God's universe. Anyone who does not wish to act accordingly will have to accept the hells as his sphere of existence!

How sacred life in the Spheres of Light is. There are no disruptions in anything. My eyes glide along the garments again. Not one garment is the same, but they all radiate. I am also clothed in a similar garment. And it was as if it had already belonged to me for centuries. Wherever I look, all I can see is beauty. On earth a person can have beauty, however, here it is a spiritual possession.

The buildings in the first sphere have an amazing architecture. They are high up and built from snow-white marble. Each of these buildings has its own meaning. As a result of this their radiations also differ. It touches my life as it were, since I am part of this sphere.

One building in particular attracts my attention. I will walk over to it and try to find out what it means. However, with the first step which I take I already know. The thought occurs to me as if of its own accord again, it is father, I feel, who is now helping me from a distance. In this building the sick people of the earth are studied, as well as cures for their illnesses. I now also know that father and Angelica are in this temple of knowledge at the moment. I will not disturb them and just calmly follow my path. I gradually enter deeper into the life of the first sphere, it is absorbing me completely. My thoughts and feelings likewise become deeper, thoughts and images come to me as if of their own accord. If I think about a tree or a flower, then these children of nature immediately begin to tell me about their lives, so that I can follow this in all its stages. A bird does the same.

A building tells me for what purpose it was built, what it serves as. The ground on which I walk tells me how it emerged. In this way I continue to penetrate further into God's creation.

I sit down on one of the many benches, and I think about the large number of things which have been revealed to me.

Wherever my eye wanders, the spiritual life smiles upon me. I see masses of people coming and going along the many paths which lead to the buildings. I tune in to them and realize that they are busy mastering one kind of study or another. Pure love and the will to serve drive all these souls. They fill their time with work and prayer, in the need to master a higher emotional degree. Also the people who are walking round there or have lain down, are busy doing this. While thinking, they penetrate deeper into creation and as a result of this they gain more feelings, more consciousness.

Birds come to me and perch on my hands and shoulders. I look at the little creatures and notice that they look a lot like the eastern types on earth. However, their whole radiation and their behaviour show a greater wisdom. These little creatures understand the higher consciousness which lives amongst the souls here, and are completely tuned to it. Like us people, they finally came here after a long stage of development and are now growing towards the highest degree of life, which their sort can achieve. This happens as of its own accord. It is nature, which forces this life to carry on, to return to God Who created it.

I get up. There, not far from me, a pond glistens. I want to go there, to sit down at its banks. I want to ask this water to tell me how it emerged. The birds accompany me, fly ahead of me. God, how wonderful Your creation is, I repeat again and again.

The silver water tells me and I listen with my head bowed and my hands joined. In this way wisdom reaches us in the spheres, life itself tells us about its origin and its development.

Thinking about all of this, a very different feelings surges in me. I start to follow it and the feelings take me to a life which is related to mine. I know this life and feel one with the happiness which radiates from it. This feeling becomes stronger and I raise my head and look around, believing that someone is

approaching me. Then I am looking into my own child's face.

'Liesje!' I say, 'Liesje, have you come to visit me?'

She sits down next to me and for me it is like it used to be on earth, when we were sitting on the bench behind our house and were listening to each other's stories. Yet it was different. There I felt like the father of my child. Here she feels like my sister. Liesje is conscious of her life here. She tells me about it and talks with much love about Angelica, who helps her with everything. We talk about mother in the Land of Twilight land and about the possibilities of helping her. I tell her everything, which father taught me about the paradise where we now live, and it immediately appears to me how advanced her consciousness already is, because she adds to many of my points. We follow her life and my life on earth and then Liesje tells me what she will do to become more capable. She will not go back to the earth anymore, her life has said goodbye to that.

When I think about that, go in to it, that I will soon be living amongst earthly people again, I feel slightly faint at heart. I will be a child again, experience growing up, I will belong to a woman and probably have children again... However, how differently I will experience life then, how much more deeply and more consciously. And herein lies the meaning of a human life, it creates the opportunity to master Divine laws. That would be impossible in one life. A person's life is already too short to turn one bad quality into a good one. How many qualities make up our character? Could I work myself up to a height in art, in science in one simple life? Could I master a world of feeling in one life? Could I prepare myself for a heaven in one life? Millions of laws rule Divine life, I have to know them all consciously, could I manage that in fifty, sixty years?

God wants us to learn about the universe, which He created for us. God wants us to learn about Himself, His Sacred Being. He wants us to go back to Him as conscious souls. And to make this possible, in His omnipotent wisdom, He allows us

to experience more than one life.

God is love! I can perceive that, sitting here in the spheres. Wherever my eye roams, that love shines towards me everywhere. I am sitting here hand in hand with a dear sister. On earth she was my child. Here in Eternal Life, my sister, because in this conscious world one person is not the child of another, but we are all the same!

I feel that Liesje has come here to say goodbye. For a long time. Both of us will devote ourselves to our own tasks. Our life here wants it like this, the conscious person wants it like this, since he is driven by his inextinguishable desire to penetrate Divine creation more deeply. Father and Angelica wanted to be present at this farewell. The four of us experience happy moments, we descend into each other, become one in feeling and enjoy each other's love.

Then we say goodbye. Father and Angelica go back to the temple. And I see Liesje disappearing into eternity, an eternity in which she knows her way.

I continue my walk. This farewell also has its purpose. I understand why they came to me and left me on my own. The contact had to be broken, because otherwise we would not proceed any further. We now have to stand on our own two feet. Though I know that they will follow me.

I turn into a path, which takes me away from the buildings and takes me into the silence.

The trees here rise up to a height, which they cannot reach on earth. They look like cypresses, even if the leaves have a different shape. And again tree and plant and animal speak to me. Nature itself is my teacher and it will help me to increase my consciousness.

This walk through God's gardens is wonderful. It is only because the earth is calling to me, otherwise I would not want to interrupt this for a very long time.

I sit down again and follow everything which nature reveals

to me. I see before me the degrees of life, which it talks about and I absorb them into my consciousness. Then a great silence comes over me, I let myself sink away in it.

I observe a beautiful building, which I had not seen there before. I start to feel that this building is significant to my life. I now want to pray, because I feel that the higher consciousness will come to me. It is a majestic building, the beaming towers penetrate up to the heavens, even disappear into it, as it were.

The feeling comes to me to tune myself in to the inside of the building. While I do this, a soft, melodious voice starts to talk to me. It can only be directed at me, because I am completely alone in this spot.

‘Enter, child of God. Love life and you will receive the blessing of Him, Who gave us life. Turn to His laws and master them. All of us did that and saw our lives enriched as a result of it.

Do not be afraid to listen to the life. In this destiny only happiness can be given to you. We will follow you in everything. Be assured of our help. We greet you. God is love.

Enter this temple and in doing so try to tune in to us, so that the higher consciousness can come to you. Follow everything and love in the pure, spiritual meaning of the word. May God give you the strength you need. Know that all of us are waiting.’

The voice stopped talking. Immediately afterwards I saw a few shapes radiating light high in the heavens.

‘The masters of this sphere’, it came to me, ‘greet you. They know that you live in the spheres and follow you. So just carry on, Theo.’

Father! That could only be father, only he says my name in that way. And I can now feel him as well, along with Angelica, and I am aware to be carried by their love. I was afraid a moment ago to carry on, I did not dare to move an inch, frightened by the power of what was happening. Now this has disappeared. The masters know that I live here. They know every soul, which enters here, their enormous consciousness

makes this possible. They look after all life here and watch over it. This is also wonderful and moving at the same time.

Then my feet take me into a nice place, which looks like a park like the ones which are created on earth. Trees and flowers stand here together in the most beautiful order, fountains cascade and animal life shows its most beautiful colours. I bend over the silver mirror of a pond and see myself in it. I hardly recognize this person. I am like I was on earth, but younger. The light from my eyes is soft. There is a process within me, and something has opened within me. Then I start to feel that I am doing well, my life is already receiving a spiritual meaning. I start to see that I will be able to help my Annie later. I can now see her before me in her own surroundings, there is a bit more light around her already! She is therefore also busy awakening, I will soon be able to visit her. Now nature speaks to me again. In the reflection of the water I can see her life passing by me step by step. Then darkness suddenly comes. I can no longer orientate myself, but then a voice speaks inside me. It explains to me that this is the darkness of before creation. After a short while I see the light and I can see the very first signs of life created by God. Then I can see water. It is like the water in which I see all of this. The water which I am looking into is thinner, it originated from the other water. There is inspiration in it and it draws me into the laws. In this water surface the whole process of creation is then shown: how God created man, animal and plant life. I follow the complete development of the Divine creation plan, until I come to the material universe, in which the earth lives. Then I see myself, as I entered the astral world. My God, how infinitely rich and great Your creation is, how grateful I am to You that I may experience it. And yet, I can feel it, I only know a small part of all the miracles of it. How much must I still master? But I will also get the time for this, the building, which rises up radiantly before me, still has infinitely more to reveal. I will often come back there.

Then I feel that someone is approaching me. It has to be someone whom I have not yet met here. I look up and see into the face of a beautiful creature. Good heavens, what is waiting for me?

The woman approaches me. I would like to kneel down. The blue robe that she is wearing is radiating towards me. We look deep into each other's eyes and descend into each other's souls. She sees into my life and I see into hers and we both thank God. We do not say a word, but this meeting does not require words.

Who is she? I think and she asks herself the same question. I feel her like myself. She must be a sister of mine. In thought I ask her to sit down next to me. She does this. She is completely open to me, I am allowed to follow her to her deepest soul. I read in her that she will leave this world in order to go back to the earth again. She has tuned herself in to the earth completely, as a result of which I can now follow her. She now shows me her life which she experienced before she entered this side. I now show her my life.

She will go back to the earth in order to experience motherhood there, but then with a spiritual destiny. She is already having to prepare herself to be attracted to the earth, this will happen within a hundred years.

I have sacred respect for this life, anyone who meets this soul on earth, will only receive happiness from her. I feel her as a child which is brimming with happiness. That love is her possession, she has become love. She now wants to get her degree in motherhood and since this can only happen on earth, God gives her this mercy.

Her golden shining hair falls in waves around her shoulders, she looks beautiful and wonderful. I feel a divine happiness when I look at her.

My God, how can I deal with this – how can I thank you – my God, I am faced with my twin soul! This beautiful being

belongs to me, she is like me, she will be mine for all eternity!

‘Soul of my soul’, I say, ‘is this all true? Do you know that we will belong to each other for eternity and for always? That God will give us both new lives? Do you know that we will meet each other again there? Tell me, do you also have these feelings?’

We look at each other and our glances say what words cannot say.

‘God gave me the grace to see you. Now you have to go again, I know. I greet you, see you there!’

I had also wanted to say much much more, but it is no longer possible. The sacred form has disappeared before my eyes. I sink away into a state of unconsciousness.

I do not know how long this lasted, but when I opened my eyes, father was in front of me. And he confirmed everything, which I had experienced.

‘Where is she now, father?’ I wanted to know. The feelings which he placed in me told me everything and I knew that I could no longer follow her now. Like her, I also had to prepare myself, so that time would find me ready when the moment came to start my journey to the earth.

Inspired by this meeting with my twin soul, I worked even more earnestly than before on my development. It took six months according to earthly time and meanwhile I had many discussions with the souls, which I met on my way. I got to know the life of my sphere and meditated. Then I went back to my father and met him at his dwelling. I did not need to tell him anything about my journey, he had followed me in everything.

The moment had arrived, he told me, to go to Annie. However, he first wanted to teach me how I could move to the earth. For this purpose he took me within the material universe and taught me how to reach it. Now I was ready to descend into the Land of Twilight and visit Annie. In what state would I find her?

CHAPTER XXII

A soul awakens

ON the way I felt like showing once again that I had learned to tune in. I raced through the universe and tuned in to the towns where we had lived. As quick as the thought itself I flew to those towns, observed them and went back to father just as quickly, who had walked out of the first sphere. He had followed me and therefore knew where I was. A feeling came to me, which told me that I would soon follow that same path on my own with Annie.

Father proved to me that I had felt that correctly with the question: 'You will be able to convince Annie of this life on your own, won't you, Theo? Or do you still need me for it? You can get through to her most effectively, if you are alone with her in this universe.'

I was pleased with father's suggestion. It would give me the chance to serve and to prove that I had learned one or two things here. I could already see myself floating through the universe with her, as I had experienced with father, but now with my own powers.

'If you are on your way, Theo, and you think that you need help, you must think of us, of Angelica and me. We will follow you where you go and help you. Our unity has become complete, no one can disturb us. The thoughts will come to you as you have already experienced that here many times.'

'Then I will not be afraid, father. I will do my best.'

We had soon reached the Land of Twilight. Again we walked amongst all those poor people who wandered around in this misty land as the living dead. And yet we were so close to the light and the heat. If only they wanted to become aware of their situation, just take a good grip of their lives, help would

be here for all of them.

‘Is Annie already convinced about her life, father?’

‘Not really, my son, but she wants to listen and that is a lot. When we met her for the first time, she was living in a spiritual state of shock. She has now awakened from it. The sister who is taking care of her, has already spoken about us. But she does not yet accept that. When she sees us, however, she will have to give in. She will not get away from us anymore then. Nothing may have changed about her little world, but you will take the first step for this purpose when you help to convince her of her earthly life. You know, only when she is released from it, can she begin this life.’

‘Father, tell me, what are all the things I should tell her?’

‘You will feel that the moment that you talk to her. You will just remain tuned in to us, Theo.’

‘And her mother, who will help her?’

‘Others will take care of her. When Annie is ready, she can do something for her mother. They will then take each other to the first sphere.’

‘Should I stay with Annie, father, to help her further?’

‘No, that is not necessary, Theo. If you have got her to the stage that she can begin on her own life, you will build on your own situation. There is enough help available for her in the sphere.’

‘Father, you also did everything for me and Liesje, didn’t you?’

‘That possibility was present in your life. If you could not have been reached for that complete help, I would have had to release you. Your whole development would have taken a different direction then. Others would then have helped you and I would have carried on in my own situation.’

‘Why is that, father?’

‘You have to ask, my son, who takes care of these laws? But that is very natural. There is a law here which says that one person may not be lived through another. If Annie had not been ready yet, you would not even have been able to make her

aware of her earthly life. Others would have done that for you. It is therefore a mercy, which she has earned herself.’

On this side one person cannot live at the expense of another, even if the other person wanted to make himself available for this. This is completely impossible. Anyone who does not want it, just has to keep waiting and sit down and see the centuries passing.

After all, there are many like that here – you were able to follow them – who proved inaccessible to help from higher spheres. They would prefer to wait for Christ, they say, because they have been told that He will come to them in Eternal Life. They live in His paradise, they say, in His forecourt, and wait until He comes to fetch them to take them to His heaven.

And the years pass and Christ does not come, cannot come, because how would these poor souls, whose love is just as arid as the ground they walk on, how would they be ready to enter a heaven? You now know the first sphere, Theo, and there are also six spheres above it. And even a master from the seventh sphere has not seen Christ. Even he is not ready to enter the sphere of Christ. He still has to cover many degrees if he wants to make it that far. A person who enters the cold Land of Twilight as his destination from the earth, believes that Christ will be waiting for him! That terrible misconception was given to them by the churches. Numerous souls have been destroyed for centuries as a result of this. But, thank God, one day they start to doubt and only then can they be reached by spiritual help. Look, Theo, we are approaching the place where Annie lives. She is alone.’

I could see her as well now. She was walking around a bit, deep in thought, her head bent towards the ground. You could tell that there was a change in her. Father told me to wait. He would talk to her first, I had to follow him in everything, then I would be able to listen to their conversation. This was made possible by gifted hearing, a degree, which everyone in the spheres possessed.

‘Good day, my Annie’, I heard father say.

Annie got a fright, she had not heard father approaching. She looked at him for a long time, trying to find out who he was. She apparently saw something familiar in his face. ‘Do you not know me?’ father then asked.

Annie thought deeply. She did not remove her gaze from his face. Father worked on her, placed feelings in her. Then he said: ‘I am Theo’s father, Annie. I have already been in this world for a long time.’

‘But... but that is not possible, is it?’

Father waited a moment, then he slowly said with much emphasis: ‘Believe me, my child. I am speaking the sacred truth. Will you accept that I am Theo’s father?’

Anxiously, I looked at Annie and a sigh of relief escaped me when she finally answered: ‘Yes, father, I believe you.’

‘My child, will you also accept then that you died on earth and are now in eternal life?’

‘That’s what they say here as well, father, but I cannot believe that, I am alive, after all. I am not dead, father, I am alive. And where is Theo? Why does he not come home? Have I been ill? Why does Theo not come? And where is Liesje?’

Father calmly lets her finish talking. It gives her peace to be able to ask questions. Then he says, pointing at me: ‘Just look there, Annie.’

She gets another terrible shock. It is too much for her to meet someone else, it makes her afraid. She is ready to faint, but father holds on to her with his will, so that she remains conscious. Then I approach. I know what to do. I look into her eyes and continue to look at her. Then something happens, which I had not in the least expected. She does not give any sign of recognition. She continues to look at me as a stranger and then says: ‘I do not know that man, father. He is a stranger. It is not Theo.’

She does not say a word to me. However, father lets me feel

that everything is fine.

Annie meanwhile keeps glancing at me, she is trying to fathom me out. I now feel that she cannot fathom me out, the higher consciousness cannot be felt by the lower.

‘My Theo’, Annie begins to talk again, ‘is much older. This man looks a bit like him, but it is not him.’

Father does not go into this any further. He tells her that she must see me as her master who will help her in everything and wants to convince her of her life. She will not make any progress here on her own, he makes her understand, she must therefore go with me to the earth, where everything which she does not understand now will become clear.

Again Annie reacts by saying: ‘But that is all nonsense, isn’t it? I am alive, after all.’

Then father speaks very seriously to her and points out to her that she must give in to our help if she wants to leave this horrible, cold land. This helps. She says: ‘I want to, believe me, but where is mother?’

‘She will have to stay here a while. We will help her later.’

Annie takes a step towards me and hereby accepts my help. Father says goodbye to us. Now my task of convincing my wife, Annie, of her eternal life, begins. I notice that she is looking for me. However, my appearance is not familiar to her. On earth I already had bald patches, I had started to go grey, and here I am like a young man of thirty with blond curly hair. But there is something about me, which she thinks she recognizes and that reminds her of Theo. This brings her closer to me. The happiness which thrills me is great. I would like to kneel down to thank God for this mercy. But I now have to act.

‘Will you follow me?’ I ask her.

‘Where are you taking me?’ she immediately wants to know.

‘We are going to the earth, I must show you various scenes there, which are familiar to you. Then we will go back to the spheres.’

We walk on next to each other. No one says a word. Then I

feel that I must try and draw her upwards, as father did to me. I tell her that she can ask me questions if she wants to know anything. She nods, but does not say anything. I then tune in to the material universe and ask her to give me her hand in order to get a good contact. Then I draw her and myself upwards. This takes place calmly, the Land of Twilight fades, we are already living in the material universe.

Everything is so great. I am able to pass on what I received to others so soon. God is good! I want to thank him, call out: 'My God, my Father, how wonderful You have made life! How good You are to people. What a huge amount of love You have given me!'

But I feel that I must not pray now. I must think of Annie instead, father lets me know, his thoughts come to me from afar, which also makes me very, very, happy in another way, I have to follow her in her thoughts and feelings. I do this. She does not talk and there is an emptiness in her. She does not ask where she is and has no interest in all those shining stars around us. She is thinking, but her thoughts do not concern anything, they just flap about wildly. Yet it is necessary for her development that she learns to think deeply and clearly at this point.

I descend into her, touch her soul life and draw her up to the stars and planets. A moment afterwards she looks around her, in surprise, she looks everywhere. She does not understand any of it, she is walking and yet she cannot see any ground. I want her to ask a question and concentrate on this.

'But this is not walking, is it?' she asks me.

'This is floating, my child, floating through the universe.'

Could she float? No, she does not believe that.

'In the universe, you say?'

'Yes, my child.' I feel a longing to call her this, it connects her to me. I know that I am getting these feelings from father and if I tune in to him, I can see father and Angelica before me. I can even talk to them, as a result of which it is confirmed to me

again that in eternal life there is no distance.

‘So where is the ground now on which we always walk?’ Annie wants to know.

‘We are now going to the earth, my child, and we will be able to walk there again.’

‘Where have we come from now?’

‘You were ill and are now in the process of getting better. You are now in the afterlife. You died on earth.’

I feel an urge to say this last thing.

She reacts immediately. ‘Do I really have to believe that? Are they not just kidding me?’

‘No, my child, those people there were telling the truth.’

I must not go in to this point any further now, father lets me feel. She cannot cope with any more. I may just continue step by step. Only when she asks questions, can I give her a bit more.

‘Only when you feel that she knows enough, may you continue’, father explains.

But Annie has already gone back to her own little life, she has nothing more to ask. Without her realizing it, I increase our progress. I can see the earth yonder. I am already looking forward to being able to take her into our house. How will she react?

I tune in to Amersfoort. We are there soon. We are walking amongst the people. Annie sees them and wants to talk to them, ask them whether it is true that she has died. However, she walks straight through them...

‘When you enter your house in a moment, try to remain calm’, I warn her.

She nods and we then go into the house. Annie sees that there are strange people living in her rooms.

Then she looks at me and says: ‘We did not live here anymore, I have to be in Arnhem.’

I take her there and we enter our house. We soon realize that other people are living in it and that our things have disap-

peared. I tune in to the past and see that my own mother had been here with Annie's father. They divided and sold everything.

Meanwhile Annie's sorrow is great. Tears roll down her cheeks. I understand what she is feeling.

'Where is my furniture, can you tell me that?'

'It has been sold, my child. Your father sold them. After all, you no longer need them, do you?'

I do not mention my mother, it would only unbalance her.

'Come on', I urge, 'you have no need to be here anyway.'

She willingly lets herself be led away, weeping for her lost possessions. I let her weep, I cannot change anything anyway. It does show how attached she is to those things. Heaven and earth mean nothing to her, she barely glances at stars and planets. However, she weeps hot tears for her furniture, which was sold. This is her world...

I take her to Rotterdam. Her tears do not stop coming. I leave it like this. In the Grebbe-line I saw people weeping other sorts of tears, there amidst that madness, that cruelty, that fear. If I even think about that horror for a moment, I could also weep, but then my tears would weigh a thousand kilos... My God, if this is all it is!

How poor and unhappy my wife is. She is standing in the midst of God's wonderful creation; His miracles await her, she is already experiencing them and yet she can still weep tears for her furniture...

On earth she was attached to it and so she cannot behave any differently here. On this side people receive the world which they feel in their soul...

How will she weep when she experiences that she has also lost her own life as well?!

We walk amongst the people in Rotterdam. The bombing has created an open field. I wander around a bit.

Annie reacts by saying: 'You do not know the way, why are you wandering around here?'

‘Then lead the way’, I say and thereby draw her back into my own life. Now she starts to act and her sorrow recedes. She rushes to the place where she once stayed. She now sees into the past, where I am taking her.

Now that she is inside, I let her go. Then she is suddenly standing in reality and she sees herself with her child and her mother covered in rubble. She lets out a fearful scream. She falls to her knees, digs with her fingers amongst the stones, wants to get the bodies out from under the rubble and begs me to help her.

‘Look, they are still alive, they are still alive’, she calls out. And she is right, they did indeed carry on living for a moment, but then their souls left their bodies. However, she cannot see this.

Annie has fainted. I know about this swooning, it is just one degree under her consciousness. I work on her and draw her back to her own life. A moment later she opens her eyes and asks: ‘Where am I? Where am I? Have we died after all?’

‘You must accept this’, I say. ‘You died here in Rotterdam. You met your end in this place.’

Annie weeps and these tears are real and natural. They gain weight as a result of her sorrow for people. I let her calm down. Now she can think again and she suddenly jumps up and calls out: ‘And my husband? Where is my husband? Do you know where my husband is?’

What can I say to her? She still does not know me.

‘I will take you to him. Follow me.’

We leave Rotterdam and go straight to the Grebbe-line. There I connect her to my life. I show her the moment that I am walking round between the horrors, like the living dead. She sees me and rushes over to me: ‘Theo...Theo... Theo...’

She wants to cling to me, as I am walking there. Theo cannot see her. Annie bursts into tears.

Here in the Grebbe-line a woman weeps for her husband,

whom she believes is lost, but he is standing next to her in full consciousness...

I connect her to the next scene. New sorrows await her, however, she must get through it in order to touch life. She sees me aiming my rifle, she hears my father's voice, then the terrible whistling of a grenade resounds and when Annie sees how it takes Theo's life, she swoons. I lay her down, sit down next to her and wait until she has come round.

According to earthly time, it took three days and three nights before Annie opened her eyes. In that time I had the chance to meditate. Being together with Annie also gave me a lot to think about.

Annie is lying next to me, sleeping. Evening falls, the night makes way for the day. The birds are singing and chattering in the branches. They remind me of my feathered friends in the spheres. Tears run down my cheeks, God, my God, how great and good You are.

Now I can thank Him, now there is time for it. And my soul finds the words so easily to tell Him how pleased I am that I am alive and that I may work in His universe.

Then I tune in to what is happening on earth. And the horror comes back in leaps... There are still a great number of boys here, Dutch and German, who continue the fight in the astral world. When one remains lying, the winner turns to another one. And when they are exhausted, they collapse like Annie and gain new strength from sleeping.

For how much longer will they continue to fight and make this a ghost-place? Now I know what ghosts are to the earth. Masses of ghosts live here. Their existence is terrible! It must have been about eleven o'clock in the morning, when something caught my attention, which is certainly also terrible. My eyes wander to the numbers of crosses of the burial ground, which was made here. The heavy steps of soldiers' boots break the silence.

My God, how can it be! What I see is devilish, dirty, hypocritical. First they destroyed us and now they come and lay wreathes. The mentality of these people is disgusting. And there are also Dutch people amongst them! See their radiation, their fancy uniforms do not stop it. I have seen them in the darkest hells, their mentality lives there. Thirst for blood lives in them, a human life does not mean anything to them. They destroy it and then come and bring flowers. Now I can also hear them speak about love and comradeship!

What they do is disgusting; what do they know about love and comradeship?! Here on this side they will be faced with the world created by themselves, there they will have to live in their own stench, until they start to realize what true love, what true comradeship is!

Dutch men also come with their satanic greeting. They do not know any better, they are the living dead.

Annie is sleeping and does not see any of what is happening around her. It is actually a pity, it would have been an enormous lesson to her.

She is now sleeping in her unconscious life and is dreaming about her furniture. She has even forgotten her child now. Is it not clear what is still dominating her world? Finally Annie opens her eyes. They are looking for me. She is deep in thought.

Then she says: 'My husband was killed, master, where is he now?'

I reply: 'In the spheres, my child.'

She has another think. She is now radiating a very different light. A process has started in her!

'Can I see him?'

'Certainly, Annie.'

'Do you know me?' she asks, surprised that I know her name. 'Is that through my father-in-law?'

'That is right', I say, understanding that it is not yet the time to show myself to her. Her longing must increase. She must

gain respect for my life. She has never had respect for me, now she must learn it, father lets me feel from far away.

I continue: 'I know you through the person who wanted to convince you of your life. Are you now ready to listen and do you have questions now?'

'Yes, master. I want to know everything. Can you take me to my husband?'

'That is not yet possible, my child, first you have to be convinced of your life.'

'Master, is my husband further than I am?'

'Yes, you will have to accept that.'

'Was he right after all?'

'Your husband already felt for this life when he was on earth, he already knew then that Eternal Life is the way in which you are experiencing it now. You should have accepted that from him.'

Annie is listening attentively. I now tell her in detail about our lives on earth, show her, point out to her how it had to break into smithereens. In this way she gets an idea about our life and when I then take her back to the Grebbe-line, she sees her shortcomings and she realizes it could only be the Land of Twilight land which received her here. She now also understands that Theo, who is further than she is, no longer belongs to her and is working on his own life, as she must now begin to work on hers.

She asks me: 'What do you advise me to do, master?'

'You must now go back to your own sphere, think a lot and try to help your own mother.'

'So can I help her?'

'You can!'

'Will God not be angry at me, will He want to help me and give me the strength?'

'God is love, only love, my child. He will certainly support you.'

She looks at me thoughtfully, she feels a lot of Theo in me. She then asks me a question, which concerns her religion and I tell her that that question will be answered by the masters who will help her further.

‘I only came to you to tell you about your life on earth.’

Why was it my job, she wants to know. Do I know all about her life then?

‘Yes’, I say, ‘through your father-in-law, whom I also know.’

‘From the spheres?’

‘Also from the earth.’

We leave the Grebbe-line and the earth. On the way Annie asks: ‘Can I go back there one day? I would like to see all of my life then.’

‘That is of course possible.’

One day she will go back there with others, they will then tell her more about both our lives. Father lets me feel that she will then awaken completely for this life.

‘It would now be possible to show her who you are, but imagine what that would mean to her! It would be impossible for her to deal with it.’

Father is right, she would get too much, but soon she will know that I was with her during those days and that it was I who told her all about us both.

Annie proves to me that something is opening in her in a beautiful way, when she says: ‘How lovely everything actually is, when you know that you will never be destroyed. That everyone gets the chance to go back to God, the Father of us all!’

‘This is the way it is. The churches on earth do a lot of damage by teaching that God can condemn His children. Now you can accept this, after all, can’t you?’

Annie can accept it, now that she is living in the reality of Eternal Life. A light has come in to her, and that makes me happy. I will soon leave her, but one day, I now know, and it will be before I go back to the earth, I will be able to speak to

her again. Father gives me this vision. And Liesje will tell her that it was me who convinced her of her life and death on earth. She will then be beside herself with happiness.

It is as if Annie feels that I am thinking about Liesje. She asks me: 'Can you take me to my child, master?'

'You will see your child, but first you have to be ready with yourself.'

Annie pulls a face, and she feels sorrow, but she has learned during our journey that we are faced with iron laws on this side, laws which we evoke ourselves. Liesje has mastered light, not a hair on her head may be hurt by her mother's unconsciousness. God makes sure of that.

'Is this because I do not yet know myself, master?'

'This is the way it is, dear child, first you must conquer yourself.'

'But if I do my best, master, will I then see Liesje soon?'

'Of course, my child, soon. God is love and He will help you.'

And thinking about everything, she says: 'So my child is also further than I am?'

I tell her that Liesje lives in the sphere above hers and explain to her how she can also master this heaven. And Annie now accepts everything I say, the images on earth have convinced her. The laws of God have also spoken their language for her. Now she will also consciously take hold of her life and start to serve others. She now already knows that weeping will not help her further here, but that here only charity speaks, with the whole personality behind it.

'You must learn to', I tell her, 'give everything of yourself for another person. On earth we can mean something to another by our earthly possessions, but possessions like these do not have anything to do with the soul. Here on this side only the deed counts, which is paid for with the soul, the whole personality.'

We now enter the Land of Twilight again, which Annie will now begin to release herself from. The sisters take over from me there.

Through Divine love we were both able to experience a wonderful journey. One which convinced Annie of her death on earth and her eternal life, and taught me about my own strengths and gave me numerous new impressions of God's inexhaustible miracles.

At the border of the first sphere, my father, my master, is waiting for me. We embrace each other lovingly. Then he considers my journey and points out my mistakes to me. Then I am also allowed to ask questions. And I ask him: 'What should I do now, father?'

'You must tune in to the earth now, because the moment has arrived for you to be allowed to tell about your life.'

I understand that I have to prepare myself very seriously for this event. Angelica welcomes us to their spiritual dwelling. I thank both of them for everything they have given me, but they do not accept my thanks. Then I go into nature and speak to God for a long time and tell Him how grateful I am. When I want to start meditating, my father lets me feel that I must go back to him when I am ready.

Months passed according to earthly time, before I felt ready for my task. I followed all of my life, as well as the life in which I was working as Jack. I was also absorbed in the lives of father and Angelica. I went even further back, to the place where God divided and set me to, a spark of His fire, the task of experiencing His sacred laws and becoming conscious of them.

Then I went back to Angelica and father. I felt ready. We descended to the earth and entered the house of the medium, through which I am now writing.

And now I have reached the end of my task. It only remains for me to say what I will do next.

I will transfer completely to the life of Jack. That life will

become completely conscious in me. Theo has been absorbed in that life and is now a part of it. I love him, he has become my brother. This is hard for the earth to understand, but to anyone who reads about my life, it will be clear that I am speaking like this.

Soon I will meet my new master, because father and Angelica will now continue in their own lives. I have to master the laws, which master Alcar has made known to the world through this gifted medium. It will prepare me for my task on earth, where I will soon contribute new knowledge to psychiatry. There I will meet my twin soul and I want to master that wonderful love with her. The feeling for this is in me and also in her.

God gives us people this mercy and yet there are still people on earth who speak about a God, Who can condemn His children for eternity...

Before me I can see the universe, Divine love created it and keeps it going. I have tried, reader, to give you an idea about it in simple language. If I have been able to convince you that your life is eternal, if I have been able to open your eyes to the immense possibilities which God has laid in the hands of His children, if I have got you so far that you devote yourself more than ever to mastering love, I will be very, very happy.

And you, dear instrument of master Alcar, I thank you for all your love. I only needed a short time to pass this on to you. I learned to work from you. Being one with you has also given me a lot of wisdom. All of your life is for serving the masters, I will tune my own life to this.

Now the moment has also come to say goodbye to you. Father and Angelica greet you. They thank you for your will to serve. I have to tell you, for them you are the perfect instrument, which the Side Beyond can play. This spiritual music, which reaches people as wisdom, will make their souls shiver and open them. My friend, may God give you and your master the strength needed to continue your beautiful work. I ask His

blessing for you and will leave, deep in meditation. I will say goodbye to the earth for a long time. One day we will see each other again in Eternal Life. May God's holy blessing be upon your work!

THE END